Lust and Love: Ch. 2

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Two stranges meet in a bar late at night in the middle of nowhere and satisfy their lust

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Lust and Love

Sisyphus

Chapter Two

The next morning I woke up feeling the warmth of Megan sleeping next to me, remembering the wild and lusty hours we enjoyed. Was meeting this smart, sexy, beautiful woman in an empty bar in the middle of nowhere a fantasy come true? Two strangers seducing and fucking each other's brains out in a seedy motel was something out of a dream, but here I was listening to her quiet breathing next to me. I looked at her sleeping on her stomach, the enticing round hill of her ass under the thin sheet covering us, wondering how life’s little twists and turns brought us together.

It was six twenty four according to the red numbers on the small digital clock radio on top of the TV. I got up quietly and went to the bathroom to pee then washed my hands, glancing at myself in the florescent lighted mirror, looking into my eyes, wondering where this surprising meeting would end. Was this a one-night stand? Would we go our separate ways in the morning and that would be it? Was it destiny that we met, like Megan thought, or just random luck, a haphazard coincidence with no meaning? Would our passion lead us where we never imagined or anticipated and I wondered, do we control our lives or does life control us?

I shook my head at my unanswerable questions, ran my fingers through my shaggy, long hair then over my beard. All I knew was the present and the past. The future--where I was heading, with or without Megan, was a big unknown.

As I walked back to the bed, I looked at Megan asleep on her stomach, noticing, again, how luscious her round ass looked under the sheet. Suddenly, I had the urge to lay on top of her, straddling her, my cock on her ass, the thin sheet between us. I wanted to wake her slowly from her sleep, uncertain how she would respond, but I had a feeling she would love a nice slow early morning fucking and

then fall back to sleep.

I got on the bed and lay down on her back, my cock pressing against her round ass through the barrier of the sheet. I felt her stir slightly as I lay on top of her, as still as possible, but soon moved her dark hair aside and kissed her neck and shoulder, feeling her twitch. I kissed her other shoulder then licked her neck, moving my tongue to her ear, slowly licking her ear lobe.

She squirmed and I pressed my hard cock against her ass, the barrier of the sheet tantalizing me. I continued licking her ear lobe very slowly, holding her hair aside, then whispered in her ear, “I want to fuck you.”

She murmured a soft mmmmmmm, and squirmed under me, causing my cock to get harder and press a little deeper into the crack of her ass through the sheet. I kissed and licked her neck gently causing her to murmur and squirm more, loving how her ass felt on my hard cock through the thin sheet as we both moved slowly, her soft murmuring and slow squirming getting a little faster as I pressed my cock harder, grinding it into her ass, loving how aroused we were getting.

I then reached up and pulled the sheet off of her shoulders, lifting myself so that the sheet was just below her ass, then straddling her I pressed my cock deeper into the crack of her round ass, feeling her smooth warm skin, her body squirming under me, mybody on her warm back.

Megan didn’t say a word but her guttural moaning got louder when I moved her legs farther apart with my knees, grinding the length of my hard cock deeper into the crack of her ass and at the same time reached my hand under her and grasped her pussy in the palm of my hand, cupping it, feeling its warmth and soft wetness. I felt her begin rubbing her pussy against the pressure of my hand, squirming, each small movement sending pleasure to my cock causing me to grasp her pussy tighter and grind my throbbing cock harder into her ass, my hand possessing her, awakening her need to be fucked.

Her squirming increased, rubbing her pussy harder then humping my hand, lifting her ass against my cock, her breathing quickening and soon I was grinding my cock harder against her ass, both of us becoming more and more aroused. Laying heavily on her, our bodies moving faster, my hand gripping her wet pussy, I licked her ear lobe, whispering again, “I want to fuck you,” and heard her gasp.

I then entered my middle finger into her, feeling her pussy gripping my finger as I held it still, letting her fuck my finger by lightening my weight slightly, her body rising then falling, rising and falling fucking my finger, taking it deeper, moving faster and harder, her hunger growing. I squeezed in a second finger and heard a loud gasp as I straddled her ass, my cock throbbing as she moved faster,

fucking my fingers harder, feeling her hunger growing.

“I like this,” she gasped, moving faster, harder, up and down, fucking my fingers, lifting me, forcing the length of my hard cock deeper into the crack of her ass. I felt her tensing, getting closer when suddenly I pulled my fingers out of her pussy, grabbed her pillow then mine and shoved it under her, elevating her, still straddling and riding her ass, grinding my cock harder.

