

# Writer's Block

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Olivia was a writer. It's not just what she did, it was what, in her mind, defined her. Short stories, poems, and novellas spanning all manner of genres. She'd taken great delight sharing them with her small circle of friends, sometimes even shyly reading them out loud, quietly pleased at the praise they'd heaped on her, each time pushing herself to improve. Jack had been especially supportive, always sending her motivational emails or glowing reviews, finding bright moments in even the failed tales she'd been embarrassed to share with anyone else, encouraging her to start fresh, coaxing her to work harder, to improve, to do what she loved. It had all dried up one day, though. The dread of every author. Writer's block. Nothing she wrote seemed to satisfy her. No matter what subject she'd chosen, she felt uninspired... "You stuck?" The question had been asked casually, but immediately she felt pressed and began pushing her food around her plate with the tines of her fork. She answered with a shrug, refusing to elaborate, hoping Jack would let the subject drop, a hint of color warming her cheeks. "Hey, it happens." He went on. "Why don't you try writing something different. A new style. Push yourself. Experiment. Write stories that 'Olivia,'" - he curled his fingers into quotation marks with a grin, knowing it would irritate her - "would never dare to write, O." And so she did. She began writing again, this time, her tales veering off into very adult matter. Not smut, of course. At least not at first. But certainly there'd been an element of erotica seeping into her romances, her prose, even her more traditional swords and sorcery themed fantasies. And, as time went by, the other elements faded away, and they became something very different. Sordid tales starring her. Sexual fantasies come to life on the page. Still, whenever anyone asked, she shrugged them off, saying she'd been taking some time off. A break from writing. The truth was, she was rather embarrassed about sharing her stories now, something she'd always done. The spicier they'd gotten, in fact, the less comfortable she was passing them around the small circle of friends who'd become her sounding board before sending them off to various magazines or posting them online at the several story sites she'd been frequenting over the last few years, something she'd also stopped doing. "Just seems like you've been withdrawn, O." She let it go, not caring to explain that, no, she hadn't really stopped writing, only that she wasn't comfortable sharing her deepest, darkest fantasies

with some of her closest friends. Still, the thought had taken seed, and it worried at her, not only through dinner, but for the rest of the week. What would he have said if she'd simply put down her fork and looked him straight in the eye and told him the truth. "I'm writing sex stories, Jack. Steamy, hot, masturbation stories, that I read over and over, late at night, while I.... you know...." She laughed at that thought, all too aware of her elevated heart beat and the way her breath quickened as she replayed the scene in her mind, picturing the look on his face at her admission. Not that she was a prude, but of all her friends, she was the least comfortable talking about sex when the subject came up. They met again the following weekend, as was their habit. Always a different location, trying out as many of the city's diverse restaurants as they could. And, as usual, Olivia still worried over their last conversation, wondering if he'd pick up on it again, half hoping he would, wondering what, if anything, she would tell him about her new direction. In fact, when he didn't, she brought it up herself, instantly regretting her brief moment of bravery as soon as the words left her mouth. "I've been writing, Jack." "Oh?" he mumbled, swallowing a bite of his tamale, one eyebrow quirking skyward. He allowed her to go on at her own pace, clearly aware of her nervous habit of rearranging the food on her plate, continuing to eat in silence until, finally, she continued. "Yeah." She murmured, picking out a particularly succulent green bean and biting it in half. "Good." he said, leaving it at that, not pushing her for details, letting her lead the conversation in a different direction. That night, she sat down at her lap top and started tapping out words, pausing every other paragraph to reread her story, deleting it each and every time with an exasperated sigh. Every single time she imagined the conversation having gone differently and