

The Meet

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A girl meets a guy for the first time and is soon overwhelmed with excitement and desire for him.

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He was almost the stereotypical “good guy”. Or so he made out with his facebook page and through all the chats we had made through various private messages. I had never really thought of him than just a friend throughout all the online talking we had done, I guess you could say he was a close friend. My previous partners had mostly been the big bad boys, so it was hard to think that anything major would come from it. He lived on the other side of the country after all, and although we would flirt often through messages, I thought he had his eyes set on someone else. So maybe I was being misled, if he was such a “good guy” why would he even be talking to me? Let alone constantly subliminally flirting with me. When I say he was a “good guy” he appeared fairly innocent on his facebook pictures, he was currently training to join the police. None of the boys I had been with would have fit the innocent role of a police cadet, let alone policeman. And to top all of this off, he worked at a private old people’s home as a hands on carer. He was slightly older than me, not by much but because the girl I thought he was into was the same age as him I thought the idea of meeting him for anything else other than “seeing each other in real life” had never crossed my mind. We spoke quite a lot during the week, just about life, every so often we approached one another about problems in our lives and we’d help each other through it, I helped him a lot more than he helped me. Although he appeared a very confident character online he often needed help understanding girls, we had spoken online for a while and he seemed to jump between fancying girls pretty quickly, he seemed shy at approaching girls but he hadn’t ever been shy to talk to me. His latest girl he was on about seemed completely his type, and he never seemed to stop talking about her, every text she sent he’d want me to analyse in the end I thought I was trying to get her into bed! So anyway, I came home one night after having a really shit day, and saw a message from him saying “Hey, how’s things been this week? Haven’t spoken to you in ages! Hope your okay xx” I never really wanted to tell him all the details in my life incase he became some creepy stalker, but he did know the basic details, which city I lived in, what I studied at university, how many boys I’ve slept with. All the things you would tell someone of the opposite sex, but whilst remaining strictly friends too. Maybe it was because I was having a shit day or whatever, I just decided to lie. “Everything’s been normal as always haha. Haven’t been online much as I’ve been real busy! But it’s good to hear from you. Will talk to you soon J x” Then the next thing I see is: “How’s next Friday at that fancy restaurant you said your ex went too

without panties and you left a wet patch on the chair? ;) xx” “Haha ;) sshhhh or else I won’t tell you any more stories x” Maybe I haven’t told you the entire story. Yes we flirted a little, but it was never anything serious, he had often said late at night that he would love a picture of me naked, I knew he just wanted some material to jack off to so he didn’t feel lonely and I was always correct as by the mornings he would be banging on about how attractive this girl was at the gym the other day and apologising for pushing me for pictures. “Fine if you want it that way. Nonetheless I booked a table for 2 ;) so whether you wear panties or not it’d be nice to finally meet you x” I couldn’t tell if he was being his joking self or whether he was being serious. He had often joked about coming out to see me, but because of all the eye candy he had in his town I wasn’t sure why he’d want to bother to make the effort to travel all that way just to see me. If it had been a normal week I would have probably just replied with “haha x” but because of wanting to escape from the bad week I think I just wanted to escape from my everyday lifestyle. “I’d have to wear panties for friends :) x” He had no reason to travel the other side of the country just in the hopes he’d get to see me, let alone have already booked a flight and booked a restaurant. Or so I thought. “Well then I expect you to wear them, and if I’m really really am lucky, I’d like to see them too ;) But first off am I lucky enough to get to share your company next Friday?” I didn’t know what the hell was going on, had he already booked a flight just to visit me? In which case he was falling into what I classify as creepy guys. I certainly wasn’t going to let him get me naked if I was the just the current girl he fancied this week. “If I’m treated to a meal at petite fleur rouge? Then I guess I can’t say no :P x” I guess I was in the state of mind that craved a break from the norm too much. So with small details padded out in future messages, Friday rolled round. I was nervous in a weird way. What the hell had I done and why the hell did I accept to meet this complete stranger, for all I know he could be aiming to pile me into a van as soon as I show up at the restaurant. But something in my mind said he wouldn’t, he was too kind. I’d seen the pictures of him in cadet outfits; looking back I think I was far too trusting. I stood in front of my wardrobe eyeing up and down my outfits, what the hell can I wear to not look slutty, not look too posh but yet we are going to “la petite fleur rouge” after all and I wanted to make sure he knows I only want to have him as a friend. I slipped on my black lace panties, and noticed my nipples were unusually hard, the idea of this internet friend going back to his hotel room alone later tonight with the picture of me fresh in his mind and knowing full well he’ll need to jack off to the image of me for him to sleep peacefully or else he’ll be distracted with a budge in his boxers all night had really started my sex drive off in a high gear. I looked at myself in the mirror seeing my hard nipples and black lace panties with my dark brown hair tied up in a bun. If I’m not careful tonight I’m going to be the one coming off as desperate and I certainly don’t want to be his “weekly fancy he got to fuck” on that note I thought to myself I need to blow off some steam, he is only a friend. So I took a few steps backwards and lay back on my bed, I could picture so clearly this guy fantasising over me the throughout the whole journey and it hadn’t scared me, it had excited me. I released my hair from the bun and let it flow down my shoulders and back. As I lay on the bed in nothing but my panties, I got a text from an unknown number saying. “Room One Four Nineteen One, Fleet Gardens hotel.” The thoughts of why he felt the need to tell me his room number filled my dreams. I didn’t care if I was his weekly fantasy so long as