Instinctively, she spread her legs wider letting me move the tip of my cock to her pussy, holding it my hand, I slowly move it up and down her soft wet pussy lips, feeling the intense sensation on the head of my cock and fighting off the urge to just thrust hard and take her. I wanted our fucking to last for a long, excruciating time, so I somehow found the will to resist my primal urge.

“Mmmmmmmm. This feels so good, so good,” she murmured softly.

“I love your pussy,” I whispered in her ear. “I want to fuck you.”

“She lifted her head and turned to face me. “I want a good hard fuck,” she said, looking into my eyes then lay back on the pillow.

“You’re going to have to wait,” I said. “I want to play with you.”

I felt her tense then relax as I slowly moved the tip of my cock up and down her wet pussy lips, barely touching then entering a little at a time, moving the head of my cock slowly in a small screwing circle, feeling her pussy gripping the tip of my cock, trying to draw me deeper, her legs opening wider, inviting me, urging me to thrust harder, but I wanted to be in control and tease her until she was crazy and slowly, very slowly inched my cock deeper, pulled out then thrusting harder, entering again, a little at a time, her pussy opening, moving her ass, slowly sucking my hard cock deeper and deeper until my cock was swallowedby her tight pussy, loving her soft, warm wetness gripping my cock as I lay on her, filling her pussy.

“Oh baby you feel so big in me,” she whimpered softly, squirming, her pussy clutching my cock as we lay arched over the pillows, savoring the intensity.

“You’re so tight,” I whispered, enjoying the wet warmth of her pussy, the roundness of her ass under me, both of us moaning from the exquisite sensation we were giving each other. I then started to moving slowly in a small screwing motion, moving my cock and Megan responded by moving slowly with me. “Let’s screw each other,” I whispered.

“Mmmmmmmmm oh baby, this so good. You feel so good,” she said softly, moaning.

“I love this,” I whispered, swiveling, the small, slow, swirling motion of my cock screwing deeper in her tight pussy, the intensity growing.

“Ohhhhhh this is so good,” she moaned. “I’ve never been fucked like this. I don’t want it to ever end.”

“We’re going to fuck all morning,” I whispered.

She moaned.

After several minutes of slow screwing, my cock deep in her pussy, I started to swivel a little faster, our lust growing more intense, our need to cum building.

“Oh fuck, I can’t stand this,” she gasped. “Oh, fuck me, fuck me harder. Harder! I have to cum. Please! Make me cum!"

Iswiveled faster, still not thrusting, holding back, her words driving me crazy, make it harder to hold on and not take her.

Megan tried lifting herself off the pillows, wiggling her ass, but I increased my weight on her, holding her down, my cock deep in her, filling her. I grabbed her hands and lifted her arms over her head, our fingers entwined.

“This is so hot,” she gasped.

"You like this, don’t you,” I whispered in her ear.

"Ohhhhhh please, please fuck me,” she said, turning to face me. “Please! Please! I can’t stand this.”

She was bucking against me harder, trying to get me to fuck her harder. I kept my cock deep in her pussy, not moving, trying to control the pace, but her pushing against me and begging me made it impossible not to respond to her need to cum. I was feeling the urge to cum too, and so I slowly pulled out and thrust hard, entering her, going deep. After a few slow but harder thrusts, I pulled all the way out then let loose, ramming my cock deep and hard into her tight pussy, causing her to gasp.

"Oh yes fuck me! Fuck me! Give it to me!” she shouted.

Her screaming for my cock drove me over the edge. I lost all control and rammed my cock into her, pulling out and thrusting into her pussy as hard as I could, driving her body into the pillows. She was

still arched over the pillows as my cock went in and out, harder and faster, both of us on the verge of exploding. Suddenly, I felt her body shudder. “Ohhhhhhhhfuck! I’m cummmming," she screamed as a huge orgasm swept over her. I kept thrusting through her convulsions, knowing I was on the verge of exploding with her and wanting her to keep climaxing.

Don’t stop! Don’t stop!” she screamed as I thrust harder and faster, pounding her pussy with all my strength and suddenly, my cock swelled, my body tensing, trembling. I kept thrusting harder and faster, my cum rising and suddenly, my cock erupted like a volcano and my cum burst forth like hot lava, filling her pussy and spilling out on to the pillow beneath her. I could not believe how intense my orgasm was as spurt after spurt gushed into her dripping pussy.

I collapsed on her, both of arched over the pillow, both of us gasping and panting as we came back to earth. Neither of us spoke as we lay there in the warm afterglow, recovering from our slow quiet pleasuring that became a wild passionate crescendo of screams.

