Open Your Legs and Close Your Mouth

By sexysamantha69

Published on Lush Stories on 17 Nov 2012

After a string of failed relationships with normal guys, Amy realises that normal isn't for her.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/open-your-legs-and-close-your-mouth.aspx

Amy felt numb.

Sick.

Dazed.

Her lips trembled as she tried to hold on to something.

Anything.

She couldn't help but wonder if it was her. If it had *always* been her. She had so many chances to be in a stable relationship with a decent man, but every time, she felt like it wasn't enough. Like *she* wasn't enough. There had been moments where her distaste of her lover was justified, such as when Abe was made redundant and resorted to emotionally abusing her or when Alex allowed a female friend to stay for a few nights without consulting her first. Amy had reasons to be upset then, but what about Arthur? Arthur was everything she waited for since she was a little girl. He was the star of her Disney princess fantasies when she was six, right up until the day she met him. He was the guy her friends swooned over whilst she was lucky enough to touch him, and kiss him. He didn't do anything wrong, yet Amy broke his heart without reason, and she didn't understand why.

The truth was, Amy felt numb with these men. They were right, but she was wrong. She always knew that something wasn't quite right inside of her. Her childhood memories were full of messy situations. She lost her mind and shut herself down whenever the memories began to resurface, ready to destroy her again. Her ex-boyfriends didn't understand that she didn't want normalcy.

She didn't want fire.

She wanted ice.

"Look at that pretty little ass. I'd love to get my hands on that."

Amy turned around to see a short, middle-aged man looking down at her back. She smirked and turned back to carry on sipping her Screwdriver. Eventually, the man realised he wasn't going to get another reaction, and decided to prey on another young woman just a few seats down. Amy smirked as she heard him say the same line to a pretty Asian girl who was leaning over the bar, talking to the bartender. She watched as the Asian girl rolled her eyes and walked into the dancing crowd. The short, middle-aged man moved on to another girl.

He tried his luck all night.

Amy finished her drink and ordered another. As the bartender fixed her drink, she watched a man settle himself down on the bar stool next to her, in her peripheral vision. She turned to look at his face. He wasn't a particularly sexy man, but he wasn't ugly either. He was something in-between; the kind of man you would see in a low budget pornography movie. He had boring brown eyes, but long lashes for a male. His skin wasn't tanned, it was a pale color. His nose was a good shape and his lips were quite plump for a white male. The thing that entranced Amy the most was his sharp jawline, which looked like it could cut through glass, and the strong veins sticking out of his arms, hands and neck. He was a powerful man - she could tell.

The man turned to catch Amy staring, but she didn't look away. He watched her closely, and she watched him. Even when the bartender put her drink in front of her on her coaster Amy didn't break eye contact. She didn't want to be the first one to. She wanted to be the one in control; the one with the power. Eventually the man turned away to order his drink.

"Vodka. No ice."

His voice wasn't deep, like Amy expected it to be. It wasn't rough and husky, matching his animalistic gaze and broad physique. It was soft. It was effortless to listen to. She wanted to hear it more. Amy extended her hand and put it on the man's veiny wrist.

"Say something," she said. The man looked down at Amy's hand on his wrist, and then up at her face.

"That's a strange way to introduce yourself," he said, a mischievous smile playing at his lips. Amy

pulled her hand back to her side, instantly regretting that she had said something to this man. She wasn't here for a conversation. She wasn't here to meet a normal man. She was here to fill the emptiness inside. She was at this bar with an appetite for destruction.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" Amy asked, cocking her head to the side, her wavy chestnut brown hair dancing against her collarbone.

"Do *you* think you're pretty?" the man replied. Amy put her head straight and pursed her lips. She wanted a straight answer, and this man wasn't giving her one. Amy ignored his question and went back to her drink. She watched from the corner of her eye as the bartender set the man's drink down in front of him. They sat in silence for a while, lifting their glasses to their lips every few minutes. Lifting their gazes to each other every few seconds.

"What's your name?" Amy finally asked the man.

He smiled at her kindly before answering."Wyatt. Wyatt Rymore," he said, "what is yours?"

"Amy."

"Sweet."

Amy wanted to be straight with this man. Tell him her intentions, but he looked like another normal fella. That's not what she was looking for. She was looking for quite the opposite, but that wasn't something she could easily admit. It wasn't something she was used to admitting.

