The Birthday Gift

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Buying my son's birthday present proved harder than I expected

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“Shit!” That was too damned close. Fear of crashing and dying had instantly flashed through my brain seconds before the car finally halted. A lamppost illuminating the car park, was just inches from the front bumper, leaving me marvelling at my luck. From the telephone lying in my lap I could hear my mother shouting, “Andrea? Andrea? what’s happening? Are you still there?” I breathed a huge sigh of relief and tried calming down. “Yes mum I’m still here but I almost crashed because of your nagging,” which wasn’t true but she didn’t have to know that, “So if you don’t mind I’m hanging up, bye, bye!” What a mess this was turning out to be. It started when I couldn’t leave work earlier than usual because I had forgotten to ask the senior office manager. He’s a rulebook man and I hadn’t played by the rules so I had to wait until five o’clock like everyone else. Silently I thanked my lucky stars that my last client had been just as eager to conclude our meeting as me, which gave me the opportunity to leave just before five despite my boss’s protestations. Even so I was cutting it close, too close. As soon as he was out of sight I turned off my desktop as swiftly as humanely possible and with a growing sense of urgency said goodbye to my colleagues and almost ran out of the building. I wanted to run, and would have done but I couldn’t. Firstly my tight pencil skirt just wouldn’t physically allow it and secondly the heels I was wearing greatly increased the chances of me breaking an ankle if I tried running. So I was late. I knew it and regretted it but in my need to reach the shopping centre on time I had driven like a maniac. Luckily the rush hour traffic was beginning to thin out, but even so the journey seemed to take forever. On the way there, my mum called me as usual to ask how long would it take before I got to her, to pick up her grandson whom she was babysitting. Instead of ignoring the irritating ring tone, I picked up my mobile and forced myself to act cheerful. “Hello mum…”, I began but was rudely interrupted by a barrage of questions and demands. I tried explaining where I was going but she wasn’t listening any more. She just began her normal tirade of nagging

and moaning about how I lived my life nowadays, and as always I fought down the inevitable feelings of anger and hate that she always seemed to bring out in me, reminding myself that she did love her grandson and she did babysit for free. When I reached the mall, still listening to my mother, my idiotic behaviour continued. I accelerated forward trying to shave off a few seconds from my journey and had conveniently forgotten that when it rains, everything is wet and slippery. When I tried stopping, guess what? Nothing happened! A wave of panic seared through my body and dropping my phone I grabbed the steering wheel and closed my eyes and waited for the inevitable sound of screeching metal as my car embraced one of the many lampposts placed around the car park. Miraculously the car suddenly found some grip and the ABS system took control and I came to a shuddering halt. Sitting there stunned, it took a moment before my emotions kicked in and I started shaking. I began breathing deeply and tried coming to terms with my near death experience. Okay I know I'm exaggerating about the near death part, but I might have been badly injured and more importantly would have looked a right stupid bitch into the bargain. Thanking my guardian angel profusely for keeping a watch over me I heard my mums nagging voice coming from my lap. After hanging up on my mother I checked my appearance in the rear view mirror and swore softly. After hastily adjusting my hair and make-up, I swiftly checked inside my handbag to make sure I had everything I needed. Telephone, yes. Purse, check. Keys, oh there they are, lying under my agenda. "Ok girl, let's go" I muttered trying to encourage myself. As I stepped out the car my short skirt rode up my thighs revealing my stocking tops, and a group of lads taking shelter from the rain under a bus stop started whistling and jeering heartily at me. I blushed at their brutality but couldn't help feeling proud of my body. You've still got it girl I thought to myself and with a smug "Bleep, Bleep," locked the car and turned towards the shops. As I walked my brisk pace through the puddles that were forming in the non stop rain, the guys kept up their whistling concerto, which gave my ego a much needed boost seeing how my driving display had confirmed every man's opinion of women drivers. Looking at my watch I knew I didn't have much time left. "Come on girl, faster" I urged myself. Five, fifty five. Another few minutes and the toy store would be closed. My stockings were soaked and my expensive shoes probably ruined but I couldn't stop now. I was on a mission. Tomorrow my son was going to celebrating his birthday, but he wasn't going to be cheering so loudly if I didn't get my act together. When I asked him what he wanted, his answer was emphatic. "A game computer!" At first I had said no. I'd tried explaining my doubts about the violent games but over the last few weeks his nagging eventually wore me down and I reluctantly agreed. Forever thinking I've got enough time, I had left it to the last moment to get his present and now I was almost too late. I burst through the mall doors and was glad to be out of the ghastly weather. I could hear a security guard in the distance shouting that everything would be closed, but ignoring his protestations, I boarded the moving escalator and to hasten my journey I started climbing the steps one at a time. On reaching the next floor I walked as quickly as I could through the deserted shopping mall. There were a few people here and there but most of them were heading towards the exits and as I reached the toy store I was just in time to see a ruggedly handsome man starting to close the doors. I slipped past him with a breathless "Thank you" and was rewarded with a look of exasperation and a shaking of his head as he gestured to his watch.

