

# A Fuck at the Opera

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*A very grand night out turns into some grand sex*

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It all began one afternoon while I was sitting reading in the students' union coffee shop. I heard a voice I recognised. "Hi, Annie! Do you mind if I join you?" I looked up and saw Adam, a guy I knew vaguely through some other friends. I knew he was in his third year of a music degree, and he'd been to a party at our place a couple of weeks ago, where we'd had quite a long chat in the kitchen about the sort of music we both liked. He was doing a dissertation on dissident music in the Soviet Union, which he made sound really interesting surprisingly enough, and I was quite pleased to see him again. "Hi Adam, sure!" I replied. "Sit yourself down". "Thanks - it's a bit crowded in here today" he said, and I agreed. We exchanged a few words about this and that. But it was obvious there was something particular he wanted to say, so I let him get round to it. "Annie, I remember you said at that party the other week that you quite liked opera..." "I do, yes - when I can afford to go!" "Well, it's like this. My Dad got a couple of tickets for the opera at Covent Garden next week, but now he's suddenly got to go to New York - there's some crisis in the office there that only he can sort out apparently - so he can't use the tickets, and he said did I want to use them. And there are two tickets, and I remembered what you said, so I wondered if you were free, and fancied going?" All this came out in a bit of a rush - obviously he was a bit shy about asking me! But he needn't have worried - I did enjoy opera, and Adam seemed like a nice enough guy - certainly good enough company to spend an evening with. "Hey, thanks!" I said. "That's really sweet of you to think of me. Are you sure there's no-one else in your class who'd rather go?" Which was a bit of a cheeky question, because I guess he'd asked me because he wanted to go with me. He blushed a bit - so I was right! "Well, I guess so, but I know you said you really enjoyed it, but didn't often get the chance to go, and I just thought..." "Hey, no, I'm really glad you asked me! But when is it, and what's on?" "It's next Thursday, and it's "Tosca". Suddenly I was really thrilled. I'd read about it in the paper, and knew it had three really great singers in the lead roles. "Wow - not the one with Bryn Terfel and Rolando Villazon and what's-her-name..." "Angela Georgeou, yes, assuming she bothers to turn up." "Oh my God, Adam, but that's amazing! How did your Dad get tickets for that? They must have been like impossible to get!" "Oh, his company was one of the big sponsors, and they've got a box." "What? A box?" This was getting a bit OTT. I knew his Dad had some big job in the City, so I guess this sort of thing was one of the perks, along with the massive bonuses. "Erm, yes...and there's one more thing...you're going to have to dress up,

