

# Lust and Love

By Sisyphus

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*Two strangers meet in a bar late at night in the middle of nowhere and satisfy their lust*

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LUST AND LOVE Sisyphus Chapter One I wanted her the moment she walked into the bar. I had been driving all day on my way to visit some old friends in Western Massachusetts. It was late and I decided to get a drink then head back to the sleazy motel down the road, get up early and continue my journey. The shabby bar was empty except for the bald headed bartender with a pot belly and an old guy by himself at a back table with his head down on the table, holding an empty shot glass; the head of a buck with huge antlers hung from the wall over the bar. We were in the middle of nowhere so I was surprised when this sexy young woman walked in wearing tight faded jeans that strained against her round luscious ass. When she entered, our eyes met, lingering briefly, a slight smile on her lips, before looking away. She wore an old jean jacket that was embroidered with bright colored beads on the sleeves. I guessed she was in her thirties, maybe fifteen years younger than me. She had an exotic, hippy look with long dark curly hair, olive skin, high cheek bones. When she sat down at the other end of the bar, she glanced at me again, that slight smile on her lips, then looked away when the bar tender asked her what she wanted. I heard her order a martini, which surprised me, but I said to the bar tender, "Put it on my tab." When she heard that, we nodded, our eyes meeting with that slight smile on her lips. She then surprised me when she walked over and sat on the stool next to me. She put her small backpack on the floor. "Thanks, mister, mind if I join you. My name's Megan." "Not at all, I'm Jonathan, but people call me Jon," I said then took a sip of my Jack Daniels. "Hi Jon," she said, smiling. Our eyes met again, that slight playful smile on her lips, both of us wondering where this sudden meeting in a bar in the middle of nowhere would end. I knew the moment I saw her walk in that I wanted to fuck her and had a feeling from the way she looked at me that she was interested in something happening. It sounds trite but there were definitely hot sparks flying. When her drink came she picked it up and we clicked glasses. She smiled and looked me in the eye, "Here's to luck!" "I'll drink to that," I said, raising my glass then took another sip. She took a sip of her martini then put her glass down and stirred the olive with her index finger. She then put her finger in her mouth, licking it with her tongue, looking at me then sucking it, "Mmmmm, that's so good," she said, looking into my eyes, sucking her finger suggestively, "I love martinis." I could not believe how sexy she looked licking and sucking her finger. Immediately, my cock got hard. I could tell by the way she looked into my eyes while sucking her finger, she was enjoying teasing me. The sexual energy

between us was growing rapidly and I suddenly appreciated her toast to luck. Things like this don't happen except in fantasies I thought, but here we were in a dinky bar in the middle of nowhere, two strangers attracted to each other and knowing we wanted to fuck each other. It was just a matter of time. "So, Jon, what are you doing here?" she asked, taking another sip from her drink. "I'm on my way to visit some old friends but needed to stop. I'm at the motel down the road." "Nice. I'm on my way home from a conference and thought I'd stop, too. "I'm probably at the same motel you are-- hmmm...serendipity," she said taking another sip from her drink then picked up the olive out of her glass, placed it in her mouth, holding it between her round lips, before swallowing it, looking into my eyes with that slight teasing smile on her lips. "You look interesting," she said, nodding, "like you think a lot. What do you do? "I'm a writer," I answered, "novels, poetry, short stories." "Cool. I like your blue eyes," she said, pausing, "eyes tell a lot about a guy and I like beards," she said glancing at my beard then back at my eyes, biting her lower lip. "Thanks," I said, taking a sip of my drink, our eyes looking at each other as if exploring a new territory. "So, where's home," I asked, finishing my Jack Daniels and motioned to the bartender for another one. "New York," she answered. "Where are you from?" "Maine." "Oh, I was in Maine once a few years back...beautiful. I loved it." She finished her martini, smacking her lips, "Mmmmm, that was good. I could go for another one," she said, looking at me just as the bartender put down my glass. I pointed to hers, "She'll take another one." "Thanks," she said then took her jean jacket off and put it on top of her backpack on the floor. She was wearing a skimpy black tank top that could barely contain her tits and it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. I moaned to myself when I saw her tits, her nipples making little peaks on her tight tank top, her cleavage driving me crazy. She smiled, seeing where I was looking, knowing she was getting me hot then glanced down at my crotch and could see my hard cock bulging in my jeans which I didn't try to hide. Neither of us said anything, but smiled knowingly, our lust for each other climbing rapidly. When her martini came, we clicked glasses again then taking sips of our