"I’m sorry, darlin, but we’re closing!" His voice, conflicting with his expression was warm and friendly and betrayed his London origin, but his words were not what I wanted to hear. “This won’t take long” I pleaded breathing heavily, my lungs were burning and I cursed my addiction to cigarettes. “I only need one thing. I know where it is so I don’t need any help finding it and then I’ll be on my way!” I gulped and looked at him appealingly. He seemed to take a very long moment to decide but then his eyes twinkled and he winked at me. His strong mouth smiled broadly flashing a nice set of white teeth whilst he nodded. “Go on then, luv. Be quick about it, the others are already gone or they’re getting ready to leave, but I’ll help ya!” I beamed at him and started moving through the shop. As if to confirm his statement a voice, out of sight coming from the back of the shop shouted, “Bye Chris, see ya tomorrow!” With a feeling of triumph, I headed straight for the corner where all the gaming consoles were displayed and picked up the nearest box. See nothing to it I thought smugly, Swish my Visa through the machine, pick up Thomas from mum and then head on home for dinner. I was on cloud nine and was mentally ticking all the boxes on my ‘to do list’. I’ll wrap it up when he’s in bed and then watch his face light up as he tears open the wrapping tomorrow. I was so pleased with myself that even the prospect of seeing my mother shortly, couldn’t dampen my spirits but as always things never go as you planned. My daydream was rudely shattered when Chris announced that all the tills were closed and unless I had the right amount of cash he wouldn’t be able to help me. Panic stricken I looked at him unbelievably. “What did you say?” I stammered and heard Chris repeat himself again. I felt a cold hand grip my heart. “But, but my credit card….” I mumbled incoherently holding my treasured prize in my hands. “I’m sorry darlin but the computers are shutting down for night……” Chris continued his voice irritatingly warm and friendly, “…which means the card readers won’t work which meeeeeeaaaaaans……” This last word was pronounced in a long drawn out manner and although he sounded genuinely apologetic I could see he didn’t have any other option especially at this late hour. I nodded absently. Knowing full well that I didn’t have enough cash in my purse I pondered on how I was going to work my way out of this little mess. If only I’d gotten here sooner, I cursed silently, furious myself. Genuine panic began to get the better hand and I began to babble. “Look I know I’m on the late side but I couldn’t leave my work any earlier today and tomorrow is my son’s birthday and I’ve promised him this thing and he’s so looking forward to getting it….” I could feel my eyes beginning to brim and knew the waterworks would soon start. “……and he’s such an adorable boy and I can’t disappoint him……” my breathing was becoming irregular. “……because he’s the most important person in the whole world to me……” my breath was running out now “……but I haven’t got enough cash in my purse…..” and that’s when the water works began. I cried tears of anger and frustration and I cried because I was feeling more than a little bit sorry for myself. A year ago things were totally different. I had total control over my life, I was happily married, had a good career and we were comfortably well off, or least that’s what I thought. Then my husband, calmly announced that he was leaving me because he had found someone else. That someone else was Sabrina, my closest girlfriend! My whole world came tumbling down and I fell apart! Now six months on and I was still picking up the pieces but it wasn’t easy. “You must think.....” I continued sobbing loudly “....That I’m a terrible mother,…. leaving everything…..” another sob “…..down to the

last moment but I’m not you know….” Tears were streaming down my cheeks and as they landed on my blouse the white fabric already damp from the rain became even more translucent, fleetingly displaying my heaving bosom to Chris causing me to feel even more uncomfortable. “……It’s just that I’m so busy….” Another sob “…. juggling my work, organising babysitters and then there’s my mother! Don’t let me start on about my mother…….” A hand appeared before my face silencing me. “Listen darlin’ I’m not judging you…..” Chris’s voice was friendly and I could see through my tears that he was embarrassed at my outburst “…..All I’m saying….. is that I can’t sell you that game tonight unless you’ve got the right amount of readies. It’s nothing personal like, that’s the rules!” He shrugged his shoulders in submission. “I don’t make them.....” he laughed bashfully “…..Well actually I do” he laughed bemusedly “But that’s beside the point.” His humour helped me pull myself together. “Seriously though I can’t change the fact that without the computers on, your credit card isn’t worth the plastic it’s made of darlin!” He was right of course and it wasn’t his fault that I was so late. “Why don’t you come back tomorrow when we’re open.....” he offered helpfully “....and our computers are switched on” he added mischievously. My sobbing subsided and I had to laugh at his gentle teasing. “That’s better, darlin. Wipe away them tears, I hate it when a lady cries in front of me! I gets all embarrassed like” he added mockingly exaggerating his accent, his brilliant white smile flashing radiantly. Wiping my tears away with the back of my hand I regarded Chris thoughtfully. You look like the last man on earth who gets embarrassed by women, crying or not I decided, but kept the thought to myself. “Coming back tomorrow is out of the question,” I answered dejectedly, “I have to have this toy tonight!” I heard myself saying rather despondently, more to myself than out loud to Chris, whilst thinking about what could I do get myself out of this awkward position. Whist contemplating my options, I kept my eyes on Chris. He wasn’t as old as I had first thought, in fact I guessed he wasn’t that much past forty, despite the few grey hairs that mingled with the otherwise full head of rich brown hair. His eyes were a clear blue and I could see the remains of scar tissue under his right eye but his high cheek bones showed good structure and when he smiled, he had a smile that could charm the devil himself. A five o’clock shadow just made him even more irresistible, if you like that sort of thing, and I certainly did. I continued my secret appraisal of him. No beer gut, but no six pack either. He was dressed casually but I could tell that his clothes had price tags out of my reach and good quality, expensive shoes completed his outfit. I guessed he was the manager here, which explained his air of superiority. “I’m sorry Chris, It is Chris right?” I received a nod of the head and a sardonic smile for my efforts. “It’s a real nuisance I know, but I don’t have the right amount of money on me!” I tapped my fingers on my lips pretending to think deeply. “Isn’t there anything we can do to sort out this silly problem?” He just shrugged his shoulders and smiled at me as if to say ‘What do you suggest?’ I knew I wasn’t going to get too much cooperation from him and my resolve began to dissipate. “Isn’t there anything we can do?” I asked again, my voice sounding more desperately now. Chris smiled at me and then asked “How much are you short?” Looking in my purse I quickly counted my cash. “About twenty pounds,” I answered humbly. Suddenly I had a brainwave and began rambling on. “Look…..” I stammered as my train of thought began to take shape. “……There’s a bank downstairs with a cash machine and if you would wait for me here, I could race down….” I was talking so fast

