

Getting Over Jake, and Under Adin

By MissBehavin

Published on Lush Stories on 27 Nov 2012

She was hung up on the man who broke her heart, but now she's fucking with the best she's ever had.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/getting-over-jake-and-under-adin.aspx>

“Get your ass up, lady.” Harlee snapped at me. “You have been sulking around here since Jake dumped you, and I’m getting freaking sick of it. We’re going out tonight, and you’re going to enjoy yourself if it fucking kills me.” I opened my mouth to argue, but she shut me up with a snap of her fingers. “Don’t you dare make any excuses. You’ll wear my clothes. You are doing this, Taylor.” “Harlee,” I whined. “I don’t know if I can. I haven’t been to a club in months. I don’t even know if I can dance anymore.” “This coming from you ?” Harlee asked, incredulous. “Miss shake-her-ass-till-every-guy-has-a-boner?” I frowned at her, barely even remembering that girl I used to be. The girl I was before Jake. “I remember how you used to love to tease all the guys in the clubs, or bars, or parties. You had them feeding out of the palm of your hand. Don’t you want that back? Didn’t you like how that power felt?” I hesitated, but nodded anyway. I loved it... “Then fucking get out there, you idiot! Stop bitching and moaning about Jake, and find some other guy! Even if it’s just for the night, just to prove to yourself that you’ve still got it.” I knotted my fingers together in my lap, frowning down at them with my eyebrows pulled together. Why shouldn’t I do this? Why not go out and have a good time? Jake is gone, and he’s never coming back. He left me, but I’m still waiting for him to walk through that door, and tell me that he still loves me, that it was stupid of him to think he could survive without me. I’m being one of those girls. One of the girls I used to feel so sorry for. Not anymore. I’m done waiting. I stood up, squared my shoulders, and held my chin up. “Let’s do this shit.” Harlee smiled at me. “That’s my girl.” I’ve always had a nice body. With my full C-cup breasts, flat stomach, and curvy body, I could stop a bus. But when Harlee put me in a tight black dress with a plunging neckline that showed tons of cleavage, and no back but for the tiny strip of black that barely covered my ass, I wanted to fuck myself. And holy shit, my shoes . Four inch tall silver platforms that made my legs look twice as long, and three times as tan. Harlee did my hair and make-up, too. My already-huge curly blonde hair, was even wilder, which made me look like an 80s porn star, but in the greatest of ways, with red lips, dark, smoky eyes, and the tiniest amount of color on my cheeks. I looked hot. When we showed up to the club, L’Amour Chaud , I was so ready to forget about Jake, that I almost didn’t notice him until he was right in front of us, and it was too late. Standing outside the club, looking sexy as ever in dark jeans, a black button-up shirt, and red Converse, was the most

dangerous man I had ever dated. Not dangerous in the criminal way, but dangerous in the way that made me throw all my inhibitions and morals out the window. "Hello, Taylor," he said, his cocky half-smile playing on his lips. "Adin," I replied, trying to ignore the way his curly black hair was tousled so sexily all over his head. "How are you on this fine evening?" His hands were in the pockets of his low-slung jeans, his eyes intent on mine. "I'm fabulous," I will not show him how much he gets to me. Not tonight. Tonight, I'm in control. "How have you been?" I asked, dropping one of my hips in a way I know he loved. "I'm good," his eyes slid over my body approvingly, making my heart race and my pussy tingle. "You look great, Taylor. Always knew how to make the boys drool." He locked his gaze back onto mine and held it, smirking when my breath caught. Damn he's sexy. I let my gaze travel to his lips, his broad shoulders, his narrow hips, his long, strong legs. "You, too," I practically purred back at him. "Always knew how to make the panties drop." I winked at him then, and hooked my arm through Harlee's and strutted into the club, leaving him behind. The club's music was so loud, I could barely hear myself think, let alone hear what Harlee was saying to me. "What?" I yelled back at her. She leaned closer and spoke into my ear. "He is so god damned hot." I smiled and nodded. "If you don't fuck him tonight, I will." She yelled at me. I threw my head back and laughed, loving her so much for saying that, because I knew she never would. She danced and flirted, but never had sex with guys she wasn't dating. She was probably a better person than me for that. I mouthed back at her, OK, and rolled my eyes. I leaned into her and said, "You go dance, I'm gonna get something to drink." She nodded and kissed me on the cheek, then disappeared into the crowd of gyrating bodies. Sitting at the bar where it was slightly quieter, I had a view of the entrance and exit to the club, so I could see everyone who came and went, but once again, I didn't notice Adin come up behind me. "Hello again, gorgeous," he drawled at me, his voice like liquid sex pouring from his mouth. "Can I buy you a drink?" "Oh, of course," I smiled at him. "Do you remember what I like?" He motioned for the bartender, never taking his eyes off mine. "Vodka martini, three olives," he paused, his eyes flicking to my mouth, "Extra dirty," he finished. "Coming right up," The bartender replied, but neither of us really heard him. "Impressive," I told Adin, and took a sip of my drink. Aah, perfect. "I especially liked the dramatic pause at the end." I gazed up at him, leaning against the bar, propped on one of his elbows, looking incredibly long and lean. "You know me," he shrugged. "I live to impress." His fingertips danced on my shoulder, making my stomach flip flop. I ate two of my olives and downed the rest of my drink, trying to ease the nerves that were already bubbling inside me. God, how does he do this to me? "Hey, can I have your olive?" he asked, looking at the toothpick in my empty glass. I felt a slow, wicked smile spread across my face. "Sure," I answered. I reached for the toothpick and brought it to my mouth, then pulled the olive off with my teeth, holding it there for him, challenging him with my eyes. He stared at my mouth, a smile on his lips, and lust in his eyes. "I can have it, but I have to kiss you to get it?" he asked. I raised an eyebrow at him, waiting. "I like this game." And with that, he leaned down and took my lips in his, snaking his tongue between my teeth and extracting the olive. He gave me one light kiss before he pulled away, chewing his olive in triumph. My heart was pounding so hard that I swore he could hear it, even with the loud music. "Delicious," he moaned. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," I replied. "Cause that was my last one." "I wasn't talking about the olive, babe."