suddenly, the steamy romance she was attempting seemed trite. At least now, if he queried her, she could honestly brush him off with an excuse. "Yeah, just a case of writer's block, Jack. Seems like I just can't get started on anything with any substance..." "Maybe you need inspiration, Olivia. Maybe you need to act out your stories. I'd be happy to help. What kind of stories do you want to write?" "Erotica." She whispered, unable to meet his gaze. "Romance?" he chuckled. "You've written plenty of those already." "Not romantic fluff, Jack. Sex stories." And, instead of laughing at her, he reached over and stroked her cheek softly with the back of his fingertips. "That's so sexy, Olivia. Maybe you could read them to me, sometime...." She put the laptop aside, and leaned back on the sofa, eyes closed, trying to imagine the scene she thought she wanted to write about. Instead, uninvited, the image of her and Jack, sitting across the table from each other as she finally let go of all her inhibitions and spilled the beans... As she played out the scene in her head, she found her hand slipping beneath the waistband of her sweats, inside of her plain cotton panties, her finger moving slowly up and down the cleft of her vagina with a soft moan. She amended 'vagina' to 'cunt'. Cunt felt so much dirtier and, in her fantasies, she was a dirty girl. The Olivia in her stories was sexually adventurous and confident, with a streak of kink that she'd never explored with any of her very vanilla boyfriends. Just like Jack, a fact she knew from all the times she'd listened to him talk about past girlfriends. Yeah, he was cocky, but she admired that about him, wished that she could be as bold as he was somewhere besides the written page. Suddenly, inspiration took her. Blushing furiously, she reached for her laptop again, and resumed writing one handed, balancing it on her slowly spreading thighs as she slowly teased her clit free, her finger slick with pussy juices after

slipping it inside of her suddenly dripping wet pussy as she re-wrote what she'd written. "What kind of stories, Olivia?" Jack asked her. "Sex stories." She told him, her heart pumping in her chest, her voice a breathy whisper. Nervously, she sat back, licking her lips, her gaze never leaving his. "Stroke stories. I write them for... well, myself, I guess. And then, late at night I read them over and I touch myself and... and I make myself cum...." "Tell me more." He said, his dark eyes suddenly intent, dropping to her breasts. She paused, a frown on her face, carefully backspacing as one finger circled her sensitive, swollen clit, pleasuring herself at a slow pace, not in a hurry to finish herself off. Not until she was finished with the story. Then, and only then, would she allow herself release. "dropping to her tits." "Much better." She mumbled, liking the raw language that the Olivia of her stories used, vowing to stay in character as much as possible. "There weren't so many buttons undone earlier, O. You do that in the restroom?" "Yes, Jack. That's not all I did." There was a hint of sass in her smile, her lashes fluttering. "That's not all..." She reached under the table, brushing her fingertips against his knees until he responded, reaching for her hand, his eyes going wide as she pressed a pair of sheer black panties into his hand, the material damp with arousal. "I didn't really need to go." She admitted, enjoying the surprised look on his face. "I spent my time playing with myself, Jack. And the entire time, I imagined you standing there, watching me from the doorway of the stall, my legs spread wide, so you could see my cunt. My hot, wet cunt, Jack. If you looked right now, you could see it. I've got my legs spread wide for you, my skirt hiked up on my thighs. I bet you never imagined I was such a dirty girl, did you?" She almost withdrew her hand, eager to let her fingers fly over the keyboard and write and yet ... what she was doing felt too good to stop. Breathing hard, she did her best, one hand inside her damp panties, spreading her vulva with index and ring while her middle finger slipping in and out of her dripping wet... "Fuck hole." She breathed, triumphant at the choice of words. "Finger fucking myself while thinking of my best friend. I really am a dirty girl." She watched, her mouth opening suggestively, her pulse quickening as he pretended to drop a napkin, affording him a good view beneath the table. She fought the urge to close her legs and smooth down her skirt, instead parting them wider, her hem riding up until she was completely exposed to his gaze. "My god, O." he