One Night Stand

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It was the Saturday night following my college graduation, and the next day I would be moving back home with my parents. Oh, how I dread that stifling environment. Perhaps I should have one last fling.

I head to my bedroom and remove all my day-clothes. My boring jeans and T-shirt. My Nike sneakers. My cotton undergarments. Even my ponytail holder. I stand naked, looking at myself in the mirror as I brush my long brown hair. I peek into my closet, looking for the just the right clothing for such an event. I put on a matching red lace bra and G-string set, so I can feel extra sexy. A cute girlish lavender top that displays my bountiful cleavage. A very short flared black skirt that will reveal my red panty at the slightest blow of the wind. Tall black platform shoes that show off the curves of my legs. Lots of sexy make up. And a splash of perfume. I am ready.

I heard about a pool party not too far away. There should be a nice selection there. And indeed there is. But there is one man who stands apart from the crowd. At first, I watch him quietly. Then, I begin staring at him lustfully. His thick blond hair is neither too long nor too short. His corner-of-the-mouth smile looks just a tad mischievous. His warm green eyes are gazing back at me. And oooh, his chiseled body.

I lower the lids of my big, brown eyes and give him that look that says, "I'm yours if you'll have me."

And he responds the way any man would respond when a beautiful girl gives THAT look. He walks toward me, staring at me, like a lion about to jump on its prey. Standing in front of me, I can hear his heavy breath. He bends his head down, so that he can reach mine. His tongue slowly begins to taste my lips. I gently grab his lower lip between my front teeth and tug just a bit, to bring him even closer. Our tongues meet and caress each other for just a bit. He puts his arm around my waist and we leave the party together. His hand slides down and holds my firm left cheek, letting me and everyone else know that tonight, I belong to him.

We enter his apartment and, being the gentleman that he is, he goes to open a bottle of wine for us to share.

"That won't be necessary," I declare as I unzip his pants enthusiastically. I want to taste him so badly. I take out his manliness and begin to twirl my tongue around the tip. He is quite aroused I can see, as evidenced by the pre-cum that is already creeping out. I take him deeper into my mouth, all the way to the back, gagging on him as I thrust my tongue back and forth.

"That's enough!" He practically begs me to stop, afraid of cumming too soon and putting a hasty end to our night together.

He undresses me slowly, all the while looking steadily into my passion-filled eyes, but not saying a word. He lifts me up and lays me out on his bed, admiring my young, beautiful body. My nipples are standing up, and he leans down to give each one a little nibble. My fingers are clinging to his hair, pushing him deeper into my breasts, not letting him move away.

The pleasure is becoming quite intense and I need him inside me. I reach my hand forward and begin stroking his cock, sending him the universal signal that I am ready to be penetrated. He straddles over me, wanting to climb on top of me.

"No, not like this," I say as I turn myself onto all fours, giving him a very nice view of my rounded ass and my juicy lips. He is happy to oblige. He enters my dripping pussy gradually until he is in all the way. He begins thrusting back and forth slowly and then a bit quicker. He is slamming into my G-spot repeatedly, causing multiple orgasms within me, each time my milky cum splashing onto his cock and dripping down my thighs.

I have never met a man with such stamina, I think quietly to myself. He drives into me so hard and so long that my pussy is actually becoming sore, something that had never happened to me prior to this evening. I finally beg him to cum. His body tenses up. His thrusting becomes harder and more driven. His breathing is getting faster, and I can feel his cock getting even harder and growing in girth. I enjoy each warm spurt coming out of him with force against my cervix as he fills me with his warm liquid. When he finally pulls out, I can feel his cum rolling out and down my thighs, all the way to my knees.

We are both exhausted now. We lay on the pillows and pull the top sheet up and over us to cover our nakedness. He goes to one side of the bed and I go to the other; we are strangers after all.