

Ex Sex Chapter 2

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Sarah and Jim push their boundaries while playing in public

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The restaurant was pretty full but fortunately we didn't have to wait. As the hostess walked us to our table I noticed that Sarah's outrageously sexy outfit was in stark contrast to the conservative attire of the many businessmen we passed. This gorgeous young redhead was dressed to fuck, and she was a sight to behold. I noticed many eyes following her appreciatively then flicking to me with envy. I felt both proud and horny. My cock was still half hard and I was aware of its pleasant weight in my shorts as I walked. After we sat down and ordered, we settled into a quiet conversation. After a lull a wicked grin crossed her face and she said, "I stopped off at the hotel and saw John on my way to your place this morning." "Was he working?" I asked about our friend who was the resident manager. "No, so I went up to his suite. He was glad to see me." "I'll bet he was. He must have loved seeing you in this sexy little outfit," I winked. "Yeah, he did," she smiled, "especially when I stretched up to give him a hug." At my confused expression, she said, "Like this." She stretched her arms up high, which caused her tiny little top to slide up. My jaw dropped. Just as I suspected, when she raised her arms the clingy top slid up until both of her stiff little nipples popped into view. I stared slack-jawed as she flashed me in the middle of the restaurant's lunchtime crowd. She blushed brightly but her radiant smile betrayed her excitement. She quickly lost her nerve and giggled as she tugged her top down to cover up. I was speechless. She kicked off her sandals and put her bare foot in my crotch, rubbing me there. "Did you like that?" she asked in a sultry voice. Her toes found my throbbing erection and she said, "Oh yes. You most definitely did like that. You loved watching me flash my boobies in front of all these people, didn't you? But then, you're always trying to get me to show off. You're going to turn me into an exhibitionist if you're not careful." "I hate to break it to you sweetheart, but you're already an exhibitionist." She laughed and said, "I know! I'm so bad! But admit it, you love it as much as I do." "Oh hell yes I do," I breathed. "I love watching you show off your sexy body. Now why don't you show me those gorgeous tits again." But at that moment, our waiter set our food on the table and pretended not to have heard what we were talking about. He gave Sarah an appreciative smile and she blushed prettily at him. As he walked away, she let out an embarrassed giggle and I winked at her. As we tucked into our food I wanted to hear more about her visit with our friend. "So what was John's reaction when you flashed him?" She laughed and said, "You should have seen it. He stopped in his tracks like somebody hit the pause button. His mouth dropped open and he just stared." "Well,

you are pretty stunning. So what did you do?" "I acted clueless, like I had no idea I was flashing him. You should have seen the smile on his face as he stared at my boobs. It was such a rush! My heart was hammering in my chest. It felt like minutes but it was probably just seconds. Then I pretended to be surprised my boobs were exposed and started apologizing as I pulled my top back into place," she giggled wickedly. "Oh man, you just made his day. Or more like his month!" "Oh stop," she said with feigned modesty. "I'm not sure who enjoyed it more, him or me. Showing off like that made me so horny!" "Oh man, I wish I'd been there to see that," I said with longing. "Me too. Anyway, once he got his tongue back in his mouth he asked what I was up to. I told him you dumped me a few months ago but we were going to have lunch together today." "Ouch. How did he take that?" "He called you an asshole and told me he was sorry to hear about it. But then he said with the way I was dressed, he had no doubt that I'd get whatever I wanted today." "He's right, you know. You've got me wrapped around your little finger." "I know," she beamed. "And that's just the way I like you. Although I can think of one or two other ways I'd like to have you," she said suggestively. "You just might get your wish," I grinned. "I'm counting on it," she said. "So John knew what you were planning for this afternoon?" "Oh, he figured it out pretty quick. He made some comment about you and I spending the whole weekend in bed." "Well, I can think of worse ways to spend the weekend," I teased. "I can't believe he didn't offer to come over and watch," I said. "But he did! The rascal. He said he'd just sit in the corner watching us make love and we wouldn't even know he was there." "Of course," I grinned, "He'd sit in the corner and quietly jack off while he watched us." "That's what he told me, but he called it 'beating off.' I told him not to get his hopes up, or anything else. So then he offered to bring his camera and make a very professional video for us." I chuckled and shook my head, "Well, that's a new angle." "Yep. He said he did it for another couple and it turned out really well. He offered to show it to me." "Cool! Did you watch it?" "I was tempted but I didn't really have time. I told him maybe the three of us could watch it together some time." "You know, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't mind seeing that," I confessed. "Yes, we talked about that. We both thought that would be right up your alley." "You guys think you have me all figured out." She grinned and said, "We know we have you all figured out." Before long we were done with our food, so we paid our bill quickly and left. We were both so horny that we couldn't wait to get somewhere more private and ravage each other. We walked to the car with our arms looped around each other's waist. The sexual tension was heavy in the air. I walked her around to her door and she leaned against it and pulled me to her for wet, passionate kiss. "What a gorgeous day. A perfect day for an outdoor fuck," Sarah said, trying to shock me by emphasizing the word "fuck". "How would you like to fuck me right here, up against your car?" she breathed into my mouth. "Sounds fun and dangerous," I said against her lips as we continued to kiss. "Mmm, I want you inside me so bad," she growled. "Feel how ready I am," she said as she lifted her leg and guided my hand up her skirt. She was dripping wet. I couldn't believe how hot and soft and slippery her pussy felt. I told her I was glad she wasn't wearing panties. She just grinned and said, "Me too." I slipped two fingers inside her and said, "Mmm, you're just sopping wet. You know that the wetter you get, the more it turns me on." She replied, "Then it's a vicious cycle, isn't it?" As I fingered her hungry cunt, my other hand unbuttoned the rest of her skirt except for the

