The Private Spotlight Show

By MahlerSymphony

Published on Lush Stories on 07 Apr 2010

After the cocktail party, Cynthia seduces her audience of one.

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-private-spotlight-show.aspx

Feedback, comments and votes are always appreciated. I hope you enjoy.

“Cynthia, you certainly enjoyed yourself tonight,” I said as we got back to our hotel room from the party. “You must have hardened every cock there tonight at least twice.”

“It was fun. That crowd needs a little livening up,” Cynthia replied laughing, a bit tipsy from champagne.

“Still, dancing a bit too close to your partners, smoldering glances with those eyes of yours, double entendre, being a bit too touchy-feely to pass off on casual party contact. You might have pushed the envelope a bit too far tonight.”

“Yes, but it is your hard cock I’ve come home with.”

“Oh, I don’t object to your flirting. In fact, knowing that it will be me who will be filling your body at the end of the night increases my excitement when I see the hunger in the other men’s eyes. But tonight, right now, you are going to provide a show for me.”

She looked at me questioningly, eyebrow arched. “What is it you want, Charles? What do you really want? Because I’ll do it for you, but you need to tell me.”

“Stay right there. Don’t move,” I told her. I turned off all of the lights, one by one, slowly plunging the room into darkness. The lights from the city through the sheer curtain covering the window provide the only light. I slowly walk back to the overstuffed chair facing the center of the room and the bed. Cynthia has stood still throughout, not moving anything but her head, watching me walk around the room. I sit, lean over and pour myself a scotch, and loosen my tie.

Cynthia stands stock still, staring at me. I take a sip of the single malt scotch, and set the glass down

with a clink. I reach up, and tilt the table lamp down on its side, the light bulb aiming through the top of the shade. I flick the light switch, and the effect is to illuminate Cynthia in a baby spotlight.

Ah, Cynthia. Sweet, smart, and oh so sexy, Cynthia. Her auburn hair is pulled up on her head. Her pale skin gleams in the soft light of the bulb. Her little black dress clings to her sumptuous curves. The dress ends just above the knee, giving way to her spectacular long legs, encased in black stockings. Her heels complete the picture, though she has been complaining all night about how they are uncomfortable. While I empathize, they have also been causing my cock to press painfully against my suit pants tonight. And, as discussed above, mine was not the only one in that state.

“Baby, take off that pretty dress. I want to see what you’ve been hiding all night,” I ask in a polite, but firm manner.

Cynthia is on to the game, and the glimmer in her eyes tells me this will be a wild night.

Cynthia reaches back to unzip her dress, and shimmies out of it, shaking those enticing hips too and fro as she does. Her eyes remain pinned to mine. The dress falls to an inky pool at her feet. Her right foot kicks the dress aside.

She stands before me in the spotlight wearing only her stockings, black lacy panties and black bra, her legs accentuated by her heels.

“Your bra, Cynthia. I want to see those lovely breasts.”

The bra clasps in front. Her hands go, almost shyly to the clasp, and it releases. She looks me in the eye, holding the bra together, hesitating to show me. I nod, and her hands separate. Cynthia’s breasts escape their confines. The nipples are hard, the aureolas shadowing the nipple. The bra falls to the floor, and Cynthia looks to me for guidance.

I rise, and take two steps towards her. We are both in the spotlight now. Cynthia’s eyes lock on mine as I lean forward and kiss her deeply. I move my mouth lower, and suckle first one nipple then the other. I take two steps back and look at her nipples gleaming in the spotlight.

“Touch them. Pleasure your tits for me to see.”

Her hands move slowly to her moistened nipples. Her eyes remain on mine as her fingers begin to play with the flesh, and they become erect. She arches her back toward me, throwing her head back, displaying her creamy neck.

As she does so, I am losing my patience for the slow strip show. I lower to my knees and place my thumbs in the waist of her panties. I can smell Cynthia's special and enticing aroma, mixed with the scent of amber. I can see that the crotch of her panties is soaked through. She is enjoying being an exhibitionist for my audience of one. But then again, perhaps these panties have been moistened throughout the night. As I pull them down and away from her cunt, I am hit anew with a fresh wave of Cynthia's aroma of arousal. My cock thrums against my pants. I can see droplets of her juices gathered on her pink lips. I slide the wet garment down her stocking-covered thighs, to her ankles and off, with her lifting first her left then her right foot to help me free her from the constricting prison of fabric.

I move back to my easy chair, and sit. The spotlight shines off of Cynthia's alabaster skin. The wetness on her pussy sparkles. I detect wetness dripping down her thighs. She looks at me questioningly.

"On the bed." Cynthia slowly slides onto the bed, propping herself up with her hands.

"Spread your legs for me. Show me that wet pink jewel between your legs. Show me all of your secrets."

Cynthia's hands move to her ankles, and she spreads her legs wide. Her tight little pussy gapes, as much as it is capable, in front of me. Her hands slide from her ankles in unison along her stocking clad legs to stop at mid thigh.

"Open your lips. Show me your inner core."