He was looking at my mouth again. I could feel my pussy getting wetter by the second. God, I wanted this man. "Well, in that case, you can have more if you want." I turned on my stool so that my back was to the bar and my legs were towards the dance floor. I propped my elbows on the counter behind me and stretched my body out, putting myself on display for him. He pushed off the bar and stood in front of me, straddling one of my thighs, and leaned forward to brace his arms on the bar on either side of me. "Is that an invitation, Taylor?" he asked, so close to me that I could smell his cologne and feel the heat coming off his body. I reached out with one hand and snagged his belt buckle, pulling him closer to me until his jean clad thigh was pressed against my pussy. I rocked my hips, sliding myself against his thigh, stimulating my clit. "It is, Adin," I replied, my face now only inches from his. "All you have to do is say yes." I reached up with the hand I used to pull him closer and gripped the back of his neck, pulling him down to me to kiss him hard on the mouth. I ran my tongue along his bottom lip, begging entrance, and when he opened his mouth, I gripped his lip in between my teeth and pulled back slightly, sucking on his lip. I released him and looked into his eyes, breathing hard, "Well? What's it gonna be?" I asked. "Yes or no?" The look on his face was pure, unadulterated need. I rocked my hips into him again, harder this time, making both of us moan. "I want you, Taylor," he told me, his voice much huskier than before. "Always have. You're the sexiest creature I have ever laid my eyes on. So, my reply to your invitation is a big," he kissed the side of my neck. "Fat," he kissed the other side. "Yes." He kissed me ever so lightly on my lips, a whisper of a kiss. "But I want you where only I can see you. I want you to be mine tonight, Taylor. No one else will get the pleasure of seeing you come undone." He started sliding his thigh between mine, making me gasp. "Say you want me, baby. I want to hear you say it. Tell me." "Mmm, Adin, I want you so bad." I moaned to him. "I want you in me, every glorious inch of you. I want you to make me scream." He growled deep in his chest, and I almost came right there. I fucking love it when he does this. When he turns into an animal. "Come on," he said, pulling me to my feet. He paid the bartender for my drink, pulled me out to the street, and hailed a cab. "Hotel de Noire, please." Adin told the cabby, then grabbed me around the waist and began nibbling at my neck. I moaned, "And make it fast." I reached my hand down and gripped his already-hardening cock through his jeans, massaging him to the best of my ability. His deep groans in my ear drove me on faster, making me want to see him come completely and blissfully undone, all because of me. Adin worked his hot mouth down my neck, licking and nibbling his way along my collar bone, tweaking one of my hardened nipples after slipping his hand inside my dress. I moaned his name, stroking him faster through his jeans, wanting him in me so badly that I could feel my wetness on my thighs. "Here we are, the Hotel de Noire." "Thanks," Adin mumbled as he handed the man a fifty dollar bill. "Keep the change." He got me out of the door as quickly as possible, practically sprinting to the front steps of the hotel, trailing me along behind him, stumbling over my feet. I have seen Adin do a lot of things, but running to a room to have sex is not one of them. He'd always been the composed one, the one with the control, while I was the one begging for him. "Adin," I said, breathless. "Adin, slow down! I can't keep up with you in these shoes." He glanced back at me, and swept his gaze down to my legs, where my short dress was starting to ride up a bit on my thighs. I heard him groan and felt him pull me faster, rushing towards the elevator a few feet