managed, doing his best to sit up straight, adjusting himself self-consciously. "You shave." "I did that for you, Jack." She smiled, pursing her lips into the shape of a kiss. "I know how much you like a smooth pussy." She moaned, her thumb stroking through the soft curls of her pubes, remembering that night that he'd laughingly admitted it, wondering what it would feel to be bare down there, to shave herself smooth, knowing that she was doing it just for him. Suddenly anxious, she began pumping her finger in and out of her pussy, her thumb rubbing back and forth over her engorged clit, groaning in ecstasy as she pleased herself. "Fuck." She cried softly, shuddering uncontrollably, her legs spasming, unable to keep her fingers on the keyboard, her hand drifting upwards under her comfortably oversized tee so that she could roll her nipple between her thumb and finger, her story momentarily forgotten as her head fell back against the sofa and her moans morphed into a single sharp ecstatic cry as her orgasm rolled through her like a tidal wave. For the first time in her life she dressed for their weekly dinner "date", critiquing herself in the mirror, glad she'd left herself enough time to change not once, but three different times. Once for being too slutty, once for not being slutty

enough, and a third just because she'd decided she wanted to go for subtly sexy, not slutty. "This is a mistake." she thought, staring at her reflection, her hands shaking slightly as she smoothed her skirt down. It wasn't as short as the one in her story, but it was short enough to make her feel exposed, especially if she went through with her plan of slipping into the restroom and removing her sheer violet panties after having finishing off at least a couple of glasses of wine to give her confidence, or at least to lower her inhibitions. "It doesn't matter. I'm going to chicken out. At least it's kind of fun fantasizing about it." Her top had been a compromise, too. A V-necked top that showed a hint of cleavage, worn over a sheer bra matching her underwear. Form-fitting enough to be sexy, but certainly not something she wouldn't wear normally. She smiled, resisting the urge to put her hair back into her usual pony tail. Her light blonde curls looked fetching framing a heart shaped face. She'd gone for subdued with her make-up and not so restrained with three inch heels. She toyed with the idea of leaving her black rimmed glasses behind, but then, with an impish smile, recalled on of Jack's throw away remarks from not so long ago when she'd considered going with something more stylish. "Those make you look like a sexy librarian. Most guys have a secret lust for getting it on in the book stacks with someone who looks like you, O." She left them on, hoping that Jack was 'most guys', blushing as she recalled shaving her pussy for the first time yesterday, and how she'd been unable to keep her hands off it ever since. In fact, she could already feel the sheer material of her panties sliding across her smooth mound, slowly soaking up her arousal until she could almost smell it. "This is a mistake." She told herself as she touched up her lip gloss in the rearview mirror before pulling out of her driveway, doing her best to ignore her misgivings. "You look nice." Olivia blushed, her breath catching slightly as she slid into her seat, her plan already falling apart. It was one thing to write about exposing herself to her best friend in a public place, quite another to actually do it. It was almost a relief to realize that this was going to be just another in a long series of weekly meet-ups. She'd have a little wine to relax, enjoy some good food, pick up with their normal, safe banter, and write it off as a failed experiment. "So do you, Jack. You always do." She quipped, feeling playful now that she'd given up on her stupid fantasy. She ordered a Daiquiri, forgoing her usual glass of wine. And then another, her nervousness dispelled by the alcohol. Soon, she was feeling loose, loose enough that when he brought up the subject of writing again, she slipped up. Instead of brushing him off, she answered truthfully, with an embarrassed giggle. "I don't really have writer's block. It's just that I... I'm writing..." Licking her lips, she leaned forward conspiratorially, her voice pitched low. "Dirty stories." She watched with amusement as his eyebrows rose in disbelief. "Shy, quiet Olivia is writing... porn?" "Hush, you. Not porn. Erotic fantasies. Okay, yeah, it's porn. And don't you dare tell anyone, Jack. I mean it!" God, she loved his laugh. Full and rich and mirrored in his dark eyes. "So, when am I going to get to read it?" "You're not." She muttered, unable to hold his gaze, absently stirring her drink with a straw. "Oh, come on, Olivia. What's the point of writing if no else reads it?" "I read it." She admitted, pulling her lower lip between her teeth, praying that he'd let her off the hook, knowing him better than that, watching him with eyes wide as he leaned over the table, halving the distance between them, brushing a stray strand of hair from her cheek with gentle fingertips. "There's nothing to be ashamed of. Come on, It's just me, your friend. Jack. It's not like your writing lurid sex

