

Sometimes You Just Want to Fuck

By BrindleChase

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Workaholic decides to cut loose on the town to blow off some steam.

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Sometimes You Just Want to Fuck By Brindle Chase Life gets so hectic at times, that I forget to relax and enjoy it. I'd stop to smell the roses, but it seems like there is a bill collector behind every bush. Work and no play, makes me cranky, and I didn't have time for relationships. We all feel that need to get laid, to let off some steam. I'm not a slut, but I can be, when I need it badly. Like everyone else, I have a threshold and when I hit that cap, I need to get some. This was one of those times. A flat tire on the way to my dead end job was just the start. My boss had reamed me for something I wasn't even involved in. I lost one of my best clients and my favorite team got eliminated from the playoffs. Enough, already. When I got home and made a cup of noodles, and the depression and loneliness hit. I decided I needed to get fucked. I went to my wardrobe and picked out a teeny tiny miniskirt matched it with a spaghetti strapped satin halter. If the lines in my face weren't signal enough, only a moron wouldn't see my outfit as a desperate plea for some cock. I did my hair in loose spirals, and did my makeup in lady of the evening fashion. I looked pretty good when I took the time, so I did. I even added glitter. Some lucky son of a bitch was in for a wild ride. On a whim, I went driving downtown until a flashing neon sign caught my attention. There were people lined up down the block waiting to get in, so I figured it was a hot spot. Perfect. The place was jumping. Heavy pulsing music blasted to a thumping bass drum while bodies thrashed and ground against one another in a blur of flesh on the endless dance floor. It was wall-to-wall with people wanting the same thing I did. I turned down three offers of various indulgences before I could even worm my way up to the bar and order a cosmopolitan. I needed some liquid courage first and then I'd decide just how low I felt like setting the bar. I'm not that picky. As long as he's clean, his looks don't matter all that much. Gentlemen were my favorites, but tonight I just wanted some bad boy to ring my bell. This place was crammed with them. I felt like a kid in a candy store with a crisp one hundred dollar bill. Every seat in the place was taken, so I took up residence by a pillar near the main dance floor. The industrial techno just kept going and I couldn't tell when one song ended and another began. Another three come-ons failed to impress me, receiving the open palm rejection me, when I noticed a guy watching me. He was sitting at one of the booths along the far wall. The flashing lights made it damn near impossible to see what he looked

like, but I was so horny by then, I decided he was the one. I ducked and weaved my way through the undulating crowd and stopped in front of his table. Pleasantly relieved that he was handsome, his eyes went up and down me like a leopard eyeing its prey. I flashed him a smile and slipped into the booth next to him. He had longish dark hair he kept in a shag, a neatly groomed goatee and sexy full lips. I couldn't place his nationality, but he was definitely part black. I couldn't tell what color he was in the alternating blue, red and green lights, but he was a few shades darker than me. "What's a sweet young..." "Shut up," I said, cutting him off. I didn't want him to ruin it with a stupid pickup line. He arched an eyebrow and gave me a 'what the fuck' look, but I simply scooted closer. The little round table at the booth's center was perfect. I was so needy, I wanted him right there. Could I? Dare I? Throwing caution to the wind, I met his look with a catlike grin. "Don't talk, just fuck me." "Hey, that works for me babe..." "Shut up." "It's cool. I'm..." "Shut up. I don't want to know your name. I want your cock, nothing more," I yelled over the music. A name to go with his face would make it personal. This was raw animalistic need, not a prelude to something more meaningful. I moved my hand to the fly of his slacks and found his cock beneath the slick fabric. It grew hard almost instantly as I stroked it. My eyes spoke my desire as I gazed at him. "Just fuck me, here. Now." I leaned into him and he took my lips with his. He was probably completely confused that he didn't even have to work for it, but I didn't care. I hadn't picked him for his ability to sort out a puzzle. The dilemma I had presented him with was quite simple. Fuck the girl or don't fuck the girl. His hand slipped up my top and crushed my tit, kneading it and I purred. I loved to be man handled sometimes. I slid across his legs and straddled his strong thighs. He worked my breast out the top of my halter and sucked my hardened nipple into his warm wet mouth. I loved it. The silk fabric was tight across my boob, holding it in place for him, like an offering. I couldn't believe I was doing this. The booth was in the darker back of the bar, but there were people all around. My pussy was all the wetter for the anxiety I felt that others might watch me fuck this stranger. Four snaps later, I had the fly of his tight jeans open and his thick dark hard-on slid into my hand when I pushed his boxer briefs down. He was smoldering hot and I wasted no time. Who knew how long it might take for someone on staff to notice us. Getting thrown out, or worse, arrested only added to my excitement. I grabbed my purse and pulled out a condom. One hand wrapped around his throbbing erection and I stroked him to full size while I bit off the corner of the wrapper. I spit the plastic out and flicked the neon pink rubber for some leeway. Setting the land speed record for applying a contraceptive, I rolled it over his cock. "Holy shit," he cried as I mounted him. Lowering myself, he stretched my slippery pussy around his thickness and I mewed into his mouth. Our tongues slashed at each others as I drove myself down hard, taking his cock into me. Pleasure sparked through me, ignited more desire and vanquishing any lingering remnants of an inhibition. Rolling my hips back and forth, I ground against him. "Fuck me." I growled. He starting thrusting upwards, pounding me as I rode him. Up and down I went, fucking his latex encased dick. He felt so good and I realized I had needed it worse than I thought. His hands pushed my skirt up and gripped my ass, clutching my firm buttocks tight as he slid his cock in and out of me. His teeth clamped on my nipple and I felt a ripple surging up his cock and into me. His eyes squinted and then he muttered incoherent profanities as he came much too soon. Damn it. My pussy was aching,

