

The Bus Stop

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen

Kristin

It wasn't a very busy evening, Sundays rarely are at sports bars unless there's a big game on, especially this late. The bar was about a quarter full. The manager didn't like the staff congregating to chat, but there wasn't a lot of business left and he hadn't sent anyone home yet.

Sophie and I were just inside the door that led to the kitchen. The kitchen was closed now, and most of the lights were out. We kept the door open a crack to allow us to see into the bar. It would let us know if anyone was looking around for help or if anyone new came in. And hopefully, give us some warning if the manager was headed this way.

"I can't believe Netflix is raising its price again," she complained. "How am I supposed to afford that?"

"Far be it from me to suggest you might be subscribing to too many streaming services," I said as I checked my look in the full-length mirror they had placed next to the door.

We were supposed to do that before going out into the bar to make sure we looked 'appropriately professional'. Of course, what that really meant was that we weren't showing too much above or below the tiny costumes we wore.

That meant a tight, tiny top with lots of cleavage and bare midriff, and a short tartan kilt that you had to be very careful not to bend over much in.

"Well, all the shows I like are on different services," she complained. "I think they arrange it that way."

I subscribed to zero streaming services because I never had any time to watch anything. Between school and work there was just nothing free for lounging back and watching hours of bad television. Something I did not much regret.

I sometimes envied Sophie. She was leading a relatively stress-free life, had time for TV, going on dates, going on trips to the mall or fairs or movies with her friends. I had no time for any of that. And I was still always feeling pressured, like it was always time for the next thing I had to do.

I combed my fingers through my hair and frowned at my image in the mirror. Really, if you worked in a bar that had a kitchen you should not have your hair hanging loose if it's long. You risk getting hair in the food, and your hair always winds up smelling of a mixture of beer and kitchen smells. I'd have to wash my hair when I got home or else do it first thing in the morning before classes.

But that was the way management wanted it here and that was the way the staff liked it, too. Most of the customers were male and they liked your hair hanging free. And the happier they were the better the tips.

I eyed the center of my breasts carefully. The tops were so thin and tight that I had to wear little round bandages over my nipples or they'd stick out against the tight fabric. Management didn't like that even if it did bring better tips.

No one had paid much attention to that until six months ago when Beverly was hired. She had very large brown nipples which became very obvious through the white top. Mine were small and pink and so hardly noticeable, but once the topic had been raised we knew he would be checking us out every evening and no one wanted to risk being lectured about her nipples by a balding forty-year-old man.

I brought my right foot up against my buttocks and held it there for long seconds then straightened it again, took my weight on my right foot and brought my left up. It was good to bend my knees, for I had hardly sat down since I'd arrived seven hours earlier.

"You know, my friend Angela is a stripper, and she has an outfit exactly like this for her routine."

"I don't think I'd like to be stripping in front of these people," I said with a nod to the bar.

"Don't kid yourself. These people tend to be a higher class than what you find in a strip club. Then again, you make a lot more at a strip club in a lot less time. She comes home with five or six hundred dollars most nights and she only does four-hour shifts."

I let my mind imagine making five or six hundred dollars a night for half a night's work, and the thought of dancing around naked on a stage wasn't unattractive. I mean, it would take some getting used to. I wasn't embarrassed about my body or anything. Why should I be? Everybody who saw it said it was great.

The idea of doing lap dances for a bunch of guys two or three times my age, though was definitely unappealing. Ick in a major way. Ick! Straddling some drunken, overweight fifty-year-old guy naked and grinding yourself against him was really not something I figured the Bar Association would respect in a future member.

"She's welcome to it," I said. "No way I would be touching some of those guys. Especially not naked."

"Yeah, me too. And you definitely don't want to eat food there."

She deepened her voice. "Waitress, there's a pubic hair in my soup!" she said.

"They probably charge extra for that," I said.

I saw one of the men at one of my tables looking around.

"I think this group is about to leave," I said, pushing through the door and going across the bar with a smile already plastered on my face.

I hated working on Sundays. I hated working on weekends, period. It was very difficult going to school full-time, putting in the hours necessary for my studies, taking part in the study groups where we put together projects and worked on cases together at law school, and then working long hours I needed to in order to pay for things like dorm room fees and books

Sundays, though, seemed to be the worst. You need to relax and prepare yourself for the start of the new week. For the Monday that looms just ahead. Having to work all day Sunday until late just left me emotionally exhausted. I had zero social life. I didn't even have time to read a book other than my schoolbooks.

As for dating, forget it. That was for people who had a lot more money than me and didn't have to work. They at least had some social life, some free time on their hands. But there really wasn't much choice for me if I wanted to continue.

My job wasn't exactly a great one, but was conveniently located not far from school and on major bus routes. I wasn't sure how pictures of me in my work uniform were going to go over if they ever turned up at law offices I would be applying for in the next couple of years, but right now this was the best I could do. Law firms don't hire students even as summer staff until they've had a couple of years at school. And I was in my first year.

Of course how they reacted probably depended on the gender of the person doing the hiring. Not to mention their sexual orientation. I looked awfully cute and sexy in the kilt. It emphasized my long legs while the top bared my flat midriff and was quite tight across my breasts.

Men tend to like me whereas women tend to be suspicious of me. That seems to be a near-universal response to girls who are seen as more attractive than normal. I really didn't have a lot of time for either group these days. And outside work, it wasn't like I dressed up much.

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It was a very hot September. The air was heavy with moisture, and extremely humid. Leaving the air-conditioned club and walking out into the night it felt almost as if I could drown by opening my

mouth wide and inhaling. It was a little after midnight and there was very little traffic. I walked briskly up the street towards the cross street three blocks up where my bus stop waited.

By the time I walked a block I was already feeling sticky and hot. I was wearing a very light summer dress. It was white, short, and simple. It had snap buttons down the front from neck to hem and a gold belt around the waist. The hem was loose and flouncy, and the top form-fitting but not too tight.