now, desperate to convince Chris of my idea and not wanting him to interrupt my flow, but at the same time I was thinking on my feet. He just looked very bored at me but I carried on just the same. “……Grab the cash and I could be back here in no time! I promise you it wouldn’t take me more than a couple of minutes,” I assured him. His smile was predatory for a split second and then changed to make me feel altogether uneasy. “What would you be prepared to do that’s worth twenty pounds” he asked with a suggestive undertone. Not really wanting to believe what I heard I asked him to repeat what he said. He looked at me intensely and then repeated his question only this time, not wanting to be misunderstood he unzipped his flies, allowing his erection, restrained only by his boxers to point directly at me. My voice sounded hollow and tinny “But, but …..” and I was lost for words especially when his hand began masturbating the huge piece of meat still hidden from view. I could see the bulge growing even larger and I just stared at him in disbelief. “What…what are you doing?” I stammered apprehensible. "Ok darlin’ why don’t we get right down to the nitty gritty!" The hand holding his erection began pulling faster at the hard flesh. "Why don’t you come here and get down on your knees!” My jaw fell open in amazement at this audacity. “Oh good,” Chris carried on laughingly, “You know exactly what I want.” My heart still missed a couple of beats as Chris’s intentions slowly sank through my thick skull. “I sorry what did you say” I stammered, stalling for time. This time Chris sounded more serious. “I said get here on your knees, and suck my cock!” Tears of frustration welled up inside of me and all I wanted to do was slap him in the face and walk away but that wasn’t an option for me. I was in a hopeless situation! I knew it and he knew it. I couldn’t return home empty handed because facing my son tomorrow with no birthday present was out of the question. While I was weighing up my options Chris had pushed his jeans down past his hips and his erection was clearly outlined inside his boxers. I watched him squeezing his manhood through the fabric and saw material stretching over huge fleshy shaft and although I didn’t want to admit it I couldn’t deny this display of raw sexual lust was causing my body to react in a manner that I couldn’t control. A slow burning heat was developing in my loins and I realised I was getting excited by Chris’s blatant sexual actions. “Come on girlie, let’s get to it, we haven’t got all night now have we?” he chortled victoriously. I could feel a light dampness between my legs and realised I was getting turned on by this macho bullshit. All day I worked with in an office where small minded men ordered us about, wielding so-called power like they were gods, but here and now, Chris was exercising real true power. He knew I was in a fix and only he could help me and he was taking advantage of that fact. The only thing between me and my son’s birthday present were principles. How much did I want that gift, how much did I not want to disappoint my son. What was on the line and how far I was prepared to go. “Look don’t call me girlie, ok? Call me Andrea please!” I uttered softly determined not to let him have everything go his way. He smiled wolfishly. “I’ll call you anything I want slut,” Chris laughed meanly, “Now get on your knees,” he added nodding his head to emphasise his intention. “Let me get this straight….” I paused, making one last desperate attempt to appeal to his good nature. “You’ll only help me if I suck your dick?” I emphasised the last word with a submissive tone, trying to sound confident. He nodded victoriously. He had pushed down his boxers and his glorious manhood was in plain view and pointing at me. He was masturbating the thick shaft provocatively now, but moved his

