How I met Liz

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Dec 2012

Sexploits of a Uni student. True story.

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Chapter 1 It's a nice, warm night. The stars are out and so are we. You are out with your friends, I am out with mine. By chance we end up at the same club, the little basement bar on the riverside. The dance floor is pretty full, the music is loud and the atmosphere is humid. Clothes are flying everywhere and bodies are shaking like there’s an earthquake - typical Monday night in this student city. I'm wearing a tight, white t-shirt with a slightly offensive and cocky graphic, dark blue jeans and white DC trainers. The sweat is turning my top a little see-through as it clings to the dark, toned, hairless skin on my torso. I manage to wrangle free of the boys while I take a walk, scouting the dance floor. I spot you more or less alone, wearing a tight little black vest, short shorts and heels. My mind floods with the things I want to do to you, so much so I can't contain my almost obvious throbbing cock trying to escape my jeans. Your body is perfect to me, good size boobs with a lovely shape. Your ass is eating those shorts, your legs slender and smooth. You remind me of something from a film, so I take a chance. You spot me walking over to you and say something to your pal, she steps aside. I lean to your side and into your ear tell you that I've never seen such beautiful eyes. You laugh off my line and tell me that I'm a little too sure of myself. I smile and tell you that you will be sure of me by the end of the night. Without hesitation you kiss me, it becomes quite wild and erotic, we are dancing and grinding to the RnB music that is blasting out the speakers. My hand wanders up to your breast, you push your ass up onto my hard cock, bending and bouncing away teasing me to the point where I can hardly contain myself. You walk off, turn and look me straight in the eyes. I follow, mesmerized. You stand at the bar, slightly bending over it, I come and stand behind you. You are talking to the girl next to you, it's pretty busy, too busy for anyone to notice how close I am behind you, my hand slides between your legs. You gently grab my balls in acknowledgement. I start to rub two fingers back and forth, I can feel every detail of your amazing pussy. My fingers have slightly spread your lips, massaging your clit and teasing your now obviously wet hole. "Someone isn't wearing panties" I whisper. You sharply turn and hand me a double vodka redbull. I drink it and take you by the hand, telling you "we are leaving!" We make it as far as the top of the stairs, I am almost pulling you along as I rush towards the exit clasping your hand. You stop sharply, push me against the white brick wall and lift my shirt. You start to kiss my abs, lick my nipples, your hand slides down

my jeans and firmly grabs my thick and solid cock. I get a firm grip on your hair and tell you we can't fuck here. There are students everywhere, not to mention bouncers. Someone must see us, someone must care?! With a look of intrigue more-so than disappointment you spring up and start to take me by the hand. We get outside, I am behind you staring at your swinging hips as we battle the incline of the path. Dorms are only a mile or so away, but we weren't getting that far....