

The Stranger

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A woman finds herself in for a wild night when she gets home.

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It was a late, Saturday night, nine o' clock in the evening. The streets were busy with people wearing tight fitting clothing, scurrying across the pavement to the various night clubs scattered around the city. There were bright lights, and signs everywhere, advertising the various night clubs on the streets, ranging from disco clubs to clubs with a more of a gothic theme to them. Rosaline was trying to hurry back to her house, her eyes only focused on the paved sidewalk. She had a hurt look on her face, as she pushed and shoved against the crowd. Her black, curly hair was a mess, and there was eyeliner running down from her eyes. She looked as if she had been crying this whole time, as she was trying desperately to get away from the eager crowds of young people who wanted to dance the night away. Fuck this night... fuck him , he can go to hell for all I care! she thought as she was quickly walking along. Suddenly, she found herself bumping into a tall figure. She fell flat on her ass, and let out a loud groan. "I-I-I am sorry," she blurted out as she tried to pick herself back up from the ground. "I was not-" "It is quite alright." A masculine voice interrupted. There was something about that voice that sent shivers down her spine, though she could not figure out what could it be. She looked up at the figure, and bit her lip. The man had black hair, that was slicked back against his head. He looked almost as if he was from another time period, wearing a nice black tuxedo that fitted nicely across his strong looking frame. He had green eyes that pierced down into her own lighter hazel eyes. He had a noticeable stubble on his face. There was something about him that both excited her, and somewhat frightened her. He held out his hand to help her up from the ground. Rosaline smiled nervously, and put her hand into his own. His grip was strong, and powerful, which surprised her somewhat. "I-I-I was just... just heading back home, so if you will excuse me..." She hurried off, away from him without a second glance back, suddenly having the feeling to get home as quickly as possible. When she was a considerable distance away from the man and the crowds of people, she started to slow her pace to a slow walk. Before she bumped into the man, she was thinking about what transpired in the night club. She remembered having a drink with her girl friends, laughing, talking about her (now)

ex boyfriend, and plainly enjoying the night. She remembered suddenly seeing her former boyfriend, kissing, and fondling another girl. She saw how his hands were groping her large, juicy breasts, and how he was rubbing his crotch against the girl's ass as he was dancing with her. She saw the look of pleasure on her face as he was kissing her neck. It was almost as if he was simulating sex on the dance floor. She remembered going up to him, a mixture of disgust, hurt, and confusion on her face. Rosaline remembered how he tried to apologize, how he said that he would never do such an act again, while the other girl suddenly interrupted him with a passionate kiss, making him distracted. With that, Rosaline ran away from the club in a flurry of tears running down her face. "How could he do such a thing... That bastard," she shouted into the night air, not caring who heard her. She was finally at the doorstep of her house. She quickly opened the door, and ran up the stairs to her bedroom, suddenly feeling exhausted. Her mind started to drift, from thoughts of the night club, to the man she bumped into. The twenty-three year old girl wondered what he was doing in that part of town, dressed as nicely as he was. She thought of his cold hard stare into her eyes, and how powerful he looked. She licked her lips, her thoughts taking a more dark route. She closed her eyes, imagining the man naked before her, taking her without a care in the world. She wondered how he looked underneath all that clothing, and played around with that thought, a naughty smile visible on her face. "It is not very wise to leave your door unlocked, you know." Rosaline's eyes flashed opened. It was that same voice, that same man who haunted her very thoughts. She glanced up to see him, standing in her doorway, watching her as she was sprawled out on her bed, her fingers between her legs. She quickly removed her fingers from that naughty place, and stumbled out of her bed, a sudden fear taking a hold of her. "What are you...what are you doing in my house? Get out of here... please...!" She glared at him, trying to show that she was not afraid of him. The man cackled, and rolled his eyes. "You think you are so brave? Bravo , young one!" He clapped his hands as he said those words in a sarcastic tone. "What are you going to do next, try to beat me? I see the look in your eyes. I know that you want me, and do not try to deny it." A cold, lustful smirk appeared on his face. "I want you too... you look... so sexy in that... that outfit you are wearing... it fits your body nicely." A shiver went down Rosaline's spine as he said those wicked words. She shook her head, trying to deny that his words were true. "T-That is not so. I want you to leave my property immediately, or-" She was interrupted, when the man suddenly crashed his lips upon her own. A small gasp of surprise and shock escaped from her mouth. At first, she tried to resist, and push against the man. She could feel his boner through his pants, which excited her and filled with a desire to have him. The thought of him inside her made her wet between the legs, and made her tingle. When he broke the kiss, she let out a whimper, and pouted for a bit, before realizing that his right hand was going under her dress. He pulled her black thong to the side and started to finger her, despite her meek protest. A moan escaped Rosaline's mouth as the man's fingers were working inside her tight pussy. She grinded her hips against his fingers, wanting to feel pleasure. An animalistic urge was starting to fill up inside of her heart. She wanted him to fuck her senseless right then and there, but then again, it felt so wrong and too soon. Her head was saying that he had to stop this. "Mmm... please... no..." she hissed. "Yes," he whispered harshly into her ear. "DON'T try to deny the pleasure you are feeling... enjoy it!"