hand to his mouth and began moving it back and forth while at the same time pushing his tongue inside of his cheek, in time with his hand making his intentions obviously. I tried once more to reason with him. “Haven’t you got any shred of humanity?” I asked my voice quivering slightly. He nodded, “I’ve got loads of humanity girlie and pretty soon you’ll be wearing it all over your face!” and he laughed out loud at his own joke and my shocked expression. He must of liked the idea of humiliating me because he continued, “You’re not only going to suck my dick, darlin, but you’re also going to bend right over this here counter and you’re going to feel me fuck you.” His face beamed triumphantly. I looked at him, my face a mask of despair and this egged him on. "Oh yes I’m gonna get you all wet, until your begging me for it and then…..No wait” He acted as if a new idea had just occurred to him. “In fact I’m gonna fuck that tight little arse of yours and do want to know why?” I shook my head despondently. “Because I can slut, because you’re in no position to deny me!” It’s been a long time since anyone had talked to me like that and as I eyed him with loathing, I was trying really hard to disguise how my body was reacting to Chris’s sexual advances but I couldn’t help a suppress a feeling of delightful anticipation at Chris’s promises, even if he was blackmailing me. Since my husband left me, there has been no man in my life--no one night stands, no rebound relationship, Zilch. Nothing. Nada. Not even a quick feel up by one of office clerks at work. Occasionally at home when I felt really pent up I would take my vibrator out of my drawer and bring myself to a climax, but it had been a long time since I had seen an honest to god flesh and blood erection and my body was letting me know how much I wanted it. My nipples grew even harder and the dampness between my legs increased. Ripples of desire raced down my spine causing me to shiver momentary and Chris seeing my reaction and laughed triumphantly. “Oh Andrea, you little slut, you” he teased “You want this….” and squeezed his erection tighter, “Even more than I do” I looked at him ashamedly, despaired at my own body’s betrayal. “Look at yourself, you’re practically begging for it”. I looked down at my breasts and could see my nipples advertising my arousal for all to see. Between my legs I could feel the top of my thighs feeling sticky from my love juices that were seeping through my soaking wet panties and my clit was throbbing with desire. He was right, my body was crying out for sexual release. For a moment I contemplated this bizarre situation. What if the circumstances had been different? What if he had asked me out and we had dated a couple of times? Maybe things would’ve been different. To be honest he was drop dead gorgeous, so that wasn’t the problem and after getting to know him better and finding that we were good together, then going to bed with him would have been the next step, and who knows where things could have gone, but this was something completely different. My body ached and throbbed in time with Chris’s hand on his erection and I found myself moving towards him without any conscious thought. I could feel myself getting wetter by the minute as he looked at me with unadulterated lust. “Well Andreeeaaaa” Chris began pulling back the foreskin, exposing the glistening helmet “Show me how much you want me to help you” he added victoriously. As if in a daze I sank to my knees and opened my mouth. “That’s it my lovely,” Chris cooed. “Open wide” I felt a hand grab my head whilst the other force fed me his erection. His big purple helmet ignoring niceties push past my lips and plunged forward into my mouth. I managed to twirl my tongue around it before it pushed on down my throat and I could taste

the pre-cum he was leaking. He was so big that I had difficulty swallowing him and I tried slowing him down by placing my hands on his thighs. Chris didn't seem to care, he kept pushing forward. "That's it my girl, take it all in, you know you want it." I closed my eyes and relaxed my jaw and was rewarded my nose being buried in a thick bush of pubic hair. "Aaaahhh," Chris moaned as his loins bumped against my face. Croaking hoarsely he barely managed to make himself heard. "Oh yes my lovely, suck that cock, make daddy come!" This was my first prick in ages and long forgotten pleasures began tantalising my body. The feeling of having your mouth stretched as a huge piece of meat plunged down your throat was incredibly. The hand holding my head, held me firmly in place as Chris grinded his loins into my face and all I could do was enjoy the delicious humiliation. Before I choked Chris withdrew his flesh almost until my mouth was empty before reinserting it between my lips. "Now listen to me whore! Suck my cock, suck it good and make me cum all over you!" he ordered. This time there was more urgency in his voice and like a true professional I applied my trade. I grabbed hold of it and started sucking and licking his warm gnarled flesh like my life depended on it. Suddenly Chris snatched his erection from me and slapped my face with it. I grinned greedily at him. Chris winked and was smiling victoriously at me. "Ok whore we're gonna do this exactly like I want it, aren't we?" I nodded my obedience. "Now grab hold of it and let me see how good you suck cock" His dirty talk was really getting me turned on. I wasn't used to hearing this sort of language but it was really getting my juices flowing. My panties were like a sodden rag now and my own aroma reached my nostrils. Chris's erection pushed against my lips again and I willingly opened my mouth. I could smell his excitement and inhaled the sweet musky perfume deeply. I slowly pulled back his foreskin and I could taste the pre-cum that leaked from his little slit. "Mmmm" I murmured delightfully as I licked up the delicious fluid. The salty flavour reminded me of what was to come and I was surprised by how much I wanted to see this man climax. I started kissing and licking the rock hard shaft in front of me whilst twisting the skin covering the warm flesh in my hand as I guided it between my lips. Chris began moving his hips back and forth, gently shagging my mouth. My lips and hand were enclosed around the hard flesh as it moved and I warmed to my task. Two masculine hands were holding my head, guiding me but at the same time allowing me to continue my oral feast. A deliciously dirty thought entered my mind and I decided to act on it. Undoing my buttons from my blouse I pulled my breasts free from my bra and squeezed them together. Releasing his penis with a plopping sound, I placed it between my fleshy mounds and squeezed my bosom tightly around the thick warm shaft. My girlies weren't really big enough to completely cover his manhood but as I looked up at Chris, like a slave trying to please her master would, I was rewarded with an appreciative nod. He began pumping. Slick from my saliva his manhood slid easily between my breasts and I began to join in his dirty talk. "Come on Chris, let me see you shoot your load over me, let me see your cum" For an answer Chris just grunted and moved his hips faster. "Andrea you little bitch, I'm going to cover you with spunk, slut!" Watching his huge erection slide between my tightly held bosom was a huge turn on for me and without thinking I lowered my chin and opened my mouth. With each upward thrust Chris's helmet appeared above my breasts, and then momentarily disappeared between my soft lips. This went on briefly until Chris removed his erection from my chest and placed it on my face. I took the hint and

