The Little Red Light - Part One, The Seduction

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A predatory sex-starved woman takes her sexual frustration out on her neighbors - part I

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They sat at the small table in the night club, nervously looking around the dimly lit room. The club music pounded as they watched a room full sweaty bodies, much younger than they, enjoying the night. The idea to spend a night out at one of these local clubs seemed like a great idea earlier in the night, but it had become painfully obvious that this was not what Guy and Jamie needed to reconnect in their marriage. They sat silently, apart, sipping their drinks and hoping that the other would just make the call to end the awkward night.

Then it happened. Across the bar sat a trim and busty blonde, tight ringlet curls framed her perfectly made-up face. She was tall, confident, and locked on to the troubled couple across the way. As Guy's eyes avoided his wife's, peering around the room, he noticed briefly that this beautiful woman was seductively staring at him.

"Must be some mistake" he thought as his glance continued around the room. As he moved his eyes back in her direction he could not believe it. The woman was still staring right into his eyes. He gave a nervous smile, looking to see if Jamie was aware of this interaction. He noticed the blonde lightly licking her lips, drawing him into her fantasy. He felt the arousal, the desire for this woman in tight black clothing across the bar. He had never been unfaithful to his wife, but the tension tonight made thoughts rip through his mind. What he would give for moment, just a moment, to be free of the awkward tension of his failing marriage and just take that wanting woman at the bar.

Sophie, licking her rouge lips in the direction of Guy, raised her right hand up into her hair, running her fingers along the back of her neck, slowly drawing her hand over her soft skin and down her breast-line. She took a deep and sexually charged breath in as her hand paused over her right breast. She firmly cupped it as she pushed her chest up with her breath. As she dropped her hand back toward the bar, she let her fingertips complete the journey over her breast, her fingernail stopping momentarily to circle her nipple. She was enjoying this moment completely, putting this show on in such a public place for an obviously married man. She shot a smile across the bar at Guy, who had not missed the sexuality of her gesture. She could feel her pussy beginning to throb. She wanted him as much as she knew he wanted her.

Guy could feel the nervous pinch in his abdomen, the little voice in his head yelling at him to look away, but there was something about this stranger across the bar. Something familiar. And the attraction, his desperate attraction to connect with a woman sexually - something his wife had simply stopped doing. It had been so long since Guy felt like a man, felt like he could actually act on these desires. As he watched the woman across the bar run her hand down her breast and purposefully trace her fingernail over her erect nipple, his only thought was taking this woman, pushing her up against the wall, lifting that tight black dress, and fucking her brains out. He could feel his excitement rising in his jeans as he stared at the woman. Thoughts of his wife drifted away. It was just her, the oddly familiar seductress from across the bar.

Sophie noticed Guy glance away, looking toward his wife to make sure that she had missed the exchange. She took this opportunity to add to the mystery. If she was going to pull this off, she had to play it just right. She slipped away before he could look back up in her direction.

Sophie knew Guy and Jamie, and she was surprised that Guy had not yet recognized her in their little moment. They lived on opposite ends of the block. In this small corner of town everyone was aware of everyone else. At home, she played a more mellow role, which explained why Guy had not recognized her. But she knew him. And she knew they would be out tonight. She had talked to Jamie a few days prior. She sensed their marriage problems and recommended this club tonight. When she saw them leaving, she gave chase in her car. She had been planning this night all week. And now she was in control. She had the sexual attention of Guy. She knew he was frustrated, that he and Jamie were not having sex. She knew what this man needed. She was going to have fun!

Guy looked up from the table after glancing in the direction of Jamie, who was clueless to his arousal and to the moment he just shared with the woman at the bar. Suddenly he found himself disappointed, for when he looked back in the direction of the bar the woman was gone. He tried to stop himself from desperately looking around the room, but his cool was gone. He quickly looked left, and then right, and then back again. This frantic behavior caught the attention of Jamie, who looked over at him.

"What the hell are you doing?" she asked, her face contorted into a confused wrinkle of ridiculousness.

Trying to cover himself, Guy shouted above the music, "Looking for the pissers. The beer went right through me!"

Annoyed that Guy showed no interest or sexual enthusiasm toward her, and that discussions of his bodily functions were not the least bit attractive to her, she shared her annoyance with a glance and

pointed to the sign on the far side of the bar.

"I'll be right back" he exclaimed, pushing his stool out, turning his back and disappearing into the crowd toward the bathrooms.

"Would it kill him to show a little fucking interest in me?" she mumbled to herself as she placed the straw in her mouth and sucked back a drink. She could feel herself on the better side of tipsy... that special place where you just want to be touched. That place where your sexuality is ready to explode out of your skin. She closed her eyes and sipped, thinking about that feeling she had, feeling sexy for a moment. She let the bass penetrate her body, feeling the vibrations rising up through the legs of the stool, onto the seat, and over her ass. She felt a tug at her pussy, a throb, a pulse. A tingling sensation shot up her spine into the base of her neck. For a moment she remembered her sexuality, her orgasm. She found herself alone, at the club, clenching her throbbing pussy to the sound of the music. She was so turned on, and found herself biting her upper lip in anticipation of a coming orgasm. She was so hard up, so backed up, that she was ready to just let the stool bring her to climax right there in the club. She opened her eyes to a very attractive blonde woman watching her intently from across the room.