button at her waist that was keeping her skirt from falling to the ground in a heap. I spread her skirt wide so I could see what my fingers were doing between her legs, and she said, "See? There you go exposing me in public again. I'll bet someone in one of these office buildings can see you fingering my pussy right now." "And you're loving every second of it," I chided her as I spread her skirt even wider. "Hell yes I am," she breathed. "But let's get out of here. I need to feel your cock inside me and I don't want to get arrested for doing it here." We hopped in the car and she draped a bare leg across my lap. Her legs were spread wide and her naked pussy looked so inviting. I started the car and we pulled out onto the busy street. I caressed her thigh and Sarah casually stroked herself as I drove. "It's exciting to think that anyone looking down into our car can see you playing with your bare pussy," I said. "It sure is," she moaned as she slipped two fingers inside herself and began slowly fucking herself with them. "Can you imagine John's face if he saw you like this?" I smiled at her. She laughed and said, "Oh man, he'd just cum all over himself!" Then our eyes met and lingered. She raised her eyebrows questioningly and I understood in a heartbeat. I said, "You're not serious." "I don't know. It could be fun," she answered excitedly. "Don't you think?" "Well yeah," I said hesitantly. "Maybe." "Oh, I think it's more than a maybe. Admit it," she prodded with a grin. "You love showing me off and John is a safe and eager audience." "You got me. I'm intrigued by the possibilities. What about you?" With a wicked grin, she pulled her hand from between her legs and pressed her wet, fragrant fingers to my mouth. I parted my lips and eagerly sucked them. With a cute giggle she said, "Let's just say I'm more than a little intrigued." And so it was decided. At the next intersection, I turned and drove us to the hotel. It wasn't far. Within minutes I was pulling around back and down into the underground parking area that was reserved for John and his VIP guests. "I didn't even know this was here!" Sarah said with surprise in her voice. "It's a well-guarded secret," I winked. The garage would hold several cars but John's was the only one there. I parked near it. As soon as I shifted into park, Sarah was on my lap, pressing her open mouth to mine. The front of her skirt was still unbuttoned from hem to waist and was spread wide open, exposing her completely. "I want you," she breathed into my mouth as she ground her swollen pussy lips against my crotch. "But it's too crowded in here." She opened my door and slipped out. I followed her, and as she leaned back against the car, I pressed my body against hers and kissed her. I slipped her clingy little halter up, baring her perfect tits. I started kissing and sucking them, and Sarah sighed and stroked my hair and told me how good it felt. "Take off your top," I instructed as I sucked her rock-hard nipples. She didn't even hesitate as she whipped off her halter and tossed it into the open door of my car. When I pushed my fingers between her legs she spread them to give me better access. My fingertips followed the heat to its core and pressed against it. Her slippery pussy lips eagerly opened to swallow two of my fingers. She hissed, "Yesss," and used her hips to grind her aroused sex against my hand and busy fingers. I told her to take off her skirt. Again without the slightest hesitation, she undid the button at her waist and her skirt dropped limply to the ground. I picked it up and threw it on top of her halter in my car. Sarah was now completely nude except for her strappy sandals. "Gonna keep your sandals on or take them off?" I asked her. She wrinkled her nose and said, "My feet will get dirty if I take them off." "So? Let's get rid of them." "Yeah?" confused. "Why?" "Because once you're barefoot, you'll be completely naked." She