And then I heard a rumble in the sky of distant thunder. I looked upwards warily and increased my pace. It was definitely the kind of weather that gave way to thunderstorms. I started feeling little droplets of rain a block later and then the skies just broke open and the rain poured down.

I had been following a man about a block ahead of me. I began to run or at least trot as the rain began to get heavier and heavier. I saw him turn the corner, in no great hurry apparently, and just as I reached the corner I saw him stepping into the bus shelter which was my destination.

I ran after him, too fast and actually ran into his back. I squeaked and stepped back, apologizing even as my eyes opened wide as I realized just how big he was. He turned to face me and grinned and I knew that face. His name was Connor Reed, and he was on the school's football team.

This was a football-crazy town and the college's games will always up on the main screens at work. I wasn't a big football fanatic, but I certainly paid attention when superhot-looking guys appeared on the screens. And to me at least, that aptly described Reed.

He was wearing a T-shirt which left me a little bit lost for words because it just perfectly highlighted how broad his shoulders and chest were. He had dark hair cut quite short, so the rain had hardly affected it at all. I couldn't say the same for myself as I backed up a bit, apologizing while hurriedly combing my fingers through my long hair.

"You can run into me anytime, baby," he said with a grin.

I giggled a little stupidly, wondering just how bad my hair looked after that drenching. I wasn't completely soaked but my hair was a mess. I hurriedly reached up and back pulling it together behind my head. And in doing so, I suddenly realized I was, in effect, pushing my chest out at him.

That was something I realized as his eyes were suddenly drawn downward by my movement. That in turn reminded me I was wearing a thin white dress and I abruptly dropped my eyes to look down and tried to see what the rain had done to its ability to cover what was supposed to be covered, if you catch my drift.

It was hard to tell without a mirror, but while it hadn't turned entirely see-through, I could easily see the outlines of my bra beneath it. I had a momentary sense of panic about what to do. I certainly didn't want to clap my arms across my chest like some virginal schoolgirl and squeal in alarm. My only other option was to basically ignore it.

"You work at the sports bar, don't you?" he said.

"Only on weekends," I answered quickly. "I go to UIC too!"

"Do you? What are you taking?" he asked with a friendly grin.

"I'm in first-year law," I replied, frantically racking my brain for conversational gambits which would endear me to him."

I've been watching his butt and his shoulders and his strong jawed face for some time on the TV. It was really something to see him here in person, right in front of me.

"I've never seen you in there before," I said.

I definitely would've noticed him.

"I don't have much time to go to bars and stuff," he said. "Between practice, games, and my studies there's not a lot of time left for anything else."

"Tell me about it!" I sighed.

"I've only gone in there a couple of times to meet friends."

And he noticed me! I felt a sudden surge of energy and excitement at that.

"You look pretty cute in a kilt," he said.

I felt my face heat a little bit as pleasure swirled within me.

“Of course, you look pretty cute in that dress too.”

I laughed a little stupidly. “I don’t think the rain has done it any good,” I said apologetically.

“I think the rain has probably made it a sexier dress.”

That could only mean that he liked that it was partially see-through. That made my face a little redder, embarrassment warring with another little wave of... call it ego satisfaction.

“Yeah, I guess a guy would like that,” I said, rolling my eyes a little as I looked down at myself.

“Maybe you should stand outside and get it a little wetter,” he said, smiling.

“Yeah, I don’t think so,” I said with a laugh. “You’re pretty wet too.”

“Come on,” he teased, “Where’s your sense of school spirit? Don’t you want to cheer up a guy on the Tigers?”

“You seem to be cheery enough,” I said in amusement.

He grinned and then peeled his T-shirt up and over his head! I gaped at the suddenly revealed expanse of his broad, naked chest only a couple of feet in front of my eyes and watched as he wrung the T-shirt out.

“My name is Connor,” he said with a smile

“I’m Kristin,” I squeaked, my eyes darting up and down and off and on and from side to side as I desperately tried not to be seen as staring.

Connor shook out the T-shirt and put it on again then brushed his hand across it and thrust it out at me. There was really nothing I could do but take it

And it was a big, freaking hand!

“You have a big, freaking hand!” I said almost spontaneously.

He laughed. “And if these hands could only talk,” he said, making a bad pun.

“What would they have to say?” I asked, trying to keep my voice from rising too much

It was hard to get the memory of that incredibly impressive chest out of my mind. I’d never been that close to a bare chest that was that powerful, that muscular, that impressive looking! It was doing funny things to my body, not to mention making my mind go swirly with a wild array of emotions and thoughts.

“They’d probably tell me that I should let go of your hand.”

“That might be a good idea,” I said, feeling my chest start to tighten with an unfamiliar excitement.

“Then they’d tell me that there’s better places to put them than on a beautiful girl’s hand,” he said as he released me.

“Oh, would they?” I asked with a silly grin. “And where would that be?”

He had very long arms, too. His hands reached out and gripped my shoulders loosely but firmly. I squeaked in alarm and surprise as he pulled me forward and then kissed me.

To say I was startled would be a vast understatement. I was so startled that I didn’t even react as his lips came down on mine and he kissed me firmly and quite thoroughly even before I could pull my confusion of thoughts together and decide on how to react.

And by then he had released me and drawn back a little, grinning wickedly down at me.

“Hey!” I gasped.

“You didn’t like the kiss?”

The question confused me. My mind was moving a thousand miles an hour. And saying I didn’t like the kiss was quite frankly wrong. It had been quite a good kiss. That didn’t mean he should’ve kissed me. I mean, I barely knew him from Adam. But it was a good kiss. But I mean, he was sure being cocky. Then again he was a football player and they tended to be a pretty cocky bunch.

“I’m just... I mean... You... Uh...”

Yes, I was kind of at a loss for words.

“You just look very kissable,” he said in amusement.

Geez! How could I respond to that!? When a super hot guy tells me I looked very kissable? Was I

supposed to get angry about that?! Holy geez!