drinks, looking into each others eyes, smiling silently, reading each others thoughts. She rotated on her bar stool and faced me and sat with her legs spread apart so that I could see her crotch and how the seam of her faded tight jeans pressed into her pussy, sending me a message that she was opening herself to me. I faced her too, my legs spread apart and she could see the outline of my cock straining to break out of my jeans. We were clearly teasing each other as our knees touched. She lifted her martini to her mouth and took another sip while I did the same with my drink, our eyes looking into each others eyes over the rims of our glasses, both of us getting drunk, knowing we wanted each other, our lust growing, our inhibitions fading. It was just a matter of time. "So what do you do in New York?" I asked, swirling my drink, letting the ice cubes clink. "I'm a professor at NYU and write articles on feminism and other women issues. I'm in the Women's Studies Department." "So are you a strident feminist?" "I am," she said, "very strident. In fact several hours ago I delivered a paper at the conference on the exploitation of the professional woman in a man's world and was dressed in handsome pant suit, my hair in a tight bun, horn rimmed glasses." She then glanced over at the bartender whose back was to us and then reached forward and started to rub my cock. "Mmmmm....nice." she moaned. I put my hand on top of her hand as she rubbed my cock, surprised at her aggressiveness, also glancing at the back of the

bartender. "Are all feminists as aggressive as you?" "I don't know about others. We're not suppose to let ourselves be sexual objects and that's what I teach and write about, you know, professional equality, how to handle sexual harassment, how to maintain female dignity in the workplace and not be exploited." As she leaned forward, biting her lower lip, rubbing my cock, I could see her cleavage and couldn't resist reaching forward and started rubbing one of her tits with the palm of my hand, squeezing it, hearing her moan again, "mmmmm I like that." "So you're a professional feminist," I said, wondering if the bartender heard her moaning. "I am but if my students and readers could see me now, they'd be shocked." "Why?" I asked as she continued rubbing my hard cock and I rubbed her tit, loving how soft it was and how hard her nipple felt against my palm as I squeezed, liking how she bit her lower lip before speaking, the lusty look in her eyes. "Because I shouldn't be in a bar like this in the middle of nowhere, dressed in tight jeans and a tight shirt wanting to get laid," she said. "Then why are you?" "Because I'm tired of all the bullshit, I mean, a lot of what I teach is important for young women to know, but sometimes I get really horny and just want to fuck and forget all that crap—get out of my head." "Interesting," I said nodding, smiling into her eyes liking what I was hearing, her lusty honesty getting me hotter. "Yeah, sometimes I just want to be a slut and shove all that intellectual crap out the door and just be taken, let myself go." "Very interesting," I said feeling my curiosity getting as aroused as my cock. "So how do you do that?" "I find places like this where no one knows me, dress the way I know men like, let my hair loose and I become the sexy woman I am underneath the intellectual, you know, the putting on a 'face to meet the faces that you meet' like Eliot says in that J. Alfred Prufrock poem." "I know what you mean, Megan, you want to live your erotic fantasies not just fantasize. You're tired of being prudent like Prufrock." "Right and that's why I sometimes stop in places like this where no one knows me to see if I can find a guy whose on the same page as me." She smiled, took a sip of her martini and looked into my eyes, "like you." "What do you mean like me?" I asked, finding our conversation adding to the heat of what we were feeling, wanting to see if our honest words would take us where we both wanted to go. "I saw how you looked at me when I came in, you looked cool and I knew you wanted to fuck me and I said to myself, "Jackpot!" "Jackpot," I repeated, chuckling. "Yeah, I knew I was going to score and get what I was looking for." "Is that so," I said, glancing at the back of the bartender, moving my hand to the inside of her thigh, sliding it up closer to her crotch while she rubbed my bulging cock. "I think we both hit the jackpot." "I think you're right," she said, biting her lower lip, looking into my eyes, rubbing my cock through my jeans, my hand rubbing her jean covered pussy, the other on her tit. She then leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "You're getting me so fucking hot." Just then the bartender went into a back room leaving us alone at the bar and suddenly all inhibitions were gone and our raunchy lust for each other took over. I stood up between her legs and cupped her pussy, pressing harder against her crotch while she grabbed and squeezed my cock through my jeans. She pushed her pelvis forward so that I could rub her harder. "Oh fuck," she gasped softly and then again, a little louder, thrusting her pussy against my hand. "Oh fuck!" she moaned again, biting her lower lip harder, our eyes locked on each other, the intensity of our lust getting out of control. "Let's finish our drinks and get out of here," I said. "Cool!" she said, wrapping her fingers tighter around my hard cock.