Jamie's eyes widened. The look on the woman's face was clear, she knew exactly what Jamie was doing. She looked away and sipped at her drink, glancing back for a moment to see if the woman was still there; the woman with the familiar face. She was gone. In that moment, Jamie was overcome with excitement. The thought of this seductive looking woman watching her, knowing her sexual urge, made her moist. She looked around the room to make sure no one else was watching, then closed her eyes again to let the vibration of the room grab hold of her pussy and tease it into ecstasy.

Sophie watched as Guy meandered through the crowds, trying to stay out of sight of Jamie, but clearly trying to get another closer view of this woman he saw. From her vantage point she watched Guy, and made her connection with Jamie. Sophie looked deep into Jamie's expressions as she watched the years of sexual frustration melt away to the sound of the pulsing music. She knew the look all too well. Sophie was so turned on, and knew that she had made this connection with both Guy and Jamie. Sophie knew that Guy's adventure would not last long, so she had to put her plan into action. She set down her drink and moved across the room.

Guy moved his body, pretending to dance a little as he made his way across the club. To him, he was counting the minutes between when he left and when he would need to make it back without suspicion. "What am I doing?" he thought, but continued on his mission, the doubt growing with each passing moment. As he moved through two people a soft hand reached out and grabbed his from behind, pulling him close. He spun around to find himself in the arms of the beautiful blonde. He recognized her face at this distance. "Sophie?" he said.

Sophie reached her finger up and touched his lips, making a 'shush' gesture. She looked into his eyes, her piercing green eyes screamed sex. Guy listened. She ran her hands down his chest, stopping at his waistline. She slipped her eight fingers into the waist of his jeans, inside his boxers, pulling him into her. He stared into those eyes and did not pull away when she went in for a whispered kiss.

"Meet me in the bathroom, wait there for me. I'll just be a minute." she whispered, her breath entering his parted mouth. Her aroma was toxic. It filled his nostrils. Her force, her breath, her look - it all cause him to grow erect with anticipation. His growing dick expanded upward toward Sophie's fingers, currently inside his shorts. He felt his dick press against her finely manicured nails. It had been nearly two decades since his dick had touched another woman, yet here he was, his growing dick pushing up into the hands of another woman, a woman who he only just realized was his modest neighbor. He let out a sigh of pleasure as she moved a finger around the head of his rising cock. She snapped his waistband, pointed him toward the bathroom, and pushed him along with a soft kiss.

She knew he would wait for a while after that little stunt. Her pussy was dripping wet at this point. Her game was working out perfectly. She had him eating out of her hand, and before the end of the night she could have him eating out of any part of her body she wanted!

Sophie made her way through the crowd toward Jamie, still lost in her pre-orgasmic trance. She could see her thrusting her pelvis on the stool to the beat. To anyone else she was just dancing. But Sophie knew better. She had seen it in Jamie's eyes. Jamie was riding herself into an orgasm right there in the bar.

Jamie's eyes loosely closed, listening intently to the beat of the music, she breathed heavier and heavier as she could feel the sexual passion firing through her body like bolts of lightning. All emanating from her wet and throbbing clit. She wanted so badly to just cum, but she was not going to rush this moment of solitude amongst the sea of people. It had been so long since she felt this sexy, this passionate. She was going to fuck herself the way her husband would no longer do it. She was drunk. She was horny. And she was going to cum with or without Guy.

Jamie was at the edge of a sexual trance, which may be why she did not startle at the soft touch moving up her inner thigh. "I am going to help you" was all she heard the familiar voice say. She felt a warm breath on her neck, and the alcohol in her bloodstream helped that warmth translate into sexual energy. Jamie opened her eyes and gazed back at the woman whose fingers were now moving her panties to the side of her wet pussy.

"Sophie?" she whispered. She did not resist when Sophie leaned her lips down and met hers. She

had always found Sophie attractive, but had never imagined a situation in which she would be with another woman. She sighed and pushed her lips and tongue up into Sophie, whose mouth was parted and awaiting her kiss. Her kiss was fruity, unlike a man's kiss. Her lips were soft, no stubble. She was turned on by the smoothness of this moment.

Sophie's fingers pushed up into Jamie's wetness, her fingers curling forward and pressing into her G-spot. Jamie moaned as she pushed her lips up into Sophie's. She could feel Jamie's pelvis thrusting faster than the beat now, fucking Sophie's finger. No one seemed to notice. No one seemed to care. Sophie moved her fingers out to Jamie's clit and began feverishly stroking it, pushing Jamie into an instant orgasm. Jamie began to scream out in pleasure, but Sophie pressed her mouth down onto hers, and brought her spare hand up to Jamie's clavicle, pressing, gently dominating her. "Quiet now, slave..." This stopped Jamie's scream, but heightened her orgasm. Her eyes shot open as she looked up into Sophie's, her pussy clenching with orgasmic pleasure. As her climax subsided, Sophie moved her mouth over to Jamie's ear. "More!" she commanded, and she slipped backward and out of sight, vanishing in the crowd.