She could hear the lust in his voice as he continued to play with her cunt. Rosaline moaned for him, having the sudden desire to please this man. She figured that her sweet, melodic moans would please him. "Mmmm, yes that's it... good girl," he growled. He quickly removed his hand from between her legs and pushed her on to the bed. He straddled her, holding her in place. Rosaline only looked up at him, studying him, wondering what he was going to do next. She bit her lip nervously. Her head was swimming with thoughts of both pleasure and fear. Why was this man doing this to her? What were his motives in all of this? She watched him carefully, as he studied her current clothed form. She wondered what was going on in his mind, what was going to be his next move in this passion play. Without saying anything to Rosaline, the man picked her up from the bed and started to take off her dress. He kissed her, and nipped her while doing so, on the neck, and around her shoulders. She let out a small moan of approval, liking the sensation that was growing inside of her. When the dress was completely off, he immediately went to work at her bra, then her knickers. When they were finally stripped away from her body, he studied her naked form. The nipples on her lovely breasts were perked as the cold air licked them. He could see her shaking as the cold air caressed her body. He smirked, proud of his work on her so far, but he was not done yet. He dug into his pocket, and pulled out some rope. At first, Rosaline panicked, and squirmed a bit, nervous about what he had planned. She watched him cautiously, while he was studying her reaction to such an objection. She could see him roll his eyes, and smirk. "Wh-What are-" "Silence, it will be alright." His voice could not hide the great desire he was feeling for her. The man took her wrists in his hands, and used the piece of rope he had to tie them to the bed post, so that she could not move. Rosaline could feel her desire growing, and was somewhat embarrassed by it. She wondered why he made her feel this way. She wondered why she secretly loved it when he tied her wrists to the bed post, and wondered why her desire was so strong for such a man. She wanted to see his naked body, and decided to let her requests be known. "Please... strip-" "Patience..." He got naked before her, quickly shrugging off his tuxedo coat. He took off his white shirt, and unbuckled his pants, revealing his juicy cock. Rosaline could not help but stare at the cock that was hard before her eyes. She licked her lips, and gulped, wondering what he was going to do next. She dare not say another word. She only stared up at him, waiting for his next move. The man shoved his cock in her face. "Well, do not just stare at it... SUCK it," he hissed. She obliged without any protest, taking his dick in her mouth. She sucked on it slowly at first, and made sure to use her tongue on the tip of his dick, flicking it like a snake along the tip. As she was doing this, her eyes were glued to his face, wanting to see the pleasure that he was feeling. "Mmmm yes, you lovely bitch," he growled as Rosaline was working on his dick. He let out his own moan. He could not help but thrust forward, wanting to stick his dick deeper into her mouth. She choked at first, not expecting the thrust, but she tried her best to keep her own composure when sucking his lovely dick. She started to hum, wanting him to feel the vibrations on his dick, and smirked up at him as she did so. She made sure to take as much as she could handle, and moaned slightly. She could've sworn she could almost feel him come close to his own climax. She could hear his raspy breaths, and his lovely, deep groans. Suddenly, a burst of his seed came gushing into her mouth. She made sure to take it all without complaint, and swallowed it. She