“Mmmmm. you’ve got something I want, mister.” We both finished our drinks and I threw a twenty on the bar and we were out of there, both of us drunk and wobbly as we left. It was a warm August night, the sky full of stars. Our cars were the only ones in the dark parking lot. The red neon sign in the bar’s window blinked on and off, casting an eerie red glow on the gravel. As we approached my car, I suddenly pushed her hard against the door and we kissed, devouring each others tongues. I grabbed her ass and pulled her against my hard cock and we started grinding and humping each other, our tongues swirling madly. She grabbed my ass and pulled me against her, our hungry bodies desperately fucking each other through our clothes, our humping getting harder and hotter, our mouths and tongues almost hurting from the force of our kissing. Suddenly, we released each other’s mouths, gasping for air but continued grinding and humping, looking into each others hungry eyes. She lowered herself slightly, arching her back, spreading her legs wider apart, thrusting her jean covered pussy harder, moving up and down my hard cock, grinding herself harder into me, loving the intense pleasure we were giving each other. “I want you, mister,” she gasped, sliding up and down my throbbing cock. I grabbed her ass with both hands squeezing and kneading and loving how the thin tight denim strained against the firm roundness of her ass as I humped her harder. “Oh fuck, I’m going to cum,” she cried out, humping her pussy harder and harder against my bulging cock. “I’m going to cum. Oh baby, baby fuck me, ohhhhh baby, fuck me fuck me, fuck me, don’t stop don’t stop, ohhh fuck I’m cummming I’m cummmmming in my pants. Ohhhhhhhmygod,” she screamed, her body tense, shaking in intense spasms. Suddenly, she grabbed my ass, sliding up and down, grinding, humping, her words driving me insane, making me pound my cock against her harder, her body tensing again. “Oh baby, I need your cock in me. I need it bad. Let’s get in the car. I need you to fuck me.” Luckily it was late, the parking lot was dark and there was no traffic on the desolate road. I opened up the back door and she got in and lay down on her back, kicking off her sandals, taking off her jeans as fast as she could while I pulled mine down. I then pulled her jeans over her feet and then her soaked panties, throwing them on the floor then got in the car on my knees between her legs. She placed one leg on the back of the seat, the other on the floor, her pussy wide open to me. She looked at my cock then at my eyes, reaching her arms out for me. “Come on, I want that huge cock! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! I’m safe! Don’t worry.” Her horny and reassuring words drove me insane and I rammed my cock into her wet pussy, opening her with one hard thrust. “I’m safe too, had a vasectomy,” and rammed my cock into her pussy as hard as I could. “You’re so tight!” I yelled, thrusting madly. “Take my cock you little slut!” “Yeah! Talk dirty to me! Make me your slut!” she yelled, lifting her ass off the seat. I could not believe my ears, her words inspiring me to get raunchy and fuck her harder. “Come on, fuck me! Fuck me you little whore! Give me your cunt!” “Yeah, fuck your whore! Give it to me harder. Harder!” she screamed, lifting her ass, arching her back. “Fuck me harder, you fucking bastard! Give it to me! Give it to me!” I pulled all the way out and then slammed deep into her again and again, her head thrashing from side to side, “I’m cummming! Oh baby, do it, yeah, that’s it I’m cummmmming! Don’t stop, don’t stop, fuck me harder! Harder! Harder! “Take it! Take it!” I yelled, pulling out and thrusting harder, my cock like a hot piston driving into her tight pussy, sensing she was on the verge of exploding. “Take it, you little slut.” “Oh God! I’m cummming,”

she screamed again, her whole body tensing, trembling, her pussy gripping my hard cock. "Don't stop! Fuck me harder! Ohhhh here it comes. I'm cummmmming oh god I'm cummming. I'm cummming!" she screamed, her delirious words urging me to pound her harder, her tight pussy taking me over the edge. Suddenly, she exploded in a huge orgasm screaming her head off when my orgasm hit like a freight train roaring through me, my swollen cock pumping deeper, faster, harder, my whole body tensing, trembling, my voice screaming with each thrust, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Come on, fuck me! Give me that tight cunt!" Our loud voices filling my car as we both erupted in huge wild orgasms, both of us writhing in ecstatic convulsions before I collapsed on her. She then wrapped her strong legs around my back, her arms tight around my shoulders, pulling me even deeper into her, her pussy still clutching my