

Stockholm Story, part 2

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I was just a little girl in a real men's world

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Azem was to pick me up from the tennis hall later in the evening. His car stopped just in front of me with squeaking tires. I bumped inside and threw myself at the sexy driver. I licked his chin up to his mouth and smacked his nose. He embraced me to feel my heart's throb. Not sure if the situation between me and him was exactly what the scientists call a "Stockholm Syndrome", but the fact is, I missed him a lot for these few hours. "It feels weird in this car without the handcuffs on," I exposed the crimson stripes on my wrists. "Give me that tiny hand of yours; you will be a slave of my wheel." "So far I am a slave of your will, ain't I?" I couldn't hide amusement as Azem hid his head in the hands and then gazed at me with this "girl, you are not real" facial expression. I saw what turned him on, and I knew basic psychology well enough to figure a joke on this topic here and there would make him constantly fantasize about it, which means "think of me", which was my goal. I've been never fond of kinky stuff. I valued my soul's independence too much to call anyone per "master". I only liked that in Azem's arms I could hide from the whole world. Deny it as I did, I got a bit addicted to him. "You're too sweet to be badly treated. I could punish you only when you do something I would not approve, but you are my little comedian, and you won't do anything wrong, yes?" "Depends on your standards of wrong," I sighed, pretending uptight. "Hmm, like I find you gangbanged on my own bed, or you steal all my credit cards and run away to Canada." "Don't you think being gangbanged or going to Canada is punishing enough?" I scowled to grotesque level. Azem left the wheel unattended to hug and french-kiss me. We heard a noise inevitably reminding a car crash somewhere behind us. It felt like a movie scene. "So tell me girl, are you hungry?" "I despise Swedish food, you know, I think they only have worse shit in UK, but it's not a compliment for the Swedes by all means, you know. Anyway, do you have some semen for sell? I bet my boobs it tastes better than my today's dinner." "I take you dancing first, and then we go home, and I feed you all night. Satisfied?" "No," I acted a spoiled, annoying child. "I don't want to dance. I want to go home and I want you to rip off my work uniform, just to leave my stockings on, and to lean me on the apartment's door and take me from behind. You should also spray my face with some hot sperm." "Stop it, woman." Azem muttered. He avoided my sight. "First we must go to the club, which is run by my cousin, because I promised him to

pop in and look after some business. He's like my brother, we grew up together. Family in Albania is a saint thing." This cousin's name was Muli. We found him going through some documents and calculating numbers taken from there. He seemed very occupied. I couldn't hide a grin at the pencil behind his ear. I supposed he was around Azem's age, maybe a bit older, and he was good-looking as well, in another way though. The main difference was that Muli didn't have the "hitman's" body built. He had blue eyes, black hair, and when he gazed at something for a long while trying to estimate it, he mimicked Bruce Willis pulling a trigger. "This is my beautiful Polish Natalia," Azem introduced me and showed me a sofa to sit. Muli glanced at me in that Bruce Willis style, "Can she cook?" "I'm not sure; I think she can't," Azem replaced me in an answer as he came to the desk and browsed through Muli's papers. It was true, I couldn't cook, but I didn't think it could be relevant to confirm; it didn't add any glow to me either. "Why did you take her home, then?" Muli inquired into the subject. It was a good question; Azem with his looks, charm and (sigh) money could have most of the hot Swedish babes, including those who could prepare food. "Were her tits a reason?" My lover's cousin asked about it without even checking me out again. It seemed once he scanned me, he knew everything. "She's smart. And, yeah, with tits." "Does she have a job?" "Yeah, part-time journalist. I think she's still at the uni, because she lives in a dorm." "You brought a journalist? Here?" Muli snarled. "Eh, she's okay." Azem reached for his cousin's cigarette. "Mine are finished." It didn't feel appropriate to take part in the discussion I was a subject of. It's always in bad manners to speak without being asked, but in this particular situation I was even too shy to open my mouth. Testosterone flamed out of them both. Men talked about the men things and checked the stats of men business. Girl's chatter seemed pretty redundant. Anyway, soon they switched to a mixture of Albanian and Swedish, so I couldn't understand anything. Then Azem came up to me. "I must go downstairs for a while, when I am back, we go home." "I don't go downstairs with you? I thought we were to dance?" Muli burst out with laughter. "She wants to go downstairs. Take her. A Pole should dance on a pole." Azem didn't comment on that, only smacked my forehead and he was gone. "Why did he go?" I asked, not even waiting for a serious answer. I received an enigmatic one, "On business. Take a nap now. I think your night will be long." This made sense. I positioned myself well on the sofa and slept until a noise woke me up. "I fucking broke my hand on that motherfucking prick's jaw," Azem stormed into the office with a complaint. After the rant he looked at me if everything was alright, but I rather put my eyes on the floor, confused. "Foul language must be an issue for that young lady. Behave, mothafucka," Muli advised, as he stood up and came to watch the aching hand. "Near the restroom, a strong guy attacked a much younger and weaker one, you know, I had to help. I broke my hand, but I beat the bastard... sorry, beat *him*" Azem sought acceptance in my eyes. As if I didn't see with the angle of my eye he was putting a pile of banknotes on Muli's desk. "Okay," I forced a smile. I knew, and he knew that I knew. "It's not broken; it just hurts and will be red for some time," Muli judged. "Her kiss should relieve you." "Come here, baby. Cuz wants to see how I kiss you." Azem raised me up so our faces could be at the same level. I held on strong to him and wrapped my legs around his waist. My breasts flattened touching his chest. When we kissed, it was like a tropical rain in equator's forest - made me wet in one second. Hand's pain must have gone