he was sexy enough to be mine. I started picturing and imagining coming back to his hotel room, I placed my right hand on my stomach, I know exactly what he wanted me to do after the meal tonight, slowly dragging my hand down to my panties, me and him returning to his room alone, I slipped my hand down the pants and started to gently stroke the outside of my lips, passionately kissing him, then proceeding to take him on a one stop wild journey that he will never forget, I slipped my index finger shallowly into my pussy lips and realised how wet I was, my pants were soaking, all the images of me naked he had produced in his head would finally be a reality, I slipped an extra finger in and deeply penetrated into myself letting out a little moan. When we had flirted online he had once joked that he always wanted to see me naked I was always such a tease but I had a feeling tonight he wouldn't let me be a tease. Realising how wet I was I stopped penetrating and moved straight up to my clit that was throbbing desperately, I massaged it and almost instantly I let out a scream. The pictures and images of him in the cadet uniform rushed to my head. And within just a few seconds I realised I had cum. "Fuck," I said. I thought to myself had I not done that I would have been dying for something later. I quickly returned to the mirror/wardrobe. Only to realise how red my face had become. "Shit," I realise, I hadn't got many options in the underwear variety. "I can't go pantless, I cant go pantless" I repeated to my myself. I found a pair, a purple crotchless thong. "Brilliant. Well I guess it's better than nothing." I threw my little black dress on, and then started getting ready for the meet repeatedly reminding myself I only was going to meet him as a friend. I sat down at the table as we said too via private messages. And I waited for him, he thought I'd be more comfortable if I was already sitting down and in the restaurant. Because then he couldn't pile me into the back of the van if we met outside, however feeling how wet I was from earlier I think that'd just be even more of a turn on. My attempts at trying to calm myself down had failed. The restaurant was amazing. Of course it was, he really had picked a great place to meet someone, I was trying to remind myself this wasn't a date, and I was just meeting a friend. Everything from the aroma of the restaurant, the atmosphere, the decor, the candles, the lighting, it all screamed romantic couples restaurant but I needed to not let all that get to me. Then he arrived, he was dark haired, 6 foot 3, broad shouldered, wearing dirty blue jeans, a smart white shirt with rolled up sleeves, hair gelled up, with slight stubble. When he said hi, I forgot to stand up; I was taken back and surprised by his looks. I thought to myself why does this guy spend his time on the internet talking to me about eyeing up girls, when his looks suggest he could have got any of those girls if he wanted. Instantly I started acting like I was on a date, trying to impress him, but it was easy to forget that with how hard he was trying to impress me. He ordered champagne for us straight away, which is no surprise given the price of the restaurant. We broke into conversation openers and after eating the starter I felt his hand place on my knee, this would have been too far after all I wasn't his weekly fuck, but I felt my leg go weak and my legs shifted open with excitement. I think he took the movement as a sign as "get off" and he moved his hand away. I was then reminded that he is a "good guy" to any other of the boys I had dated they wouldn't have taken no for an answer. I quickly put my hand under the table found his hand and held it for a second, without breaking the conversation, which by this point had moved onto talking about families, I placed his hand back on my knee. Feeling his thick hard hand, back on my leg had got me giddy with

