

Confessions of a Puck Slut

By x3holly

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The goalie lets a little something past his net.

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The past 60 minutes of play time all boiled down to these last three shots. 0-0, it really was anyone's game. Mann skated back and forth in front of his net. It was at these times that I felt the most emotion for the goalie. The entire game they're stuck in one section, all the blame gets landed on them. They play a great game, a shut-out, and they're still at risk to get bashed if the shootout goes the wrong way. The amount of pain, nerves, and pure adrenaline they must feel during the few tense moments before must be the world's greatest natural high. My hands were clenched, my palms covered in a thick layer of sweat. I was nervous; I wasn't even quite sure how to breathe anymore. The first opponent skated forward; the dark blue of his jersey felt like it was piercing through my soul. Mann didn't even watch the man coming; he kept his eyes on the ice before snapping up last second. With one swift movement he blocked the shot making the puck fly off in a different direction. The roaring of the crowd was deafening as I felt my body begin to tremble. He had made it seem so simple. In that moment I knew one thing, and one thing alone: I was going to fuck this man. The shootout continued on and Mann continued to be impressive with every try. He never let the other man psych him out, he never got lost in the tension, his focus was solely on the hard, black puck. Five shots in the game ended. It was all won when Mann made that last save. The bleachers began to shake, the screaming hit an all-time high, and the sexual tension within my own body peaked. I could feel the warmth between my thighs and knew that my nipples were standing at attention against the thin shirt I was wearing. It was tradition that following the game the players would go to Applebee's for dinner. As soon as the game was officially won and Mann had done his victory lap around the rink the group I attended the game with ran out of the arena. Our hearts were pounding as we forced our way out of the packed parking lot, quickly speeding to the restaurant. With a win so great the place was already packed by the time we got there. The attendant was nearly stuttering as she asked people how many were in their respective groups. The wait to sit just made my frustration meet a new height. All I could imagine was the 6'2" man who needed to be on top of me. I knew enough about him to be sure I could pull it off. He was just like any other 22 year old. He loved sex, no matter how he got it. He liked being asked, he liked being the one to ask. He had a dislike of alcohol and loved the sport of hockey (as do most players). He wouldn't be that hard to bag if I could just find him in time. With a stroke of luck my table was next to a window. I quietly watched, waiting for my prey to appear inside the

parking lot. This wasn't my first rodeo and I knew that he had a black trailblazer SS. This caused a small flare in my chest, we had matching vehicles. Maybe things were meant to be. Everyone around me seemed to buzz away in chatter as miscellaneous players started to roll in. Defenseman, wings, forwards, none of them mattered. At least not tonight, they paled in comparison to our beautiful goalie. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, I saw the familiar car pull into the parking lot. I could barely contain my moans as he stepped out of his vehicle. His hair was the perfect length. It was like a traditional hockey flow but somehow managed to be at a decently short length. His long fingers ran through the thick brunette hair as he looked around, a bright white grin spread across his face. Every step he took was full of confidence as he shook hands with the few people standing around in the parking lot. I couldn't hear his conversations but I could see his plump lips moving feverishly as he chatted with those outside. It only took a moment for me to decide that yes, this is something I wanted to do. Excusing myself from the table I winked at my friends before making my way outside. My hands were shaking and my knees felt as if they were rattling together as I walked toward the intimidating young man. When his eyes finally fell upon me his smile softened as I threw my best grin at him. Getting close enough to speak with him I finally opened my mouth to talk, "You had an amazing game tonight. Over 50 saves, I can't believe it. I was nearly clawing my own wrists apart watching that shootout. You were truly impressive. One of my favorite games in a long time." It almost seemed as if a small blush was creeping up the young player's neck as he held out his hand for me to shake. Our hands came in contact and I felt a spark. It wasn't one of destiny, or love, but it was filled with lust. I would stop at nothing to get this man naked, to ride his throbbing cock. "Thanks, it means a lot." There was no stutter or embarrassment in his voice, only sure confidence. I shivered visibly, sucking my lower lip between my teeth. My breathing started to get heavier as I stepped closer, dropping his hand from mine. He simply watched me, keeping his hands at his sides. Reaching out I rested my hands on his waist and reached up on my tip toes to whisper against his ear, "Something like that deserves to be rewarded. Do you know anywhere that we can go?" I was new to this situation. It had been years since I had tried to pick up a man, and I had never gone at it so brazenly. I had also never reached out for someone that was so desirable in my community. How much more attractive can you get other than a goalie who just clenched a playoffs spot with a shutout, alongside a shootout? Not much better, at least not in my eyes. Puck sluts had always gotten on my nerves, but here I stood just as bad as any of them. The athlete's eyes seemed to swell as he looked around before reaching down and locking his fingers with mine. My eyes slid closed, heavy with lust. "How about my car?" I nodded numbly. It only took a moment for me to throw away all sense of decency. Everyone has a day where they just quit being the perfect human being, they simply follow their most primal desires. For me, that night was now. Taking a deep breath I followed him silently as he walked me back to the SUV. The clicking of the unlock seemed to echo in my ears. He swiftly opened the back door and held it open for me. Smirking at the small sign of chivalry I slid into the backseat, crossing my legs like any lady should. He followed behind me, locking the doors to ensure our privacy. Awkwardness was thick in the air as he threw his keys in the front seat. I was positive that some people had seen us but none of that mattered as Mann leaned in closer to me. The