“Hope you don’t mind a little wake up call,” I whispered in her ear as I lay on her.

“You can wake me up like that anytime,” she said, turning her face to me, our eyes meeting.

Still laying on her I kissed the back of her neck and shoulders. “Let’s get a little more sleep then get some breakfast at the diner down the road,” I said, rolling off of her, kissing her again.

“Good idea. I love diner food,” she said. She kissed me then turned and within minutes we were both asleep.

I woke to the sound of the shower and saw that the place next to me was empty. I got up and went into the bathroom. Megan heard me and moved the curtain aside. “Come on in, the water’s great,” she said.

I got in and took the soapy wash cloth from her. I turned her facing away from me and began washing her back and shoulders, then moved down to her ass and between her legs, washing the inside of her thighs. While standing behind her, washing her, I moved my hand between her spread legs, placing the wash cloth on her pussy, holding it there then dropped it, replacing it with my middle finger. My other hand grabbed one of her tits and began playing with it under the cascading water, loving her ass pressing against the length of my hard cock. I kissed her shoulder as we stood there in the steamy shower, my finger moving in and out of her pussy from behind, my hand squeezing her tit, loving her moaning sounds.

She wiggled her ass against my cock, urging me to grind harder, my finger moving deeper into her

tight pussy then adding a second finger, feeling her arching slightly as she leaned back, fucking herself harder on my fingers. My other hand grasped her tit and begin pinching and twisting her wet soapy nipple.

Megan then bent forward, placing her hands on the tiled wall, spreading her legs wider apart and turned to face me, looking at me over her shoulder, quickly pushing her wet hair from her eyes. We didn't have to speak. Her lust filled eyes told me what she wanted. I took my fingers from her pussy, grabbed her hips and thrust my cock into her wide open pussy as she bent over, pushing herself on to my cock, her screaming echoing in the shower as I rammed my cock into her dripping pussy, the warm water pouring down on both of us.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh baby! Fuck me ! Fuck me hard. I love it," she yelled, her wet hair hanging down over the front of her face as she lowered her head. With her hands flat against the wall, her strong arms pushing her body onto my cock as hard as she could, I knew I wouldn't last long and felt my cum boiling in my balls ready to explode.

Suddenly, Megan tensing, trembling screamed, "I'm cummmming! Ohhhhhhhhh shit I'm cummmming! Keep fucking me! Oh baby, don't stop! Oh fuck I love how you fuck me! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh fuck here it comes!" I felt her whole body quivering then exploding as an intense orgasm swept over her. I continued driving my cock into her dripping pussy, my cock swelling as she pushed and took my swollen cock deeper and that was it--my whole body shook as a huge thrilling orgasm rolled through me and my cock exploded, gushing my cum deep into her pussy, both of us screaming at the top of our lungs, our voices bouncing off the tiled walls.

I was bent over her back as the water poured down on us. I then lifted her up and turned her to face me and we kissed madly, our tongues devouring each other's tongues as we held each other tightly under the warm cascade of water.

I pulled my mouth away and we looked into each others eyes, through our wet hair.

"Whew," I sighed. "That was so wild," I managed to say.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned softly, leaning against me, her head on my shoulder, my arms around her, the warm soothing water pouring over us.

I turned the water off, reached outside for a towel and handing her one got one for my self and we dried each others bodies. She then dashed for the bed and fell down on her back and I followed and lay down on top of her. We kissed again. I then looked down at her, our eyes meeting.
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"I think I worked up an appetite for a good breakfast, how about you?" I asked.

“I’m famished,” she said. “Let’s get going.”

She pushed me off and hopped up, grabbed her jeans and squirmed into them. She then went to her back pack and pulled out a black turtle neck sweater. She slipped on her sandals, ran a brush through her wet hair. I put on my jeans and a fresh t-shirt from my back pack and just like that we were out the door.

I loved her spontaneity and within five minutes we were walking into Duffy’s Diner. It was early morning and a few customers were at the counter, hovering over coffee, but all the booths were empty. As we walked to a booth, a plump waitress with bright red lipstick and dyed blond hair called to us, “Sit anywhere, folks and I’ll bring you some coffee.”

We took our seats at a booth towards the rear and just as we sat down she brought us two mugs of coffee and handed us menus.

“I know what I want,” I said. “Make it two eggs up, rye toast and home fries.”

“How ‘bout you, miss,” the waitress asked as she wrote down my order.

“Same,” Megan said, “except make mine over easy.”

When the waitress walked away, Megan again said, “I love diner food.”

We picked up our coffee mugs and clicked them, smiling at each other. “To luck,” Megan said, looking into my eyes.