"You look like you want to say something, Amy," Wyatt said.

Amy turned her face and wondered what she could do to convince him to go home with her, no questions asked. He didn't look like someone who would agree to a one night stand. He looked like a man of deep conversation - not deep penetration.

"Amy? Is this you blowing me off? If you don't want to talk, just say it," Wyatt said, looking slightly annoyed. Amy extended her hand for a second time, but this time it landed on his leg. Wyatt looked down in surprise, before looking back up at her face, fondly.

"I like where this is going," he said, the corner of his lips curling upwards into a smirk.

"Come to my place. We can talk there," Amy said. Without saying anything else, they both got up from their seats and walked out of the bar. Amy led; Wyatt followed.

"Do you live far?" he asked as he caught up with her brisk pace. Amy ignored his questions and carried on. They reached her house eight minutes later. Amy let them in with her key.

As soon as she switched on the living room light, Wyatt rushed to the bookcase and picked up a hardback of Catcher in the Rye.

"You've read this? Amy, this is my favourite book," he said, his eyes full of excitement. The bookcase and every book in it was actually her last boyfriend's. He was too heartbroken by her to come back for his stuff so he texted her, telling her to keep everything. And she did.

"It's my favourite too," she said. The night wasn't going as she had planned. Amy wanted to pick up a suitable *candidate* from the bar, bring him home and make him fill her emptiness inside with meaningless sex. Instead, she was lying about her favourite book being Catcher in the Rye to a seemingly decent fella. She thought that if she wooed him enough, he would trust her enough to sleep with her. That was the plan.

Wyatt put the book back in the bookcase and sat down on her red leather sofa, sliding down lazily into its comfort. Amy sat down beside him and slid down too, until their heads were at the same level. Wyatt turned his face to look at Amy, and Amy turned hers to look at him. Slowly, the distance between their gazes closed and their lips barely touched when Wyatt suddenly moved back.

"Is something wrong?" Amy asked, scared that Wyatt was close enough to notice the emptiness in her eyes. He groaned and ran his veiny hands over his flaky blond hair.

"I am so sorry, Amy. I don't usually move this fast. It's just...you're pretty, and your favourite book is Catcher in the Rye. And you have the sweetest gaze. Your hair is so soft, I want to feel it in my hands and...I'm sorry. I'm being too full-on, aren't I?" he said, babbling on nervously. Amy grabbed Wyatt's hand and put it on the back of her head. They shared a silent gaze again as he slipped back into his first position on the sofa and clutched a handful of her soft chestnut brown hair. Amy felt nothing. He was being too gentle, and that's not what she wanted. Wyatt closed his brown eyes and slowly edged forward, his lips slightly parted as they longed to meet hers. Amy parted her lips as their mouths met and danced softly against each other.

She had to do something about his gentle touch. It wasn't enough. It was making her feel more sick than anything else.

Amy abruptly pulled away from Wyatt and got up to go into the kitchen. He sat on the sofa, dazed, as she entered the room one minute later with a bottle of Vodka. She dropped it in Wyatt's lap and sat

down beside him.

"Drink it all," she said. She wasn't planning on drinking anymore herself. She wanted to be sober as this strong man took her body apart with his own, even if he was fucking her drunk.

Wyatt didn't question Amy and began to chug down the Vodka, obviously desperate to kiss her again. She watched, expressionless, as he hovered the empty bottle over his mouth, relishing the last drop. He turned to Amy, a fresh look in his eyes, and threw the bottle over his head. A smile formed at her lips as he grabbed a handful of her hair from the back of her head, roughly this time, and pushed his face into hers, his lips over hers and his tongue finding its way around inside her mouth. Amy moaned as Wyatt pulled her head back, a little too roughly, and kissed her from her chin down to her chest. She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on feeling something, but she was still numb.

"You're weak," she whispered. Wyatt lifted his head from her chest and buried his eyes deep into hers.

"No, I'm not," he said, firmly. Amy smirked.

"Yes. You're weak," she said, hoping that it would get the reaction she needed. Wyatt growled in frustration, let go of Amy's hair and pulled her dress apart with both hands and threw it on the floor.

