Lunch Rush

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During the icy drive to the park my one coherent thought was 'Ferra is going to die over this'. She hadsomehow found my MSN password and arranged a trick with someone who saw one of my videos. On one hand, it involved one of my biggest fantasies. On the other, this could be bad, and not least of all because Ferra just didn't think about danger the way most people do. And of course, why didn't I just tell her "no"? Why indeed. Instead I drove to the city park which was totally dead,except for an old man on a bench. This place would almost be better. I could go for a park fuck. Ferra had done that once. I used to wish we could do it sometime, she and I. Instead I was clopping away down the street in my boot heels, wearing the black leggings, the pleated, pink and purple skirt, and a matching corset hugged my breast forms to my chest with a dress shirt buttoned over it. It was one of my most commonly requested outfits from my videos, something of a trademark. Soon, I found myself on a pretty ordinary sidewalk. The first person I saw was a large bearded man in a double breasted suit looking very serious. It wasn't’t that crowded, really, but still, a few people were out walking around. And there he was, leaning against McDonald's. Denim jacket, closely cropped hair, stubble. Big. Latino. I even recognized him. “Hey,” he said. He sounded as nervous and icy as me. “Could you give me a second?” I said as I fish a cigarette out of my purse. “I…literally cannot do this without a cig. I mean, stress relief is one thing, but like…I have the worst oral fixation, and like…” I looked down at my boot heels for a second. The chill in the air cut right through my stockings. There was a bulge in the front of my skirt. “Okay, let’s do this.” He just stood there, his mouth and big brown eyes gaping. So I pitched the smoke, shoved him against McDonald's and rammed my tongue down his throat. He gasped in my mouthas I grabbed his crotch, rubbed it, then jerked his fly open. I didn't want tofeel the cold pavement withthrough stockings, so I knelt like I wasabout to go pee. When I yanked down his underwear seven inches of thick, pulsing manhood sprung out. I could still hear footsteps on both sidewalks. I wondered how the air felt on his cock, with its little bead of precum. Like some of the girls in the movies, I picked a few traces of lint off of his foreskin before going to work. The McDonald's door swung open and I steeled myself against my gag reflex, but still choked a little. I breathed awhimper through it. I worked my way to his head and held it with my tongue, licking the bottom of his head. His meat was sparkling from my pink, glittery lip gloss. I took most of his cock back, keeping the suction up and my tongue moving. I didn't know how high I was from the adrenaline until I looked up at him, moaning into his cock. “Unnnnnngghhhhh…..” The McDonald's doorswung open again and I thought I heard someone yell from across the street, but I could hardly hear anythingover my

pounding heart. “Unnnnnnnggggghhhhhh…..” His eyes were lidded, totally zoned out. His cock was my property and he would stand here exposing himself all day if that’s what I decided. As if on cue, he lets out a loud, full throated groan. I rewarded my good boy by pressing him against the roof of my mouth and bobbing as fast as possible. “Unngh?” I could finally hear the footsteps around us, and they weren't stopping. It was probably the lunch rush. “Unngh, hnngh!” Suddenly, there werelots of footsteps. A group. They all seemed to stop right next to us. “Unngh, hnngh! - It wasfilling my mouth- gushing into me- Oh my god what if I can’t catch it all- I swallowed a lot of it, but it was still shooting into me. I could feel myself choke and I pulled away, jizz oozing down my chin. My breath stopped again and I didn’t know if I closed my eyes in time. At least three hot spurts hit my face, one in the eyes, one on my cheek, and one in my hair. He hoisted me to my feet while I tried to rub his jizz out of my eyes but I was probably just spreading it around. He kissed me, slipped a wad of bills into my purse, and said “Baby we gotta get out of here before someone calls the cops!” By the time I could see again he was already far down the street. Our audience seemed to have gone as well. A few drops of cum remained on the pavement. The adrenaline felt like an aura or a ghost, I felt unbound, totally crazy, covered in jizz and smeared makeup. When I got to the park I did not want leave just yet. I ran behind a tree, lifted my skirt and started to jerk off. Those people standing around us should have joined in! If only… After squirting on the grass I decided it was time to go home. Me and Ferra had things to plan.