excitement. I was glad I wore some form of panties, or else they restaurant would be dealing with a second surprise on the chair from me. Throughout the meal we had been able to polish off 2 bottles of champagne, I had moved onto wine and he had moved onto beer. His hand hadn't pushed further than my knee all meal, but I sensed he was thinking of the relationship with the girl he had started getting close to. It must have been a tough call for him knowing he had a girl back at home town who is so similar to him and a girl straight in front of him who's almost the complete opposite. But opposites attract and I had sensed he thought that. Multiple times I caught him taking glances of my cleavage on show from my dress, I knew temptation was pouring from my dress and he wanted a sip, but I had never caught him full on staring at my boobs. The meal had finished and I enjoyed the experience a lot more than I think I would have a couple of weeks before. We sat speaking for a minute or two after the meal: "Shall we move onto a bar in a minute or two?" he asked "Not in these heels!" I joked, "Oh yeah," he laughed "I've had a really good time with you tonight." "me too," "How about checking out the bar back at my hotel? We could catch a cab there?" he asked me. We had discussed his hotel earlier in the conversation; he was staying on the Fourteenth floor at a Five star hotel. "Sounds fun, would you like to go now?" I enquired desperately. "Not yet," He answered. I was confused at why, and raised my eyebrows. I then remembered my black dress had a knack for making the boys notice me and my tits. I laughed. "What?" He asked Underneath the table I quickly threw my hand across his lap and my suspicions were correct. His blue jeans under the table were constraining a solid hard dick that wanted to explode all over my cleavage. As my hands skimmed past he gasped to himself, I giggled out loud. From all the cheeky flirting online about sex he had made some pretty big promises, in his own words he said normally the first time he cums he lasts a minute, the second time a few minutes, and the third time he would take a few hours, I didn't believe him at the time, but as he was sitting in front of me now, I was thinking I could test his honesty. I ran my hand back over him and was met with his hand which quickly held mine. He said "I'll get the bill" I wanted to refuse but knowing the price of the restaurant. "I want to pay," I replied sheepishly "No it's fine; it was my treat for you anyway" "I'll find other ways to pay you back. I promise," I said, then realising how desperate I had become. However knowing how many extra hours my ex had had to work just to get a meal and dessert here, and he had treated me to a full 3 course meal and drinks, I thought tonight the least I could do was deal with his common late night request and send him a picture, if that's all he wanted.... After waiting for him to relax we made our way to the taxi rank he spoke to some driver and held the door open for me and we made our way to his hotel, on reflection I wish we could have gotten in some random taxi instead of some taxi from a high class restaurant, as I knew I was racking him up a huge bill, but I did feel like a high roller, from Five star restaurant to Five star hotel. I'd love to say this is where the fun began but no. Because of the nature of the taxi rank, the cars were very 'private', the chauffeur was behind a tinted window which would have been the catalyst to jumping on his cock as soon as the door closed, however the seats had an arm rest in-between, which kept his cock from getting pumped and my pussy from getting rubbed, and my make-up from getting smothered all over his lips... For now. We pulled into the hotel and it was massive, with plant pots to the entrance, fourteen stories high, really well lit, incredibly romantic. He jumped out