deep green of his eyes tore through me and I lost it. Every sense of right and wrong, any last nerves, everything went away. Closing the space between us I pressed my lips against his. I was rewarded with a quiet whimper as my tongue ran over the skin of his chapped lips. My hands reached up on their own, rubbing the back of his neck. The ends of his hair were tickling at the skin of my fingertips as I continued to massage the soft skin. We continued to kiss, his lips massaging against mine rhythmically. It only took a couple minutes for him to get brazen. His hands slid up my sides, tickling slightly. I couldn't help the giggles from escaping before he finally took a hold of my breast. His name slid between my lips and I could feel his ego, along with something else near and dear to me, inflate in reaction. His hands felt massive against my body as he rubbed my breasts intently. His fingers repeatedly ran over the raised bumps of my shirt, covering my hardened nipples. Quiet gasps filled the silence in the back of the SUV while I got lost in the moment. "Your shirt, I want it off." His voice was husky against my ear as his hands slid down once more. My body arched against his as he slowly pulled the material up and tossed it in the front seat. I felt exposed and dirty. I took a deep breath and stared up into his eyes once more. The need was apparent as he looked over my body. I had never felt very attractive but as he surveyed what I had to offer I felt a swell of pride. He wasn't appalled, in fact, he seemed rather intrigued. With new-found vigor I leaned forward and attached my lips to the boy's neck. There was still a small taste of salt on his neck from the sweat that had undoubtedly been pooled there before his post-game shower. I began to suck intently, needing to leave a mark on his creamy white skin. He began to moan, a deep throaty noise. My hand slid down and began to palm at the swell between his legs. It felt more solid than anything I had encountered before. Giving up the sucking to groan for a moment I did my best to wrap my hand around the bulge. He thrust up, his hips desperately trying to add some pressure to his swollen member. I began to repeatedly apply then withdraw pressure from his cock. His head fell back against the headrest of the seat. Subconsciously I began to rock myself back and forth against the edge of his knee. Tingling began to take over my entire body. The feeling began in my clit and escalated to the tips of my toes. Together we moaned, stimulated in the most personal sense. Amongst the noises and heavy breathing I began to undo the pink tie around his neck. It should have made me laugh but lost in the moment all it did was make smile. A color that is commonly seen as so feminine was wrapped around a man that was currently bringing me to the brink of climax without even trying. Throwing the thin fabric on top of my t-shirt I began to undo the buttons on his top. He watched me silently before whispering, "Do you have condoms or anything? Because I wasn't planning on this." I could barely hold back a chuckle as I looked at him lustfully, "No. I guess we'll just have to risk it." I could see a flash of fear come across his face before he nodded, swallowing hard. I knew that it wasn't worth it. I would never have the nerve to speak to this man again, but I had to continue on with this. It was so much more than sex to me at this point. It was liberation, it was me becoming an adult, it was everything I needed and more. Finally getting his black shirt free I threw it aside. Accepting the fact that he was about to have some very risky, unprotected sex Mann came to life again. He shoved me off his lap, pressing me back against the door. The stinging of impact was quickly compensated by an insistent sucking on the exposed skin of my breasts. They were still covered in a zebra print bra but

