

# Riders On The Storm

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Published on Lush Stories on 19 Feb 2012

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*We haven't spoken in the 10 years since he took my virginity, but now he is back.*

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Riders On The Storm It is a reflex response, unthinkingly made. He extended his hand, a folded piece of paper held lightly between two fingers proffering it and without a moment's hesitation I have taken it for my own. As He walks away I clutch the paper uncertain as to what I should do. I turn it between my fingers nervously. It reminds me of those notes we used to pass back and forth as we sat at adjacent desks in science lessons. Then they were filled with gossip, snide remarks, jokes and other titbits designed to break through Mr Potts' endless droning about Kelvin's Law of Ohms and other stuff that was completely irrelevant to my future life; a future life that up until today had progressed quite happily without him. When we were at school I'd had a bit of a crush on him, but in those hormonally ravaged teenage years I'd had a crush on pretty much every eligible boy in my social circle. Like most it had never amounted to much more than images playing across the inside of my eyelids as I spread my thighs and panted my way to self-induced pleasure in the privacy of my bedroom. Ten years had passed since I'd soaked my fingers whilst moaning softly into my pillow. During which He had fled our small town for the bright lights of the big city and I'd settled down into a moderately well paid, if uninteresting, job and a series of moderately satisfying, if emotionally, uninvolved relationships. A decade in which there had barely been a day when I hadn't imagined his lips touching my cheek, his hand running across my breast, and his cock entering my heated, welcoming core. Maybe it was a bit more than a crush, an infatuation, a fantasy that filled my dreaming hours and left my life a pale shadow. Then, earlier today, as I struggled to find a seat in a crowded café; laden down with shopping bags, a low fat latte and full fat chocolate brownie; I'd spotted him sitting at a corner table with only a coffee and newspaper for company. Time seemed to have been kind to him; his face had filled out, his deep brown eyes were framed with crinkles and his skin had lost that fresh resonance of youth, but otherwise he seemed remarkably unchanged. Still dressed as if he'd fallen out of bed 10 minutes ago and found only one set of clothes scattered across the floor, still wearing that perplexed frown I knew so well from our school days, still holding his

tongue between his teeth as his eyes studied the paper. Then as the next thought reared inside my head it was all I could do not to laugh out loud: "Thank God he's lost the mullet". For those of you unfamiliar with the vagaries of 80's and 90's styling, the mullet was a particularly unattractive haircut that first reared its ugly head as the barnet of choice for Limahl, Howard Jones and other assorted electro pop pioneers. It managed to maintain popularity right through to the moment when Chris Waddle missed England's crucial penalty against Germany at the Italia 90 World Cup. Whereupon, every right thinking Englishman had the offending rats tails surgically removed from the napes of their necks and men's hair fashion once again became visually acceptable. To this day I dread to think what might have happened if Waddle had slotted the ball into the bottom right hand corner rather than blasting it uselessly over the top. Perhaps that miss is also why the mullet has remained the haircut of choice for young Germans who have blindly persisted with it well past its sell date. "Is this seat taken? Would it be okay to join you?" The words tumble from my mouth in a rough approximation of the sentences above. My eyes are scanning his fingers for a wedding band or even the tell tale indentation left by one recently discarded. I'm squeezing my thighs together either in nervous anticipation of his reply or to stop the steady trickle of liquid from my soaked and puffy pussy. My heart is hammering beneath my breast, my head so light and dizzy I feel as if I could faint at any moment. It seems to take an eternity for him to look up but when he does his eyes are twinkling and his mouth fixed wide into that predatory grin that I remember so well; a grin that used to chill my marrow and set my teeth on edge; a grin that always meant trouble. He's out of his chair in an instant, looming over me whilst I stand helpless before him, encumbered with tray, coffee, cake and my various purchases. "I'm so glad you could make it. It's been too long and we have so much catching up to do." He steps into me, places the perfunctory kiss onto my cheek, a kiss that seems to linger. More accurately his lips seem to linger and I'm sure he's smelling me, absorbing my uncertainty, my bemusement and my nervousness. Then, ever so slowly I'm certain I feel his tongue slide diagonally down across my cheek towards the pulsing vein of my neck, sampling the flavour of me; sampling my tension, my excitement. Then he's sat back in his chair, his mouth moving, speaking words that my ears, filled with the rushing of blood to my head are unable to hear. I know I'm shaking without looking down at my hands, even without the clearly audible clatter of cup and saucer, or the mess of coffee across my tray. I know I am shaking because I am once again in his presence. Suddenly the movement of his mouth and the noises emanating from them connect. "I've told you to sit down ... now sit." My arse thumps into the chair and there I am once again before him, doing as he says and playing his games. I wasn't completely honest earlier about our relationship at school, there might have been a little bit more to it than simply passing notes in science and flicking at my engorged clit of a night time with his face filling my mind. I was his minion, his sidekick, his shadow, the Laurel to his Hardy. Wherever he was you would be sure to find me trailing along behind him patiently waiting for his attention, eager to please and ready to jump at his command. I spent three years as his lapdog; hoping for him to see me as the young woman I was sure I had become, desperate for him to relieve me of the dreadful burden of my virginity ... and then he did and we hadn't spoken since. Now here we are 10 years on and it's as if nothing has changed. I find my voice and try to take some control of