smiling wickedly, opened wide. Feverishly I licked his shaft from the bulbous helmet, twirling my tongue around the rock hard flesh working my way downwards noisily until I reached his testicles. One by one I swallowed both his balls and then worked my way back up his manhood, before engulfing his shaft with my warm mouth. A low groan escaped Chris's lips and I suppressed a laugh. I should have felt disgusted at being used like this, but I was so turned on I couldn't help myself. Chris kept up his tirade. He kept telling me to "Suck that cock bitch. Lick my prick, slut, and make me cum!" His treating me like a cheap whore was probably what was making this so raunchy and exciting and I didn't want this feeling to end. My clit was on fire but my tight pencil skirt prevented me from being able to do anything about it at the moment. I brought my hands up to my breasts and began squeezing and pulling my erect nipples. I could feel saliva left over from Chris's erection on my chest, and the mental picture of him between my fleshy globes inflamed my desire even more. Looking upwards I saw Chris watching me. I decided to join in his game of talking dirty. "Do you like watching me suck your cock Chris" I asked hungrily releasing his prick from my lips. He nodded. I pulled his foreskin back and placed my teeth around the edge of his helmet He shuddered as my tongue sought out his little piss hole. "I always knew you'd be a good cock sucker" he growled softly. I frowned in puzzlement. "Oh I've seen you here often enough darlin," he explained. "You're one of the better looking mums that come here……" He chuckled to himself. "……and I've always thought you were a bit tasty, with that tight arse and those come to bed eyes of yours, but never in my wildest dreams did think I'd get the chance fuck you! I didn't realise that you're just the same as all the other sluts who come in." I flushed with anger at his statement but wasn't in any place to argue, especially with his huge erection buried deep down my throat. "Still, just goes to show how wrong I can be don't it," he continued amusingly, "Usually it's the only ugly ones come in here with their short skirts, tight tops and no knickers, hoping we'll give them a discount." He shuddered at the memories at least that's what it looked like to me, "But you're the first one…." and he nodded to me "…who's actually gone the whole way!" His hips were moving back and forth faster now. This revelation came as a complete shock to me. I hadn't the foggiest idea that he was fantasising about me when I came shopping here. He was always polite and courteous and very helpful, often to the point of slightly embarrassing me. But now, I realised that it was all just an act. All the while he was secretly picturing me doing……well what I was doing now and what I was going to let him do. "I'm gonna enjoy fucking your tight arse, girlie, and I reckon it's gonna be worth every penny, but first I'm gonna cum all over that pretty little face of yours!" he exclaimed excitedly. I should have felt ashamed and humiliated at Chris's comments but I was so into this raunchy bizarre situation that I didn't want to dwell on my actions. His thrusting was getting faster and more urgent now, and I realised his climax was quickly approaching. Deliberately pulling my head forward, he was making me swallow almost his entire length but as his speed increased his thrusting became shallower. My hand held the base of Chris's erection loosely whilst my lips clamped around his hard shaft, pile driving my face. Cupping his testicles I gave them a little squeeze and could feel the hot sperm boiling inside. "Oh yes,…yes you bitch. I'm gonna cum all over you" I heard him say. He was moaning louder now and his thrusting was getting more erratic and I had to hold on to his muscular thighs to steady myself. He was definitely on the edge now and I

