

How I Met Lance Graham

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Two sexually enlightened teenagers search for sexual excitement in world that doesn't understand them

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The flashing lights of this New York nightclub blinded me while the music controlled me. I danced provocatively, having to pull down my all too short mini skirt many times. This was the night I chose to wear panties, but only because it would be too obvious if I didn't. My best friend, Jen, danced across from me in a similarly provocative fashion and was just as attractive as I was. We both had perky C-cup breasts and nice plump asses. Jen was paler and had freckles all over her face, but the guys loved it. Her long auburn hair swayed back and forth as sweat glistened on her forehead from dancing so much. My skin was much more tan and my black hair was cut shorter. Jen and I had met online not too long ago. We were both 16 when we started talking on a small sexually oriented website. When my family moved out to New York, where Jen had been living, we met up immediately. We both connected through our love of sex. Everything from the act to knowing and trying everything the sexual world had to offer us. We both figured this out at a young age, which made it hard to connect with anyone our age; that is why Jen and I became best friends. Now at 18 years old, with fake IDs in hand, Jen and I were looking for some wild fun. Jen smiled at me and turned around and began to grind on me. I grabbed her hips and pulled her into my crotch. She then bent all the way over and I began to hump her right there on the dance floor. This got the attention of many attractive men, which I'm sure was her intention. A guy walked up to me and put his hand up my skirt and squeezed my ass. This got my pussy a little wetter and I began to grind on his already erect cock. Jen got up and looked behind me to inspect the guy. She winked, our sign for "you should fuck him", and she walked off to let us be alone. This mystery man was hard and horny. His hands searched every part of my anatomy on the dance floor. He grabbed my tits outside of my thin shirt and reached under panties to feel my dripping pussy. I turned around to see a man, about 6'0 tall with dark hair and beautiful eyes staring at me. I got excited. Grabbed his face and kissed him hard. I bit his lip to know I was horny and needed to be fucked. I pulled him in closer and he began to suck on my neck. I whispered in his ear, "Take me to the bathroom." I don't know how he heard me over the music, but he stood up and grabbed my hand as we headed to the male bathroom. My heart was racing as we quickly entered a stall. Within seconds I had his shirt off and he had a finger planted firmly in my wet cunt. His finger slid in and out quickly, hitting all the right spots. I kissed his muscular body and began to unzip his pants. His cock had to be at least 8 inches around and was thick. He pushed me down.

“Take it slut,” he commanded. I complied. I took hold of his massive dick and began to stroke it before I wrapped my mouth around it and slowly lubricated it with my saliva. I slicked up about 5 inches of his dick before he grabbed my head and pushed it down my throat. I choked a little bit, but had never been controlled like this. It was exciting and I played along. I took his length in my mouth and suck hard at it. He moaned and began to breath heavy. He was already precumming before he even got inside of me. He tasted sweet and this only made me want his cum more. I moved my mouth to his balls and jerked his cock off. This sent him crazy. I shinned his balls up nice and then stood up. I put my hands on the back of a toilet and let him pull my panties down. I looked behind me at the man. “Quickly I need to cum,” I said. He smiled and teased my pussy with his cock. He grabbed my hair and pulled me back. “You cum when I let you slut,” he whispered in my ear. Now I was soaking wet, so turned on by his roughness. He inserted his cock slowly into my soaking cunt and then began to pound me. The sound of his crotch hitting my ass resonated through the bathroom. All of his length split me open. It hurt a little at first, but I adjusted and began anticipating every deep jab of his cock in me. I was in ecstasy as my pussy dripped and I held back an orgasm so I would not upset my new master. “Yes! FUCK ME!” I yelled out. “OH GOD master! Fuck your little slut.” He grunted and responded only by fucking me harder. Then he pulled out and bent down. I could feel his breath on my anus before he licked it up and down. This sent shivers down my body. I loved anal play. He then stuck a finger in and held it there as he bent over and whispered in my ear, “You even taste a little dirty, you slut.” “I’m sorry, master. I haven’t met your standards of cleanliness. Please punish me, master. Use your cum to clean out my dirty butt hole.” This time he complied. He stuck his dick in my asshole and began to vigorously pound me. He grunted and squeezed my ass so hard it hurt. I was so close I didn’t think I could hold it anymore. “Let me cum! PLEASE! Master please!” “Cum now my little slut,” he whispered and then proceeded to fuck my ass. “YES! FUCK! I’m cumming!! Oh God!” I yelled out as orgasm took over my whole body. My mouth dropped open and my limbs went numb. I could only faintly hear the sound of the man scream and could only then feel the sensation of a warm load of cum fill my butt hole. As he pulled out I fell down, still numb from my orgasm. He pulled my hair and pulled me to his cock, which smelled of sweet cum and my dirty little scent. I used my mouth to clean him off. He tasted amazing. Once his cock was thoroughly clean he dropped me and put his dick away. He tossed me a business card and walked out of the stall without a word. The card said Lance Graham. To Be Continued...