Self Destructive

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True story of one of my one-night stands

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Yes, this is a true story.

By the time I was twenty years old a number of things had occured in my life to more or less mess me up in the head and I had a string of years that were rather self-destructive. This is an example of one of my less-than-stellar moments.

I had been twenty-one for a couple months and was doing my part to keep the profits up at the Jack Daniels distillery. My favorite drink was the JD Long Island Iced Tea and I had no problem putting them away. I'd spent this particular hot summer night at a bar along the Sacramento River and that meant there were a lot of boats coming and going at the bar.

I like boats.

Around ten o'clock this charming man whoreminded me of a particular older actor came along and bought me a drink and struck up a conversation with me. That went on until just after eleven when he asked me if I'd like to go someplace quieter, like his boat. Oh, yeah, I wanted to see the boat and thought at the time that leaving the bar whilst shitfaced and alone with a man I'd just met to go see his boat was a FANTASTIC idea!

We literally walked out the door of the bar and then down the pier to hisboat and he introduced me to a very beautiful cabin cruiser. I don't recall how I got on the boat but I imagine it was a sight to behold. He cast off and we headed up the river some ways (maybe thirty minutes upriver) to a very dark and relatively quiet spot where he dropped anchor.

With very little conversation he took me by the hand and led me to the cabin where there was a tentative kiss, which wasn't bad, and then we just slipped into a very sweaty and heated make-out session. Being summer, I was just in a tank top and shorts with my usual bikini underneath and he was in a nice polo and also with shorts. I mention that as there wasn't much in his way as he very

patiently and doggedly worked at undressing me. I'll give him credit that his polo shirt came off first and, in a way, that made me a little more comfortable.

At some point I did tell him that we were not going to have sex and he said that was okay with him because he was enjoying just being with me. At twenty-one I still fell for shit like that.

We stopped for a while and he asked me if I wanted some air and maybe a beer and I said okay. As I got up he pulled up the hem of my top and I let him. I had the bikini on and it felt safe enough. Up to the deck where a cool Delta breeze was blowing and he handed me a beer and we talked about hs boat while his hands were never far from me. He told me I was beautiful and held me close and then he knelt down and for a moment I thought he was going to propose! Nope, but my shorts came down and then there I was in justmy bikini.

He turned on the marker lights and then shut off the rest of the lights on the boat and it was kind of amazing. It was a starry enough night and there were lights from some of the homes along the riverbank so I could see, but it was also intimate in its own way. It wasn't unexpected when he kissed me again. It was unexpected when I felt his bare body against me. My hands went to his hips to find his shorts and they were gone. I told him he was just teasing himself and he chuckled and drew me tight against him and he kissed me hard. The clasp on my bikini top went first and then when my hands went to try to get it back on he undid the knots on either side of the bottoms.

He tried to lead me back down the few steps to the cabin and I turned around at the door and tried to step back up on deck. With him a step below me on the stairs and with him at my back he held onto me and kissed my neck. I felt his cock slip between my legs and he began the gentle sawing motion that was very familiar to me. I held on to the rails on either side of the stairs and he held on to me. I felt my body respond to him even though this was not what I'd planned.

His hand sought me out and I gasped as he plunged a finger into me. It felt wonderful and I relaxed to let him do what he wanted while still holding on to the rails. The rush of the moment came over me and I surrendered as the pleasure began to build. He gently spread my legs apart and I felt him get himself into position. The sensible part of my mind wanted to say 'Stop!' but by the time the thought started to form in my head it was too late. He had a wonderfully long, thin cock and it glided up into me as I arched my back to invite him in.

I held onto the rails as my lover explored my body inside and out. I wish it had gone on all night but it was just a few minutes when he held me tight and began to take more deliberate strokes.

I should have stopped him but it was just not going to happen. I didn't want to stop.

Too soon, he held himself into my depths and I felt his cock ripple inside me as he pumped me full of his come.

When he pulled himself out me the sensation of his come flowing out of me was very distinct and it made me sober up with the realization that'd I'd just had unprotected sex with a total stranger.

What followed was, at best, awkward, as he took me back to the bar. With the sun just peeking out I made my way to my car and managed to make it back to my apartment and a warm shower without a DUI.

I wish I could say I had learned my lesson, but that was some years later.