deflated cock. I lay heavily on her in the back seat of my car, both of us completely spent, desperate for air, sweating, feeling the August heat, loving my cock in her warm wet pussy. Megan kept her legs wrapped around my back, trapping my cock in her and holding me to her with her strong legs and arms, panting heavily. "Oh baby I want more," she whispered in my ear. "I want to fuck you all night. I'm insatiable." With my soft cock still in her, I began to move in a slow swirling motion and felt her begin to move with me as we continued to draw warm sensual feeling from each other. "Man, this was one hot woman." I said to myself as I lay on her body, feeling her tits crushed against my chest, my mind spinning still not believing what just happened, the word "insatiable" exciting me. "Insatiable, are you," I asked, slowly pulling my cock out of her pussy, looking at her on the back seat of my car, thinking about her being a college teacher, a feminist, who taught young women to be on guard against being exploited. "Yes," she said, looking into my eyes. "I love to fuck!" "Good! Let's get going. We've got a long night ahead of us," I said. We quickly got dressed and noticed the lights in the bar were out and the neon sign was turned off. We both looked up at the stars then at each other. "Nice night," I said, looking up then at her, thinking how beautiful was. "Very," she said, smiling into my eyes, . She then dashed to her car and followed me to the Riverside Motel which was five minutes away from the bar. The neon sign on the motel office was on with the blue letter R blinking. The office was dark. It had to be past midnight. Megan pulled up alongside of my car. We walked quickly to my room and as soon as I opened the door, she squirmed by me, her round luscious ass straining her tight jeans. I had left a lamp on. When I entered and closed the door, she took her jeans jacket off and tossed it on the floor, her eyes on me like I was prey. "So how do you like your feminist slut," she said, slinking towards me. "I like how aggressive you are." "You do, do you?" I could not believe how beautiful and sexy she looked with her hair still messed up, her tight, faded jeans molded to her body, her tits stretching her black tank top, her intense hungry eyes looking at me. She was a fantasy come true and I could not believe my luck--meeting this sexy hot woman in the middle of nowhere. With our eyes locked on each other, she pushed me hard against the door and grabbed my bulging cock through my jeans, "This is mine," she said through gritted teeth, her mouth an inch from mine. "So you're a college teacher and a feminist," I managed to say, my cock harder than ever gripped by her hand. "Right, but not tonight," she said, getting down on her knees, rubbing my cock as she slowly unzipped my jeans and pulled my cock out. I looked down at her as she held my cock in her hand moving her mouth to it, licking the tip with her tongue. She

looked up at me with those hungry brown eyes as she licked, her hand gripping my cock, her tongue now moving up and down the length of my shaft like it was a popsicle, the warm wet sensation of her tongue forcing me to lean against the door and just give in and savor what she was doing to me. She then slid her mouth over the full length of my cock, swallowing me, moving her hot mouth up and down, slow at first then faster as her hunger for my cum grew. The soft slurping sounds she made swallowing my cock made me grab the back of her head, thrusting into her hot mouth, fucking her harder with each thrust. I watched my cock going in and out of her mouth, her hands grabbing my ass as I pumped harder, my cock swelling in her mouth. She sensed I was about to explode and moved her mouth faster, deeper, hungrier, slurping and moaning as she took me over the edge, on the verge of exploding. "Oh baby, suck my cock! Suck it!" I screamed looking down at her head, my hands pulling her hair, her mouth bobbing faster and faster up and down swallowing my swollen cock as I fucked her. Suddenly, my orgasm hit and my cock exploded, filling her mouth with cum, gush after gush bursting forth, dribbling down her chin as she gobbled up all that she could. My cock popped out of her mouth and I slid down to the floor, unable to stand after that intense release. She leaned back and smiled, my cum on her lips and chin. I sat on the green carpeted floor, my back against the door with my legs straight out, my cock hanging limply, Megan kneeling between my legs, breathing heavily. She then crawled closer, lifting my cock and continued licking the remains of cum from my cock, moaning as she licked. "Told you I'm insatiable," she said, looking up at me. "You are, are you?" I smiled. "Well get ready to beg me to stop when