away, since Azem held my ass with it, while attempting to locate his tongue in my throat. "End of show; go, you love birds," Muli introduced a very bitter tune and moved back to his papers. "I am busy; if you want to perform porn, go downstairs." On our way back to the car I asked Azem about his cousin, "He is kinda introverted, isn't he?" "Yeah, you are right; it's hard to get to him. He's unhappily married. His wife stays in Albania, because here, as you know, we make business and it's not a place for a woman. They see each other maybe three times a year. When that cunt calls him, she only wants money. But he won't divorce her, because they have kids, and at any rate, it would be somewhat scandalous in our small town. Some people out there still live in the 19th century, at least in terms of mentality. I like only one thing about it; we get married with Albanian women, but we take to bed anyone we have a chance to take, while our wife mustn't cheat. If she does, she loses honor. We can divorce her and send her back where she came from." "That's not quite fair," I objected. "Does Muli cheat on his wife?" "No, he doesn't. Even though his marriage was kinda family arranged, he took responsibility for it. Work is his blast these days; he works seventeen hours a day, smokes a few packs of cigarettes and drinks a few coffees. You're his type of girl, so I thought I'd take you with me, so he could look at you for a while; but I think you were even too much his type, this is why he acted weird." Finally we arrived in front of the block. My arousal rose up proportionally to closing distance to the apartment's front door. We started kissing in the elevator. Azem unbuttoned my coat and moved his hands all over my luscious body. Then he put his hands on my ass wrapped in a tight, black, knee-long skirt and pressed me against himself. I felt his bulge impressed somewhere between my crotch and the belly button. A waterfall of juice ran down my pussy to dirt my panties. We arrived at the right floor and rushed to the door. As it always happens in such situations, Azem couldn't find the right key. "Fucking shit, you... key-hole!" His shaky hand mingled the keys and finally dropped them all on the floor. I threw myself on my knees to pick them up. He did the same. We met face to face on all fours (eights?). Instead of picking the keys up, he lifted my chin for a passionate kiss. He dropped my coat on the floor and ripped my white short-sleeved shirt in two. Flop, flop, flop - down fell off the buttons. "God, I'm gonna go back to Poland shirtless if things don't change," I muttered. Azem took my breasts out of the black bra with pink ribbons. The bra remained on me. "Holy shizzle; a cow would be proud of 'em," he hissed as he twisted my nipples. He looked totally blinded; only followed the lust. He picked me up from the corridor's carpet and put my hands on the door the way it was comfortable for him, so I was half standing and half bending. In hurry he threw his jacket away and unzipped the trousers. He also unzipped my skirt, what brought it down on the floor and left me in the panties same style as the bra and in the high black stockings. "This has to be enough for a warm up for you," Azem said when he tore my thong and threw it on the floor without a shadow of bothering to pull it down. He scrolled a bit the cloth that once used to be my blouse, leaned the hands on my hips, and rammed his full length of nine inch cock into my pussy. I shouted. A thunder made its way through my spine to my brain. "Shh," Azem whispered. "My neighbors are nuts." "And you are normal?" I cried. He spanked my bum in return. His thrusts in me were quick and aggressive. He fondled my breasts, just as squeezed them and slapped from time to time. I was a brave girl with no sounds nevertheless, until he bent over me and stuck a tongue in my left ear. Mistake! Ears are my