the situation. "I don't remember arranging to meet." " Don't you?" A grin plays around the corner of his mouth. "You're laughing at me." " Maybe; just a little. I saw you walk in, recognised you instantly and ... well I never could resist teasing you." He pauses waiting for me to fill the silence and when I don't add: "It's great to see you." Then it is normal; two old friends who've bumped into each other, finding out what they've done, checking on family and mutual acquaintances, working out whose dead and who deserves to be. Phone numbers and addresses are swapped and gradually the conversation starts to run out of easy topics and the coffee dregs have turned cold. I glance at my watch, it's nearly 3.00. "I should be going, things to do, places to go, people to see." I crack a smile; try to keep it light hearted as I gather my stuff. "Why don't you give me a call and we could get together again sometime." I need to go, am eager to beat a retreat, I've sat down with the demon who has invaded my every moment for the last 10 years and he hasn't eaten me whole. I look into his face to mouth an "au revoir" and am trapped by the smile across his face. My heart stops mid-beat, something's coming and I'm not going to like it. "A call won't be necessary. I've booked us a table for 8.00 at 'Le Petit Blanc'. Please make sure you're punctual, you were 15 minutes late for coffee and you know how much I hate to be kept waiting." His eyes drift down to study his manicure and I stand to go. "Oh and do try to wear something appropriate this evening." I almost fall over my feet in my haste to exit the café. I know what you are thinking but it can't be that way. I know I should turn my back and whistle a jaunty tune as I skip gleefully down the yellow brick road to a future free of him. I know he's a malicious, manipulative and controlling bastard but he's MY malicious, manipulative and controlling bastard. This is how it was all those years ago at school and how it has been every night in my dreams ever since. Please don't judge me too harshly; I would change if I could but this is what my heart demands and all my head can do is follow blindly along. In truth, the only thought in my head as I left the café was how could I possibly get ready for him in only five hours. I have 43 possible outfits scattered across the floor of my bedroom. Some are plainly unsuitable but there are at least a dozen that he might find acceptable. I've pulled all my underwear from its drawer and have identified four lingerie sets but can't decide on whether to wear an underwired or padded bra. Every pair of shoes I own is lined up along one wall but I really can't choose a pair until I've selected my outfit. Nail polish, eye shadow and lipstick in various hues lie scattered across my bed alongside a selection of bags, belts and jewellery but currently I'm engrossed in spraying the five perfumes I own onto tissue paper in order to try and decide which one he might like best. I glance at my watch... "Shit, only two hours left." I make it with a few minutes to spare and pause before a shop window a couple of doors away from the restaurant to collect myself and inspect my reflection. My hair is poker straight stretching down to caress my naked shoulders, beneath which my pale skin slides down to the slight swell of my breasts held firmly in place beneath my black boob-tube dress; a dress that hugs my upper body, displaying my small breasts and well defined waist before flicking outwards over my hips and arse to end mid-thigh; a dress that has allowed me to dispense with the necessity of wearing a bra leaving me free to choose my tiniest back lace thong. A triangle of fabric that just captures my labia and pubic mound, preserving my modesty but presenting it enticingly framed in a lattice of lace flowers. The evening is warm enough for me to have left the house bare legged and I have accentuated them with