the car and took the role of chauffeur and helped me out the car. This turned out to be a massive mistake, this is where I realised I had perfect eye level to see his bulge in his jeans, however it wasn't just me who was left to leave things to the imagination, as I'm sure not only did he have the ultimate top shot of my boobs as I climbed out, but also he was looking right down my dress! I knew he must have seen my shaved pussy right through the crotchless thong and my pussy coated itself with wetness at the idea of him getting a glimpse. Whether he saw it or not he kept a very good poker face. We hit the bar and continued chatting, and held hands. As we were in the public eye a little more I think he was a bit more hesitant, as he didn't have the ability to play under the table. We had avoided the conversation of sex all night which I think had gotten him even more desperate. But at the bar I had an advantage, as there was no table I could see the way in which I said things had an impact in the tightness of his pants. One flirty voice on subject as simple as what where I'm going on holiday next year would give him an erection for a few sentences. Eventually we finished up in the bar and he had to ask the question "Do you want to see my room?" "I guess I should given the views you keep nagging on about," I joked We both made our way to the lift and that's when things got serious. "Doors opening," the pre-recorded lift lady said. "Level Fourteen Selected," "Door's closing". As soon as the doors were fully closed he flung hands round my waist and kissed and caressed the right side of neck. "Lift going up," I tried turning into him but his grip was too strong, I moaned, he was passionately kissing my neck like he was making love to it, I tried turning but only managed to twist my neck, he kissed his way up my neck and found my lips, fuck. He was a good kisser, even from behind. His left hand found a way from my waist to my cleavage, I began grinding my ass on his cock, and he relaxed on kissing and said he was going to explode. He really was gagging for it. I laughed and bit down on his lip, and continued grinding him anyway. He held, pulled and squeezed my boob, just as I wanted to pull my top down for him to only have the bra blocking him from my skin. "Level Fourteen, door opening." We smiled cheekily and made our way to his room. He opened the door and let me in. He put his wallet and keys down and I wondered to the window, and pulled apart the company, that's when I realised he had a balcony, I stepped onto it to see a night sky view, the scenery black with small white windows everywhere. It was as magical as a night view in a city could be. I turned round to see him lying on a bed of rose petals, with candles scattered all round the room, opening a champagne bottle. Fuck. He was good and fast! I laid down on the right of him on the bed, he found the light switch and we found each other's lips. The balcony window and curtains were still open and to my surprise we still had a fantastic view, I didn't even care who was watching, he was such a good kisser, I placed my hand on his inside right thigh and he gasped, he had his hand round my shoulders, so I slipped my hand up his shirt, it didn't feel like he had a six pack but it was very very thick. I was so desperate for his skin to be on mine, but if this guy was honest about not being a strong starter I better finish round one. I undid his belt, and got on my knees and pulled his jeans down, and laid back down, I touched his now bare right thigh again and he moaned out "oh my god," I smirked. I edged my way closer to his dick stroking across his inside right thigh and as his lips found mine I found his balls, and gave them a quick cupping as I weighed them, then moved further up his balls to meet the base of his dick. "Fuck," he announced. I wrapped the index and thumb round his

dick and slowly went up it, mentally measuring it as I went. After going about 4 inches, I stopped and went back to the base, he gasped again, this time I continued, going 5 inches up then back down, this time I went 6 inches, how big is this thing, I thought to myself, finally I slowly went up all the way and released he was circumcised at the top. "Ahhhh!" he moaned out. I quickly returned to the base and all the way back up twice. He started moaning some more, so I pumped harder, "Fuck!" he shouted out as he came. I felt his cum dribbling all round my fingers. I continued pumping lightly and eventually stopped. "I hope round 3 will be a little longer than that," I announced. "I warned you," He laughed "that's if you want to continue after round 2." "Ooooh," I said challengingly as I got off the bed to pop to the bathroom. When I was in the bathroom I heard some loud noises coming from the bedroom and eventually. I heard a knocking. "One minute," I said as I finished washing my hands. He continued banging and I started getting confused. I opened the door to find him in his police uniform. Still with the grease of cum in my hand my pussy went crazy, he looked so sexy. He grabbed my hands and put them behind my back. "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law." He ordered. I instantly went weak at the knees. Then I heard a clasp of handcuffs, in all my former partners none of them had ever handcuffed me. But it felt so good. "Come with me" he demanded, and he dragged me out of the bathroom onto the bed, the candles were now gone as well as the rose petals and the room was fully lit. He pushed my face forward "I need to search you for any dangerous items" he announced. I was speechless. My face was now on the bed but I was still standing up, he placed both hands on one foot and slid both hands up my left leg. Slowly going up and up my bare leg all the way to the bottom of my dress, which didn't stop him he continued all the way up right to the top of my leg. He grabbed my thong "What's this? An illegal object?" He slid his right hand round my bottom and pulled the purple crotchless thong to the floor. He then slid both his hands up my right leg, again ignoring the dress. This time, now that there wasn't a thong in the way I felt his left finger tickle at my shaved pussy on the way up. I wanted to moan but I was filled with excitement to the point of silence. I knew his hand would have been able to feel how wet my pussy was. Fuck, I could feel my inner thighs were wet from my pussy. He put his hands on my waist and patted down my stomach like they do at airports then, rubbed my boobs. "What are these?" He spun me round and pulled my black dress down exposing my red strapless bra. He undid the clasp at the back with ease and released the tension my boobs have been feeling all night, and then threw the bra on the floor. He massaged my boobs as I stood there still wishing he would go back to my pussy. After finishing eyeing up and getting a good feel and fill of my boobs he threw me on the bed, it was pretty uncomfortable given my hands were still tied together and couldn't break my fall, but before I could get comfy, his face had already landed at the top of my legs and his tongue was getting a good taste of all the juices. After shuffling around trying to prolong my orgasm I finally cried out "Fuck me". "Bad girls like you don't deserve what they want," He said whilst keeping his mouth deep in my walls. He licked, sucked and tickled my clit, repeatedly getting faster quicker and more passionate. In the end I had no option but to cum, it filled my pussy up with even more juices which he buried his tongue into and enjoyed the bath between my legs. I was exhausted; he had given my pussy a work out with just his tongue. Now I was dying for something bigger. He sat up