could feel his seed pulsing up his manhood. He moaned loudly and held my head steady as his erection seemed to expand deep inside my mouth before exploding. Roaring loudly Chris flooded my mouth with hot thick creamy sperm. I almost choked at first and tried swallowing but there was too much. Warm sperm dribbled down my chin as Chris’s glistening erection escaped from my hungry mouth and he continued violently masturbating as he towered above me. Time seemed to slow down as I watched Chris’s manhood shoot sperm through the air towards my face and I pondered over the surreal situation that I had gotten myself into. If someone had told me an hour ago that a complete stranger would be spraying my face with sperm, I would have said they were crazy and perverted. My only thoughts an hour ago were of getting out of the office earlier than usual and reaching the shops on time and being able to buy my son’s birthday present. But here I was, on my knees, watching a toy store manager’s erection ejaculate thick warm semen just inches above me. Suddenly I felt warm thick sperm land on my face. “Oh yes,” Chris cried as the second salvo land in my hair. I opened my mouth to catch the rest but in the midst of his orgasm Chris’s eyes were closed and his masturbating caused his seed to fly everywhere. As the last few drops hung from his pulsating member, I could feel warm sticky liquid not only on my face but also on my neck, my breasts and some had even landed on my skirt. I grabbed hold of Chris’s member and opened my mouth. I began tugging at it feverishly, determined to milk every last little drop of his precious white fluid. Chris had his eyes open now and was watching me lick him clean and every so often his body shuddered with aftershocks but luckily for me his erection showed no signs of subsiding. My panties were soaking by now and my own sex was throbbing wildly. My slick oily juices had leaked all over the top of my thighs and I could feel dribbles moving down my thighs towards my stocking tops. My nipples were as hard as they could be and thick white sperm was congealing in my cleavage. I could feel my clit hard and swollen from lust and knew it would protruding proudly from under its hood. God I really needed some relief. Still eagerly sucking Chris’s penis I managed to insert a hand under the waistband of my skirt. It was tight but by breathing in I could just about reach my soaking wet slit. I began fingering myself through my knickers and tried inserting them inside me, but the cloth prevented anything more than my fingertip entering my open pussy lips. My palm was pushed against my clit and by exerting pressure I began rubbing my swollen button. I was on fire and there was nothing I could do about it. I knew I wouldn’t be satisfied until I had felt this gorgeous manhood, still filling my mouth, push up between my legs and deep inside me. Chris moved backwards and looked down at me. He smiled indulgently. I must have looked like a cheap whore to him, half naked, with sperm dripping down all over my body and me trying to finger myself, but I didn’t care. All I wanted and needed was within hands reach and I was determined not to let it pass me by. By now I was almost dying to feel his cock deep inside me. My body ached for it. I wanted it and I wanted it now. Removing my hand from my skirt I started rising and grabbed hold of his still erect penis. I saw him look at the sperm decorating my features and wondered what’s next. “That looks good on you!” he exclaimed mockingly. “What” I asked confused. “My spunk all over your face,” Chris replied masterfully. I smiled inwardly at his insult but secretly felt elated. He pulled me dominantly towards him and planted a kiss on my lips. While we were joined at the mouth his other hand reached upwards and began pulling and kneading my breasts roughly . I

wanted him to take me right now, I didn’t care how he did it as long as he did it. I wanted him to bend me over the counter and stick his steely flesh into my hot slippery furnace. “Chris” I whispered breathlessly “Fuck me. I want you stick your prick inside me. Treat me like a cheap dirty whore.” I was so randy I couldn’t help myself from talking dirty. “Turn around, missy” Chris grunted and pushed me towards the counter again. I leant over the counter and grabbed hold of the other side, readying myself for action. I felt my soaking wet panties being pulled over slowly. Chris had knelt down behind me and in this position my sex was completely exposed to him. He held my buttocks wide apart and slipped his tongue inside my slippery opening. I started whimpering as he lapped up my love juice and from the sounds coming from between my legs Chris was letting himself drown in my honey. God, he was good. His tongue flickered deep inside me and then slid over my clitoris causing new tremors of pleasure to ripple through my frame. He kept this up and I could feel my legs begin to tremble as he brought me close to an orgasm. Occasionally his mouth moved upwards and he swirled his tongue inside my back door. No one had ever done that to me before and I knew instinctively that Chris’s tongue was just the beginning. I was going to receive special treatment this evening. His fingers moved up my thighs and brushed against my sensitive swollen pussy lips and I could feel myself opening up to him. Two fingers pushed past my soaking entrance and entered my slick tunnel. Tensing my muscles there I tried gripping the thick digits but I was constantly distracted by his tongue flicking in and out of my bum. His thumb pressed where only moments before his tongue was so deliciously busy and then disappeared inside me. “Ooooohh Goooddddd!” I screamed through clenched teeth. Chris heard my suppressed moan. “Oh so the whore likes it up the arse does she?” and pushed his thumb in deeper. “Mmmm yes please” was all I could murmur in delight as my body responded all too eagerly his actions. He stood up behind me and held my head down against the counter. With the other hand he pushed my panties halfway down my thighs allowing easier access to unprotected rear end. I felt spittle rub against my anal star and then, first one and then two fingers plunged past my sphincter. Two other fingers found their way inside my sopping pussy and Chris began fingering me as I lay bent over the counter. I closed my eyes and abandoned myself to the waves of lust and unadulterated pleasure that permeated through my body. This double penetration was causing intense sensations to rip through my frame and all I could do was whimper and moan in ecstasy. Nothing in the world mattered at this moment except for the feelings brought on by Chris ramming his fingers home. Thousands of small electric shocks seemed to be flowing through my whole body. I could feel my body beginning to tremble and realised my orgasm was moments away. My tummy muscles began to cramp and my legs almost gave way but then Chris ruined everything by withdrawing his fingers from my orifices leaving me high and dry and panting like a fish out of water. “Noooooo!” I screamed out loud. “Don’t stop, I was just cumming you bastard.” Chris bent forward and with his mouth inches away from my ear informed me, “I’m not here for your pleasure darlin, you’re here to please me, and if I don’t want you to cum right now then it's not gonna happen. It’s as simple as that!” I was moaning and writhing as spasms of my almost orgasm wracked my frame. Chris tried pulling my legs even further apart but this was hindered by my panties. They were now stretched to the absolute maximum around my knees and this seemed to annoy him. I