fantasies about me....” She watched in horror as his eyes widened in response to her soft, betraying gasp. “I’m not, they’re not!” she hissed, but it was too late, and she knew it. She could see it in his eyes. “Yeah, sure. Okay. But if you ever change your mind, I’d love to read them. And I won’t judge you. Ok, shutting up now.” As promised, he dropped the subject, allowing her to relax, a second cocktail allowing her to actually enjoy the rest of their time together, enjoying his company without any pressure, as friends. And yet, in the back of her mind... “Tell me about them, O.” he asked, reaching under the narrow table, his hand resting on her knee, finger tips brushing against the hem of her skirt. “They’re dirty, Jack. And they’re about you.” “Tell me more.” Shivering as he toyed with her, caressing the inside of her thigh as she stared into his eyes, her legs spreading without her consent for him, aching for him to continue, knowing what he didn’t, that she’d shaved her pussy bare just for him. “I know you think I’m a bit vanilla, but I’m not.” “Come sit beside me, Olivia, and tell me.” He insisted, smiling like a wolf as she hurriedly slid from her side of the booth and joined him, her hip pressing against his, turning herself slightly towards him, offering herself to his touch, her legs spread for him like a dirty girl. Once again, she found her left hand drifting down between her legs, her right carefully creating words on the screen of her laptop, carefully backspacing over the words ‘dirty girl’... like a slut. A nasty little slut, hungry for him, praying for him to run his hand along the inside of her thigh, breathing hard, sure that someone would notice at any minute, and not caring as his smile brightened with the discovery of her smoothly shaved cunt. “For you.” she breathed, gripping the table’s edge with all her strength as his questing finger pushed between her pouting lips, stroking a longing moan from her. “I’m going to make you cum, Olivia. Is that what you want?” “God, yes. Please, Jack. I want to cum for you.” “In front of everyone?” “Yes.” She hissed, reaching between her legs and trapping his hand against her aching pussy, forcing his finger deep inside of her as she began pumping her hips, unable to stop herself until she finally “Jack!” she cried out, her orgasm leaving her senseless, her laptop slipping from her thighs, the sofa cushion dark with the juice from her quivering cunt .

Breathless, she simply slumped back, murmuring softly as she teased herself to another orgasm, and then a third, a fourth, each time calling out his name as she came until she was too worn out to even roll off the couch and crawl down the hall into bed, where she collapsed, naked from the waist down, her slumbering dreams as erotic as her waking fantasies. “Here.” Olivia pressed a flash drive into his hand, blushing furiously. She’d been dreading this moment all through dinner, wondering if she’d go through with it or chicken out. “This is...?” “You said you wanted to read them, Jack.” She managed, giving him a quick hug before hurrying to her car, catching his thoughtful expression in the rearview mirror as she left the parking lot. That night, she ‘dressed up’ before settling down at the dining room table to write. She wanted to feel as dirty as the Olivia in her stories. In fact, after work one night, she’d done a little shopping and treated herself to a new wardrobe, one that would have raised the eyebrows of most of her friends and family if they ever saw her. Not that she intended for them to. She sat at the table, feeling somewhat foolish, looking more like a school girl than a woman of 26. Pleated Miniskirt, button up blouse, fishnet stocking attached to a garter, which had proven to be more of a pain than she’d expected. Wanting to feel ‘slutty’ she’d passed on wearing a bra or panties. She felt deliciously decadent as she opened up her word program, a glass of wine within easy reach.