“To luck,” I repeated, remembering the toast we made last night in the bar and took a sip of the hot coffee and let out a big, “Ahhhhhhh.”

Megan took a sip of her coffee and also said, “Ahhhhhhhh” and we both laughed.

“I love coffee,” she said, taking another sip, then put her mug down and looked at me. “So Jon, what’s your story? Who are you? I know you love to fuck but I want to know you.”

I laughed at her directness. “Yeah, we didn’t do much talking last night, did we?”

“True, but I can tell a lot about a man by how he fucks,” she said. “And I already know a lot about you

from that. But, like I said, I'm insatiable. I want more of you, a lot more so tell me your story."

"I'll tell you mine, if you tell me yours," I said.

"Okay, that's fair," she said, taking another sip of her coffee. "I already told you a little."

"I told you I'm a writer…novels, poetry. I was divorced two years ago, pretty friendly. We kind of wore each other out, I guess," then added, "every story has an ending, sometimes happy, sometimes not. Anyway, I live in a cabin in Maine, off the grid, a simple, quiet life. I used to teach but gave it up and now I'm doing what I've always wanted to do, just write everyday."

"Wow! Off the grid. Cool!" Megan nodded. "It's good that you can write everyday."

"I'm actually pretty shy," I continued, "so what happened with us last night was pretty different for me. Nothing like this has ever happened to me. It just seemed that when you walked in, something took over and I immediately knew I wanted you."

"Me, too. I'm actually very shy, too, believe it or not," Megan said. "But like I told you, when I stopped in that bar, wanting to break out of my professional role, I was hoping I would meet some guy who wanted what I wanted. Usually nothing happens when I do that, but sometimes I get lucky but then it's over and I feel kind of funny. It's hard to explain, I feel kind of empty. Anyway it's been awhile, but when I saw you, it was lust at first sight," she added and laughed. I really wanted something to happen when I saw you."

"Maybe it was just being in a bar in the middle of nowhere and we were strangers and we just let go of our inhibitions. There's something exciting about anonymous sex, no strings, just lust," I said.

She nodded, just then the waitress came and put our breakfast down. We stopped talking so she wouldn't hear what we were saying. We nodded thanks and continued talking as soon as she walked away.

"Yes, I know what you mean about anonymous sex, but I've had that, one night stands, but meeting you in the bar last night was different."

"Different?" I asked.

"Yes, I was immediately attracted to you—especially when we started talking. I can't explain it. You seemed different. After I broke up with this guy over a year ago, I just went into hibernation. I wouldn't let anything like this happen, though I have had the opportunity with guys flirting and buying me

drinks, but I always backed out, getting them angry at me, calling me a tease and all that.” She took a deep swallow of her coffee and put her cup down on the table and looked into my eyes.

“What was different?” I asked.

“It was intuition. When I walked in and our eyes met and I felt a smile come over me, I knew I wanted you. I mean I was horny to begin with, that’s why I went there but I can’t just fuck any body. There has to be something else going on. When you paid for my drink and I saw that look in your eyes, I knew we were going to fuck and I wanted it to happen, but I sensed something else was happening. I can’t explain it but I trust my intuition.”

“Are you sure you weren’t just horny, I mean after over a year of not fucking.”

“Positive. I wasn’t all that horny when I first walked, though I wanted to be, but when I saw you, I got really turned on and I wanted to make something happen.

“You were dressed pretty provocatively” I said, “Like you wanted action. Those tight jeans and tank top didn’t leave much to the imagination.”

“I like being sexy,” Megan said. “I love my body and I love my mind and I like being in control.”

“Are you a tease?” I asked.

“Maybe, I guess so. Yes, I like turning guys on. I like when guys look at me, but I rarely let anything happen. I guess I’m caught between my feminist ideas and my wanting to just let go.”

“That’s pretty dangerous isn’t it, turning guys on, teasing?” I asked.

“Yes and that’s exciting to me. The danger,” she said. “But like I said, I am always in control. No one fucks me unless I want it.”

“You’re pretty complicated,” I said.

“Yes and you like that don’t you,” she said. “I could tell you liked when I said I was insatiable and you said you were going to make me beg you to stop. You liked the challenge and that’s when I was sure you were someone I could be interested in, the first guy in a long time.” She paused and looked me in the eye. “You weren’t afraid of me and you knew you could control me. That excited me very much.

“Why did that excite you?” I asked.