because it's the Royal Gala Performance for the Queen's Golden Jubilee." This was really a bit much. For once, I was lost for words. "You have got to be bloody kidding me," I said. Adam threw his hands in the air. "I know, I know," he said. "It's all a bit crazy, and Dad's really sorry to be missing it. He says he really should give the tickets back so someone else can use them, but he always says half the corporate sponsors don't really enjoy the show and just go to be seen, and he knew I'd really enjoy it, and I knew you would too...so I thought - why not? Are you still up for it?" "I guess so - though I'll have to find something to wear!" "Well, I think you'd be a bit out of place in those jeans and that shirt," he said, and I had to agree. Actually, I quite like the opportunity to dress up a bit, though never for anything like this before. I phoned my Mum and she said she and my Dad would pay for a new dress or some new shoes, but not both. I decided that my silver strapless dress would be perfect (though it was a bit short), and a new pair of heels to go with it would be a better present. So I went shopping with my friend Katie, and she helped me chose a really cool pair of shoes that went really well with the dress, and I actually began to really look forward to it. The evening of the performance soon came. I showered, and looked at myself in the mirror as I got dressed. I pulled the silver dress up over my bare breasts: it fitted me tightly, so I didn't want to spoil the shape with a bra. For the same reason, I just wore a small pink thong so as not to spoil the shape of my bum. A smart little bag completed the ensemble. Even I thought I looked pretty smart. The doorbell rang. It was Adam with the taxi - no tube for us tonight! I grabbed my bag and went downstairs as quick as I could in my heels. I opened the door, and Adam smiled at me. "Wow, Annie! You look amazing," he said. He looked really cool too, in black tie and best white shirt - he sang in the University Choral Society, so he actually had a DJ of his own and hadn't had to hire it. Sarah, who's in the same house with me, came running down with her camera. "Come on, you two!" she said. "I've got to get a photo of this!" So we posed in the hall, trying to look as if we did this every day. "My Mum'll want to see this," I laughed. "Yeah, well, just pull your dress down a bit," said Sarah. "She probably doesn't want to see the colour of your knickers as well!" It was great arriving outside the main entrance of the Royal Opera House, along with all the really posh people. Adam held the door of the taxi open for me, and I tried to get out without showing too much thong - just like a proper celebrity! I'm not a great one for fashion, but there were some amazing dresses that I wouldn't have minded owning, if I'd had a few thousand pounds to spare. We went into the Floral Hall and bought a programme, and hung around trying to see how many people we could recognise. To be honest, most of them were unknown to me, although there were a few VIPs of the sort you see on TV from time to time. Mind you, I got a few admiring glances from some of the blokes - perhaps they were trying to work out where they'd seen me before! After a while an announcement was made asking us to take our seats, since apparently protocol dictated that everyone had to be seated before the Royals arrived. When we found our box, I was even more delighted to discover a table covered in posh snacks and - best of all - a couple of bottles of champagne! "My God, Adam!" I said, "Your Dad's company really know how to do things in style!" "We're the VIPs tonight," he said. "So I suggest you tuck in - although perhaps we should keep the champagne for the interval". Our box turned out to be right opposite the Royal Box, so we had a great view of all the really posh people in the seats opposite. I was just nudging Adam to point out

someone really famous, when the orchestra played the National Anthem, and everybody stood up. Directly opposite us, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh entered their box, and she gave one of those elegant little waves while they took their seats. "Ooo, look, she's waving at us!" I said to Adam, but he told me to shut up and sit down, as the opera proper was about to begin. We both really enjoyed the first act. To start with it was hard not to keep glancing over at the Royal Box, but soon I got engrossed in the action on stage and didn't look over again until the interval. The Royal party had snacks and drinks in their box too, but I'm sure they can't have been as good as ours. There were all sorts of little nibbly things I didn't recognise, although I identified the smoked salmon and caviar. It was all delicious - as was the champagne, in proper crystal glasses of course. "You really do look lovely in that dress, Annie," said Adam. "It fits you just perfectly". I giggled. "Do you really think so?" I said. "I'm always a bit nervous wearing it without a bra, in case anything slips out!" "Just try not to let that happen when the Duke of Edinburgh's watching," he said. "He's over 90 - you'd give him a heart attack!" After a bit more mildly flirty talk like that, the interval came to an end, and we sat down to enjoy the second half of the opera. Now, champagne always goes to my head, which is the only explanation I can offer for how my hand somehow found itself resting on Adam's leg. Not that he made any effort to remove it. In fact, as I squeezed his thigh I saw a stirring and swelling in his groin that suggested he was getting a bit distracted from the on-stage action. The champagne really must have been having an effect, because my hand could help brushing over the swelling, which only seemed to make it worse. He looked at me with a smile. I smiled back and licked my lips - I was starting to feel more than just flirty. He put his hand on my bare leg and gave it a squeeze, which turned to a stroke. His hand slid down onto my inner thigh and under the edge of my dress. I felt his fingers pushing up towards the very top of my legs. I pressed my legs together, trapping his hand between them. His hand felt good, sending a sexual tingle up through my body. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was the thought of doing it in such a public place, but I felt very horny and ready to take things a bit further. I wondered how far Adam was prepared to go, and decided to find out. It was now or never. I took the zip of his trousers in my fingers and slowly pulled it down. Through the gap in his flies, I could see his erection pressing against his boxer shorts. Well, I wasn't prepared to leave it there. Burrowing my hand inside, I felt my hand touch his hot cock. Oh, it felt good. I put my hand round it, and pulled it out. Mmmm, it was hard, very hard. I put my hand round it and squeezed, watching the purple knob swell as Adam let out a little gasp. I looked over at the boxes opposite. Luckily everyone was watching the stage, although some people in the Amphitheatre could surely have seen what was going on if they'd looked down. I stroked my fingers up and down Adam's stiff cock, feeling the veins on the surface engorged with blood, making it twitch with my touch. I squeezed with two of my fingers, and a little opaque blob of pre-cum emerged from the tip. Slowly and quietly, I lowered my head into his lap and licked it off, the salty tang on the tip of my tongue. I closed my mouth over the purple head, engulfing it in my warm mouth, sliding my tongue over and round it, tickling at the ridge along the edge of the knob. As I sucked and blew on it, I could feel it getting even harder in my mouth. I pushed my mouth down further, taking more of his length into my throat. It was so hot and hard. I could feel a tingle of pleasure growing in my own pussy. This was lovely. Adam