“Go into the ladies’ room and take off your panties for me.” He whispered in her ear, his warm breath tickling her throat, making her moan softly in anticipation. “I want you to play with your naked pussy, thinking about me the entire time, and Olivia?” “Yes, Jack?” she breathed, thinking she might go mad with desire before she even made it to the restroom. “Just before you cum, I want you to stop, leave your panties behind and return to me. Now, go.” She felt suddenly flushed and unbuttoned most of the buttons on her blouse, letting the cool air tease her flesh as her fingers moved steadily on the keys, clicking away, thoughts of touching herself, of reaching beneath her skirt and running her fingers over her smooth pussy, never far away. She was determined to deny herself, however, just like Jack would deny the Olivia in the story an orgasm. Which was worse, she wondered? Being ‘made’ to play with herself and not allowed to cum, or to deny herself even the simplest of pleasures, caressing, stroking, toying with her swollen clit and puffy lips, working a single finger into her cunt, bringing it up to her lips and tasting herself for the first time, something she’d often written about but had never dared... The temptation was too great. She paused long enough to slip her hand under the pleats of her skirt, shaking with the knowledge of what she was about to do, and gently immersed a single finger inside of her pussy, slowly enough so that she could feel every knuckle brush against her vulva, holding it in place until she was sure it dripped with her juice and only then bringing it to her lips. The taste of pussy. Of her pussy. She thought it might disgust her. Instead, I turned her on, the tang on her taste buds, the fragrance of sex as it seeped into her nostrils, the wrongness of tasting her own sex. She delighted in it, sucking her slender finger clean, wrapping her tongue around it, licking sensuously until she was overcome with desire and slid her finger, once more, inside of her juicy cunt, this time merely fucking herself patiently, slowly, once again, resuming her story, this time pecking at the keyboard one-handed. “Did you cum, Olivia?” he asked, his eyes glittering mischievously making her hate him almost as much as she longed for him. “No.” she whispered, feeling a sense of shame that was immediately overpowered by lust. “Would you like to?” “Yes.” She mouthed so quietly that she might as well have been silent. “Show me.” He patted the seat, leaving his hand upturned on the cushioned bench. She knew, without asking, what he meant. Nervously, she sat next to him, letting out a soundless squeal as her ass made contact with his hand, feeling him squeeze it playfully. Glancing around, her heart in her throat, she slowly pulled her skirt up, exposing her naked loins to him, held it and kept it like that, her fingers trembling as she watched him watching her, and then, watched his eyes move downward, lingering on her nipples as they pushed against the fabric of her top, taking his time until, finally, they rested upon the prize, her most intimate secret... “What a nasty little slut you are, Olivia.” He grinned appreciatively. “I wouldn’t do this for anyone else.” She protested. “That makes it all the sweeter.” She felt his hand moving beneath her, his fingers worming between her legs. Without thinking, she raised herself for him, allowing him to position his hand so that he had access to her drenched pussy. She steeled herself as he entered her, her cunt slick and welcoming, his fingers thick and long, moving slowly in and out, over and over, while she her eyes went wide. Grasping his arm with one hand, she covered her mouth with the other, masking the soft moans that she couldn’t quell, managing to stuff her fingers, fingers that still smelled and tasted of cunt from fingering herself in the restroom, in her mouth just as he pushed her over the

edge. She came for him in silence, although she was sure that someone must have noticed, was perhaps watching her as her pussy clenched at his fingers, sucking them inside of her as her juices drenched the cushion “Fuck me!” she cried as she came, her legs spread wide beneath the dining room table, two fingers jammed deep inside of her, curving up she bounced up and down on them, her story forgotten, only her need to fuck herself into a frenzy fueling her. When she was done, she simply slumped over, panting like a bitch in heat as she held onto the table for dear life, exhausted by the seemingly endless orgasm she’d just endured. Saturday couldn’t come soon enough, and yet, it came all too soon for Olivia. Once again, she found herself spending too much time in front of the mirror, wondering why he’d never once mentioned in any of his emails or texts or phone calls if he’d read her stories. A part of her hoped he’d forgotten about the