In the presence of strangers

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Elijah and Neesha perform their latest hot and heavy act

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Little, warm bulbs line the floor downstage of the performers and parcans shine on their prize. Beneath them, Elijah ambles into view. Until now Neesha has been wooing the crowd alone. She, with her dark eyes and her naked honesty; her hot gaze flitting around the room. Whether or not she has been able to make out their faces is anyone's guess, the lights are bright. Her practiced expression is frank, faintly smug and unquestionably engaging.

In joining her, Elijah comes to rest behind her. She preens, oiled and precious; her body a jewel in the darkened room. He's is broadly built and virtually hairless, thick arms and a chocolate chest. He is a fine specimen of a man, naked as she, unafraid, insolent.

Elijah touches her shoulders though he need not have alerted her to his presence. His footfalls are surprisingly light for a man of his stature but it's his heat that she recognises. He reaches up to caress her shoulders, large palms engulfing eachopalescentcrescent.

Their stage takes up half the space in the intimate venue. The small club's walls have been expertly adorned from architraves to skirting boards in rugs and thick, dark material, successfully deadening the room acoustically, and further enhancing intimacy. Lamps on the few cabaret tables emit muted pools of light accentuating the rich, deep hues of the walls.

Elijah looks out at the assembled crowd with eyes glassy with lust. His hands travel down her arms, reassuringly sensual. The glossy platform in which pair perform is brightly lit and it is the undisputed focus of all the room's eyes. Heavy, red curtains hang on either side of the stage, framing their foreplay.

Only he is close enough to detect the tremour in her and even he is unsure of it's origin, be it nerves or desire. He pushes his partner onto her knees, her head facing their audience. Music crescendos in an undertone to the little performance, a steady, mesmeric beat. Tension heats the club, makes the couple drip with promise.

Elijah's body is exposed. Appreciative onlookers may take in his thick thighs dusted with hair, pillars that frame his aching, erect, substantial cock. His wide, dark chest undulates with each intake of air. It is enough to make the women in the room experience a physical response. He is the maker of goosebumps, a sexually aroused man in his prime.

Elijah steps around Neesha. He drops to his hands and knees and meets the glossy floor with the full length of his body. He rolls as though dancing, his feet almost touching her thighs, proud cock protruding (steady, thick and inviting). Like a circus tamer preparing for an act, Neesha watches him hungrily.

She licks her lips, taking the weight of her coffee coloured breasts in each one of her palms. Their peaks rise to form large, dark and inviting points. She toys with herself, sliding her hands across her glistening torso. A captivated audience holds it's collective breath.Neesha's eyes roam Elijah's body and finally she deigns to move.

Taking his right shin in her hands Neesha guides his knee to bend. A woman watching sighs. Emboldened,Neesha splays both his legs and begins her journey, sliding atop his solid frame. Her glistening palms mark her progress marring the glossy perfection of the stage surface, her lips travel ravenously towards his.

She doesn't kiss him, instead her fingers trace his full mouth. She straddles him, her pussy meeting his cock, it's engorged head pinned between them, peeping out.Neesha's knees touch the floor on either side of his hips. Very slowly she folds her legs up to her chest, her feet coming to rest on the floor, propelling her supple body upright. Now there is air between the two but only for a moment. She squats. Elijah's cock bobs with anticipation.

Neesha lowers herself deliberately onto him. One woman gasps, another giggles; an enthusiastic male punter grunts. In reward,Neesha's hand reaches down to wrap itself around Elijah's thick cock.

He smiles up at her, showing his teeth. She meets his eyes and guides his meat, just to the entrance of her slick cunt, holding her breath. Tearing her eyes from his, she looks out into the assembled crowd. Slowly, deliberately, Neesha nibbles her lower lip, enjoying the moment as it stretches, the rustling of shirts as necks crane in the crowd; their ill-concealed state of suspense.

She tips her head and her body sinks onto his cock, one delicious inch at a time.

Her pussy takes a moment to adjust to the size of him.

Eyes half closed, she raises her hips giving the captivated crowd a glimpse of his cock meat, exiting

her heat, glistening with her juices. She shifts and descends, lowering herself until their pelvic bones meet.

“ Uuuuhh” she says airily (for the benefit of the women in the room), allowing them to imagine being impaled, his impressive penis buried deep inside their slickness.

Her pause is costly. Elijah has endured her teasing and the caresses she bestows upon him only for the assembled voyeurs. He throbs within her, eager and aching to own her, to fulfill her unspoken wish. So, as she is poised to once more prolong the moment, he undermines her theatrical conceit. Elijah firmly grasps her by her small hips and deftly removes a measure of himself from her pussy. Tensing his buttocks he jerks his buttocks upwards, ramming his cock once more into her slick sheath. Large hands hold her steady. He repeats the action, 2..3..4 times.Neesha gasps, her breasts bobbing with each thrust.

Its hard to make out individual faces in the crowd.Neesha warms herself with the knowledge that before them, some men in expensive trousers and dinner jackets will seek to hide their erections, folding their legs to cover protruding, silken steel, defeated somehow by the arousing scene.

A woman brushes her hand over one of her breasts as though smoothing away crumbs, her cheeks aflame, her lips parted. Beside her a couple progress from caressing one another's thighs to open-mouthed kissing. At the bar, a sole barman refills one patron's empty whiskey glass. He turns from his task to adjust the backing track as the action on stage continues, skilfully reducing the melody to their love play. Silence makes way for the wet sounds of sex;Neesha's uneven breath in the room, Elijah's grunts amid their consensual climb towards orgasm.