a pair of 4" open toe black satin heels with a diamante ankle strap that display my perfectly manicured toenails. I chose silver glitter nail polish and repeated the refrain with my finger nails, eye shadow and a hint of glitter that shimmers on my cheeks; naked shoulders, arms and chest. One last look at my reflection and I turn and walk the 20 yards down the street to meet my destiny. "That perfume is rather cloying. A bit old maidy if you don't mind me saying." And so it begins. He chooses our table and wine, orders our food and decides I can have a coffee but not a dessert. He is arrogant, conceited and vicious and with every passing moment my need for him grows more intense. I'm on tenterhooks throughout; heart pounding inside my chest, mouth devoid of saliva, nipples like stalks poking eagerly through my dress, my stomach a knot of tension and my pussy awash with aromatic juices. Until finally that moment arrives when I find myself sat alone, his figure receding towards the toilets, a folded square of white paper grasped firmly in my sweating hand that my fingers are struggling to open. A folded square of paper that asks a simple question. "Yes or No?" Instantly I am transported back; to that party; to being sweet sixteen and never kissed; to the barn; to the heaving sweaty coupling among the hay bales; to my nails scratching down his back, digging into his skin, lacerating his cheek, seeking to gouge out his eyeballs whilst he pushed them away from his face to lie helpless above my head; back to the blood pouring from his lip when I had my revenge for an unsolicited kiss; to the blood seeping down my thighs from my broken hymen and the blood coagulating round my arse from where he'd pushed himself roughly into my virginally tight arse; back to my body covered in bites, my breasts bruised from the slaps of his hand, my pubic bone bruised from where he'd rammed his stiff cock deep inside the tender flower of my body; back to his eye closing from where I'd caught him with my closed fist; back to when my arms, legs, torso and head struggled and fought until beaten, battered and bruised they collapsed into the warm, suffocating hay and left him to use me as he wished. Back to the night when he took my virginity. "Yes or No?" It is a simple question requiring no explanation and no consideration. I reach under my chair for my bag; my nervous fingers feeling thick and useless as I pry open the zip and hunt for something to write with. The only thing I can find is an eyeliner pencil which quivers in my shaking hand as deliberately I print my reply in solid black capitals. I sit there for a moment, my single word staring accusingly at me, before carefully refolding the piece of paper and placing it on the table before his seat. Calmness settles over me; I have been twitchy nervousness incarnate all evening but now that the die has been cast and my fate decided I place my hands in my lap, lower my eyes, bow my head and placidly await the inevitable. It is a short walk from the restaurant to his town house. He allows me to loop my arm through his and we pass across the deserted, amber lit streets in silence accompanied only by the sound of my heels striking the paving stones. His house is equipped with a motion sensor which activates a light above the door and there we pause facing each other. This is it; my final chance to turn and flee, beyond this moment we play by different rules. He turns the key in the lock, swings the door open and I step over the threshold. He pushes me hard between the shoulder blades causing me to trip over my feet, sending me sprawling onto the rough hallway carpeting and my handbag careering away as I break my fall with open palms. He swings the door shut, trapping us in the lightless world. I struggle to my feet and manage to half turn before I feel his hand around my throat. I

step backwards; once, twice and then my shoulder blades hit cold plaster. I feel him step in closer, feel his hand around my throat tighten and push upwards forcing the tips of my heels off the floor. His breathing is heavy in my face and pungent with the smell of garlic. "Bastard." I scream it into his face, spraying him with spittle. "Fucking bastard." "Fucking useless, limp dicked, cocksucking bastard." I am fury and motion; twisting my head, pushing down with my body, fists thumping onto his arm causing him momentarily to break his grip and then slapping at his face making him step backwards. I kick out with my right foot, catch him on the shin, and regret it instantly as my exposed toes hit solid bone. He captures my left hand forcing me half back and I strike out with my flexed right hand dragging my claw like nails down his cheek, feeling skin collecting beneath them, knowing they've left a bright red welt in their wake. He thrusts his hand against my chest, sending me spinning backwards, causing me to catch my head against the wall, knocking the breath from me and leaving my head dizzy. I strike out again with my free hand but it is a weak blow and he captures my wrist easily and pushes it up to join its companion above my head. His head descends; his lips find mine and crush them beneath his, tongue darting out to tease my teeth and I open before him to enable him to duel with the throbbing flesh of my thick sensitised tongue. Once before it was like this. Once long ago in a barn not far away I kissed and was kissed like this and everything since has been but a pale shadow. I give myself to him, lose myself to passion, probe my tongue deep into the cavity of his mouth, flicking, caressing, exploring along the length of his teeth as he explores mine. Rivers of saliva pass between us, our faces soaked as we slobber our need into one another. I find his bottom lip and sink my teeth in; a delectable titbit waiting to be consumed, soft, succulent flesh for me to eat raw. I pull hard; feel him wince and close my jaw around it. I can feel his flesh steamy against mine, the palpitations in his chest matching my own, and the thick rigidity of his cock pressed against my lower stomach. I reach down with my hand, grasp hold his need within his trousers, digging my fingernails into his throbbing flesh. I want him to explode here and now all control lost. My teeth close further around his trapped lip; the unmistakable taste of blood fills my mouth. I have him trapped lip and cock, he is mine and I'll devour him. His hands are on me seeking the firm globes of my breasts, tearing at the fine fabric of my dress. I hear it rip and push my chest towards his merciless fingers. A low moan escapes my mouth and I lose my grip on his lip; a low moan caused by the delight of his fingers finding the erect nubs of my nipples; fingers that push deep into my areolae, squeezing my nipples and then pulling out to stretch and extend my breasts. Pain floods my torso and I let out a sob. He releases my right breast and entwines his hand in my hair at the nape of my neck. Simultaneously he pulls downwards on my hair and upwards with his fingers buried deep into my left breast. He is a human rack; stretching, torturing, inflicting pain and I am sobbing helplessly beneath his attentions. "Let go of my dick." I shake my head, try to get a firmer grasp on it, try to regain control of the situation, scream silently at the agony erupting in my breast, tears welling unseen in the corner of my eyes and then, ever so slowly, I relinquish my hold on him. He pushes me down onto my knees, releasing my breast but keeping his hand wrapped in my hair and then drags me, crawling behind him, through the darkness, through a door and into a half light room where he thrusts me down on the floor and strides off out of my sight. The floor is different; smooth varnished wood and I