flash drive. Another part worried that he was embarrassed for her and wanted to spare her feelings. And yet, what if he’d read them and had enjoyed being the object of her desire? What if he wanted to play out the sordid scenes she’d written. What would she do then? She’s decided on jeans. Acid washed, of course. And form fitting, as was the ribbed tee she wore. After all, the restaurant they’d agreed to meet at was casual at best and she didn’t want to stand out by being over-dressed. Once again, she put aside her contacts, going for the ‘sexy librarian’ look. Sandals completed the outfit. Summer had just turned to fall and the night promised to be pleasant. They met at a café, one they’d frequented several times before. It had been her request. She felt comfortable there. Tonight, she needed that. He’d gotten there first. He always did, procuring them a table, knowing how much she hated to wait. He looked good. Skinny jeans and a buttoned up shirt that showed off his athletic build. He brushed his dark hair from his face as he watched her, a hint of hunger in his dark eyes and charming smile as he drank her in. “Hi, Jack.” She greeted him with her customary hug. “Hello.” He returned, brushing her hair back from her cheek, his touch more intimate than usual, or was she just imagining that? She blushed furiously when sitting down, wondering if it was her imagination or if Jack was really checking her out, appraising her. Taking a deep breath, grateful that she’d left the too short skirt in her closet, she sat across the table from him. Nervously, she immersed herself in the menu while he made small talk, her answers single syllables or nods until finally, he said the words she’d been dreading. “I read your stories, O.” “Oh.” She said, her heart coming to a sudden stop. “I had no idea.” “That I wrote... that kind of stuff?” “That you felt that way.” “And...?” she did her best to keep her voice from shaking, wishing that this was a scene in her stories, one she had control over, one that she could direct. “I thought we could go back to my place after dinner. Remember how you used to read your stories out loud, O?” Mutely, she nodded, a fond smile pushing at the corners of her lips. Once upon a time, she had done just that, eager for his praise, the validation that she’d wrote something worthwhile, needing to see the approval in his dark eyes. “I want you to read for me. Please.” “No.” she murmured, trying her best not to panic at the thought. “One more time, Olivia. I want you to read for me. It’s not a request.” She felt sexy under his scrutiny. Wicked, even. Although she knew she was pretty, she didn’t always have the confidence to believe that someone would look at her that way. Not the way that Jack was looking at her now. “You look good, O.” She met his gaze, locking eyes with him for several heartbeats before laughing softly, and looking away. She did look good. Low rise jeans that felt and looked like a

second skin, as did the thin white cotton tank she wore. She felt scandalous, wondering if he could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra or panties. She felt his scrutiny of her chest. Glancing down, she felt her cheeks heat up. Of course he knew. It was obvious, her nipples poking obscenely through the material of her top. She squirmed in her seat, aroused beyond belief, anticipation coursing through her, making her wet. Swallowing, she did her best to make small talk, but mostly, she listened to him speak, mumbling when appropriate, laughing softly in all the wrong places which amused him greatly. She longed for him to touch her. To simply reach across, or under, the table and brush his fingertips against the fingers, her knee, her tits... She was all too aware of the sexual tension in the air, knowing that, after dinner, she'd follow him out to his home and read to him. Not simple poetry or romances or adventures, such as she had in the past. She was going to open herself up to him, share her deepest, darkest secrets, her desires, and he... She wasn't sure what he would think. Or do. Or say. She hoped that... she couldn't even finish that thought. It was too much with him sitting across from her, regarding her over the rim of his wine glass. She'd had a few glasses herself, a fruitless attempt to relax, although she could feel her inhibitions waver. Just one more, she told herself, that's all I need. "I think I should drive, Olivia. You're a little tipsy." She didn't argue. He was right. Besides, she didn't want to be alone, not even for the half hour from the café to his home. She was afraid that she would change her mind if she was. "I want to see you." Her lips quirked up into a tipsy smile as his meaning became clear. The wine had been a good idea. Now that it had made its way to her brain, she was open to being the Olivia in her stories, the woman she longed