“you look pretty tired missy,” my head was flat out lying on the bed, I wanted a rest but I didn’t want it to end. He ripped his police shirt off and buttons went flying everywhere. He tensed his abs, and to my surprise there was a 6 pack there. He stood up and slid his pants off. He was wearing some boxers with NYPD written across them. He really had gone to a lot of detail. Just as I thought he was going to take them off his middle finger entered me. “Ahhhhha!” I cried out, he had completely caught me off guard. Knowing he had caught me off guard he decided to pound me with 2 fingers. If I had a hand free I would have stopped him or pulled his hands boxers down but I was there getting abused following his every action. I tried to say “Pull your box-” but his left hand found my mouth. As he continued to watch my reaction as he slipped in and out of me getting faster and harder. Just as it started to hurt, he stopped and slipped his pants down. I finally saw all seven inches of him and saw he must have shaved for me. I was dying to have him in me, and pulled me to the edge of the bed. He then slipped his dick into me. At last! Slowly pushing deeper and deeper, he was so big! Eventually I felt the top of his thighs on my bum. He placed both hands on my boobs and started giving it to me in missionary. “You’re a bad girl,” he told me. “You’re a fucking naughty girl,” I wanted to tell him I’m a naughty girl but because I had all seven inches of him in me meant I couldn’t get anything out of me. He kept driving his cock in and out of me. Then all of a sudden he stopped and jumped to my face. I hate having cum on my face but because my hands weren’t in a position to stop him, I tried opening my mouth to take as much of the load as I could. But he had other ideas and released a load all over my face, and wiped his cock along my cheek. Finally he slapped me a few times with his cock emptying it out. “You’re free to go,” he told me. As I lay there, my pussy was sore, my face was covered in cum and my hands were tied up. He helped me up and into the bathroom, where he unlocked the handcuffs. I closed the bathroom door and saw my boobs had hand prints on them; obviously he was gripping me so hard it had left marks but his dick was so big I hadn’t even noticed. I slipped my black dress off; it was pretty much pointless anyway now. I was ready to open the door again, but didn’t know what to expect this time round. I slowly opened the door to see the candles back out and lit, with a fresh glass of champagne waiting for me, I walked further into the room and saw him lying on the bed naked, sipping his own champagne, I quickly accompanied him. “Fuck,” I chuckled. He laughed; we lay there naked for a bit kissing and cuddling. “I guess for an innocent good boy, you’re pretty rough,” I said. “I can’t believe I didn’t think of meeting you earlier,” he said. I saw the thought going through his head that he might be able to see me again as his dick moved and started to grow. “Who said I can believe I met you now?” I answered. Before he could reply I took full use of the erection and started kissing him again, I could tell he had fallen in love with my body so I climbed on top of him and slowly kissed down his torso, six pack and then kissed the base of his dick and kissed round to the back of it, looked him dead in the eye and smiled, I then licked all the way up to the nib and tasted my own juices on him, he let out a sigh and I felt the top of his fleshy cock in my mouth. I put my lips, round his dick and used my mouth to lick it like a lollipop back and forth and round and round, whilst pumping with my hands. He grabbed my boobs and enjoyed weighing them in his hands as I sucked his cock. I realised he was enjoying the action but it wasn’t looking like he would cum. Would this really take one hour? Or more?!? I decided to get on top