Cynthia's fingers move to her small lips, and open her slit up for my prying eyes. The spotlight illuminates the gleaming pink interior wonderfully. I can see her white cream gathering inside, waiting to ease the entry of my hardened cock.

"Show me your tightest hole, my love."

Cynthia blushes, taken aback at my request. But she can see in my eyes that I am not joking, and the fact that my hand slowly unzips my trousers, freeing my hard cock through the zipper, show her that I very much want to see this. Her eyes immediately focus on my hard cock, the dispersed light from the spotlight showing her the gleaming pre-come on the tip. I begin to stroke myself. Slowly.

Cynthia reclines further, her long legs go up in the air, and behind her head. Underneath the small mouth of her pussy, I can see the slightly darker whorl of tight muscle that is Cynthia's asshole. I have tested its resilience before with my fingers, cock, even my tongue. In fact, there is no part of Cynthia

that I have not tested with my tongue.

“Place a finger inside.”

Cynthia’s eyes close, as her right hand slowly moves to the cleft of her ass. A tapered finger approaches her tight berry, and makes slight circles. The tight hole has become lubricated from the copious overflow of her juices from her quim to her ass. The fingertip pushes in, and I hear a gasp. The finger pushes on, slowly, slowly. I see a mixed look of pleasure and apprehension on Cynthia’s face as the digit enters all the way.

“Fuck yourself with it. Slowly.”

Cynthia’s finger begins to slowly glide in and out of her tight asshole. Her breathing increases. I can see the tight pucker grasp the invading digit. I long for it to be my cock. But the available opportunities for pleasure are so many.

“Enough. I want you to make yourself come. Show me how you pleasure yourself. But keep your eyes on mine.”

Cynthia’s legs return to the bed. I move my chair forward, to the edge of the bed. I want to see, hear and smell everything. My face is a foot away from Cynthia’s pink treasure - - my treasure for tonight. Her red fingernails move to her wet sex. Her eyes remain pinned on mine, as I switch my intent stare from her eyes to the wet sex she pleasures. For my pleasure. Her fingers begin slowly making circles around her erect clit. A finger dips into her opening for more moisture, and comes out gleaming and soaked. Cynthia’s hips begin bucking, as against a lover, seeking to take his cock deep. I can hear the squish of her juices, but more than anything I can smell her sweet arousal. I continue to pump my cock as I watch Cynthia pleasure herself.

Her eyes leave mine momentarily to stare at my engorged cock as I stroke it. She quickly mover her eyes back to mine, as if she has been caught doing something not permitted. And, of course, she has. But I understand. “You may stare at my cock as I stroke it, while I watch you make yourself come.” Her eyes immediately fall back to my cock, as my hand slowly glides over it, stopping at the angry purple head.

Cynthia’s breath becomes ragged, I can hear the screams of orgasm welling up in her. Her hands become a blur at her crotch. And she explodes, filling the silent air with her screams of pleasure. I can see her pussy lips contract, the muscles inside of her ripple as evidenced by her asshole winking at me.

I can take it no longer. I thrust my trousers down my hips and fling myself on Cynthia as she writhes, ramming my cock home. Her cunt is still fluttering from her continuing orgasms. In one quick thrust my head is at her cervix, her cunt walls wildly massaging my cock. I thrust quickly, not concerned with making this last. After the teasing all night, and this display of Cynthia's intoxicating sexuality, I must just come and come now in or on her body. Cynthia's legs wrap around my body, massaging my back.

"Take my cock, Babydoll. Take every inch of my cock."

Cynthia is in constant orgasm now, finding it hard to catch her breath, but yet squeezing me with her strong legs. Her eyes, though, are riveted on my face. She can read when I'm going to come, even through the haze of her own orgasmic bliss. She can see it approaching quickly for me.

"In my mouth, Charles. I want your come in my mouth."

I quickly pull from Cynthia's tight pussy accompanied by an indecentloud slurping sound. My cock wet from Cynthia's juices bobs in the air briefly before she inhales it with her mouth. Her head dips quickly, her tongue swirls around the head and shaft, and her hand rhythmically strokes me. My eyes roll back in my head. Cynthia is still panting from her orgasms, and indeed, one hand remains stroking her clit as she sucks me.

"Fill my mouth. I want to taste your sweet hot come. Give it to me. Now."

"Oh, God, Cynthia, take it. Suck me dry. Take all of my seed. Ahh."

My cock explodes in Cynthia's mouth, shooting into her throat. My groans now fill the room, accompanied by Cynthia's satisfied "yummy" noises. Spurt after spurt fill her mouth. Her tongue continues to churn, and rivulets of my come escape the corners of her mouth. My cock finally becomes too sensitive, and I withdraw. Cynthia brings a finger to the corners of her mouth, gathers the runaway come, and sucks her finger sensuously. It is almost enough to make my cock hard again right away.

I collapse to the bed and heave a great sigh. Cynthia slowly kisses down my thighs to my cock. Her warm mouth begins cleaning and suckling my cock. Though soft, I can feel a glimmer of life returning to my rod.

It will be a long night.