to be in her fantasies. How would that Olivia handle this? She knew. She closed her eyes and let herself become 'Olivia'. Olivia turned her back to Jack, swaying her hips slowly for him, drawing his gaze to her heart-shaped ass, hands caressing her belly through the thin cotton shirt she wore, drifting as she danced to the music in her head for him. "So sexy." He whispered, content to watch her impromptu private performance, growing hard, his thick cock obvious. "Mmm" she murmured, one hand drifting over her mound, rubbing her already damp pussy through her jeans, the other cupping her tit, thumb stroking her nipple until it ached with anticipation. Enough. She wanted to feel the cool air on her flesh, she wanted to reveal herself to him. Slowly, she pulled her top off over her head, turning as she did so, exposing her tits to him for the first time, her cheeks hot, licking dry lips, moistening them, her mouth open erotically as if to say 'this mouth was made for kissing, for sucking cock. This is a slutty mouth'. Olivia froze, her heart pounding in her chest. It was too late to turn back even if she'd wanted to. She stood there, frozen like a deer in headlights, wearing only a pair of too tight, too low jeans, mesmerized as Jack unbuttoned his shirt slowly and slid it from his shoulders, revealing a slim yet muscular torso. "Do you know what my favorite story was, Olivia?" he asked, his eye glinting mischievously. "No." she whispered, unable to remember which ones she'd given to him to read. She watched him turn, taking his Kindle Fire from the coffee table, making himself comfortable on the couch, his legs parted slightly, looking incredibly masculine, shirtless as he was. "Read for me, O." He told her, drawing her in hypnotically. Here. Put these on for me. " He'd rescued her glasses from her purse. She tried to recall taking them off, realizing she'd done so in the car ride over. She'd done other things, things that made her temperature rise. Nothing too risqué. That was a lie. She'd been a



dirty girl, just like she'd always wanted. She smiled, recalling the car ride over. How she'd sat back in the car seat, sighing softly as she removed her glasses, the lights of the city blurred through the windshield. "I'm not wearing panties, you know." She giggled at the surprise on his face at her announcement, deciding to continue teasing him. "I shaved for you, too. Smooth, Jack. So smooth. Afterwards, I made myself cum. I couldn't help it. It felt so good..." She slipped her feet from her sandals, and settled down on his lap, facing him, straddling his legs, knees pressed to either side of his muscular thighs. He leaned back, drinking her in, lingering on her pert breasts, her hard, stiff nipples, the way her arousal made her breasts lift with every breath. He cupped her ass with his hands, helping her balancing, squeezing gently, and encouraging her to begin. Clearing her throat, her voice soft and breathless, a sexy kitten's purr, she read for him. Olivia stood there, soft moonlight bathing her from behind, revealing her naked silhouette to him, her tits heaving with unreleased passion... She read, concentrating as best she could as his hand wandered, exploring her, caressing her ass, her thigh, his finger tracing along the waistline of her jeans until her voice trembled with ecstasy. Still, she continued, doing her best to keep her place as he touched her so intimately. "I want to make love to you, Olivia" he whispered into her ear, his strong hands pulling her against him. She could feel his bulging cock pressing against her stomach. I don't want you to make love to me, Jack. I want you to fuck me like a dirty girl. I want to be your slut, Jack. Your nasty girl. I want you to fuck my ass until I scream... She paused, moaning softly as he ran his fingers up and down her crotch, pressing into her before tugging the button of her jeans loose. God, this was really going to happen. He was going to fuck her. She was going to let him. There was no going back... "On your knees, slut." Ass in the air. I'm going to fill your back door with my hot, sticky cum." "Do it." She whimpered, feeling the dam burst, her juices trickling slowly down the insides of her trembling thighs as she offered herself to him, groaning as she felt his fingers grip her hips, the head of his cock press against her fuck hole... She shifted to one side, enough for her to rub herself against his thigh, grinding slowly against him as she read out loud, his hands gripping her waist, guiding her as she read for him. "Fuck me!" she cried, driving her ass against his hips, his cock buried to the hilt inside of her ass, his fingers digging painfully into her hips as he used her like an animal, grunting as they rutted, the smell of sex and sweat and cunt filling the room. "God, you're so tight, O." he growled, his head suddenly