second clits. I reach a climax within a few seconds, especially when also being penetrated, and it wasn't any different on that day. I screamed with no control whatsoever. I rolled my hand into a fist and punched the door. Azem pulled my hair and blocked my mouth. I screamed into his hand. My legs quivered. My fluids dripped down my thighs. I needed him to cum now or I would be dangerous. Orgasms were things I tried to avoid, because I couldn't really handle them. He pulled out off me and slammed inside again. The balls hit my vulva. My hands and knees weakened and couldn't keep straight. My shoulders lost their support on the door as they slipped down. Azem was a strong guy to hold me. I shook like a leaf on the wind and cried like a hungry baby. Finally, he was ready to unload a sea of jism on my white blouse's scraps. I felt how hot it was through the material... We moved our things inside the flat. We were both a bit tired when such electricity dropped down. Azem went for a cigarette. I sat on the floor, speechless. I was cold. After a few inhales he came up to me with a new hardon. "Take this shirt and bra off," he commanded. I obeyed. "God; you should let them flow every day," Azem commented and inhaled the nasty cigarette smoke again, as if it was at least the scent of my parfum. "What is your size, a DD? Don't keep 'em locked. They need freedom." "DD," I nodded. "I let them out for a walk sometimes." "Yeah? Where do you take them?" Azem stroke his cock. "For example - to my mouth." "Mmm, do that for me now. I'll help you when I finish smoking." I lubed my fingers and made circles around my nipples. They were standing firm like the little soldiers. I squeezed my both boobies and put them close to my mouth. I licked them big time, from left to right. Then, I began to suck my left one (for whatever reason I like this one better). Azem put the unfinished ciggie down on the wall. The fag-end dropped on the floor. He came up to me still stroking his manhood. His hand landed on my hair. He gently pulled my head up this way. "Spit on my cock, baby." I produced saliva and did the thing. I licked it all around as well. "Good girl. Now, spit on your chest... Yes, good girl." Azem placed his dick between my breasts and moved his hips. "Squeeze them, love; moan for me..." We sent each other kisses from the distance. Gosh, he was adorable! I absolutely enjoyed how much I had this strong, bad man in control. I could make him cum any second. I've noticed before he could go for long, but this time I wanted him to try to hold but lose the battle. I moaned with pleasure, "oh yes, yes, give it to me!". I licked his tip. I caught with my lips that red cobra jumping out from between my boobs. It was spurting cum all over me after a minute. My breasts, neck, hair, chin were all covered with the white substance. Ha! I win! "I'm sorry; I normally don't come so early..." he excused as he took me on hands and carried to the bed that we were to share from that moment on. "You drained me out, girl. You drained me out mentally. Since we were together in the car in the morning I knew that I want you... I want your body, I want your soul. I want you to belong to me." "Do you want to belong to me as well?" I asked. Azem smiled and hugged me. It was a diplomatic way to avoid a lie. I knew that affair was risky, uncertain, dangerous... but I loved it when I slept close to the man I had fallen for.