

# One Night Only

By iamanenigma

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*He's desperate to lose it, I'm desperate to find it.*

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I'm dancing with my friends in the club when a group of noisy teenagers walk in. I look back and frown. Not another bunch of cocky assholes! Just as I'm about to turn around to my friends, I notice a boy amongst the group of lively teens. He looks around 18 years old and out of place. He's looking around awkwardly whilst his friends sway to the music and laugh at something they've just seen, or someone. Moments pass, maybe an hour and I can't keep my eyes off of that boy. He's sitting by himself at the bar drinking Coca Cola whilst his friends get hammered on shots and dirty dance with random girls they've never seen before. I turn around to my friends, "hey guys. That's my friend over there. I'm gonna go over so I'll catch up with you in a bit." My friends nod and I make my way over to the boy at the bar. He looks up and smiles then looks back down to his drink, as if its the only think he's enjoying. I put out my hand, "Hello, I'm Tara." He looks up and smiles. Then shakes my hand. "I'm James." "Cool name. So you here with your friends?" I ask, cocking my head towards the group. James looks at them and frowns. "They're not really my friends. I just sort of tagged a long." I pout. He looks so vulnerable. "Why would you want to be friends with them anyway? they look like idiots." I say. James laughs. I laugh with him. "Even if I wanted to be friends with them," he says, "I couldn't be. They're all cool and everything. They have sex, they drink, they smoke. Me? I'm just the kid that sits in his room on Twitter most of the day. The only high I get is off of Red Bull." "Do you want to be their friend?" I ask. James looks at them and frowns again. "Not really but it would be nice to fit in for once. Like I said, I'm too different." I look at him and my heart melts. I need to help this kid. He reminds me of my old college boyfriend. He was the spare part of his group of friends. Non-drinker, non-smoker, virgin. He lost it to me and his life changed after that. He became adouche-bagbut at least I got to fuck a virgin. I giggle at the memory. I gesture for the bartender to come over and say, "four shots please." The bartender nods and gets right to it. James looks at me. "You're doing four?" he asks. I snigger. "We're doing four. Not just me." James hesitates but doesn't say a word. The bartender puts the shots in front of us. "Drink," I say. James picks one up and so do I. I count to three and we both drink it at the same time. James eyes open in surprise and he shakes his head. "Fuck. That's strong!" he says. I laugh at his reaction and push another towards him. He exhales and drinks

it. I laugh again. He's enjoying himself. I drink mine and then we both look at each other, smiles plastered across our faces. "Now what? Am I cool now?" he asks, rolling his eyes. I giggle and say "no." I then have an idea. I hop off the bar stool and take James's hand, leading him to the dance floor in front of his friends. I'm so glad I wore something slutty today. This was meant to be. His friends watch in confusion mixed with awe as James and I find a spot just a few feet away from them and begin to dance. They nudge each other and point to us. Obviously surprised that James is dancing with an older woman. "They're looking!" James says in excitement. I smile, "yeah. Lets give them something to talk about." I grab James's hands and plant them on my ass. His eyes open wide in surprise but we carry on dancing. His friends mouths drop open. James and I chuckle at their reaction. I rest my hands on his shoulder and caress the back of his head. "This is nice," he says. "Slap my ass James," I whisper. He stops dancing. "Wh-what.." he stutters. "Slap my ass, come on." James hesitates then does as he's told. He clutches my ass cheek with his left hand and slaps the other with his right. I dramatically cry out in surprise and pull his ear. His friends are just standing there. Watching. I bet they're getting hard ons. I look at them and half smile, then slide my hand down James's body until it lands on his bulge. My eyes on his friends the whole time. One of them gulps and sits down. James is as surprised as they are. He clears his throat awkwardly but carries on dancing. I sway against him as I caress his bulge with my finger tips. My long nails stroking against the denim of his jeans. James sighs in pleasure. I look up at him and my eyes fall onto his lips. "Can I kiss you?" I ask. He hesitates and nods. I lean in and softly place my lips onto his. James stops dancing and his hands fall off my ass. He wraps them around my waist tightly as we begin to kiss. My friends are probably watching me make out with this teenager but I don't care. His lips are so soft. I part his lips with my tongue and slide it in until we're passionately making out on the dance floor with people dancing around us. His friends are probably so jealous right now. They've been grinding against girls for an hour but none of them got a french kiss or a dick rub. Our lips part and we stare at each others faces. Breathless. James's tight hold around me weakens and we go back to just swaying. Suddenly, one of his cocky friends approaches us. "Hey James buddy. We're thinking of heading over to a strip club or something. You coming?" he asks. James looks at me for help. I slide my hand around the back of his neck and grab a handful of his hair, pulling his head back. I then look over to his friend. "Can I just have him for five more minutes?" I ask. Before his friend answers, I lean in and start to lick James's neck slowly. His friends mouth opens in shock, then he quickly closes it. "Oh erm yeah. Sure. We'll wait for you at the bar James. Come when you're ready." He says. He looks at me once more and walks away, his expression showing disbelief. James smiles and I let go of his hair. "Lets go somewhere private...If you want..." I whisper in his hear slowly. James shivers and nods. I take his hand and lead him to the back of the club, towards the toilets. Blowing a kiss at his friends as we pass. They smile awkwardly and watch as we go. Once we go through the back door. I push my way through a queue for the girls toilets and go into the boys ones. It says "not in use" on the door because the flushes don't work but we won't be using that so that's ok. Once we're inside. I start to undress myself until I am naked. James watches in awe. He's a virgin so I'm guessing he's never seen a naked girl before. Once I'm finished with myself, I undress James until he is naked