thrown back as he exploded inside of her, filling her with his cum. She could feel it leaking from her, down her thighs, along her taint. She suddenly had the urge to taste it, to clean his cock of cum flavored by the ripe taste of her ass "You're dripping wet." She paused, glancing down, knowing that he was right. She'd been aroused since she'd sat down at the café. Now, the denim covering her pussy was stained dark with her juices. She let out a long moan as he slowly drew her zipper down, confronted by the proof of her claim. She really had shaved herself for him. It felt so good, his finger stroking her, brushing her, teasing her expertly. She felt her eyes roll slowly back, her fingers lose strength as the Kindle e-reader almost slipped from her grasp. "Keep reading, you nasty little slut." He chided her. Olivia gasped as Jack fucked her eager mouth, her tongue swirling over his veined cock, his fingers tightening in her blond curls possessively. "Fuck." He groaned, shooting his load, the second of the night, into her mouth. It was too much, too fast. What she couldn't swallow leaked from the corners of

her mouth and down her chin, dripping onto her tits, coating her eraser hard nipples. She rested the reader on his head as he leaned forward, taking her nipple in his mouth, sucking hard, the tip of his tongue fluttering against her aching nipple, driving a passion filled groan from deep inside her. "Read!" Her voice was husky with desire as she took up the tale again, her legs parted as wide as she could manage, grinding herself against his leg. "Now it's your turn to fuck my ass, O." Her eyes grew wide at his suggestion, unsure of what he meant, his mocking laughter filling her ears. "With your tongue, slut. Don't tell me you've never rimmed a guy before." She shook her head, fixed on his gaze, her face coloring at the suggestion. "Guess I'm going to be your first, then." He sat back on the sofa, his fingers still tangled in her hair as he guided her head between his parted thighs, pressing her face into his ass. Tentatively she kissed his pouting brown hole, the tip of her tongue slipping between her lips and the pushing forward as he pushed against her, entering his ass. Reaching between her legs, she began to frantically finger fuck herself as she tongue fucked Jack, his slick cock pressing against her head. Jack motioned for her to raise her hips as she read, allowing him to undo his own zipper, his meaty cock bursting from the confines of his jeans like lust mad creature, drawing her eyes to it. She swallowed, imagining it inside her cunt - inside her ass - filling her almost painfully, pumping inside of her as she slammed her hips down over and over, driving it deep inside of her until she screamed in ecstasy. She reached between his legs, gripping the Kindle in one hand, and began jacking him off, doing her best to keep reading, panting with lust, desire tearing through her, praying that he would push her to the floor and ravish her before she went mad. "That's it, baby. God, that feels good. Maybe, next time, we'll find a secluded booth and you can get me off in the restaurant. That's what you want, isn't it? You want to be dirty for me, don't you." "Oh, god, yes. I want to be your slut, Jack. I want to be your nasty girl. I've always wanted to." She did her best to make him cum, frustrated, her only sexual stimulation the grind of her cunt against his thigh, her voice shaking with lust. "I'm going to cum!" he cried, his cock exploding inside of her ass... She shuddered, the reader tumbling from her hand as her orgasm tore through her, her hand wrapped around his cock, feeling it jerk in her fingers, as he sprayed her belly and exposed pussy with what seemed like gallons of creamy white cum. In the background, she could hear her phone as she collapsed against him, spent, her fingers covered with his seed, possessively wrapped around his pulsing cock... Olivia glanced at the time, letting the call go to voice mail, sighing as she closed her laptop. She'd barely have enough time for a shower, one she desperately needed if she didn't want to advertise to the whole restaurant that she'd spent the better part of the day playing with her cunt while writing smut. She smiled at that, picturing Jack's reaction as she sat across from him, her arousal obvious, damp panties clinging to her pussy under her skirt, as she leaned across the table and whispered softly, her voice sultry with obvious desire. "After dinner, come home with me. I have something I want to read to you..." "o-O-o I want to thank Magical Felix. This story was his idea. I merely told it, as best I could. Many of the details were brainstormed during a conversation one night and it belongs to him as much as it does me. Thank you, Jack, for the trusting me with telling. I hope that I did it justice. Rachel Olivia.