away. He pressed the up button at least twenty times, jumping up and down on the balls of his feet, like a runner getting ready for a race. When the doors opened he pulled me inside, pressed the close button and the button for floor twenty, and pressed me up against the side of the elevator with my arms pinned above my head. "What are you doing to me, Taylor?" He whispered into my ear, his long, strong body pressed against mine. "Adin," I breathed into his neck. "I...I've never been this fucking hot in my life." He growled in his chest and pressed his cock harder against me. "I can actually...feel it running down my thighs..." He went still, then pulled his head back just enough to look into my eyes. "What?" But before I could repeat myself, he was on his knees in front of me, spreading my legs a little wider. I felt his tongue slide up the inside of my thigh, tasting the juices dripping from my pussy. Sighing and moaning, I started clutching at the wall of the elevator behind me with my head leaned back, as if I could grab onto it for support. After cleaning my thighs, Adin stood up and kissed me full on the mouth, my taste still on his lips. The elevator dinged and the doors slid open, and we were both off down the hallway, tripping and stumbling over each other like teenagers. Finally, at the end of the hall, Adin stopped in front of a door and opened it with a key he produced from his pocket. "Oh my God, this room is amazing..." I gushed, looking around. The room was bigger than my apartment, with a king sized canopy bed bedecked in gorgeous silk sheets, two plush grey sofa chairs, and an elaborate mahogany dresser. "How in the hell did you afford this?" I asked, incredulous. "Why do you sound so surprised?" he chuckled. It was a deep, sexy noise that made my panties drip. "Well, Adin, the last time I was with you, you didn't exactly have shit-loads of money." "Aaaah, but I was young then." He told me, stroking my upper arm with his fingertips. I turned to face him, my head tilted up slightly to look at his face. "You still look young to me," I told him, wrapping my arms up around his neck and pressing my body against his. He wrapped his arms around my waist and took my mouth with his in a deep, passionate kiss. It was the kind of kiss that you felt from the tip of your head, all the way down to your toes. The kind of kiss that made your head swim and your knees weak. I fisted my hand in his hair and held on for dear life. After a while, Adin broke the kiss, breathing deep into his beautiful chest, and rested his forehead on mine, his hands running up and down my sides. "I had to come up for air," Adin said, chuckling a little. "Well don't get used to it, 'cause I'm just getting started with you." I replied with a sexy half smile. I pushed him back until he fell on the bed, kicked off my shoes, and pulled my skimpy black dress slowly over my head, letting him get the full view. When my dress fell to the ground, he was just staring at me like a thirteen-year-old boy who'd never seen a woman naked before. "Tay...babe..." he stammered. I didn't let him finish, though, but instead ripped his shirt open, shirt buttons landing everywhere, and pushed Adin back on his elbows. I gave him a sweet kiss on his lips, then moved along his jaw, down his neck, and across his chest and stomach, working the buckle and button on his belt and jeans. Once I got down to his happy trail, I stopped kissing and licking him just long enough to get his jeans and boxer-briefs off. I looked into his eyes, cupped his smooth balls, and kissed his inner thighs before gliding the tip of my tongue up the underside of his rigid cock, making him shudder. I've found that one of the tricks to a really good blow job is always making eye contact. So, still holding his gaze with mine, I kissed the head of his cock and licked his precum slowly off of my lips. Adin moaned and

said “You always did know how to torture me in such a good way.” I smirked at him one more time, and took his head between my lips, sucking slightly, and running my tongue over its smooth surface. The farther I slid his cock into my mouth, the harder I sucked, and the more my tongue moved. By the time his head was touching the back of my throat, Adin was bucking up into my mouth and begging for more. Just how I like him. I slid his cock out of my mouth and replaced it with one of his balls, sucking it in, and letting it go with a pop while massaging the other one in my hand. I reached my free hand up and lightly dragged my nails down his chest, and he rewarded me with a sexy, passionate growl. “Tay...you’re driving me crazy, you’re gonna make me cum before I even get a chance to be inside you...” he said, breathing heavily. I popped his ball out of my mouth, rammed his cock down deep into my throat and hummed around him. Adin groaned and ground his hips up towards me. When I came up for air he grabbed my hair and kissed me hard, kneading my ass in his other hand. “You know I hate it when you do that.” He scolded me jokingly. I batted my lashes at him, feigning innocence and pouting my lips. “Oh, Adin, what ever do you mean?” “When you,” he paused to moan. “When you ram your head down on my cock like that.” I giggled at that, and climbed onto his lap to straddle him. “You’re so full of shit, Adin Stark.” He flipped me over onto my back and pinned my arms above my head. “You callin’ me a liar, Taylor Phillips?” I nodded. “Do you remember what happened last time you accused me of lying?” he asked me. “It was so long ago, I think I’ve forgotten.” I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled him down onto me. “Why don’t you refresh my memory?” *** This is my first story that I've submitted to this site, tell me what you think? (; Love, MissBehavin