heard a ripping sound and felt my panties now torn beyond repair fall around my ankles! Apart from my skirt being up around my waist I was naked from the waist down. Chris had heard my yell of despair when he withdrew his fingers and now he started teasing me. He knew I wanted, what I needed. I had abandoned my body to him and virtually begged him treat me like a whore all but a few minutes ago. He moved behind me and pressed himself against me. His erection nestled between my buttocks and a hand moved down between my thighs. Chris grinded his loins against me and his fingers found my soaking wet entrance. I was in heaven but was impatient for something harder and longer than his fingers to blus the fire inside of me. "Oh please Chris, fuck me now" I pleaded. He moved backwards and I could feel the steely hardness between my legs pressing against my soaking wet folds and I pushed my bum backwards towards him. “Come on you bastard,” I hissed wantonly. “Stick your big fat cock inside me. You know that’s what I want!” Chris grabbed my hips and held me steady. I waited patiently for his hot flesh to plunge between my petal like lips and push up into my slick tunnel, but all he did was slide his hips back and forth along my slippery slit. The bastard was teasing me and it felt delicious. His erection moved upwards between my buttocks and he pulled me against him. He dry-humped my bum and then it returned to my dripping pussy. “Ooooh Yesss” I hissed hungrily as at last I felt his helmet push on into my steaming sex. Chris pushed forward and his erection started filling my tunnel but before he was completely inside me he pulled out his manhood leaving me feeling empty and frustrated. He repeated his actions and I assumed he was teasing me again, but I had misunderstood what his intentions were. Without warning he placed his lubricated member against my anal star and drove forward. “Oh fuck” I groaned out loudly as his delicious hot flesh pierced my sphincter. Chris wasn’t gentle, tender or sweet, he was a man possessed. He pulled my hips backwards forcing me to grab hold of the counter to stop us falling backwards and before I could catch my breath I felt his pubic hair brushing my buttocks. If I hadn’t been so turned on then this onslaught might have been painful but Chris had repeatedly told me what to expect and luckily I’m not an anal virgin. I tensed my muscles and through my bowels could feel every pulsing vein on his erection. Chris held me tightly and kept grinding his loins into my bum. He was as deep inside me as he could be and I was amazed at how easily he had slipped his huge manhood up inside me. One hand moved forward and searched for my clit and when he started rubbing my hard little button my legs almost collapsed under me. Luckily being impaled on this huge steely flesh saved me from falling. I gained my strength back and took control of my body. I straightened my legs and holding the counter tightly pushed my bum backwards against his hard loins. My forehead was resting on the counter and my eyes were closed in ecstasy as Chris’s erection pulsed deep inside me. He began moving his hips and I felt his member slowly withdraw, leaving a huge gaping emptiness but I didn't have to wait much longer. Chris plunged his thick flesh forward and I felt him deep inside me again. “Oh yesss. More” I pleaded and Chris hearing me begging began a steady pumping. Grunts and groans filled the shop as our tempo increased and soon Chris’s groin was banging hard against my buttocks. I began moving in time with Chris and our bodies slapped together, flesh on flesh. “Come you big-pricked bastard, fuck my arse.” I shouted out loud “Make me cum all over your cock” I don’t know what came over me, I was beside myself with lust and was

determined to orgasm. “I’ll fuck your arse, bitch. You wanna cum I’ll make you cum.” Chris was slamming his rock hard shaft ruthlessly into my backside now, with no consideration for niceties. In this horny raunchy game of ours, I was getting exactly what I wanted and needed. Nothing else would do. I needed to be taught a lesson and he was going to be the teach me. I could feel sweat trickling down my back and my love juices running down my legs from my sexual arousal. This increased my carnal intensity. From deep within I could feel a tidal wave of emotions and feelings building. Muscles were beginning to cramp up and my nerve endings were stretched tighter than piano strings. My orgasm was approaching. My body began to tremble and I began to moan loudly. “Ooooohh pleeeaaasee don’t stop Chris” I begged “I’m gonna cum. I’m almost there.” Chris kept ploughing my backside like a man possessed and then, moving his hand from my back, he placed his fingers between my soaking wet pussy lips. Two fingers pushed past my silky wet folds and plunged upwards inside my slick tunnel. Combined with the clitoral stimulation and the huge member pummelling my backside this was the final straw. My sex exploded and my tunnel flooded with my orgasm. I felt warm cum leaking from my slit, flowing down my thighs. My whole body cramped up as muscles tensed and contracted. Every nerve ending felt as if an electric wire was being drawn across them, and my skin turned all goose pimply. My nipples were rock hard and sensitive and feeling them being squashed against the counter was like exquisite torture. I was experiencing the most amazing orgasm for ages and all through it Chris kept up his onslaught but now with my bowels gripping his fleshy staff tighter and tighter, was all he needed to bring on his second orgasm. Deep inside me his erection felt harder than ever, and seemed to grow even bigger, just a before his seed exploded deep in my bowels. I felt the warm thick liquid splatter inside me, covering my velvety tunnel and ground my bottom against Chris’s loins, desperately wanting to feel every inch of him deep inside me. Chris stopped pumping and breathlessly rested on top of me. I could feel him shudder as his manhood continued pumping a second load of seed deep inside me. We lay there spent and satisfied and I for one didn’t want this moment to end for a little while. Silently Chris with his cock still throbbing deep inside my bum kissed me softly on the neck and brought me back to reality. I looked at my watch. Ten to seven. "Oh shit I’m late!" I exclaimed experiencing a rapidly diminishing feeling of tranquillity. I turned my head and began apologising. "I’m sorry Chris but I’ve got to go," I announced disappointedly, but he was still leaning on me and I could still feel his wonderful manhood inside me. He decided to start grinding his lap against my bum and even through my body approved of his movements I knew I had to interrupt his amorous intentions. I pushed backwards to disengage myself and realised I was giving him the wrong signals. I held him back as I moved forward and felt his member slip from my bowels unceremoniously. I groaned softly as the feeling of emptiness engulfed me. Our combined juices began leaking slowly from body and even though I was clenching my muscles trying to staunch the flow I could still feel cum running down my thighs and soaking my stocking tops. Chris moved from behind me and incredibly his erection hadn’t subsided. It was still poking forward, glistening proudly from his orgasm. I didn’t have time for this, even though I wanted nothing more than to carry on with this incredible evening. I had to leave and I had to leave now otherwise I would never get out of here. Searching for and finding my discarded panties, I realised I could never wear them again. They were

