The Alley

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Published on Lush Stories on 24 Sep 2011

True Story Recounted For My Wife

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We attended one of those typical art openings, you were asked to assist and perform your usual magic for both the staff and clients. No wonder, you were your normal stunning self, dressed in a fitted black backless dress, black stockings, a small strand of pearls and little else. Your hair was down, catching the halogen lighting in the gallery, made it positively glow. Very few in attendance failed to notice, myself included.

People flocked around you like moths to a flame, both men and women irresistibly drawn to your presentations and obvious passion for what you were doing. You were selling art and dazzling the crowd, ever the entertainer and professional.

I was just hanging around watching you work your magic, observing. Quite a few of the men were more interested in what was under your dress than in what was on the walls.

Proposals were suggested, which you skillfully redirected back to what was on the walls. During a small break in the pandemonium, I pulled you aside and dragged you into the back of the gallery.

“I’ve been to shows before, is it just me or is everyone just a little extra friendly tonight? Is this an exhibition or speed dating ” I asked.

You moved close to me and grabbed my cock.

“We’ll be gone soon enough. We’ll go to dinner down the street. I have a surprise for you.”

“A surprise? Really? Can I eat it? Is it candy? The food here sucks. I’m starving”

“Just hang on a little while longer.....it’s better than candy.”

Wow, better than candy, I thought to myself.

However, the show did finally come to an end and many a disappointed male left the gallery with neither a painting nor a phone number. The whole thing drove me nuts.

You suggested we go out to dinner and we walked to a little place down the street. It was getting late so town was quite and it was easy to get a table in the nearly empty cafe.

It was very nice. Dim light, very small booths and long table cloths. All through dinner you kept teasing me. Undoing my zipper, sliding your hand in and stroking my cock. By the time dessert arrived I was certain the front of my pants would have an enormous wet spot.

I tried to conceal my hard-on as we left, more thankful than ever for the dim lighting.

We walked along the sidewalk heading towards the car, looking into windows.

“So, was that my surprise, cock teasing me through dinner?”

You didn’t respond. Instead, you suddenly pulled me into a small alleyway and backed yourself against a wall. You inhaled sharply as your bare back contacted the cold stones. I reached for the the front of your dress, bunching the material in my hand, exposing your long legs to the cool night air.

My hand found your pussy, warm,wet. I rubbed a finger lightly between the exquisite folds. I leaned close to your ear and whispered.

“You’ve made my cock so hard, I’m already dripping, the head is slick. I need to fuck you here, right now.”

As I whispered, I easily slid a finger into you, feeling your body surrender.

“I wonder how many other people have been fucked in this alley? How much cum has dripped onto these stones?”

As I whispered, I began kissing your neck and shoulder. I slid my hand into your dress, cupping your breast in my hand, rolling the nipple between my fingers. My other hand continued to caress your lips, which began to grow slightly hard.

I released your breast and fumbled with my zipper. Your hand slipped right in finding my hard cock.

There was very little light to illuminate the alley, but on removing my cock from it’s restraint, I could see the head shiny with pre cum.

“Clean my cock, Baby”

Before I could finish my sentence, my hands were full of red curls, your mouth at my crotch. I could feel your breath a second before I felt the warmth of your tongue engulf my head.

I tried not to make too much noise as you took my cock into your mouth and down your throat. You moaned softly while I gently fucked your mouth. I could feel my cock releasing tiny droplets of cum onto your tongue.

Afraid I might explode too soon, I lifted you up and placed you back against the wall. You lifted a long sensuous leg, wrapping it around my back. My cock easily discovered where I needed it to be. The sensation of my head passing between your lips was like the entry to heaven.

I fucked you with short, slow strokes before allowing the rest of my cock to follow.

We both whispered tantalizing little things to each other as our rhythm quickened. We moved briefly into a doorway and you placed your foot on the opposite wall to steady yourself, allowing me deeper into your folds.

When I thoughts I could take no more, you turned around placing your hands on the wall, lifting your gown. I entered you from behind with unmatched enthusiasm, pounding into you as deeply as I could. The only sound was my balls slapping your ass each time I stroked you.

I leaned over, biting your neck, the “R” faintly visible in the dim light.

“I’m going to cum, Baby. I’m going to fill your pussy. You feel so good. Can you feel my cock pounding, can you feel my head growing?” A breathless, panting, “Yes” was my reply.

My cock began to pump. Throbbing, releasing stream after stream of liquid cream into your pussy. The world began to spin, I could feel your pussy, squeezing me, milking me.

One of your arms struck out at the air as if the sensation was too much to endure. I grabbed your thighs and continued to pound into you, my head feeling every fold, my shaft slick with cum.

I came again as my legs began to tremble and weaken. I drove my cock completely in, placing a hand on the wall to steady myself, exhausting my second load.

Withdrawing my cock released a torrent. A milky trail running from your lips, dripping into creamy

pools on the stones. I caught the stream in my hand and coated your pussy and thighs with the gooey amalgam of our orgasms offering the remaining to your mouth. Your tongue cleaned my fingers, sucking them into your mouth.

I spun you around backing you against the cool stone wall. I lower my head to your pussy, my tongue circling your sticky clit. I plunge my tongue between your lips, tasting us both. You moan, head thrashing side to side, thighs quivering.

The liquid warm and thick on my tongue. I felt your lips, firm against my lips. Your knees began to buckle as your orgasm flowed onto my tongue.

I brought my mouth to yours sharing our orgasm in a completely new way, tasting us both. Another instance of two becoming one as someone turned the lights on in the doorway....