laughed at this and said, "Honestly, how much more naked could I possibly get? I mean, look at me!" she exclaimed as she glanced down at her nude body. My eyes happily wandered down her sexy body and stared at her bare boobs with their erect nipples, then trailed down her tasty tummy to gaze hungrily at the sparse, auburn curls that did little to hide her luscious pussy. "You look amazing. How do you feel?" I asked with a grin. She returned my grin and said, "I feel fantastic! So naughty and sexy." Our mouths met in a warm, sensuous kiss. My hands stroked her bare back and slid down to caress her smooth, naked ass. As our mouths parted, she coyly bit her lip and looked at her feet. I followed her gaze and watched her slip her sandals off one at a time. She stood on the cool cement in her bare feet and grinned at me. "Now you're completely naked, and you look just perfect," I said as I kissed my way to the soft, ticklish nape of her neck. As she giggled and squirmed, I played with her cute ass. I felt her hand grasp my stiff cock through my pants as she asked in a sultry voice, "Would it turn you on if I walked into the hotel like this? I could just walk right into the front lobby completely naked and casually walk down the hall to John's room." I could see the excitement in her eyes as she said, "Would you like that?" "Maybe a little," I teased. "A little. Right. Like this cock of yours is a little hard." She squatted in front of me and playfully bit my dick through my pants. Then her fingers went to my belt and deftly unfastened it. "Let's get you naked," she growled as her fingers slid my zipper down. Roughly, she tugged my pants and underwear down my legs. My dick stuck out long and hard, the swollen head a delicate shade of purple. I was incredibly aroused. I kicked off my shoes and Sarah helped me step out of my pants and underwear. She pulled off my socks and threw the whole lot into my car. I was suddenly very aware of standing outside, naked except for my shirt. The gentle breeze felt cool on my exposed ass, nuts, and cock. It felt very naughty and made me so horny that I wrapped my fist around my long erection and gave it a few strokes. "Mmm, that's what I like to see," purred Sarah as she nuzzled my neck and kissed it. "Let me see you play with it a little bit," she encouraged me as her fingers began unbuttoning my shirt. I obliged and masturbated for her as she finished undressing me. She peeled my shirt off and tossed it in the car, leaving me completely naked with my dick in my hand, as hard as it had ever been. "There," she said with satisfaction. "Now you're as naked as I am. Doesn't it feel good?" "It feels great. And this feels great too," I said as I continued to stroke very stiff cock. She squatted in front of me and brought her face to within an inch or two of the tip of my cock as I stroked it. "Now, don't cum all over my face, ok? That wouldn't be polite," she grinned up at me. "Can I cum on your tits, then?" I shot back playfully. "Hmm, I guess that would be ok," she answered thoughtfully. "Or would you rather cum in my mouth?" she asked seductively as she wrapped her lips around the swollen head of my cock. I began pumping just the base with my fist as she sucked the head. It felt so damn good that my knees went weak and I had trouble standing. I looked down at my sexy ex and watched her devouring my cock. Soon her hand replaced mine at the base of my rod. Her mouth sucked me while her fist pumped me, and before long I was on the verge of shooting my cum into her mouth. I could barely stand. "Slow down," I breathlessly told her. "You're going to make me cum too fast." "Sorry," she breathed lustily. "I'm just so hungry for you." She slowed her pace and every touch felt amazing. I was just on the verge of cumming, riding that delicious ridge before plunging into a mind blowing orgasm. She kept me right on the edge, but I could feel myself