was arching his pelvis, pushing his cock as far into my mouth as he could. The tickling of my tongue was releasing more salty pre-cum. I could tell from his breathing that it wouldn't take much to make him ejaculate, squirting his hot spunk straight down my throat, but I wasn't ready for that yet. Slowly I slid his cock out of my mouth, wet and gleaming with my saliva. I wanted him to do something for me first. As I sat back in my chair, I pulled my dress up around my waist. From the waist up, I was perfectly decent, but below all that covered my pussy was my little pink thong, the front of which was already wet with the lubricating juices that had seeped out of my vagina. I parted my legs, making it obvious what I wanted. It was Adam's turn to slip to the floor. He placed one hand on my inner thigh, and with the other pulled my thong to one side, revealing the glistening pink of my pussy, already wet with my secretions. My labia were puffy and wet with arousal, as he parted them with his fingers, a little rivulet of juice dribbled out onto the chair. I shut my eyes as I felt Adam's tongue flick over my clitoris, already hard and sticking out of its little hood. A tingle of ecstatic arousal thrilled through my every nerve. Suddenly I felt something cool and hard at the mouth of my vagina - not a tongue, or even a finger. I looked down and saw with a thrill that Adam was pressing the open mouth of the champagne bottle against my gaping hole. Oh my God - I'd never have thought he was the sort to try something like this! He pushed gently, and the ridge at the mouth of the bottle popped into my vaginal passage. Oh that felt amazing. Once the neck of the bottle was inside, Adam pushed it slowly upwards. I felt the neck sliding further into me, pressing against my sides. The deeper it got the more the widening shape of the bottle stretched the mouth of my vagina. Further and further he pushed. As my vaginal walls expanded to take it, the mixture of pleasure and mild pain was exhilarating. How much more could I take? At last I felt that my pussy could stretch no more, and I gripped Adam's arm to make him stop. Now, as he began to pump the bottle in and out, I realised that there was still some champagne inside, and it was starting to splash out into my hole. The fizzy liquid inside my wet passage felt incredible. My sticky labia clung to the sides of the bottle as Adam pushed it in and then pulled it out of me, stretching and contracting. He pushed it upwards so the neck pressed against my soft spongy g-spot, then twisted it round and round inside me. I was breathing hard, my hands clutching the edge of the balcony, looking across at the rest of the audience, all engrossed in the stage, unaware that I was getting closer and closer to my orgasm, the champagne bottle pushing deep up inside my gaping hole. My nipples were hard, forming round firm buttons inside my dress. The fingers of Adam's other hand found my clitoris, and rubbed hard against the little bud. That was it - my body started to spasm, and my climax exploded inside me. Luckily, at this very moment the orchestra was reaching a different sort of climax, so I don't think anyone heard my little squeal of pleasure as Adam pushed the bottle as deep into me as it would go and I came in wave after wave of orgasmic joy. As my breathing got back to normal, Adam pulled out the bottle, the ridge at the neck making a soft pop as it left my wet hole, and a mixture of champagne and my sexual juices dribbled out onto the chair. But Adam's cock was still rock hard, and I wasn't finished with him yet. The opera wasn't important to me any more: I just wanted my hole filled with something hot and alive - Adam's cock. I pulled my soaking wet thong down my legs, letting him see my pink wet cunt. As discreetly as I could, I slipped out of my seat and lay down on the floor of the box, spreading my legs to offer him