caress my hand across it, stroking its living texture. I push myself up and assess my environs; it's an open plan flat; all bachelor modernity. Light slants through slat blinded windows revealing a minimal layout of leather seating arranged in a closed semi-circle behind which gleams a steel, beech and melamine Kitchen/Dining area, whilst ahead of me, half hidden by some faux Chinese screens is the bed. Everything is immaculately presented; clean, tidy, restrained and impersonal; so different from my own cluttered and life affirming apartment. I regain my feet and see him stood at the breakfast bar, a glass and bottle before him. I straighten myself and stalk across the room, my heels resounding on the flooring. He looks divine; shirt ripped open to the waist, scratch marks livid across his chest, sweat sheened on his brow, spots of blood coating his swollen lip and rising from his torn skin to colour his cheek. It is all I can do to stop myself from ripping off his trousers and filling my mouth with his cock. "Wanna buy a girl a drink?" Hey, the old chat up lines are still the best. He takes out a second glass, fills it with a couple of ice cubes and a healthy slosh from the bottle and pushes it across to me. I swirl the ice around in the drink watching the refractions of light, allowing the alcohol to chill and then in one movement down it all, crunching on the ice cubes with my teeth as the alcohol heat blasts my throat and stomach. I push my empty glass back at him keeping my eyes fixed on his. "So are you gonna give me a proper fucking or can't you manage it anymore?" Alcohol splashes into my face, ice cubes bouncing off my skin to clatter across the floor. I feel his shoulder in my stomach, his arm wrapped around my legs lifting me to lie helpless in mid-air. A couple of steps and he flings me down onto the soft welcoming embrace of his bed, where lying on my back I look up at him as he strips of the remains of his shirt. He starts undoing his belt and lasciviously I lick my lips savouring the alcohol coating my skin. I spread my legs wide for him, show him the pleasure I have waiting beautifully packaged beneath my black lace thong. He's struggling to get out of his trousers, shoes and underwear all at the same time, his haste making him clumsy, his exposed cock rigid before him. I reach down with my right hand; slide it beneath the thin lace and flick at my engorged clit with a broken fingernail. "Stop that." "Make me." He's on me; hands clawing at the thin lace, grabbing at my wrist, ripping my panties till all that remains are useless bits of string that hide and protect nothing. I clamp my knees shut attempting to preserve my modesty but he gets his hands between them and slowly, inexorably pushes them wide to expose my throbbing, dribbling pussy. I slap at him with my hands catching him on the face and chest but he is impervious to the blows, driving me backwards till my head is pushed up against the headboard. He has me by the ankles; legs spread wide, knees pushed back against my breasts, my pussy and arsehole spread and available for him to plunder at will. He slams into me and I cum; a single thrust deep into the squelching wetness of my flesh, his hard rigid cock driving to my core, his pubis battering down on mine, his balls smashing into the firm cheeks of my arse. I'm growling in my throat; a noise that builds, wordless at first, rising to a crescendo as he pummels my aching pussy with his thick, hard muscle. Words form and croakingly my tongue gives them utterance. "Fuck me." My clitoris is crushed beneath his pelvic bone. "Fuck me." The head of his cock crashes into my cervix. "Fuck me." My pussy muscles squeeze eager to own every beautiful inch. "Fuck me." Pussy juices spraying out soaking us both. "Fuck me." As his wondrous, beautiful cock drives repeatedly into me. "Fuck me." "Fuck me." "Fuck me." I'm screaming