After a minute or more of quick thrusting, he halts his progress.Neesha climbs gracefully clear, extracting herself, Elijah rolls onto his forearms, pushing himself up onto his knees. His wide torso gleams with proof of his exertions, he places massive palms on impressive thighs and stands. From the wings he retrieves a chair and walks it out to centre stage.Neesha stands before him and swings her arms to rest around his neck, kissing him soundly. He holds her face tenderly in his hands, feasting on her lips, shifting his focus to her swan-like nape and devouring her salty, heady, scent and taste.

Elijah guides the languid woman to the round-backed, wooden chair with it's padded seat. She reclines; right arm supporting her weight, thighs parted to allow one half of their audience an exclusive view of her aroused sex. He kneels before her enjoying the view of her splayed, sopping peach and lowers his head. His elaborate movements enhance the theatricality of the moment and her legs begin to tremble. He laps at her pussy, soft full strokes.

“ Nnnnhu!” she says, from high in her throat.

He cups her buttocks, she grinds her pelvis into his face alive with desire, writhing in pleasure, her pretty head thrown back, tendrils of long, satin-soft, dark hair touching the ground behind her. The room begins to smell of her sex.

Without music to hide them, his breathing is amplified. Caught in the moment, her knees swing wildly. Elijah grasps hold, steadying her body. She raises her head as though in a daze; he chooses that precise moment to begin to finger fuck her.Neesha resumes her prone posture, head thrown back in delight.

A keen observer hoots enthusiastically. Elijah raises his head. He taps Neesha's thigh playfully and after a moment she responds, activating her rubbery legs, bounding to stand. Away from the touch of his tongue her pussy throbs. In the close space, she smells their lovemaking, her pheromones lacing the room.

In a practiced, provocative gesture she bends from the waist, leaning her lovely elbows on the wooden chair's seat and thrusting her buttocks out into the room, she adjusts her weight. Her peach peaks at the crowd, lustrous with longing, swollen lips swollen inviting. She peers over her shoulder playing the provocateur. An eager on-looker growls, his voice thick with desire.

Neesha curls her toes and turns on her heels, brushing past Elijah and giving their intimate audience a good view of her tight, perky derriere. Her breasts sway as she walks, her coffee skin luxuriant in the light. Coming to stand behind their prop she bends, thrusting out her hips behind her, curling her forearms around the chairs curved back. Obscured slightly by smooth lines of furniture design, her breasts undulate. Thick eyelashes trap light as it passes, shadowing her face. She looks down at the ground first, then flicks a look at her partner. Her hair descends to cascade in front of her face.

Elijah goes to her. He parts her buttocks, rubbing his heavy cock against her flanks. Her face is no longer visible but she shivers, adjusting her feet. Elijah deftly aims his massive meat at her tight sphincter and she looks up. Disbelief (feigned or actual?) shines in her dark eyes. He begins his entry and her slight body slowly adjusts to take his length, her mouth a perfect tight 'O' as he slides inside.

She's hot, tight and surprised.

As his cock entering her passage Elijah flexes his thighs and rolls on his heels. He offers Neeshahis palm in an unspoken request and she licks it, leaving behind juicy threads of saliva.. He rubs the base of his cock with her spit, parting her cheeks, forcing Neesha to accept the pleasure/pain of his continued invasion. He pulls out; strokes. Her eyes flutter open. All the room's occupants observe as

the sensual tapestry unfolds.Neesha's expression hides nothing. Elijah sets a rhythm and her sphincter closes around him.

He clenches his teeth, pushes inside her and withdraws.Neesha moans. She drops her head and lowers her hands to the cushion, better supporting her weight. Elijah slides two thick fingers into her pussy as he continues to fuck her, encouraging her to cum. He plies at her love muscles, sinking his digits inside her and butterflying on her g-spot. Her sweetness closes around him, filled by his cock,caressed by his digits.

“ GnnffHhh” she says, beholden to his touch.

It only take a few more sliding thrusts and the continued pressure inside her pussy; a flurry of fancy finger work in her slit. The room vibrates with the sound of their fucking, their shallow breath and the delightful thud of flesh on flesh.

Neesha cums shaking with exertion, head bent, the flesh on her arse rippling with the repeated, hard thrusts. She clenches and unclenches her fingers, grasping at the chair, her only support.

“ UuUUuuh” Her voice is jagged, hoarse.

A tick in Elijah's jaw betrays his thinly held control. He slaps her arse as she quivers appreciatively impaled on his cock, cumming in waves, milking his member. Elijah withdraws from her arse. He gives himself a preemptive tug. Testing the strength of his steel? An unidentifiable woman in the audience emits a loud sigh. Elijah's lips widen in a wry smile. He seats himself in the chair, with Neesha leaning over him. She reaches down, past his shoulder to curl her fingers around his ample length. His cock twitches. She pumps until his organ gains in size, impossibly engorged.

Elijah watches her handiwork, her artful rapid movements jerk him towards release. He looks out at the gathered men and women. His eyes close and he ejaculates, gasping.Neesha holds onto his cock as his milky seed spills over her hand, wayward droplets landing on the glossy ground. She licks his neck, nipping his skin and he almost jumps. She hold him firmly; waiting for stillness.

Around them, thick, protruding silence...