“Because you made me your slut,” she said. “I’m not a slut but no one has ever reached that secret place in me, a place I keep hidden and you got me so out of my mind with lust, I wanted you to fuck me into oblivion. I wanted to give my whole body to you. I wanted to lose control with you. I wanted to be your slut. I felt how generous and powerful you are. You gave me what I needed, something no one else has.”

“Interesting,” I said, nodding, looking into her eyes, fascinated by what she was revealing.

“So, what’s your story, Megan?” I asked, taking a bite of my toast. “I’m curious how you came to be so complicated.”

She laughed, nodding at my comment, took a sip of her coffee then sighed. “I grew up in a very conservative family in New Jersey, you know, church every Sunday, choir practice on Thursday nights. I told you, my dad’s a Professor of Theology and I was expected to be a good girl and not have sex until I was married, but I loved to sing jazz and I took modern dance and performed in high school musicals. I liked letting loose in my singing and dancing.” She took a bite of her eggs and toast, a sip of coffee and looked at me. “But I lost my virginity at a party in the back of this guy’s car and loved the feeling and so I dated him and we fucked a lot. My good girl days were behind me.” She paused, took a sip of her coffee.

“What do you mean, your good girl days were behind you?” I asked then took a bite of my eggs.

“I realized that I didn’t like being a good girl and living other people’s expectations. I loved sex and pleasure and left home to go to college, actually I went to art school and though I still loved to dance and sing, painting and pottery became my passion, but then my parents convinced me I should do something more practical and get a real profession and that’s what I did.”

“That must have been hard,” I said. “You’re an artist and you just stopped.”

Again, she sighed and nodded. “It was hard at first but then I really got into studying women’s history and seeing how women are exploited and I put all of my passion into studying and writing and becoming an advocate for women’s rights. It became important to me and still is, but….” She paused.

“But,” I repeated. “What comes after but is always what you really think.”

Megan chuckled, looking into my eyes, nodding, indicating she knew what I meant.

“But underneath all my teaching and being a Feminist, I began hating that word and felt a part of me

was being swallowed up by my career and I was compromising who I was. Do you know what I mean?”

“Yes, you were living an image of what you thought you were supposed to be and not who you really are.”

“Right, I was confused, messed up inside and wanting to let the real Megan live.” She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, shaking her head.

I didn’t say anything but could see she was struggling to tell me her story not just for my ears but for hers. She opened her eyes and looked at me and smiled before speaking. I sensed she felt my caring and felt safe.

“So, what are you feeling?” I finally asked.

“Wait a sec. Let me tell you this. I remembered what it felt like to be painting and dancing and for a short while shared a studio with a friend in Soho when I was an art student and I felt so free, but I gave all that up to become a professor and make my dad proud of me, you know, his daughter the Professor and now I feel trapped and have been trying to break out and it’s hard, really hard because I feel like I’ve been forced to bury a whole part of me and I have this whole secret self that I find exciting, my sexuality, but I have to sneak and hide it and I feel I’m living a lie.”

“I see,” I said, nodding, looking into her sad eyes.

“So I started dressing differently and going to bars. I wanted to feel free again and I met some cool guys, but you know, I found that the guys I fucked, we’re disappointments, selfish and egotistical. I wanted more than they could give me, more than just fucking.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, my curiosity growing, my wanting to understand what she wanted. I reached for her hands, holding them, wanting to feel what she was feeling.

“I wanted a man who really knew me and cared about me and didn’t just want to get their rocks off,” she said. “I mean, I love fucking, you know that already, but none of them satisfied me in a way I needed, so about a year ago after I broke up with this guy after realizing he wasn’t all he seemed, I decided I wasn’t going to have sex until I met a guy who I thought was right for me. I didn’t want to waste my time and so I threw myself into my teaching and writing and I haven’t fucked anyone in over a year until last night.”

“Really, I’m flattered,” I said.

“I stopped looking for the right guy. I stopped going to bars, to parties, to places just to meet guys and said the right man is going to come along when I least expect it--no more prowling, no more games, except for last night. For some reason, being far from home, I had the urge to go looking and had a feeling I’d be lucky and look what happened.”

“That’s really interesting,” I said, taking the last bite of my eggs. “After my divorce, I decided the same thing. I wasn’t going to look for anyone. I thought I would meet someone when I didn’t expect it. It would just happen. I went to some parties and even looked on line, but I remembered reading that Indians, when they went hunting, sat in one place and waited for the deer or whatever to come to them rather than to go off looking for prey. So that became my philosophy. I just wrote everyday, worked in my garden, read and believed one day the right woman would walk into my life when I least expected it.”