at him, saliva edging my lips and spraying into his face, my fingers buried into his arse cheeks dragging him into me, my breasts vibrating at each thrust, my head bashing repeatedly against the headboard. "Fuck me you bastard." His open hand descends; slapping at my cheek, knocking my head sideways, blurring my vision. Stars explode in my head; my pussy explodes in wave after wave of pleasure. He slides out leaving my pussy twitching helplessly around an empty wet void. I'm reaching for him, sobbing, pleading, wanting him back, wanting him to fill me and make me whole again. Then I feel him nestling into my arse, his head pushing tentatively against the brown star of my anus, positioning himself. I wriggle a bit, feel his head start to stretch my opening, push myself onto him making sure that he's mine and then for an instant we are both still. He lowers his face down until it is but a few inches above mine, finds my wrists with his hands and pins them together above my head freeing one of his own by doing so. Meekly I allow him; skewered on the end of his cock, expectant, and waiting. Sweat coats his face pooling to form droplets across his skin. I watch as several trickle down his nose towards a larger bead that hangs down before me. "Please." He is an explosion of movement; his cock thrusting down the length of my anal canal; droplets of sweat flying from his face to shower me. I try to open before him but pain rips through my stomach. I'm much tighter here, much more in need of use and the thickness of his cock tears at my clenched muscles. He is merciless, driving into me, lubricating me with each penetration, spreading my passage before him until I can take him as I should, until he glides into my depths with smooth savage strokes and I'm pushing up to meet him; demanding he take me, ravage me, use me, explode in me and fill me with his wondrous hot cum. His hand is on my throat; fingers grasping either side of my windpipe, squeezing, pushing me back into the bedding as his cock pistons into me. I am frantic, frenzied, my body twisting beneath his choking hand, my arse still thrusting up to receive his cock. His fingers tighten; the air flow ceasing, my mouth flying open gasping, panting, desperate to fill my lungs with air, my body twisting spastically as I try unsuccessfully to free my pinioned hands. His hips are frenzied, a blur of speed as they pound repeatedly into my arse. An arse that is clenching uncontrollably as orgasm after orgasm explodes through my body and then... A sudden tensing; his cock buried deep inside me momentarily still; a twitch, a shudder, his eyes shut, face screwed up above me. He erupts; cum gushing into me, coating me, filling me with that thick, sticky gorgeous, life giving liquid that for the last 10 years I have only dreamt of. Finished, he rolls away from me; his cock sliding from my arse as my muscles cling on begging him to stay. His hand falls from my throat as I lay panting beside him; sucking air back into my burning lungs. Gradually my eyes stop swimming and find their normal focus as my mind once again clears of stars. I am sated and content. I push my head into the pillow; shut my eyes and dream of sleep. I feel him get off the bed; sense him prowling but my eyes are still shut when he grabs my wrist and pulls me crashing down onto the floor. He stands above me looking down at my half-naked, bruised, welted and fucked body. "Get out." He kicks at my thigh and instinctively I scurry away before him. "Out." His delivery is as cold as the ice I crunched earlier. I get to my feet and stand uncertainly on my spiked heels. "Now." He throws my bag beyond me to land by the door from which I entered. I look him up and down, try to think of some fantastic rejoinder but my mind is a jumble. In the end I settle on: "Fuck you." Then I stride across the

room and out of the door. The sensor responds as I exit his apartment bathing me in cold white light. My dress is bunched around my stomach and when I pull it up over my battered breasts, it mostly falls away leaving me exposed once more. The back, however, seems intact and by twisting it around I manage to cover myself. I can feel the remnants of my panties hanging uselessly between my legs, so remove them and stuff them into my bag. I pull out my cigarettes and with smoke filling my lungs and nicotine racing around my blood stream I start to walk home on unsteady feet. I did warn you that he was a malicious, manipulative and controlling bastard didn't I. So what did you expect? Perhaps I should have added that he's also cruel and heartless. Will I see him again? Well maybe. As I walk the empty streets with my tender breasts rubbing against the fabric of my dress, my heart racing in exhilaration, my pussy aching with desire and his sticky cum seeping from my arse to wet my thighs, I pull my phone from my bag, find his number and write. "Thank you." And now I'm just waiting for his reply.