Jamie, flushed, looked around nervously. Noticing that no one had witnessed her orgasm, or her encounter with this woman, she sipped her drink. She was too relaxed to worry about what Guy would say, or if she would ever tell him. She wondered what "More" meant. She knew Sophie. Thoughts raced through her head, but she pushed them out with each sip of her drink. She listened to the music, enjoying the rhythmic pulse of the music over her recovering clitoris, wet and ready for 'More'.

Guy looked down at his watch, wondering how long he had to stand in that stall. Just as he was about to lose his nerve, or his patience, he heard the unmistakable sounds of high heels entering the men's room. The door opened, and in the dingy green lighting he saw her. It was Sophie. She was tall, standing eye level with him. Her breasts were pressed upward, being held in place by her bra-less tight black dress. She had curves on her tight body. He was aroused, his hard on still lasting from the moments before when her fingers teased his cock. Now here she was, moving into the stall and closing the door behind her. Her dress fit snug over her curvy hips. She turned around, facing away from him, and lifted her dress up to her waist. Guy looked down and saw a smooth tan ass staring back at him. No panties, just ass. Sophie reached up and placed her hands on the stall door, pushed her ass back toward Guy and said, "we don't have much time... get on your knees and eat my asshole!"

Sophie pushed her ass back and moaned in pleasure as she felt two firm hands spreading her ass cheeks apart. The bristly feeling of his face plunging into her ass was enough to make her pussy begin to drip wetness onto the bathroom floor. She felt a tongue lash forward and try to penetrate her asshole, two hands wrapping around to the front of her legs trying to pull her back onto his tongue.

He licked and lapped at her asshole, and she moved a finger down and began violently rubbing her clit. She pushed hard against his rough face and let out a deep moan as she came. She plunged her fingers into her pussy and began fucking herself hard as she squirt her cum in the bathroom stall. Her orgasm stopped, her convulsing body flipped around. Guy was met with a shaved pussy, dripping with cum right in his face. The smell of her pussy put him over the edge. He stood up and ripped open his jeans, his modest cock sprung forward toward the wetness before it.

Sophie's hands reached back and grabbed the stall door. Guy reached down and helped her place her feet over his shoulder. In all his life he had never been adventurous in bed, so he let this wild woman take the lead. She folded her body and presented her gaping pussy to his cock. He was holding her at the waist, and thrust himself forward, missing his mark. He nervously tried again. He slid in hard, and was shocked at the warmth and wetness of this woman's pussy. His wife was usually dry and there was some amount of pain when they fucked. But they had not fucked in years. So when his dick was met with this wet pussy, this open pussy, this hot velvet wrapping around his cock, he knew that he would not last long. Sophie looked at his face, into his eyes, and in a low voice grunted, "Fuck me you slave... fuck me hard". Her hand swung down from the door and grabbed his hair with force.

His eyes narrowed and he looked at the smiling face of this woman he was fucking in the club stall. He grabbed her waist and began fucking her with all the rage of the years of his sexless marriage. Sophie laughed as her pussy began squirting cum over his dick as he pounded her harder and faster. He could feel his balls tightening. He was not lasting long at all.

Sophie finished her second orgasm and tightened her pussy around his cock. Then with a laugh she straightened her body, pulling her pussy off Guy's cock. Guy was frustrated, hard, ready to explode. Sophie dropped her feet to the ground and turned Guy around, his jeans in a bunch around his ankles. She wrapped her hand around his cock and began jacking him off fast and furiously. Her left hand was deep inside her pussy, covered in juices. Covered in lubrication. Guys balls began to tighten with his orgasm, and he tilted his head back, flexing his entire body. His orgasm began with a guttural grunt, and in that moment he felt three fingers jam into his asshole. He was defenseless. He thrust his hands forward onto the wall of the stall as his first spray of cum lined the wall. He felt the burn of pressure pounding into his asshole as his cock was feverishly drained on the other side of his body. He had no thoughts. He completely submitted himself to this woman. As her hand plunged into his ass rapidly, his second squirt, and third squirt of cum made their way to the toilet and floor. His body relaxed.

"More!", he heard whispered into his ear as he stood in the stall, leaning against the cum covered wall. He was in a fog, and didn't notice her slip away. The sound of the slamming stall door woke him from his fog and he muscled his pants back into place. He glanced at his watch. The entire event had

only taken five minutes... and then he thought, "More?"

The sound of heels disappeared back into the club, vanishing into the crowd.

Guy reappeared from the crowd with two fresh drinks. "I got drinks too. That's what took me so long." Jamie nodded and took the drink without question. They were both lost in thought, each unaware of the other. They finished their drinks, both wondering how the events of the night would continue to unfold...