“Well... I mean... You can't just go around kissing girls!” I blurted.

“I know. But it's not like we have a lot of time, and I thought I'd speed things up and kind of throw a Hail Mary pass.”

“I thought that you were a receiver, not a quarterback.”

“You're right. Maybe I should be receiving kisses. Would you like to throw one my way? I promise to catch it.”

He gave me a boyish grin, and I felt my chest tightening further and my nipples tingling and hardening within the cups of my bra.

Then I suddenly felt this wild, heady, stupid impulse to just go for it!

So I kind of giggled and reached up to put my hands on his shoulders, intending to give him a light peck on the lips. His hands, though, those great big hands, slid up and around me, one pushing up through my hair and practically covering the whole back of my head as he held the kiss and deepened it.

My heart began to beat like a drum and my pulse raced as he held me against him, his lips firm but surprisingly gentle, kissing me in a way that I didn't remember ever being kissed before. That kiss was overwhelming my senses, doing something weird to my cerebral cortex, locking up my mind so that I could do nothing but stand there in awe and wonder.

I could feel his well-muscled chest against my breasts. A dark rush of something powerful was churning through my body and I felt myself moan against his mouth. The longer it went on the more spellbound I felt, and the more amazed I was by how much better it was than any kiss I'd ever had before.

I found myself kissing back without even intending to, drawn into the kiss helplessly, some dark, deep carnal instinct of mine responding without thought even as his hands slid slowly down my back until they were squeezing my buttocks through the thin skirt.

They tugged up the loose hem and a moment later I flinched as I felt his big fingers on my bare buttocks. A raw heat began to build within me, and already I felt all trembly and lightheaded. And then his hands simply lifted me up into the air, and my legs automatically tried to wrap around him.

This was already the most exciting kiss of my life, and I felt almost giddy, wondering how long we could possibly keep it up. And then Connor turned and walked out the door of the shelter with me, and rain poured down around us as I squealed and pulled my head free.

“Connor!” I gasped.

He laughed and carried me around behind the shelter. There was a small grassy area there underneath the widespread branches of a tall oak tree. He walked just in under it and set me on the edge of the picnic table as he kissed me once again.

I moaned a protest and just as I did the bus I had been waiting for drove right past. I felt a moment of startled consternation, and then a sense that well, I had time to kill now!

Connor leaned forward which forced me to lay back more and more until I was on my back on the table. The tree was keeping most of the rain off but it's not like it was completely dry under there and droplets of water continued to fall down around us.

As he leaned over, though, he mostly sheltered me from the rain but he continued that wild kiss. One of his hands slid through my hair while the other moved up to gently knead my left breast. Again I felt a churning uncertainty. I hardly knew this guy! But a rush of heat overruled my concerns.

He was standing right there between my spread legs now and I could feel him pressing against me as he leaned over the table. The top button of my dress gave way, then the next, then the next. He undid the belt with deft fingers and then pulled the rest of my dress open as I felt a sudden wild shock of realization.

Was I going to do this!? Holy God! I hadn't imagined going this far with a guy I had just met outside in the open! This was insane! I had to stop this now! But his lips felt so good on mine and when

his hand tugged my bra up a shockwave of wild, animal excitement swept through me.

“His hand squeezed my breasts then he brought his mouth down from mine and I shuddered as his lips engulfed the center of my breast, his tongue licking excitedly as he sucked against me.

“Oh my God!” I gasped.

He all but tore my bra off, his mouth hungry, ravenous as he sucked and licked and lightly chewed at my breasts. I lay there in a state of scalding heat and wonderment. I was still thinking I needed to put a stop to this even as my body burned hotter with every passing second!

Connor licked and kissed his way down my stomach and abdomen, his big hands gripping my thighs and spreading them almost painfully wide as he dropped to his knees and licked up and down against me through the crotch of my thong.

My hands shot down to grab his head to push him back even as my hips rolled excitedly up against him. His lips massaged me there as his tongue licked hard and fast through the thin fabric of my thong.

“Connor! Oh my God!” I moaned.

He drew back and stood up before me and I gulped in air, chest heaving as he grinned down at me and then peeled his T-shirt up and off. The sight of his chest and shoulders glistening wet in the moonlight sent another churning wave of heat through me even as his big hands gripped me just beneath the arms and pulled me up off the table.

Almost immediately, though, his hands gripped the open dress and pulled it back and off over my shoulders before bending me over the table. I shuddered as my bare breasts pillowed out against the wet wood, my nipples rock hard as he undid the bra and pulled it free.

I felt another shock, a sort of dazed realization that I was practically naked now right outside, only ten yards away from a sidewalk!

Connor drew my arms back together behind me, drawing my elbows back together. A moment later I felt something thin and soft and light wrapped around them, then felt it jerked tightly together. My eyes fluttered in confusion even as he roughly gripped my thong and yanked it down and off.

Things were moving so fast that my mind couldn't catch up. I realized with another shock that I was naked, completely naked now! Then on top of that that my arms were somehow bound together behind me!

He turned me rapidly, lifted me to sit me on the edge of the table again, then shoved me so I fell back atop my arms! And then his mouth was buried between my thighs and I cried out at the sudden flood of sensation as his tongue found my clitoris and my back arched sharply.

“Oh! Oh my God! Oh! Oh, God!” I gasped as his tongue and lips feasted hungrily on my naked flesh.

I was still trying to understand what was going on. I was still trying to cope with the shock of being completely naked outside with this guy who was basically a stranger and of course, the churning cauldron of heat was growing even more intense within me as his big hands gripped my thighs and his tongue and lips sent powerful rushing waves of sensation up through my body.

I gasped, moaned, and shuddered as his tongue and lips made my body writhe uncontrollably. Then a big finger pushed into me, thick and long, the pad of his finger rubbing. The sensations seemed to grow even more powerful and I realized in stunned amazement that I was close to orgasm.

He rose up above me undoing his belt, shoving his pants down and I stared at his revealed body from shoulders to thighs my eyes feasting on him, my mouth open, a sense of awe and animal hunger filling me.