my gaping hole. I could smell the aroma of my sex. Adam pulled down his trousers and boxer shorts in one movement, letting me see his cock properly, a good eight inches long. He knelt down between my legs, roughly pushing them further apart. He took hold of the front of my silver dress, and with one swift movement roughly pulled it down off my breasts, baring my firm little tits. My nipples were still as hard as little pebbles, and he leant over and took my right nipple in his mouth. He sucked on it hard, pulling it into his mouth and licking at it with his warm rough tongue. He took my other nipple between two fingers and rubbed it round and round, making it harder even than before. My pussy was aching for him. "Fuck me, Adam, fuck me!" I whispered - not that he needed any encouragement. Taking hold of his stiff penis, he guided it to the entrance to my pussy. Teasing me, he slid the tip up and down my slit, coating it in my sticky secretions. I pushed my pelvis up against him, trying to force his cock between my labia into my hole. Looking down, I could see his knob hovering against the bulge of my mound, as smooth and firm as a juicy peach. With a smile, he eased forward and I felt his knob push between my labia, which parted easily to let him slip inside. I was so wet that he met with no resistance, and I squeezed my vaginal muscles against his cock to suck him further in. He pulled out, and I could see my secretions gleaming on his erection before he pushed it back in as far as he could go. We moved together in perfect harmony, my thrusts meeting his, as his long cock almost hit the mouth of my cervix with each thrust. As he pushed inwards, he circled his cock inside me, stimulating the sensitive nerve endings in my vaginal passage. I could hardly hold back from screaming out at the pleasure he was giving me. He nibbled at my neck, pressing himself against my bare tits. I could hear his breathing getting faster to match the speed of his thrusts, and I readied myself for the moment of his climax, wanting to feel his spunk inside me. Just as I felt his body going tense, I clenched my vaginal muscles tight around his cock, holding him inside me. His own body stiffened and with one trembling thrust his semen erupted inside me, one spurt after another splashing against the walls of my vaginal passage. His lips met mine as he came, and we kissed hard as he filled me with his ejaculate, his thrusts slowing as his balls emptied. I felt his cock start to soften as he slid out of me, covered in a mixture of his own spunk, my secretions, and the champagne that still lingered inside me. I watched as he pulled his boxers and trousers back up over his soft wet cock, while I sat up and pulled my dress back up over my bare tits, adjusting the cups to cover them again. I could hear the soprano coming to the end of her final impassioned aria, and quickly we slipped back into our seats just in time to see the final moments of the performance, as Tosca threw herself to her death off the battlements, having seen her lover die in front of her. As the final tragic notes sounded from the orchestra, the audience rose to its feet in a torrent of applause. We stood too, clapping and cheering, but I was probably the only person there who could also feel a mixture of semen, sperm and champagne starting to run down her legs at the same time. Certainly the Queen, applauding politely from her box opposite ours, was blissfully unaware - I hope! I managed to mop as much of the mixture from my legs as I could, using my already rather damp thong. Adam smiled as he watched me trying to clean myself up. "It's ok for you!" I said, "All your muck is inside me - I'm the one who has to clean it up!" "Let me give you a hand," he said, and knelt down, pushed my legs apart, and licked at the mixture that was coating my inner thighs. "That tickles," I giggled. ""We'd better get off before

they come to clear up the box," he said." But maybe I can finish clearing you off at home?" "I hope you've got some more champagne," I said, "I may need a little more to loosen me up!" "Mmm, you're already pretty loose," he replied, kissing me and slipping his hand under my dress again. "That's enough!" I said. We tidied ourselves up, and mingled with the crowds of VIPs as they left the opera house. I was a tiny bit sorry to have missed most of the last act of the opera, but on the whole my own passionate experience had more than made up for it. I bet most of the women there in their expensive dresses would have given anything to have Adam's thick cock inside them, so I think I had probably had the best evening after all!