needful, desperate but he stopped thrusting and clung to me. Disappointed, I looked around to see five guys at the edge of the table, clapping their hands in appreciative applause as they watched. I hadn't counted on an audience, but they effectively shielded my debauchery from the rest of the club. I don't know what possessed me, but I pointed at the closest one and then curled my finger, beckoning him. I wanted more and I didn't give a damn who it came from. He moved forward and I lifted myself off the guy I just fucked. Grabbing my purse, I found another condom. It was my last one and handed it to the new guy. Swiveling around, I planted one knee into the circular cushioned booth and my other foot at the base of the table. I knelt, bending forward and curled my hand around the first guy's deflating dick. With a yank, I pulled off the latex glove and took him into my mouth. He moaned, and his cock twitched and then began to swell back to his former hardened glory. I sucked hard, running my tongue up and down him until he was fully hard again. He didn't deserve it, but I wasn't myself. I was some maniacal cock crazy wench and that suited me just fine at the moment. Behind me, I felt hands on my ass, followed by my pussy being invaded. I moaned deep, licking the cum from the cock I was sucking. I said I wasn't a slut, and that was true. But tonight was different. Whatever had taken over my senses, I really didn't care. I wanted sex and I was getting my fill. I had the rest of my life to be the pathetic workaholic I'd become. I was that girl day in and day out. Tonight, I was getting my brains fucked out. And if it took two guys to get there, so be it. I could barely hear the guy behind me, his hips slapping against my ass while he pumped his cock in and out of my pussy. God, it felt so good. I braced my arms as best I could and followed the rhythm so I could suck off the first guy. I'd never done two guys in the same day. I'd never done two guys at the same time. This night was bursting at the seams with firsts. My body was on fire, erotic pulses tickling my nerves everywhere, but I couldn't relax. Stunned by myself, it was like a trickle of ice cold water that kept me from coming. Reaching down between my legs, I strummed my clit, pushing it, smashing it under my fingers, trying to get there. The cock wasn't enough and the guys were too happy to get some pussy to be concerned with pleasing it. The guy pounding me from behind jerked, bucking into me and I knew he was done. I was panting hard, sweat dribbling down my temples, but was no closer to orgasm than with the first guy. I looked back. He pulled out and was already putting himself away to the cheers of those still watching the show. There was no sense in refraining from letting the disappointment show on my face, so I did. I frowned and looked to the other four guys. I was out of condoms, so I hoped one of them had brought their own. "Do you have a rubber?" I yelled at the next closest guy, my hand still stroking the first guy. "What?" He leaned closer. The thunderous music was too loud. "Do. You. Have. A rubber?" "No." His hands lifted out to his sides palm up in apology. I didn't need apologies, I needed someone to get me off. Was that too much to ask? "Then get lost," I yelled and shifted my gaze to the next guy. He was already fumbling through his wallet. He pulled out a little turquoise square wrapper. I flashed him a come hither smile and he practically ran into my arms. His lips were soft on mine. He was a really good kisser. A man who knows how to use his mouth right was less common than they like to think and I got a new idea. Pressing my tits into his chest, I nibbled on his ear, and then whispered. "Eat my pussy. Make me cum and you can fuck me." I leaned back and looked into his eyes for his response. He nodded and I slid onto my back. He knelt dutifully and

his hands smoothed the inside of my thighs, parting my legs wide. Hungrily, he slurped my slippery folds into his eager mouth, sucking on them and plunging his tongue in to taste me. I love it when I'm right. He was good with his mouth and I clung to his hair as he fucked me with his marvelous tongue. Rapturous waves of ecstasy shot through in no less than two minutes of him pummeling my pussy with everything he had. My hips shuddered as the explosion deep inside me trembled outward. I screamed, but it went unheard in the cacophony of noise throughout the raucous club. I came hard, grinding my pussy against his sweet blissful mouth. He pulled back and showed me the rubber. I grinned and gave him a nod. I still had a crowd watching me and I felt like a dirty little slut. I should regret all this, but I didn't. Being naughty felt good. He had the condom on and mounted me, pushing me to lay across the cushy bench seat. Mewing like a kitten, the shivers of erotic pleasure pulsed through me as he dipped his cock into me. There was a complete feeling of satiation that came from being filled by a nice cock. Curling my legs around his butt, I used them to force him to fuck me harder. He responded with enthusiasm, thrusting hard, deep and fast. I tugged on my hood, using it to jack off my clit as he pumped his thick erection in and out. I was going to come again. Kisses rained across my tits and I realized the first guy was still there, looking for another chance. I looked at him through slitted eyes. He smiled. I returned it, then flipped him off with my free hand. A spasm twitched inside me, then my whole began to tremble a second orgasm snuck up on me. I looked back to the stallion pounding my wet pussy. Flicking my fingers back and forth across my clit in a frenzy pushed me over the edge and I came even harder this time. I could feel myself contracted, squeezing and milking his cock uncontrollably. His arms slipped and his hips bucked chaotically. His lip snarled up so cute as he came with me. My claws dug into his arms until my climax slowly ebbed away. I smiled at him as he rocked back on his haunches. Twisting, I rolled over and onto my feet. I pulled down my skirt, wiggled my halter back over my breasts. Sated like never before, I picked up my drink. The ice had long melted, but I didn't care. I drained it in a single pull, shoved the guys surrounding the booth out of my way and walked out of the bar. I promised myself to find a good fuck buddy, because this was a once in a lifetime deal. Never would I do anything like this again. But I would never regret it either. ©2010 Brindle Chase. All rights reserved. www.forlorn-hope.net