Then I felt uncertainty and a little anxiety for he was really big everywhere. His cock was way bigger than anything I had ever had before. Not that I'd had many. But holy geez! I stared at it, transfixed, watching as he gripped it in his hand and guided it against me.

I moaned helplessly as I felt the pressure there as he rubbed the head up and down against me to produce more of those wild, carnal sensations. Then he pushed and I began to ache as he slowly spread

me open. I couldn't speak and couldn't tear my eyes away from the sight of him pushing against me.

The heat within me grew even more all-consuming as I watched and felt his big cock sliding deeper and deeper into my trembling body. His big hands gripped my thighs and lifted me upward so that only my shoulders and arms touched the table and my legs were spread wide.

His cock pushed deeper and I gasped at the ache, the sensation of being utterly filled to overflowing, being stretched to my limits. He drew back and then pushed forward, then did it again, and again. Each time he pushed forward he pushed a little deeper and I whimpered and moaned and gasped at the sight and sensations.

He lifted me up to meet each push, each thrust, and all I could do was stare and shudder until his cock was buried inside me. That was all it took. I came, crying out in pleasure and passion and heat, my upper body twisting and thrashing there on the table as he held my thighs, buttocks, and lower back aloft to push his cock in and out of me.

But then he lowered me to the table and one of his hands quickly folded around my neck and squeezed. I could hardly breathe now, and my cries were choked off to soft, nearly inaudible gurgles. My eyes were slitted and my body trembled and shook as he thrust into me with long, deep strokes.

My arms jerked feebly against whatever was holding them behind me, beneath me, my mouth opened wide as I instinctively sought to breathe, as well as to cry out. I felt no panic, no pain, no fear or concern. My mind was flooded with a churning river of liquid heat and pleasure.

My head began to pound and my chest burned as his other hand roughly fondled one of my breasts. Although he wasn't holding my thighs anymore I had drawn them up and apart, my knees rising and falling on their own as he thrust his big cock into my belly.

He pulled his hand free and I gulped in air, my chest heaving. His hands returned to my thighs, jerking them up to meet his thrusts. Then he lowered them again and dropped back to his knees, pulling himself out of me. His mouth was on me again, his lips sucking rhythmically against my hypersensitive clitoris as I twisted and writhed and whimpered and moaned.

"Please!" I gasped breathlessly, not even knowing what I was begging him to do. "Please!"

His tongue slid back and forth across me and I felt his fingers penetrating me, two of them this time, big, long, then joined by a third. I became dazedly aware of a car driving by on the street, and the sound of city traffic around us. His hands slid up my body and squeeze my breasts and slid his fingers out, then rose up, taking his mouth off my sex.

His cock pushed into me once more, and he lifted my legs up and dropped my ankles across his shoulders. He leaned into me, his hips thrusting steadily, his cock punching deep, achingly deep. His hands folded over my breasts again, rolling my stiff nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers.

He leaned further forward, which forced my legs further back. He grinned down at me and his hand went around my neck again. I didn't know why, and I couldn't ask. My mind was swimming in heat and hunger and need and I could only gurgle as he closed his hand more firmly.

His other hand slid up and down my body as he thrust into me, then a big, rough thumb found my swollen little button and began to stroke rapidly from side to side.

My head jerked back violently, my back arching as I cried out near silently as a sudden flood of sensation swept through me. I felt frantic, not from lack of air but from the rapid explosion of sensation. He released me and I gulped in air again as his hands fondled my breasts.

My head rolled from side to side and the muscles in my legs worked desperately to roll my hips up against him at each stroke. He thrust harder, his hips slapping against my buttocks now as he brought his thumb down against my clitoris again.

My movements became too energetic, my hips jerking up furiously. My breathing was ragged and loud, interspersed with gasps and whimpers and cries. And then, shockingly, stunningly for me, another climax surged up through my system and I all but screamed until his hand closed around my throat again.

I bucked and twisted and cried out again and again as the orgasm shattered my mind. It was without question the most powerful, most intense I'd ever felt before. My body was on fire, only the fire was pleasure, ecstasy. I lost control of myself, both body and mind, overwhelmed by the power of the sensations I was drowning in.

It went on and on, far longer and more intense than anything I had ever experienced. When it faded it left me dazed and exhausted. And breathless, I suddenly realized as he released my throat. Again my chest heaved as he gripped my thighs and thrust into me hard and fast, lowering my back and hips to the table again as he leaned over me.

He dropped his heavy, powerful body down and crushed my lips with his, his kiss hungry, aggressive, and ravenous as his lips and tongue seemed to want to force mine wider and wider as if he could climb inside. I lay there in dazed languor, submitting, letting him have my mouth for whatever he wanted it for.

It was almost an afterthought, since what concentration I had, and I had little of that, was on that big cock punching deep into my belly again and again. It ached, but it ached so wonderfully!

And then he gave a final series of thrusts, ramming himself into me again and again, then half-collapsed atop me, crushing me to the hard wood.

He drew up and back quickly, his hands sliding up and down my thoroughly wet body, rolling and plucking at my nipples as his cock slid out of me and began to soften. I groaned weakly, amazed at myself, amazed at the best sex I'd ever had, my mind half vacant with confusion and uncertainty.

"We missed the bus, but I don't mind," he said with a grin.

I could only groan again, still bewildered and overwhelmed by that incredible rush of passion and pleasure.

I mean, I'm not a girl that has a social life, as I said. And I was never a girl to throw myself at guys and just let them do what they wanted with me. It's not like I was a virgin or anything, but I had not had many lovers. Even the word was one I'd never thought of before really, since the only guys who had made love to me had been boyfriends. But I could hardly call him that.

"You have some fucking body," he said admiringly, his hands sliding up and down from thighs to breasts.

I could not return the favor and my mind wakened to that with a sense of uncertainty and unhappiness. I wanted to run my hands over those wet, powerful shoulders and up and down that nicely muscled chest.