I fuck your brains out." "Oh yeah!" she said and chuckled. "You think you can handle me." "I know I can," I answered and in a sudden burst of energy stood up, roughly pulling her to her feet, pushing her to the bed, unbuttoning her jeans at the same time then roughly pushed her onto her back, quickly pulling her jeans off, getting her to squirm out of them. She didn't have her panties on--they were probably still in the back of my car. I grabbed her ankles as I got down on my knees on the floor, placing her wide open legs over my shoulders. Wanting to drive her crazy I started licking the inside of her soft, smooth thigh just below her pussy, teasing her. I moved my tongue from one thigh to the other, licking her on both sides of her pussy, not touching where I know she wanted my tongue. "Stop teasing me!" she screamed, grabbing my hair, writhing. "Stop teasing me!" she yelled again, my tongue licking her thighs. "Eat me! Stop teasing me, you fucking bastard," she screamed, lifting her ass. I knew we were in for a night of hot raunchy fucking and that both of us were on the same page--two strangers meeting in the middle of nowhere, casting all inhibitions out the window, letting our lust take over. We were wild animals. I continued licking both sides of her pussy as she writhed, screaming at me, the words "insatiable" challenging me. I was determined to make her beg me to fuck her then beg me to stop when she couldn't take it any more. She would learn she had met her match and was not the only one who was insatiable. I then gently touched her pussy lips with the tip of my tongue and heard her gasp as she pulled my hair, wanting more. I tickled her pussy lips lightly with my tongue, barely touching her with my feather like tip, pulling my tongue away then touching her pussy a little harder then licking up and down, loving the taste and smell of her dripping pussy. I then began licking her harder with the flat of my tongue, spreading her legs wider, lapping up her juices, moving from her ass hole to her clit, putting

more and more pressure on her pussy with each swipe. She was writhing and whimpering, “ohhhhh baby that’s so good, eat me, eat me ohhhhhh baby eat me eat me, don’t stop ohhhhhh yes yes, don’t stop,” she moaned, pushing her pussy harder against my tongue, pulling my hair, forcing my tongue to go deeper. She was the wildest, hungriest woman I had ever fucked. I then started licking and sucking her clit as I placed my middle finger in her tight pussy, feeling her muscles gripping them. “Ohhhhhh yeah! Do that! Do that!” she screamed, fucking my finger as I sucked her engorged clit. I then thrust a second and then a third finger in her pussy, filling her and curling it so that it rubbed against her soft g-spot, my tongue licking and sucking her clit. That’s when she went completely berserk. “Oh yes! yes! I’m there! I’m there! I’m cummmmming again!” she screamed lifting her ass off the bed as she fucked my fingers and my mouth. It was all I could do to hold her as she shuddered, shaking violently when she climaxed in a wild hysterical orgasm. I then tore off my jeans and climbed back on the bed between her wide open legs. My cock was hard again. Her wild screaming and writhing got me so hot I couldn’t stand it and had to ram my cock into her pussy and fuck her as hard as I could—knowing I wanted to drive her crazy and beg me to stop. Suddenly, without warning I thrust as hard as I could, opening her with the power of my cock, her tight pussy gripping me. “OhhhhhhhhFuck! You’re so big!” she screamed as I rammed my cock into her, my deep thrusting pushing her into the soft mattress, the headboard banging against the wall. I pulled out then thrust again and again and again, pounding her harder, her tight pussy gripping my cock. The fact that I had cum from her blow job made me know I could hold on and fuck her brains out. I spread her legs wider apart, grabbing her hands, lifting them above her head, stretching her arms, gripping her hands, pinning her to the bed, ramming my cock into her pussy as hard as I could. She was still wearing her tank top. I surprised her by suddenly letting go of her hands, grabbing the straps of her tank top and pulled it down so that her big round tits popped out, her hard nipples like little bullets. I then grabbed both of her tits and squeezed them together, loving how luscious they felt. I roughly pulled her two nipples together and started licking and sucking both of them at the same time, my hands squeezing her tits. Her arms and hands were still over her head as I devoured her nipples, biting and twisting them with my mouth, my hard cock still deep in her pussy but now not moving as I sucked her tits, loving how her tight pussy gripped my cock, filling her. She