“That’s so cool,” Megan said, looking at me and smiled, our eyes exploring each others eyes as we looked intently at each other, both of us thinking. She leaned back, running her fingers through her dark curly hair, causing her turtle neck shirt to strain against her tits. Her nipples stood out like little peaks. Looking at her made my cock get hard, but I wanted to keep talking. “God, she’s beautiful, sexy and smart,” I thought to myself as I looked at her.

“So, last night, do you think it was destiny that I crossed your path and you captured me?”

“I told you I don’t believe in destiny,” I answered, “Our meeting was a fluke, an accident, a coincidence, but I’m glad we met. I’m glad you decided to go prowling. Very glad,” I said, pausing and looked in to her eyes. “Do you feel captured?”

“I think we might have captured each other,” she answered, smiling and biting her lower lip.

“Is that good?” I asked.

“Maybe,” she said, smiling, looking into my eyes.

“Some hunters like to catch and then release and give animals back their freedom,” I said.

“That’s true, but some hunters also like to make what they catch their pets,” she said.

“You don’t seem like a woman who wants to be a man’s pet,” I said.

“It all depends on the man,” she said, “and how good a master he is.”

“Oh,” I said.

“He’d have to be able to handle a pretty wild animal, a wild, insatiable animal,” she said, smiling, our eyes locked on each others eyes.

“I like wildness in a woman,” I said. “And you know I am just as insatiable as you.”

“I know that and I know that my intuition about you might be right,” she said. “I felt how generous a lover you are,” she said. “I felt you cared about my pleasure and that you were completely there for me. I need that.”

“Does it bother you that I am probably fifteen years older than you?”

“Your age doesn’t bother me at all, in fact, I like older men and I like your beard and long hair,” she said.

“Why do you like older men?” I asked.

“Experience, patience,” she answered, smiling. “And you seem very youthful. Your blue eyes have a twinkle and I liked how playful you were when we fucked.”

“Thank you,” I said, taking a last sip of my coffee and pushed my empty plate aside.

“If I’m not careful, I could fall in love with you,” she said.

“But wouldn’t that complicate your life?” I asked.

“Maybe but like I said, I follow my intuition.”

“I follow mine, too,” I said. "I trust my intuition and am rarely wrong.”

“I like that,” she said. “She leaned forward and took my hand in hers. We looked into each others eyes and smiled. I leaned forward and we kissed over the table.

“Let’s go back to the motel and test our intuition,” she said. “I’m already wet.”

“Good idea,” I said, reaching for my wallet. “We have a few more hours before we have to check out and I’ m already hard from looking at your luscious tits.”

“You’re such a bad boy,” she said, smiling.

“And you’re such a naughty girl wearing such a tight shirt like that,” I said.

I put ten dollars on the table and we left. I waved to the waitress as we left. Megan walked in front of me and I loved how her luscious ass looked straining her tight jeans.

When we got to the car, she stopped and kissed me. We hugged and smiled warmly at each other. She went around to the other side and got in. While we drove, she reached over and put her hand on my thigh, just below my hard cock. She then moved her hand and started rubbing the bulge in my jeans. I closed my eyes briefly from the sensation of her light touching.

“You like this, don’t you,” she said, softly, looking at me.

“Yes,” I murmured, putting my hand on top of hers as she rubbed me. “But you better be careful. You’re playing with fire.”

“Oh yeah,” she said. “What are you going to do to me?”

“I’m going to drive you crazy,” I said, smiling, looking into her eyes. She kept rubbing my cock.

“You are, are you?” she said, squeezing my hard cock. “Well I plan on driving you crazy too,” she said, smiling with a lusty look in her eyes.

I pulled into the motel parking lot and parked in front of my room. We got out and walked up to the door. When we walked in, I noticed the time was nine forty five and check out time was noon. I had no idea what would happen when it was time to leave, where would our passion for each other take us? But I was determined to take it hour by hour, wanting to live my philosophy of no expectations and see what happens.

Once in the room, we stood still, looking at each other. We smiled as we looked into each others eyes. She could see the bulge in my jeans.

"I think you’re beautiful,” I said.

"Thank you,” she said with that slight smile she had when I first saw her in the bar. “You’re not so bad yourself,” she added, moving slowly towards me.

I stepped towards her and took her in my arms. I hugged her and we kissed, tenderly at first. It felt good just to hold her and kiss her gently, warmly, but then our kissing became more passionate. My tongue opened her warm lips and our tongues touched and then swirled with more intensity as our lust for each other grew.

I then moved my hands down to her ass, gripping her firm round cheeks and pulled her to me. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, crushing her tits against my chest and we moved together as if we were slow dancing, swaying and grinding against each other.