ruined, torn beyond repair by Chris's frantic endeavours to spread my legs in the midst of our sexual fury but far from being angry, I was thrilled. Smiling to myself I picked them up and put them in my handbag. Chris noticed me smiling and asked what was so funny. How could I tell him that for the rest of the evening before I got home his sperm would be trickling down my legs and would probably soak into my skirt. I was thinking about the damp spot that would develop on one of my mums uncomfortable dining room chairs and when she finally discovered it she would wonder what the moisture was and where it came from. A wicked grin appeared on my face and Chris who was leaning with his back against the counter and was pulling up his trousers again asked what I was thinking about! I was picturing her face when she touched the spot and almost burst out laughing. "Oh nothing much Chris' I replied airily. She would probably smell her fingers and wonder what that scent was. 'Well mum that's the smell of your daughter after she's been well and truly fucked' I thought bitterly knowing I would get a Spanish inquisition for being so late. If only she knew. Another glance at my watch reminded me how late I was. I rearranged my breasts inside my bra and started buttoning up my blouse. Oh well I can't change anything now I mused, my mood suddenly despondent. Chris misinterpreting my scowl asked if anything was wrong. "Oh no lover boy" I replied reassuringly. "You were wonderful, but I was supposed to pick up my son at least half an hour ago and my mother will be furious with me because I'm late without letting her know." Chris eyed me amusedly. From his point of view it must have been funny seeing me standing there, naked from the waist down, worrying about my mother when only moments before his huge manhood was pumping seed deep in my bowels. Looking at him laughing at me I could see I wasn't just amusing him. A tell-tale bulge began to grow. That brought me back to my senses. Quickly I finished buttoning my blouse and started pulling my skirt into its proper position and still the bulge grew larger. Part of me wanted to stay longer, the growing erection awakening all sorts of raunchy ideas to flits through my mind. There was an awkward silence until Chris's spoke again. "Look darlin….." he paused, "Just take the game and go and pick up your son and enjoy his birthday." I looked at him incredulously. "Are you sure?" I stammered uncertainly. He was telling me I could take this expensive toy without paying for it and I wanted to be sure I had understood him correctly. He smiled a self-appreciating smile and nodded again. I couldn't just walk away with showing some sign of gratitude so I stepped towards him and placed my arms around his neck to kiss him warmly on the mouth. He placed his hands on my hips and pulled me towards him and as our lips touched and our tongues entwined I could feel another part of his body pushing my groin. I grinned as we kissed and pressed my hips forward and felt a familiar hardness there. My hand went down between us and writhed over his growing erection and I knew I was losing control of myself again. I broke off our kiss. "I'm sorry, Chris, but you really know how to push my buttons tonight don't you?" He laughed heartily but guessed what was going to happen. "But I have to go and go now before we get started all over again, and god knows I want to," I continued my breathing getting difficult. Chris's erection restrained in his trousers had grown it's full length under my soft caressing and I really didn't want to stop, but it was now or never. I gave him my best sultry glance and I felt his cock twitch under my hand a last time. "Maybe another time Chris!" I said pouting my lips and blowing him a kiss. I turned and walked away from him feeling like a

disappointed little girl. “Andrea” I kept on going because I knew I didn’t have the power to resist him again if he decided to make another move. “Andrea” he said louder this time “Your son won’t enjoy his birthday very much if you don’t bring him his present now will he?” He held the box high enough for me to see. Shaking my head embarrassedly I walked back to him and kissed him fleetingly before taking possession of my prize. “Next week, same time, same place and we’ll sort out the warranty, okay?” Chris asked winking at me, his hand massaging his erection to make certain I understood him. I beamed at him. “Thank you Chris, why not” I smiled at him. “Oh don’t thank me darlin. It should be me who’s thanking you!" His statement puzzled me. He pointed his finger at the ceiling and I followed his direction. The security cameras small red light was blinking and I realised I’d just starred in my own home made porn video. “It might be your son’s birthday tomorrow but it’s my birthday today and you’ve given me the best present I’ve ever had! I’ll enjoy watching this video later on tonight again, again.” and his eyes were twinkling with amusement. 2013 Homeward Bound written by Andrea Detroit. All rights reserved. No part of this document may reproduced or transmitted in any form or by means recording, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise, without prior written agreement of Andrea Detroit