then moved her hands to my ass, grabbing me, holding my cock deep in her, writhing, squirming, lifting, trying to get me deeper, trying to fuck me. She then took her hands from my ass and grabbed the top of my head, pulling my hair, forcing me to suck her tits harder while I swiveled my hips, moving my cock deeper, slowly screwing her tight pussy. She then lifted her ass off the bed trying to get my cock to fuck her harder. “Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh please! Please! I need it harder!” she screamed as I continued sucking and twisting both nipples, slowly screwing her while she moved under me, arching her body, lifting her ass, pushing herself up and down my hard rigid shaft, desperately trying to fuck herself, my swollen cock filling her, feeling her getting hornier and hungrier while I was determined to make this last as long as I could. Sensing she was about to explode again, I pulled my cock out of her pussy and took my mouth off of her nipples. “Don’t stop! No! No! No! Don’t stop! Don’t do this to me!” she screamed, looking up at me with pleading, desperate eyes. “Fuck me you fucking bastard! she yelled, and grabbed my ass trying

to pull me into her. I looked down at her, smiling into her eyes, loving how hungry and desperate she looked as she tried pulling me into her, but I was going to tease and play with her until she couldn't stand it anymore. I was in charge. "Don't do this to me. Just fuck me, damn it! Fuck me!" "You're a slut, aren't you," I said, looking into her eyes, my mouth just above hers, feeling the heat of her breathing. "Yeah! I'm a slut!" she screamed. "Fuck me! Fuck this slut! Fuck me!" she shouted throwing all her feminism out the window. "Whose slut are you?" I asked, moving my mouth closer to her as I spoke, looking into her hungry eyes. "I'm your slut! Yours! All yours! Now fuck me! I can't stand this! You're driving me crazy, you fucking bastard! Don't do this to me! I need your cock!" "You do, do you," I said, surprising her again by rolling on my back, pulling her on top. "Let's slow things down a little. I want you really crazy." She straddled me and started sliding her wet pussy up and down the length of my cock, moving back and forth, moaning as she slowly slid her slippery pussy lips up and down, grinding harder against the length of my cock, moaning, "Oh baby this feels so good. I love this. I could do this all night," she said in a low husky whisper in my ear, "mmmmmmmmmm baby you feel so good, so good, mmmmmmm. I love fucking you." I loved how she was using my cock, pleasuring herself, sliding her pussy slowly up and down my rock hard cock. It was such a turn on, playing with each other, slowing down, giving each other such excruciating sensations. "Use my cock, play with yourself, use my cock like it's your toy," I said softly, my hands on her round ass, rocking her back and forth on my cock, her tits pressed against my chest. The sensation of my cock sliding in and out of her juicy pussy was excruciating and I wanted it to last for both of us. She continued slowly sliding back and fourth on my cock, her clit grazing the sensitive tip, our eyes fixed on each other, savoring each other, then suddenly, she sat straight up, her eyes closed as she swiveled her hips, grinding her pussy against the length of my hard cock. She then grabbed her tits, arching her back and started rubbing them with both hands as she swiveled her hips on me. Her eyes closed concentrating on her pleasure. Watching her rubbing her tits, squirming and swiveling on my cock as she sat up was the most erotic things I had ever seen. Her pussy felt so warm and wet on my cock, the sensation getting me hotter and hotter. She then lifted herself up on her knees, grabbed my hard cock, holding it firmly in her fist and started to press and rub the tip of my cock against her clit, moaning, "Mmmmmmm oh baby I love this. I love playing with your cock. This feels so good." She threw her head back, looking up at the ceiling, rubbing herself harder. "Yeah, use my cock," I said to her, loving how her clit felt as she rubbed the tip of my sensitive cock. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh baby, baby, I love this I don't want this to end," she said, her eyes closed as she rubbed the tip of my cock harder against her clit, moving it around in a small circle, using my cock like it was her pleasure toy. Watching her holding my cock in her hand, rubbing her clit, her pussy dripping, her eyes closed, the sensation of her pussy rubbing my cock was driving me crazy and it was all I could do not to just throw her on her back and take her as hard as I could. But I wanted this to last as long as possible. I wanted to fuck her so hard she wouldn't know where she was. I wanted to fuck her senseless. I wanted to give this insatiable woman the fuck of her lifetime, something she would never forget. She was rubbing her clit harder and faster with the tip of my cock, her eyes closed and then suddenly she lifted herself higher then came down hard on my cock, impaling