"What... I'm not... why are my arms... Tied?" I asked in bewilderment.

His big hands gripped me underneath the arms and pulled me into a seated position on the edge of the table.

"Because I wanted them to be. Because it turns me on."

Well, that wasn't a bad thing, was it? And yet my arms were still bound behind me...

I wasn't thinking straight yet, my mind still kind of shellshocked by what happened and that incredible rush of heat and want and pleasure. He bent over while I was trying to ponder this and grabbed his pants tossing them onto the table after pulling his belt free.

He pushed the tongue through the buckle to form a loop then brought it over my head so it settled down around my neck then pulled it tight, though not tight enough to interfere with my breathing.

"Let's go again, beautiful," he said with a grin.

He gripped my arm and pulled me off the table. My legs were so rubbery I practically sank to my knees on my own as he shifted us from the end of the table to where he could sit on one of the benches. He spread his thighs wide and then pulled on the belt, drawing my head in closer. He gathered in my hair and pulled my face in against his groin.

"Get to work, baby."

I was confused at first. And then he released the belt to let it hang there, lifting up his now flaccid cock and pulling my mouth down by gripping my hair.

“Suck my balls,” he ordered.

A part of me was gratified to know what I was supposed to do, so I opened my mouth and began to lick and suck at his balls as he combed my hair up into a thick mass that he held firmly in his fist. I sucked them into my mouth, working them around with my tongue as he reached down to fondle one of my breasts.

The grass and dirt were cold and wet beneath me as I licked at his balls. He pulled me back and then had me licking my way up and down along his cock. It did not take very long for it to begin to harden, and I felt a sense of growing excitement as my lips slid up and down the slick length of him.

I let out a little cry as he jerked back on my hair, and my eyes rolled up to meet his as I panted for breath.

“Do you want my cock inside you again, baby?”

It seemed a strange question and so it confused me. But there was no question in my mind that I did.

“Yes,” I half whispered.

He pulled me forward again, pushing his cock through my lips, along my tongue, and deep into my mouth. I gurgled helplessly, sucking and licking as best I could, feeling a strange sense of animal hunger. And I say that deliberately. There was no romance in this. What I was feeling was animal heat.

He rose to his feet still gripping my hair and began to pump his cock slowly through my lips. He was a tall man and he bent my head back then pushed forward. My eyes widened as I felt a sudden aching in my throat. My gag reflex seemed to be running slow tonight but as it started to activate I could feel him deep in my throat.

I twisted and jerked instinctively but he was far too powerful for me to move. And just like that his cock was buried in my throat and I stared in shock and wonder at his abdomen pressed against my face. My nose was practically touching it.

I was amazed that I was able to swallow it. But his cock really made my throat ache. He was just so thick! He pulled out slowly and I stared at the glistening length of him as he emerged before me, then coughed and gasped for breath as he pulled free.

I was busy doing that, my mind kind of reeling as he pulled me to my feet, his big hand locked around my upper arm as he led me, stumbling, in closer to the tree. He released my arm and then reached up above me though I had no idea why nor cared. All that mattered to me just then was being able to gulp in deep, wonderful breaths of air.

He dropped down to his knees before me and his big hands forced my thighs apart. That lowered me and the belt around my neck suddenly tightened. Apparently, he had somehow tied the other end around the overhanging branch. His tongue licked hungrily at my clitoris as his hands rose to fondle my breasts. Then they slid around behind me to squeeze my buttocks, pulling my thighs apart again so that the belt tightened around my neck once more.

I gurgled and my eyes bulged a little even as an intense thrill of dark hunger and pleasure rolled through my mind and body. I had never experienced anything like this before, never imagined I would even take part in this kind of wild, edgy, animal sex. I didn't quite understand it for I suppose I was on the whole rather innocent about sex except for the basics.

And deep throating was not among the basics. I was still feeling a sense of shock, my throat still aching, and my ragged breathing still trying to make up for him shoving his big cock down my throat. And now I found myself standing in place with the belt around my neck to hold me in position while he performed oral sex on me!

It was all so new and wild, nothing like the sort of sex I had had before. And the way he was licking me, tonguing me, his lips massaging my swollen clitoris, the way he sucked rhythmically against me as his fingers pushed into my sopping opening were all so new to me!

And again I had to cope with the difficulty of breathing, making me lightheaded as he tongued my clitoris and his hands kneaded my breasts. I moaned helplessly, panting and gasping for breath as

his fingers stroked in and out of me and his lips sucked skillfully. My mind was just not able to catch up with all the things I was experiencing and feeling.

Especially since he kept introducing new ones. He stood up, guiding his thick cock up into my body once again, squatting low to get the right ankle then gripping my buttocks and actually lifting me into the air. I gurgled helplessly as the belt tightened fully and then loosened.

My legs were wrapped around him as he lifted me up and down while he thrust into me. And the constant movements tightened and loosened the belt around my neck again and again.

“Sexy little fuck toy!” he growled, chewing and licking and kissing and sucking on the nape of my neck.

I gurgled and moaned as his cock punched into me again and again, unable to do or say anything, especially as I remained bewildered, my mind overwhelmed by the sensations and the experience.

He set me down, relatively gently, thankfully. Then he roughly spun me around and slapped my bottom sharply, stingingly before gripping my hips and jerking them back against him. I felt his thick cock push between my thighs, soft skin against soft skin.

Then he reached his hand around my hips, gripping the tip of his cock and pushing it up against me.

He rubbed it firmly back and forth against the top of my sex, against my now-hypersensitive clitoris.

“Tell me you want me inside you, baby.”

He gripped my hair and yanked it back along with my head and I gasped in pain as he chewed his way up along the side of my neck and under my ear.

“Tell me you love my cock.”

That seemed an odd thing to do. I mean, inasmuch as my mind was working just then, it didn't seem like the sort of thing I would ever say. Certainly it was not the kind of thing I ever had said before.