of his dick, my pussy was still ridiculously wet although sore, however being on top now, I knew I had control, I rode it how I wanted to and he laid there enjoying every second, he tried to take control of the thrusting but I stopped him. I was enjoying wobbling about with a seven inch dick inside of me, and I think he was enjoying watching my boobs bounce up and down. I was relaxing so much I sometimes just sat there and fondled my boobs to give him a show, I even tried to lick my nipple for him. After a while I got off of him. And said lets go explore the view. He looked a little disappointed at first but I swung off him quick enough to not get a response. I walked over to the balcony, grabbed the railing and bent over arching my back just for him. I knew as soon as he noticed this me he was in love with this idea. He slowly penetrated me from behind and instantly he started gasping, moaning and sighing whilst slipping in and out of me, all of these sounds I hadn't heard in round 3 so far. I loved having him in me and loved having the warm nights wind blowing past the balcony. He had told me how much he loved doggy style and I knew why, he was so damn good at it. To my surprise, he then spanked me on my arse and pulled my hair. How did he know what I liked so well? I never told him what I liked sexually but he had managed to guess so much in such a short space of time. A car alarm went off and we both paused for a second, then we laughed to each other. It had reminded us that we were outside in public view spanking each other and moaning fairly loudly. He grabbed my breasts to stop the clapping of my boobs to my skin, even though I knew how much he was enjoying the sound. My pussy was wrecked at this point. It had taken the beating of its life. I had to stop but I didn't want to not last round 3! "Put it in my arse," I said. "Really?" He asked "Unless you don't want to try anal?" I challenged him. Needless to say I knew if I gave him the opportunity to try something new he'd take it. He grabbed a bottle of lube, this is where I realised how well prepared he had come, and slipped a finger in my ass. I stood up pretty fast but quickly returned to arching my back, all seven inches was going to be painful. "Lube up real good," I said. He then tried 2 fingers and I grimaced, the thought of his cock in me was going to be a challenge but it'd feel so good. I then felt his cock pushing into my arse. "FUCK ME!" I shouted for all to here. "Maybe we should go inside," He responded quickly We returned inside and I got on all 4s on the bed. I held my arse cheeks apart and he edged further and further in, I used the pillow to shout, bite and scream into, as he got all seven inches into me. Did it hurt? Hell yes! But I felt so alive. "You're so tight," He claimed. "ahhhhh, your cocks so fucking big," I cried. I started relaxing and then starting enjoying his hard dick in my arse. He slowly slid back and forward, and I started crying, "Just fucking cum in me". He took it up a notch and it felt so good but was so fucking painful. He started making noises like he might cum but nothing was happening. I looked into the pillow and the white pillow had been painted black with my mascara. I couldn't continue crying if he was nowhere near being emptied. "Arghh you win. You have to stop," I shouted. He slowly came out, and I turned over, he saw how much pain I was in and felt bad. I told him off "Don't feel bad. I wanted you to give it to me, and you did like no-one else has. Let's clean you off and finish you off ey?" I stood up and hobbled over to the bathroom. Fuck my pussy was sore. I got in the shower and he came to join me I knew that showers and water sex was his ultimate fantasy so this was the ideal place to finish him off We both washed each other all over, and then I got to my knees and knew it'd be a task to make him cum, but my pussy and arse couldn't offer him the

services I thought they could have. I took him in my mouth and with one hand pumped him hard and fast and with the other I slowly worked my way to his ass. After all the abuse his dick had given my asshole, I could at least stick a finger in, he moaned, so I pumped, massaged and sucked all at once whilst he stared into my eyes. Then it was just a matter of time. The tiniest amount of cum shot out from his shrivelled up sack, I spat it back on his dick then washed his dick again. We both stood up and cleaned each other off one last time. Even though by this point he probably had no sexual desires left in him I knew he'd fantasies about us cleaning each other off for years to come. Finally we helped dry each other off, exhausted from the activities. We both returned to the bed. With sexual organs that had taken the beating of their life. In the morning I woke up first, so I decided to make my way out of the hotel in my now ripped black dress. But before I left I gave him what he said he always wanted a naked picture of me.