herself, screaming, "OHHHHHHHHFUCK!" She then lifted her self up on her knees then came down harder, doing that again and again, harder and faster, riding my cock like she was galloping on her stallion to a shattering orgasm. "Ride me! Ride your stud!" I shouted, my hands gripping her hips, lifting her off of me then bringing her down harder and harder, my cock thrusting deep into her dripping steaming pussy. "Ohhhhhhhbaby I love your cock!" she screamed. I didn't know how much longer I would last, my hands gripping her round ass, as she lifted herself and came down fucking me harder and harder. Suddenly, she slowed down and lay down on me, her tits pressed against my chest, my cock thrusting as she rocked back and forth faster and faster then suddenly I put a finger in her ass hole. "OhhhhhhGod! I can't stand this! This is too much!" she screamed as my finger went in and out of her ass hole then suddenly she started riding me faster and harder like she was a jockey racing to the finish line, her pussy gripping my cock, her ass hole clinching my finger. Suddenly I felt her body tense, tremble, quiver then in a huge convulsion she let out a loud wail, screaming at the ceiling, "Ohhhhhhhh God! I'm cummmmming!" She kept fucking me, her cum pouring all over my cock, shrieking, "Ohhhhhhfuckkkkk! I'm cummming! Oh fuccckkkkkkkk!" she screamed louder, her body trembling and shaking violently as another huge wave swept over her and she screamed even louder. I loved how vocal she was and that made me fuck her harder. Suddenly, I grabbed her just as her orgasm was ending and quickly flipped her on her back, spreading her legs wide apart, not giving her a chance to catch her breath. I got up on my knees, our eyes meeting and she knew I was going to ravish her. I was now crazed with lust and just wanted to fuck her as hard as I could. "I want your cunt!" I shouted, rearing my hips back then thrusting into her waiting pussy. "Come on! Fuck your slut!" she yelled as I plowed into her with all my strength, pulling out and ramming my cock into her again and again and again, each thrust going faster, deeper, harder. I had never fucked anyone this hard and couldn't believe the words coming out of our filthy mouths as we fucked each other with complete wild abandon. We were both savage fucking animals, overflowing with raw, primal lust. Suddenly I grabbed her legs and put them over my shoulders lifting her, giving me complete access to her pussy. I pounded her back to the bed causing the springs of the bed to squeak, the head board banging against the wall. Talk about rough, raunchy fucking, this was it, nothing could be wilder, lustier. I could feel cum boiling in my balls, my cock swelling and knew I was going to explode any minute as I fucked her like a jackhammer. "OhhhhhhhhhhhGive it to me! Give it to me!" she screamed, lifting herself up with her legs over my shoulder then falling back to the bed as I drove my cock harder and harder. Suddenly, I reached under her, grabbing her ass, lifting her, holding her onto my cock and pounded her back to the bed both of us grunting, both of us on the verge of cumming again as we fucked harder and faster. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" I screamed, gripping her ass, lifting her, holding her on my cock then driving her back to the bed with each thrust. "Harder! Harder!" she screamed. "I'm cummmmming! I yelled, my cock swelling, my rising orgasm making me thrust harder and faster and suddenly, I erupted, my cum gushing like hot lava from a volcano into her pussy. "I'm cummmmming! I'm cummmmming!" I screamed louder than ever, thrusting madly. I felt her whole body trembling, shaking, then convulsing as we climaxed together in huge overwhelming orgasms then collapsed heavily on the bed, my cock still buried deep in her pussy. We were panting and gasping as