"I'm not weak," Wyatt said angrily as he began to kiss down her stomach and viciously fondle her breasts. Amy closed her eyes and enjoyed his touch.

"Prove it," she said. Wyatt lifted his head again, but this time he didn't look like the man she had met at the bar. He looked like a different person. She bit her lip in anticipation and gasped as he quickly tugged off the remaining material covering her body until she was completely naked and took a nipple into his mouth. Amy let out a loud slow moan on Wyatt sucked and licked as his hands travelled around her body, grabbing everything they could find and then moving on.

After he was done with both breasts, Wyatt stood up and began to undress himself. Once he was down to his boxers, he began to pull them down but Amy stopped him. She grabbed his shoulders and pulled him down onto her, opening her legs so that he could fit between them. She felt her body tingle with anticipation and a desperate need as the outline of his hard cock inside his boxers teased her pussy entrance. She wanted to make him hungry for it. She wanted to make him starve for entry, until he could no longer wait and ravished her like an animal.

Wyatt frustratedly pushed down his boxers, but Amy lifted them back up. He groaned and began to grind his trapped cock against her wet pussy. Amy put one hand behind his neck, and one on his firm

ass, as Wyatt's movements began to pick up against her. The frustration of not being able to bury his cock deep inside Amy only made him grind harder and faster, making Amy moan louder as moments passed.

"Wyatt..." she moaned against his warm skin. He growled in response and lifted himself up to lean on his strong arms, before pounding her bare pussy with his trapped cock. He was getting angrier every second, whilst Amy was getting more and more excited.

"THIS IS FUCKING RIDICULOUS!" Wyatt shouted as he rolled off the sofa and stood over Amy. She looked up at him with pleading eyes, hoping that she looked as innocent as he thought she was. Wyatt, growled once again and took off his boxers to reveal a hard seven inch cock, as veiny as his hands. Her whole body tingled with anticipation, her heart raced and her pussy throbbed as Wyatt grabbed his cock and pumped it a few times.

"Open your legs and close your mouth," he said, menacingly, resuming his position between Amy's legs and wasting no time before burying his rock hard seven inch veiny cock deep inside her throbbing pussy. Amy half shouted - half laughed out loud as Wyatt began to drill her with every fibre of his being. Her hands wandered from the back of his head, down his arched back and finally landed on his firm ass and she clutched it, digging in her sharp nails as he pounded her pussy like a sexually deprived predator.

Not even a minute passed when Amy's legs began to tremble, her toes curled and her jaw dropped open in shock as she experienced an orgasm like never before. No sound left her mouth as Wyatt continuously pounded her; her body painfully stretching beneath his and her eyes rolling back into her head. Wyatt slowed down as Amy recovered, panting underneath him. The sweat from his body dripped onto hers as his movements came to a halt. Wyatt looked down at Amy and smiled, satisfied.

"You're still weak," she panted as she looked back up at his face. Wyatt's smile instantly dropped from his face and his angry expression was back. Amy swore under her breath as he kneeled over her, flipped over her body and lifted her up so that her back was against him. Amy moaned as Wyatt thrust his cock into her pert ass and began to fuck her senselessly as his hands squeezed her breasts.

"I am not fucking weak," he said in her ear as he fucked her from behind.

Amy threw her head back over his shoulder and winced as he bit her neck hard enough for it to leave a mark. He then pushed her forward so that her ass was sticking out, and spanked it four times - hard - as he powerfully thrust into her. Amy choked on her own breath as she panted against the leather under her face, her nails digging into the tough material.

Wyatt's moans grew louder as his speed picked up, when finally he thrust into her so powerfully, that his body fell forward onto Amy's back and he came inside her, moaning with his lips on the back of her neck. Amy came again underneath his trembling body, whimpering at the intensity of it as she struggled to catch her breath.

They both then lay there - his cock still buried inside her ass. Amy could feel Wyatt's warm breath on the back of her neck. As their breathing slowed down and became steady, he pulled out his now-tender cock and kissed her back before picking up his clothes off the floor, putting them on and stumbling out of Amy's front door. She smiled against the warm leather at the thought of him waking up in his own bed, with a hangover and no memory of their one night stand.

Amy's smile quickly faltered, as she realised that her emptiness hadn't been filled.

She went to the bar again that night.