Crack!

I gasped as he slapped my bottom.

“Say it, baby. Tell me you love my cock!”

Crack!

I moaned a protest and he jerked back on my hair again, nibbling on my earlobe.

“Tell me you love my cock,” he growled.

“I-I... love your cock!” I panted dazedly.

“Louder!”

“I love... your cock!” I moaned.

“Beg me to fuck you,” he whispered.

Crack!

He slapped my bottom again.

“Say it, baby!”

“P-please!” I gasped.

Crack!

He giggled behind me. “Say it, you sexy slut.”

“Please f-fuck me!” I gasped.

I felt him drawing his cock back and then pushing upwards. The pressure mounted and then his erection forced me open and slid up inside me. I felt a dark, wonderful rush of excitement and satisfaction as that thick cock filled me to overflowing once again.

“God I love how tight your cunt is!” he exclaimed.

With short, sharp little strokes that slapped him repeatedly against my buttocks. He built up speed until my whole body was shaking and shuddering as he jerked back on my thighs to meet every thrust. He pulled back far enough that I had to rise onto the balls of my feet to keep from strangling!

His grip on my thighs prevented them from closing as he held me back there, and now he pressed his big fingers inward, rubbing them from side to side with the top of my sex between, rubbing and massaging my clitoris as his big cock plunged deep into my belly again and again.

I gurgled and gasped and panted for breath, my head reeling as a churning wall of liquid heat rolled through me. My whole body was shaking from the powerful thrusts. And his big cock continued to violently stroke in and out between the taut lips of my sex. Just as his thumbs continued to massage my swollen little button. My mind swam and bubbled in a boiling cauldron of pleasure and passion, heat and need.

I said before that I'd never had sex like this. But really, this wasn't so much having sex as being fucked. When you have sex with a guy you're usually participating. And by participating I don't just mean you're there. I mean that you act in certain ways, say certain things, control your body in certain ways, and do certain things to your partner.

Here, all tied up the way I was and unable to speak I had no say in what was going on and nothing to do or consider doing. In a way, that left me sort of free, my mind, I mean. All it had to do was focus on what I was feeling, on what was happening to me.

And it was another aspect to this which was really unusual for me. This guy was a stranger. We had no mutual friends. I had nothing invested in him as a boyfriend or potential boyfriend. I didn't have to put on an act or care about what he thought of me, or what he might tell others about me.

So once again my mind could be completely focused on the here and now, on the feel of his cock driving up into my throbbing, overheated belly. I gasped and grunted at the feel of his hips slapping against my buttocks, my breasts shaking and moving as my body did, his hands groping them.

I had never had this kind of violent, animal sex, never been subjected to it, I suppose I should say. It was overwhelming, both physically and emotionally. I just hadn't been prepared for and didn't know how to cope with the sensations my body was experiencing.

There was also this strange sense of... I'm not sure what to call it... masochism? A sense of victimhood? A sense of... of being... ravished! Ravished by some wild, savage man who was using my body just to sate his lust! It was, in a way, like something out of one of my darker sexual fantasies. And it was inciting a level of excitement, of passion within me that I'd never before experienced.

I sort of let my mind float on that wild, churning flight of passion and sensation, no fears, no worries, no thoughts, just pure floating and instinct. That let me just wallow in it, eyes slit, panting for breath, helpless and overpowered.

And then somehow or other I came yet again! It was probably a good thing the belt was so tight around my throat because otherwise I would've screamed like a wild animal in response to the incredible rush of pleasure sweeping through me.

As it was all I could do was grunt and gasp in a strangled voice as my body was wracked by convulsions and my mind was swamped, bouncing helplessly on a churning white sea of something like rapture!

"Fuck! Fuck, yeah!" he gasped. "Take it! Take it!"

He had slowed down, drawing the long length of him out until just the head was gripped between the lips of my sex then spearing it up into my body with one powerful lunge. Then another. Then another. Then he cursed and began to thrust furiously into me so that my whole body trembled and shook.

I lost the ability to control myself, to stand, or even care about breathing. Fortunately, he was more in control than I was and reached up to undo the belt from the branch overhead. I sank to my knees, gulping in air.

*

The next morning in class I tried very hard to pay attention. But as the professor droned on my mind kept skipping back to the stunning events of the previous evening. I still didn't quite understand how I had allowed things to get that far that fast. But I couldn't honestly say I regretted what happened.

I felt sore as I sat there on the hard seat, sore in a lot of places. That had been the roughest sex I ever had and he was a big guy. Even so I felt a little thrill every time I remembered it. I mean, holy geez! I had never done anything like that. No way I was even going to tell my friends about it. It had been so slutty to let him do that!

I have to say that it made me think about sex quite differently than I had up until this point. I'd always considered it more as a romance thing, not just pleasure. But boy, I never had three orgasms before, let alone three powerful orgasms like that. That kind of pleasure was enough to change a girl's whole worldview about sex!

My big regret was that I didn't have any way to contact him. I didn't have a phone number, an email address, nothing. I didn't even know if he was interested in any further contact with me. Although let's be honest here, any guy would be interested in no strings attached sex. Especially with a girl that looks like me. And I don't say that to be vain. I know what I look like.

I supposed that I could get in touch with him if I worked at it, maybe went to the gym where he and his team practiced. But that would make me seem like some kind of a slutty fangirl, and I didn't want that. I mean, it was one thing to basically let a guy do stuff like that to me, and quite another to go out of my way to seek him out and, you know, get him to do stuff like that.

Bad enough I hadn't resisted, without actually encouraging him.

And then there was that business about tying me up! I didn't quite understand it. But it had really added to the dark, edgy excitement of what had happened. That sense of being helpless should have been scary. And I guess it was a little, but it also made me feel as out of control as if I was on a roller coaster. And roller coasters had just the right amount of scariness to take your breath away without scaring you too much.

All in all, it had almost been like a force of nature, irresistible, impossible to influence or change.