his lips followed the edge of the cup closely. Every few moments his tongue would dive out, sliding underneath the fabric. A gentle heat continued to flow from between my thighs as his teeth sunk into the skin of my breasts. The pain caused a completely new tingle. My fingers began to tremble against the cloth of the seats. "I want you so fucking bad Mann, please. Just screw me already." The tinted windows caught my eye, reminding me of a scene from the titanic. Smirking knowingly I sat up and tugged my bra off. Mann's tongue slid out and ran over his lips hungrily. I shivered in anticipation before leaning back again. He only looked at me for a moment before going in for the kill. Immediately his lips wrapped around my nipple, his tongue flicking repeatedly over the highly sensitive tip. He continued to suck on the nub before biting gently at the edges. My entire body pressed up into his, begging to get just a little bit more friction. Finally warmed up enough and satisfied he sat up and began taking off his pants. Following his lead I unsnapped my shorts and shoved them down off my legs. Looking up I saw that Mann was already completely undressed. I couldn't hold back the intake of air following my surprise at his size. I had felt it, I had held it, but it looked so much larger than I was able to imagine. The length was a little more than average but the girth is something that could have been put in a history book. I squeaked in fear and he chuckled, a deep evil kind of laughter. I smirked at him before pushing my bikini cut panties off. "I would love to taste you, but it's not really possible with this size of car, so..." A slight pink covered the cheeks of the young man. He was actually flustered to be with me. I swelled with pride as I slid a little farther down on the seat. "I don't need it, I just need you inside me. Now." My voice was intent and he followed suit. My legs were spread as wide as possible. One leg was hooked over the back of the seat, the other was laid against the back of the front seat. Carefully Mann lined himself up between my legs. Breathing shakily I relaxed completely. I could feel pressure against my entrance as he began to push. The pain that immediately scoured through me was almost unbearable. It was nearly worse than my first time. He was so much thicker than anything I was accustomed to. Whimpering his name brokenly he stopped and looked up at me. Although he was a lot more considerate than I envisioned I could see the want plainly spelled out on his face. He wanted to fuck, and he wanted it hard. Nodding numbly at him I whispered shakily for him to continue on. My compliance was all he needed for the animal inside to break free. The rest of his cock slid all the way into my depths. Squeaking high pitched I wrapped my legs loosely around his waist. His skin was sticky to the touch and insanely warm. Breathing heavy I rocked my body against his with every forceful thrust. It wasn't long before the large SUV was rocking along with us. His lips were hot against my ear as he let each of his breaths fall heavily against my earlobe. The pressure of his thrusts was felt against my clit every few moments. Reaching between us I began to rub my clit urgently. Mann noticed what I was doing and began to suck down the length of my neck intently. I had always been extremely sensitive on my neck. The mixture of pleasure from my now wet neck, my electrified clit, and my stretched pussy pushed me over the edge. My body curled into his one last time, seizing harshly. My breath came in ragged attempts as I moaned out loudly, biting into my lip desperately to muffle any noise. The pleasure coursed through my body like a river. It all happened so fast. Without warning Mann's body began to move faster, a near blur before my own eyes. Clenching my eyes shut I took his consistent pounding, only allowed to relax once he

pressed all the way inside me. A quiet string of curse words flew from Mann's lips as he came deep inside my fertile vaginal walls. "Sorry." The quiet apology could barely be heard, it was a discrete mumble. Shrugging I pulled myself from around him and reality began to set in. This man meant nothing to me, and I would be nothing more than a notch in his belt. A story to tell the next day in the locker room. Fighting back the tears of frustration I sat up and slid my clothes back on hurriedly. Everything was off. My clothes were just a tiny bit to the wrong side, my hair was disheveled, and there were marks of what we had done lining up and down my neck. Mann placed a chaste kiss to my lips before opening the door for me. Whispering a quiet thank you I slid out of the car and made my way back into the restaurant. My friends simply looked at me confused before making room for me again. No looks were given, no words were exchanged. Apparently no one had watched me sneak into the rocking car with the star player, they only knew that I had disappeared for an impressive amount of time. Mann entered the restaurant a few minutes later looking much more put together than I was. That same cocky smile was still on his face as his teammates high fived him for the good game. The restaurant erupted in cheers for the 20 something star. The town was his for the night. Girls began to flock to his table begging for autographs and photographs. He happily gave out the autographs but informed the girls he would only be able to take photos after he ate his dinner. After all, he did just have a very eventful game and he needed some food. They nodded and dismissed themselves from his presence. My friend locked eyes with me, a shit-eating grin spread across her mischievous face, "I'm gonna get you a picture with him, watch this!" Before I had a moment to fight the declaration my friend had darted from our table and was casually strolling over to Mann's table. I could see him look up at her, exchange a few words, and then begin walking our way. When his eyes locked with mine he began to smile softly. I locked eyes with the floor as I slid out of the booth. His smooth voice boomed as he got closer to me, "I hear it's your birthday." Looking up terrified I locked eyes with my friend. She shrugged and grabbed her phone to take the camera. Stepping next to Mann I wrapped my arm behind his back and whispered that it was indeed my birthday. He pulled me tightly against his side and smiled for the snapshot. Following the flash he looked down at me and smiled before whispering, "Got any plans, maybe a little birthday sex?" I choked on my own spit and looked up at him with tears welling in my eyes. He took a small moment to rub my back in a gentle circle before walking away, his laugh echoing the entire time he walked away. As soon as he was out of earshot I glared at my friend, "It is NOT my birthday!" My own voice sounded venomous in my ears. The disgust just rolled off my friend's shoulders as she retaliated, "Who can turn down a birthday girl?"