We continued kissing, holding each other close and grinding, both of us intuitively knowing we wanted a long, slow, intense morning of sensual pleasure.

“Oh, this feels so good,” she whispered in my ear as I held her close, moving my hand to her ass, swaying and grinding harder, my cock pressed against her pussy.

“Mmmmmmmmmm,” she moaned as we moved against each other.

I moved my mouth to her neck, just above her collar bone and licked and kissed her. She lifted her shoulders slightly in response, bending her neck, giving me more access to her throat. Suddenly, she started grinding and humping her pussy harder against my cock, which made me hump and grind harder. I then moved her so that she was leaning against the edge of the bureau and unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans, remembering she didn’t have panties. Our eyes were fixed on each other as I pulled her tight jeans down over her hips. She squirmed as I peeled them down her thigh. I then got on my knees, took off her sandals and pulled the jeans over her feet. She knew what I wanted and spread her legs wide apart, stretching her legs on either side of me, as she leaned back on the edge of the bureau. I then leaned forward, kissing and licking her thigh just below her pussy.

“Mmmmmmmmmmbaby,” she moaned.

I could see her wet pussy and smell the wonderful pungent smell of her sex. I was intoxicated.

“Ohhhhhh baby. I love this. I love this,” she said, pushing her pussy harder against my mouth.

I loved how vocal she was and how it made me want to increase her pleasure as she responded with words and sounds. It was such a turn-on and I licked harder, moving my tongue slowly up and down her wet pussy lips. Her legs were wide apart, her pussy completely open to me. She then arched her back, leaning back against the bureau and pushed herself against my mouth, forcing my tongue deeper, then grabbing my hair and pulling me into her as she fucked my tongue, moaning, “Eat me, Eat me, yes oh yes eat my pussy mmmmmmmmmmbaby, I love it I love it I love it, eat me, eat me!”

I loved how strong and passionate she was as I moved my mouth to her clit and started sucking and licking her there as she pushed harder against my mouth as if she wanted me to devour her. “Ohhhhhh my god,” she gasped softly and then screamed when I sucked her clit. “I’m going to cum!” she screamed, pushing her pussy harder against me mouth. I knew she was on the verge of exploding, but I wanted to drive her crazy, so I suddenly took my mouth away from her pussy.

“Oh no! Don’t stop! Don’t stop!” she begged.

I turned her around to face the bureau. She bent forward, her legs apart, her arms on the bureau, giving my mouth full access to her dripping pussy. I quickly continued licking from that angle, her round ass just above me as I licked her wet dripping pussy with the flat of my tongue from her clit to her ass hole. I loved licking her pussy, my tongue moving up and down, lapping up her juicy cunt. She pushed back against my mouth and wiggled her ass so that my tongue went deeper.

“Oh baby, baby this is so fucking hot,” she said as my tongue went as deep into her pussy as I could get it, darting it in and out, touching her soft-g-spot. Suddenly, she screamed, “Ohhhhhh baby I’m going to cum! I’m going to cum!”

Again I removed my tongue from her pussy and she screamed, “No! Don’t stop! Don’t do this to me! Don’t!”

I was determined to tease and prolong her being on the verge of cumming and quickly laid down on the carpeted floor. I pulled her down so that her legs straddled my head and her pussy came down on my mouth causing her to almost smother me. She was riding my mouth. I pushed herso that her back was arched causing her pussy to open more to my insistent tongue.

As her body arched back, I saw her clit sticking out from its hood. I lifted my head, pressing my tongue harder against her pussy. My nose pressed against her clit as my tongue darted in and out, swirling around her pussy, fucking her with my tongue, driving her over the edge. Suddenly she screamed up at the ceiling, “Ohhhhhhhhh Yes! Yes! I’m cummmming ohhhhhhfuckkkkk I can’t stand it!” Her whole body shook and quivered in a huge convulsion that kept going. Suddenly she fell forward, collapsing on the floor just above my head. I got up on my knees as she lay on her stomach, gasping for air. Her legs were wide apart, trying to catch her breathe, her luscious ass looked so delectable.

I got on my knees and crawled up to her, kneeling between her open legs, looking down at her body. My cock was hard, straining in my jeans. I quickly took them off, releasing my cock. I moved forward and turned her so that she was now on her back. She was breathing heavily, her tits straining her

tight shirt. I leaned over and kissed her, moving my fingers gently through her dark hair, my hard cock pressed against her pussy. She was still breathing heavily but when she opened her eyes and smiled at me, a sudden wave of tenderness swept over me.