And I knew I wanted more of it. I just didn't know how to go about getting it. I kind of hoped that I would hear from him, though how he would get in touch with me, I don't know. I hadn't even told him my last name.

I spent that week the same way I had spent the previous week; attending classes, reading, attending study groups, and going over homework and projects.

Come Friday, I went to work again. That too was perfectly normal. My life was back to normal. It was almost easy to think what had happened had been nothing more than a brief interlude, or even a dark fantasy that was gone. Although I have to admit that when I went up to the bus stop I looked around a lot. You know, just in case.

I did the same the next day, but there was no sign of him. I kind of told myself that a guy that looked like that, who was on the football team, had his choice of girls and didn't really have to care enough to search one out even if she was so slutty as to just let him do whatever he wanted to her.

*

It was a normal boring Sunday. And the later it got the quieter things got. Midnight finally rolled around and I headed for the bus stop. Again, I felt a sense of anticipation mixed with anxiety. Maybe he be there. He knew I worked Sundays after all. But he probably wouldn't be, so I didn't want to set myself up to be disappointed.

I saw no sign of him as I walked up the street, and then I turned the corner there was a bus stop ahead, and there he was leaning against the shelter. My pulse rate pretty much doubled. I froze in place for a moment and then continued forward, my heart starting to pound. My chest started to get tight and I could feel a sudden surge of sexual energy blossoming within me.

I walked slower the closer I got and I started to feel a sense of self-consciousness, even a little embarrassment. But the weird thing was he wasn't even looking at me. He was acting like he didn't even know me. Then I got close enough and I stopped but I didn't know what to say.

He finally turned and looked at me his hand reached out and grabbed the front of my tank top and jerked me and against him, kissing me passionately. My hands went up against his shoulders almost

automatically and I started to kiss back within a second or so, feeling that sexual excitement growing into a real pressure, to the point my fingers felt like they were shaking.

He pulled back slowly, leaving me gulping in air, already so full of sexual tension and hunger I could hardly control myself.

“Go to the shelter and take off all your clothes including the shoes.”

I stared at him in astonishment, not at the prospect of getting naked before him but doing it there in the shelter. I mean, yes, he had basically opened my dress in there but being completely naked about myself presented a whole other daunting prospect.

“Are you kidding?! I can’t go -- .”

His hand rose and circled my throat, and he pulled me in against him to kiss me a second time. His hand wasn’t so tight that it made breathing an issue, but it was very firm and sent another dark shudder of excitement through me at how... I don’t know... aggressive and macho and confident and powerful he was.

“Do it,” he growled. “When I go in there I’m going to tear anything you’re wearing off your body.”

Holy shit!

He turned in place with my neck still filling his hand, which turned me in place so that I was in front of the entrance to the shelter. Then he removed his hand and turned me around, giving my butt a sharp smack so that I yelped and half stumbled forward.

Once in the shelter, I turned to stare at the open doorway, my heart pounding like a drum. This was insane! There was no way I could get naked in here! It was a public bus shelter! Anybody could show up! And it wasn’t like it was all that clean. The floor was rough concrete, cold and dirty. I mean, people had dropped stuff like cola cans and potato chip bags, and coffee cups there.

“You have thirty seconds,” I heard him say.

Holy shit!

I gripped the hem of my tank top and peeled it up and over my head then tossed it on the low bench. My pulse racing faster and faster, I undid my bra and tossed it on top, getting more and more nervous now, my eyes and head swiveling rapidly from side to side, peering through the plastic to see if anyone was walking up the street.

Frantic, now, I jerked my cutoffs and thong down my legs and off and put them on the bench, too, then reluctantly kicked off my sneakers. This was crazy! I should tell him to go to hell! Why was I catering to him like this!? I could have any guy I wanted! I mean, all I had to do was offer!

And yet here I was naked in a bus shelter, my bare feet pressed against the rough, dirty concrete below, the sound of traffic going by on the cross street making me increasingly nervous. This was madness!

Suddenly he filled the doorway and I gasped and kind of halfheartedly covered myself with my arms and hands.

“Put your hands behind your neck and spread your legs.”

He had this deep, rumbling voice, and was now speaking in a low growl.

I hesitantly obeyed, feeling more and more self-conscious but also more and more thrilled. And I didn’t quite understand why exactly.

He stepped inside, and a half-step further he was right against me, his hand gripping my neck again. He pushed me back against the cold metal and plastic wall behind me and I squeaked and dropped my arms, trying to move away. But he tightened his grip on my neck.

“Don’t move unless I tell you to,” he growled.

“What are you doing!? Why are you -- .”

He tightened his grip so that I could no longer speak. I gasped, my hands instinctively coming up and gripping his wrist.

“Don’t talk unless I tell you to. I like the control. It excites me. That’s why. I like to be in control.

It's called dominance. And what I want from you is submission."

He pulled me slightly away from the wall and then shoved me back against it hard.

"So do it!"

I brought my hands back up behind my neck and his fingers loosened. They moved away, sliding up along my cheek and gripping my hair. He pulled it back and then leaned in for another of those incredible, passionate, savage kisses. At the same time, his other hand caressed my breasts, squeezing lightly, rolling my nipples between his thumb and fingertips.

The hands slid downward and I shuddered as he cupped my sex and gave it a little squeeze. I felt his fingers spreading the lips of my pussy apart and then stroking lightly across my clitoris. My hips bucked involuntarily against him and I shuddered at a sudden rush of sensation, moaning into his mouth.

I was already wet and got wetter as his fingers skillfully stroked my hot little button to the point that my hips began to grind against him as the heat flooded up through me. I felt his finger slowly pushing up inside me, then a second. They were big fingers! I moaned as they stroked slowly in and out while his thumb rubbed against my clitoris as his lips crushed mine.

Then he drew back, bringing his fingers away until they pressed against my lips. I blinked in surprise, confused as his big fingers pushed slowly into my mouth.

"Suck," he said.