and look at his five inch hard cock. "Is it small?" he asks. I shake my head and stroke it. James falls back against the wall as his knees buckle and I laugh. He's so nervous. "Lie on the floor," I say. James awkwardly gets down and does as he is told. The thrill of someone accidentally walking in makes this more exciting but I doubt anyone will because of the sign. Once James is lying on the floor, his hard dick the only thing standing up, I stand over him and lower myself down until his full length is inside me. James moans, "whoa.." and I smile. "How long did I say I wanted you?" I ask. He mutters, "five minutes." I smile begin to ride him hard and fast without any build up. James groans in pleasure as I grind his rock hard cock so hard and fast that it feels like I might actually break it. He bangs his fists on the ground on either side of him as he moans at the pain and pleasure of his first time. My breasts bounce in his face as I mercilessly ride him. As soon as I notice his body stiffen I stop. I don't want him to cum yet. I stand up and sit on the counter, next to the sink. James stands up and walks over to me, desperate lust burning in his eyes. I open my legs and he walks in-between them, his stiff cock entering me again. He moans at the sensation it brings and then leans forward, tightly grasping the edge of the counter and the rim of the sink, steadying himself, ready for some more fucking. I wrap my legs tight around his back and grab his shoulders. James then begins to fuck me hard and fast like there's no tomorrow. He pants with each thrusts and I gasp at the power in his movements. He pounds my pussy so hard that with every thrust, my back painfully hits the wall behind, but I ignore it and clutch his shoulders tightly as he humps me like a hungry and horny dog. Suddenly his body stiffens again and pulls out just in time as he throws his head back and grunts in pleasure as cum shoots out of his cock and onto the counter beside me. I watch with a smile as I enjoy the view of the boy who has just lost his virginity to me. Once his orgasm subsides, he looks at me and all of a sudden, he doesn't look like a boy anymore. He looks like a man. I slide off the counter and then bend over it, sticking my ass out. James enters behind me with a new confidence and grabs my breasts in front as he drills me from behind. "Fuck, it's so tight," he groans sexily. I push my ass back as far as I can as he fucks me from behind. Suddenly, I feel my own orgasm building up. I quickly stand up and turn around. James grunts in frustration. I push him to his knees and grab his face, burying it in my pussy in time for my orgasm. I scream as my stomach ties in knots and explosions of pleasure take over my body. James moans with his face against my pussy as cum shoots onto his face and drips down his neck. He begins to suck and lick every inch of my pussy, making the orgasm last longer than usual. I moan and pull his hair in pleasure as he eats me out like it's his last meal. Once he has had every drop of cum, he stands up and kisses me again. I wrap my arms around him and give myself completely to the kiss. Once we're done. We begin to dress ourselves again in silence, eyes on each other the whole time. As we're about to leave the room, I wince and stumble a few steps back. James turns around in concern. "Are you ok Tara?" he asks, worried. I laugh and steady myself up against the wall. "I can't fucking walk straight thanks to you," I say. A smile spreads on James's face and he slips an arm around my waist. We walk (I stumble) out of the room together and go back into the club. James's friends catch sight of us and freeze as they see us walk over. They watch me closely as I wince with every step and then look at James, as if they see him in a new light. Once we're in front of them, they all come forward, desperate to hear

something about what happened. James is still speechless so I help him out. "This man is a beast. I think he broke my leg. I can't feel anything," I say, adding a dramatic tone to my voice, as if I'm in more pain than I actually am in. It worked though. Every one of them is smiling. Impressed. "Lets go guys," James says, taking the lead. His friends make their way over to the way out, looking back every now and again as if they still can't believe it. James turns to me and kisses me passionately on my lips. "Thank you so much Tara. I hope your leg gets better soon," he says. He's such a nice boy. Why couldn't I be 18? I smile in response and watch in admiration as James catches up with his friends. I stumble over to the bar and climb onto a stool. Wow, my leg really is fucked up. As soon as I wave for the bartender to come over, two hands slide around my waist and intertwine with mine. Someones face leans on my shoulder from behind. What the hell? I spin my stool around to see James in front of me again. "Please say yes to what I'm about to ask." I nod. James takes my hands and holds them up to his chest. "Be my girl?" I smile and he kisses me. I guess I don't have to be 18.