I lay on top of her, both of us unable to budge. We lay there on the drenched sheets, limp as wet noodles, panting, gasping in the warm after glow of our orgasms. Finally, I found the strength to lift my head and look at her. Our eyes met. We smiled. "Hi Stranger," she said. "Hi there," I responded. "I guess this could be called, two ships passing in the night," she said, grinning at me. "Or two shipwrecks," I said, chuckling then rolled her on her side and got behind her as we spooned, my arms wrapped around her. I kissed her shoulder then moved her hair aside and kissed the back of her neck. We were both quiet, loving the warmth of our bodies. She then lifted her head, turning to look at me then took a breath, "It's not easy being me," she said. "Oh?" I responded, surprised by her statement. "What do you mean?" "Well, you know. I really believe what I teach about women being independent and not being subservient." "That's good. You shouldn't be subservient. I agree with that." "Yeah but when you looked at me in the bar and I looked at you, I liked how you looked at me. It turned me on." "Well you looked pretty sexy. How could I not look at you? I wanted to fuck you the moment I saw you and that luscious ass." "I know and I liked that. I liked how you looked at me. I felt sexy," she said, turning in my arms to face me. "I could tell you liked it when you smiled slightly. I was surprised to see you walk into that bar." She took a deep breath, looking at me. "When I left that conference I changed out of my slick professional clothes--you know black pants, a white blouse, a maroon vest, my hair in a tight bun, my classy glasses hanging on a thin chain, heels--very professional, but I couldn't wait to get them off and put on those tight jeans, let my hair down, put on that tight tank top and get the hell out of there--not just out of that fancy hotel they put me up in but out of being miss know it all college professor. I wanted to get laid. I was far away from anyone who knows me and wanted to be free--free to fuck someone just for the hell of it--a one night stand." "Interesting," I said nodding, listening. "I know what you mean--there's a whole other side of you that you hide." "Right. I love teaching and I believe women have to be strong and independent, but sometimes I get so fucking horny I just want to get laid and be a slut." "So that's why you said it's hard to be me. You feel something is wrong with you 'cause you have this other side of you." "Right. I love to fuck." "I think that's healthy—nothing's wrong with you, Megan." She looked at me then put her arms around my shoulders, rolled onto her back and pulled me on top of her, spreading her legs so that my limp cock pressed against her pussy. I looked into her eyes, smiling, thinking how beautiful, sexy and vulnerable she was, opening her self to me and sharing her inner turmoil. "We're sexual beings," I said. "The drive to fuck is powerful but it gets so suppressed by our culture's phony morality." "Believe me I know," she said. "My dad's a minister and is head of the Theology Department at Columbia. I had to walk the straight and narrow, pushed to do well in school and here I am a college professor, thirty three years old teaching Women's Studies, but then I like sneaking to watch porn, got all kinds of toys to get off on and I like finding places where no one knows me--looking for action." "I think you're being honest. You have a right to get what you need. There's no right or wrong as long as you aren't hurting someone or yourself. In fact, you're hurting yourself more when you hide who you are." As I lay on her, my soft cock pressed against her pussy, she put her hands on my ass and started squirming under me. "I like you," she said, smiling, her dimples showing. "I like you too," I answered. "I'm glad we met." We looked into each others eyes. "I knew we

were on the same page when I saw you,” she said. I nodded. “Funny how people communicate without words--just a look.” I leaned forward and kissed her gently on the lips, loving the soft warmness of her lips on mine. “Let’s get some sleep, mister,” she said. “I think it’s going to be nice waking up with you in the morning.” “I do too,” I said, kissing her again then slid off of her body. She then said, “Excuse me” and got up, grabbing her toothbrush from her backpack and went into the bathroom. I followed. We washed up--too tired to take a shower, brushed our teeth together, looking at each other in the mirror, surprised how intimate brushing teeth together can be, then got back in bed. I pulled the covers up over us, feeling the warmth of her body, cuddling, her head on my shoulder, both of us quiet, thinking. “Do you believe in destiny?” she asked. “Do you think it was fate that we met like this?” “No, it was just luck--just a coincidence that we both ended up in the same bar. You wanting to get laid, me being in the right place at the right time. We saw each other and our lust took over. It wasn’t destiny. It just happened.” “Really?” she said. “Really,” I answered. “It was just a random coincidence, not destiny, but I’m glad it happened.” “Me, too,” she said, turning her head towards me. We kissed and smiled. “Let’s get some sleep,” I said. “Yes, let’s, see you in the morning.” “Yes, I think tomorrow is going to be a wonderful day,” I said. We kissed and fell asleep in each others arms. (To be continued).