I then pulled her up by the arms and held her as we both sat on our knees embracing each other, her tits crushed against my chest as weheld each other. I wanted her but suddenly felt I wanted to touch her differently. Remembering her story, how she was struggling to be free to express her passionate sexuality and not compromise her spirit with empty relationships, I wanted to give her pleasure she would never forget. We hugged each other, my hands rubbing her back, her arms holding me close.

I then lifted her and we moved quickly to the bed. The sheets and blanket were all tangled from earlier in the morning. She lay down on her back and squirmed her way up the bed. I was between her open legs on my knees and she reached her arms up for me. My hard cock was straight out. I held it in my hand, and moved the tip of my cock up and down her pussy lips, touching her lightly, teasing her but getting myself so hot I didn’t think I would last much longer.

“Please. Don’t tease me. I want you. I want you to fuck me,” she said, grabbing my arms and trying to pull me into her. “I want you to fuck me hard.”

“Beg!” I said looking into her hungry eyes, wanting to tantalize her, return to our playfulness, drive her crazy and then give her what she wants.

“Fuck me! Please. I need to cum. Fuck me hard!” she cried.

“Beg louder. Beg! Come on Megan! Beg for it! I want you to really want it.”

I moved my cock harder against her pussy lips and suddenly, she wrapped her legs around my back, and pulled me into her.

“Fuck me, damn it!” she yelled. “Now!”

I was torn between wanting to make tender love and ravishing her. Suddenly, she pushed me on to my back. I could not believe how strong she was as she took over and straddled me. My cock was straight up. She grabbed it, lifted herself up and came down hard on my cock. She placed her hands on my shoulders, pinning me to the bed and she lifted herself again and came down even harder, impaling herself on my cock again and again.

“Okay, tough guy, you’re all mine,” she growled through clenched teeth as she rode my cock like a demon and I could feel her insatiable lust.

She was riding me like she was galloping on a horse, going up and down, up and down, harder and harder, faster and faster. Suddenly, she let go of my shoulders, sat straight up, grabbing her tits pinching and twisting her nipples, her hair flailing all over the place. She was a wild woman, going up and down harder and harder, faster and faster on my cock, screaming, “OhhhhhhhhGod! I love fucking you!”

“Ride my cock!” I shouted looking at her bouncing up and down on my cock. “Ride my cock! Come on baby, ride my big hard cock!”

“ I’m cummmming I’m cummmmming!” she wailed.

Just as she exploded in an orgasm, I grabbed her and flipped her on her back, got between her open legs and rammed my cock deep into her pussy with one fierce thrust, causing her to gasp as her whole body shuddered again in violent spasms. Her mouthwaswide open but no sound came from her throat as wave after wave swept through her as my cock pounded her.

I reared my hips back and thrust deep into her pussy again and again and after a few hard, savage thrusts my cock swelling, her pussy gripping my cock I suddenly erupted, cum gushing out of me and into her pussy as my orgasm ripped through me like an electric shock. “Ohhhhhhhhh Megan! Megan! I’m cummmming!” I shouted, looking down at her, my whole body writhing, looking at her mouth wide open, our eyes locked on each other's eyes. I had never experienced such a long, intense orgasm, my cum shooting deep into her then felt her whole body shaking as she exploded again, our voices screaming at each other, “I love you! I love you!”

I then collapsed on her, our bodies completely spent, both of us panting and gasping for air as we lay like limp noodles in our warm wetness. Neither of us could speak as we tried to catch our breath. Finally, I rolled off of her and got her on her side and wrapped my arms around her as we spooned. We were quiet, trying to absorb what had just happened.

I glanced over at the digital clock and saw that it was eleven o’clock. We would be checking out in an hour. I kissed the back of her neck and her shoulders. We were quiet as we lay in the afterglow of our passionate fucking, realizing that what started out as lust the night before was becoming much more, but we did not have the words to articulate it or know what to do with the feelings sweeping through us, the words we just shouted.

“That was wonderful,” Megan said. “Thank you. Thank you.”

“Yes, it was,” I whispered. “Now what?”

“I don’t know.”

We were quiet again, aware that we would have to check out of the motel in less than an hour and go our separate ways.

After another long silence, Megan turned to face me. Our eyes met. She smiled. “I know you don’t believe in destiny,” she said. “But I think our paths will cross again, very soon.”

“So do I,” I responded. “I don’t know when or how, but I think they will.”

And they did. After I made a few trips to New York and she made a trip up to Maine, six months later, our one night of lust became many years of much more.