

# method acting.

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garter belt, suspenders, a stolen glances at her employer. he was dragging a sailors shirt over his head. she pull the mini skirt down 'its got'a face the right way', it was tattered like a sluty tinkle-bell. a fleeting check of the mirror again. plump mahogany lipstick a little off center she better... "quickly! the seen almost finished" whispered like the rasp of sandpaper. she grabbed her waist coat, undid another button on her dirty red shirt and she darted forward. as she moved to the opening she changed from annie to helen corvette. one last brush down standing in the dark. the excitement coursed through her, hart thumping she could smell the sweet laced with adrenalin. the crowd fade away as things slow.. she throws herself out into the luster of the light and fights being dazzled by the stage. her costar was strides through the thick air toward her, voice full of longing, gaze racking her; it darting to her breast and back to her eyes. "are you looking for a good time tonight" it wasn't a question, suddenly corvette could feel all of them watching her. she let the next line fall from her parted lips. she lingered on the syllables stressing them setting them twang in the dens structure of the stage. she had come in from a different exit to him. suddenly, back in the changing-room. she peeled of her stockings, dropped her suspender to the floor and fumbled with the buttons on her top, must do something about the lipstick. then he came in to. already having puled his shirt and distractedly pulling at his belt. annie, made eye-contact and lowered her gaze. turning away from him, she could liken the feel of his watching her to the stage again. he was her audiences. she turned around revealing her bra and tight cotton Briefs, still keeping her gaze from his she brushed past him, now to, next to naked and grabbed the sheet she needed for the next seen. they had no more than 11 minutes still it was enough time, still she would make her way up to stage right. his eyes connect with hers again. but she brakes the gaze, walking away from him she moves to lean in the near darkness next the the stage. the electricity fizzed into the air. he was close now. both crammed into the corridor onto the stage draped in dark and smothered in the hot thick atmosphere. her head tilted down cheek almost, just brushing his bare torso. she had puled the sheet around her shoulders in readiness for the next seen but there was time. 9 minutes now. "how are the nerves" his voice deep and scratched. she looked up close to his face now. the sounds of the play behind them fade into silences. nose slightly to the side, like they fit. sparks jumped between there lips, electric blue running up and down them and dissipating into there bodies as he leaned in. there lips met. the electricity turned to fire now. her top lip in-between his two, pressing, holding it there as her tung dances across his. and now throw her closed eyes she could see his hands on her back, she felt the sheet drop from her

shoulders as her barley covered breasts pressed into his torso. the warmth of him was like acid in her blood. she could feel her nose full of his smell, her hands thick in his hair and on his lower back. her center became her pelvises, pressed against his, something stirring and feverishly growing in both of them. she felt his fingers move against her back, increased tension in her bra and then it was gone, to be replaced by his hand, sliding around to tease the side of her breast. it brushes her nipple, they're tort now and suddenly unerringly sensitive, his fingers feel vivid on them. his other had almost forgotten, proceeds down her back slipping into the cotton of her nickers his hand on the two rounded cheeks, left suspended. her hand mimics his and steels into the back of his briefs. it must be 8 minutes now. the though gets pushed away. her nails scrape the skin, his firm ass. this is stupid what am i thinking. again dragged back into the darkness sounding them. her other had is on his back now. running along his muscles. she thinks of his kiss again and the tung that she lets past her lips. he in her briefs has moved around to her leg. it inches closer the the front, driving a place just behind her pubic bone to lust, she is aware of the sticky warmth between her legs, his hand creeps closer. fingers brush her hair, tickling the top her her leg. and then his index finger is between her lips, wet with her sex, she moans at the pressure griping his but cheek, scratching his back and biting his lip. as his fingers probe her she feels his now thick cock throb. her had is there its hot to the touch engorged in blood and throbbing. she grips it and feels him respond. a tighing of the lips a presser form his fingers probing her entrances. she feel's with lust the slick tip of his pines already begging to leak. his kisses moved to her neck and his hand pulled away from her throbbing wet lips. he was moving around and behind her. her hand dragged regretfully away from his cock as his kisses cursed her back. his body pushed her forward and she could feel fingers at the fabric bridge of her briefs again. almost like feathers they tried to pull the cotton aside, its wet with her. exposed the cold air stole across her now dripping pussy but then his Burning head was against it at last. still wordlessly his hands moved to her breast and as she rested against the wall, a glimpse of stage, movement and light. his hands on her breasts his cock slowly started to part her lips wonderfully slick with her juices. she feels the ridge of his head rub against her was. there stretched and the tension, excruciatingly exquisite. it parts more and the heat from his pines is like fire. the wait of his back on hers and the smell of sex forces annie into rapture. his pelvis begins to pic up speed. she can feel the ridge of his cock rubbing against the walls of her pussy, it spammed in lust and rhythm. cant have more than 50 seconds. the thought sends panic down her body setting her nerve-endings alive. movement on the stage screams that time is running out. she clenches his throbbing shaft as he drives her harder, she can feel the striking of his balls against her legs with each thrust. 30 seconds now. time flows between them. herd through the haze of ecstasy she hears him grunt, and knows they have reached the pinnacle. her orgasm washes over her, static electricity but in every cell now. she feels him explode inside her, a hot jet followed by several more her pussy squeezing him still in rhythm. she feels her juices mixd with his run down her leg as her senses come ebbing back. they swap looks as annie, no helen, pulls the sheet up around her. she sees him pull up his briefs his still glossy cock wilting and tries to pull her thoughts together, getting into the part again. that was it, in the play she was a prostate and had just slept with the sailor from the second seen. with i smile she realized; she

had never felt so in caricature.