inching closer to losing control. She pulled me out of her mouth and slowly pumped me with her fist as she said teasingly, "Changed my mind. You're gonna cum in my pussy instead." She turned around and bent her over the hood of the car, presenting her sexy ass and cunt to me. She spread her legs and I pressed the head of my cock to her hungry pussy. "That's it, baby," she purred. "Fill her up." In one smooth push I was buried to the hilt. "Oh fuck, your pussy feels so good," I moaned. "She sure does," Sarah replied. "It's been too long since I had you inside me." I started fucking her with long, slow strokes and then something occurred to me. "You know," I said to Sarah, "John talked about putting in a security camera down here. I wonder if he ever got around to it." "I hope he did. I hope he's watching you fuck me right now," she growled as my cock slid in and out of her. She groaned lustily and asked, "Do you think he's watching us?" "I bet his is, the pervert. He's probably up in his room jacking off and watching us on his tv," I grunted as she clenched her cunt muscles around my pistoning cock. "Then let's put on a good show for him," Sarah grinned back at me. As I watched my dick pumping in and out of her, I felt my orgasm building. But then I decided to hold off and pushed all the way into her. I stayed still, pressed against her ass for a few seconds. "What's wrong?" she asked with some concern. "Nothing. Not a thing. But I want to wait until I just can't hold it anymore." "I'm going to start calling you Mr. Willpower," she teased. "My friends call me Will," I joked and slid myself out of her. I stood there, my rigid cock gleaming with her juices. She turned around and stared at it, biting her lip sensuously. "I want to suck you clean so bad. But if I put that in my mouth right now," she smiled, "it would go off like a gun, wouldn't it?" "Pretty much," I laughed. "Then you'd better put it away before you hurt somebody. And then we can go see John." She tossed me my pants and underwear and I started to pull them up my legs. Suddenly she said, "Hang on. Give me your pocket knife." A worried expression creased my brow and she said, "Don't worry. Trust me. Now give me your knife." I pulled it out of my pocket and handed it to her. With a playful grin, she opened it and knelt in front of me. My erection that was so powerful moments ago started to quickly shrivel up. "Oh, poor baby. He got scared and ran away," she teased. Then she brought the knife to my hip and hooked the blade under the waistband of my underwear. She quickly cut one side loose then attacked the other side. With both sides cut free, I looked down and was reminded of a string bikini that had been untied at both hips. Sarah grabbed the front of my now useless underwear and tugged them from between my legs. "There," she said, smiling at her handiwork and tossing the ruined briefs into my car. "Those things were just getting in my way." She folded my knife and stuffed it in my pants pocket. I pulled my pants up and slipped on my shirt and realized that I was totally dressed, but Sarah was totally naked. "OK then, let's go see John," I suggested with a mischievous grin. "Like this?" she asked as she glanced down at her nude body. "Sure," I teased. "Why not? You look amazing, and we both know you're going to end up naked in there anyway. So I'll just lock your clothes in the car and you can walk into the hotel ready to fuck." "You are so wicked," she grinned. "But you're also full of shit. Now dress me, slave." With a smile I grabbed her skirt out of the car and wrapped it around her waist, fastening the top button. This was the minimum to keep it on, but without buttoning a few more her pussy would be totally exposed. She looked down at me and said, "Is that the only button I get?" "Maybe. What would you think about that?" "Well, it would certainly be a

conversation starter." I laughed and said, "It would indeed. But you'd leave it like that if I asked you to?" "Of course I would. Without a second thought." She took my face in her hands and pulled me up to look deeply into my eyes. "There is nothing I wouldn't do for you. Nothing. Don't you know that?" "Yes," I said, humbled, and we kissed softly, lovingly. Pressing my luck a little, I said, "You'd even walk in there naked if I wanted you to?" She chuckled and said, "And I thought you were just teasing about that." She rolled her eyes playfully and said, "Yes, of course I'd do it for you, if that's what you really wanted. You could lock my clothes in the car and parade me up to John's room completely naked. But then you'd owe me one, a big one, and your payback might be a little kinkier than you're prepared for. Don't forget that John's bit and it turns me on to imagine what he'd like to do to your sexy body." "Hmmm," I backpedaled. "Let's just have you dressed really sexy for now," I suggested. "That sounds good to me. Now, how many buttons do I get?" she said as she looked down at her wide-open skirt. "Well, let's see..." I said as I knelt down between her legs. I buttoned two buttons, one above her rusty red bush and the other one right in front of it. I pulled the slit of her skirt open and because I could still easily see her bare pussy I said, "Maybe one more." I fastened the button just below her pussy and stood up with a self-satisfied grin. "There," I said. "You're covered, but just barely." "Pretty proud of yourself, huh?" she teased me. I simply shrugged in agreement. She grabbed her halter out of my car and pulled it on. "It's such a shame to cover your perfect tits," I told her. "Oh, something tells me they won't be covered for long," she replied slyly. Now fully dressed, or as close as we were going to get, Sarah said, "So how do we get in from here?" "There's an intercom over by that door," I pointed. "Behind the door is a staircase that leads almost directly up to John's suite." We walked hand in hand and stopped in front of the door. Finger poised over the intercom button, I looked at Sarah and said, "Ready?" She squeezed my hand and said, "I've never been more ready in my life."