found herself loving the taste of him. When he took his cock out of her mouth, she smirked at him, and licked a bit of cum that was escaping from her bottom lip. "...more please?" The man chuckled at her request, but did not say a word. He started to kiss her, showing wanting to reward her for being a good girl. His tongue danced around with hers for a bit. Rosaline moaned within the kiss, enjoying it immensely. She felt proud of herself for making the man cum and yet... she still needed to cum herself. She broke the kiss and glared up at the man. "What about...m-" "Shhhh.... You little bitch." His voice was raspy, almost predatory. He started to kiss, and nip along her neck, wanting to her sweet moans, and cries of pleasure. His hands groped her small breasts a little too harshly, and his fingers pinched at her nipples. She let out a gasp, and a small cry in response to his actions, which he loved hearing. He decided to venture down further... further still until he reached her lovely, pink cunt. "Oh my....what a nice snatch you have there," he hissed, and immediately started to flick his tongue along her clit. "Ahh....ooooh," Rosaline moaned in response. She arched her back, and curled her toes as he played with her little pink bean. The tingling sensation that she was feeling earlier was growing, and her need for him was bad. She wanted him to stick his dick inside of her and be done with this sweet torture already... but she figured that he would not do so. After all, he was in control at this point. She was only his lovely plaything... and she did not mind one bit. "G-God.... Yes...." The man chuckled darkly as he heard her moans. He continued to play with her clit, enjoying the sounds of pleasure that she was making. He could feel his dick getting hard once again. He wanted to have her... but not yet. He was going to make her cum first. "I-I...dick...please..." Rosaline pleaded, although she knew that her pleads were probably no use. She could feel her body shaking with pleasure. She took in quicker breaths, and moaned as he continued his torture on her pleasure button. She could feel herself oh so close to that sweet climax. "PI-plea-" "CUM for me ," he commanded. As the man said this, suddenly dug his fingers into her vagina, finger fucking her, starting slow at first. He increased his pace as her moans were getting louder. He could see her, squirming helplessly on the bed, and could see her body shaking. There was a mischievous glint in his eye as he watched her. "Plea....mmmm....!" Rosaline could feel herself getting closer...closer still! She let out series of moans, sighs, and groans of pleasure, before finally coming to a climax. Her body was slick with sweat. She could feel her dark hair clinging to her face. Her mouth was open, gasping, waiting. She wanted more... she needed him inside her now. "Inside... now...fuck me!" Without another word, the man suddenly thrust his dick inside of her delicious, wet cunt. He fucked her hard and fast. He loved the feel of her tightness around his dick, and loved hearing her coo and hiss in pleasure. "Ahhh, yes... bitch!" He was like an animal as he fucked her. His balls were slamming against her ass as he went faster, not wanting to stop. Rosaline let out a small squeal as he suddenly started to fuck her hard. She grinded her hips against him every time his cocked slammed against her pussy. "Faster," she hissed in his ear as he was bent over her. " Harder you bastard !" "You lovely SLUT !" he exclaimed as he was fucking her, without a care in the world. He could feel himself coming close to another orgasm. He growled as he worked deep inside her, and moaned. Rosaline joined along with her own moans and cries of pleasure. "Come on, girl... CUM FOR ME!" With that, Rosaline came a second time. She could feel her whole naked form, quivering

with pleasure. She could feel the sweat dripping from his body to her own pale body. At this point, she felt as if she was high from sex, and lust. She tried to catch her breath, and stared up at him, wondering how he was feeling. The man untied her wrists from the bed post. After he was done, he rolled off of her to the other side of the bed, in his own little world. He was tired, yet glad he had such a lovely female. He could feel her arms wrapping around his body. He genuinely smiled and turned to face her. Rosaline started to play with the dark hairs on his chest. Her eyes were focused on his chest, as she mumbled the next words. "Thank you."