I moaned and obeyed, looking at them for good measure as I rolled my eyes up at him. His other hand came up and gripped me by the neck once more and I gurgled, feeling my eyes bulge a little as he squeezed.

"Tell me you're my bitch," he said in a low growl. "Say it."

Oh my God!

He pulled his fingers free and I shuddered again. "I- I'm your... your bitch!" I gasped, my very skin prickling with excitement and tension.

"Put your hands in front of you and cross your wrists."

I hesitantly obeyed and he released my neck, then took what looked like a black scarf out of his pocket and began to wrap it around my crossed wrists.

"Control," he said quietly.

It didn't take him long. I wondered how many girls he had tied up. He gripped my arm and roughly pulled me away from the wall.

"Get down on all fours," he ordered.

I looked at the floor reluctantly but such was the heat I was feeling I moved forward and then dropped down onto my knees, then my hands as well. God, this was so slutty! What was I doing!? Why were we doing this here!?

"Lower," he said. "Onto your elbows."

I reluctantly lowered my front so that my forearms were pressed against the cold dirty floor.

"Lower," he said.

I didn't know what he meant. How could I get lower?

Then he put his enormous foot on my back between my shoulder blades and I gasped at the pressure, forces downward.

"Connor!" I exclaimed.

"No talking or I'll gag you."

He pressed down and I felt my hard nipples touch the floor, then my soft breasts pillowed out against the dirty concrete as my arms gave way and slid forward along the floor.

Oh my God!

"That's it. Ass up. Face down," he said.

He knelt behind me and I felt his hand go between my thighs, the edge of it sliding up and down along the line of my sex.

“Hot, gorgeous little slut,” he said.

Crack! He slapped my bottom sharply and I yelled in pain.

His hands gripped my waist and he pulled back even as he pushed in against my buttocks so that I kind of was folded up more, my hips higher, my back very sharply bowed. He forced my thighs wider apart and then slapped my bottom again.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

God! This was so sick! Why was I going along with this!? I was pressed against a filthy stone floor of the bus shelter with my pussy in the air! I must be out of my mind!

His hand had returned to my sex, rubbing up and down firmly, his fingers stroking across my burning little button.

“Say it, slut.”

I flinched at the word, yet I could hardly deny it. That’s what I was. At least with him.

Crack!

“Do as you’re told!”

“Please fuck me!” I said in a shuddering voice.

I was almost dazed with how incredibly slutty I was acting, how cheap and outrageous it was to allow myself to be put in this position in a bus shelter. But a dark, thrumming sexual heat had taken over my mind and was resonating through my body.

And then I felt his cock rubbing up against me, slowly pushing between the lips of my sex, stretching me out the way I had remembered from last week. I felt my excitement mounting and moaned aloud as his big cock slid into me.

“That’s it, baby. You want that cock, don’t you.”

He gripped my hair and yanked it back, then slapped my bottom while his hips began to move in and out.

“You know what submission means now, baby? This is submission.”

Crack!

“This is domination.”

Crack!

“This is me owning you.”

He leaned his body over me and slid his left hand in under my neck, which was elevated now because of the way he was pulling on my hair. His hands slid forward until it rose up and back, and my neck was kind of caught in between the crook of his arm as I felt his breath against my right ear.

“Beg me to fuck you!” he growled.

“P-Please, fuck me!” I gasped.

“Again but call me sir this time.”

I gurgled as he tightened his arm around my neck, gasping for breath.

“Please... f...fuck me, s-sir!” I gasped in a strangled voice.

“Beg me to fuck you hard.”

I moaned dazedly as he chewed lightly on the side of my throat.

“Say it, bitch!”

I whimpered and moaned as his cock thrust into me hard and fast deep. Every few strokes he paused while he was buried inside me to grind himself against my upraised buttocks.

“Please... please fuck me hard, sir!” I gasped.

He thrust harder, his hip slapping powerfully against my upraised buttocks as he buried his cock inside me with every stroke.

“Tell me I own you, little slut. Let me hear you say it. Say you own me, sir.”

I didn’t understand this. Like the rest of everything he did with me, this was strange and new and very dark. I gasped in pain as he bit into the soft flesh of my earlobe and whispered in my ear.

“Do it, bitch.”

“You... own me... sir!” I gasped.

My chin was almost touching the rough stone. Only my arms stretched out before me prevented it. I could see bright lights coming up the street, the bus arriving. I stared at it dazedly, watching as it approached, hearing this rising sound of its motor. Then it drove on past us as his hips continued to smack hard and fast against my raised bottom.

I felt his other arm, his other hand, so large and warm and work-roughened, sliding up my abdomen until his fingers could find my swollen little button. He began rubbing steadily against it and I shuddered and jerked spastically, my hips helplessly rolling back against him as pleasure coursing through me.

“Oh! Oh! Oh, God! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” I gasped.

“Gonna make you come again, you horny little slut. I want to feel your hot, buttery little cunt squeezing and sucking on my cock when you come,” he growled into my ear. “Come for me, bitch.”

My head was thrumming and spinning with the mounting intensity of the sensations pouring through me. I was overheated and burning up, the heat melting my mind as I stared sightlessly out through glazed eyes along my limp arms. His hard thrusts were grinding my soft breasts against the concrete below so that they ached. And yet my nipples were hot crackling little sparkles of need even in the midst of the ache.

His arm tightened further around my neck, and I was already lightheaded due to the difficulty in drawing breath. I gasped helplessly gurgling and moaning as the steady slap of his hips filled the small shelter. Then the pleasure suddenly shot upward, slowly at first then with an explosive burst of energy that made me try to scream despite the lack of breath in my lungs.

My hips bucked desperately back against him as he thrust into me, my entire lower body flaring wildly as my head threatened to explode with the pressure that needed to be released. I was lost in the midst of a howling storm of sensation battering away at my mind and body.

Black dots danced before my eyes and I felt myself fading away. He loosened his arm and I sucked in desperate breaths of air as the orgasm slowly receded.

I heard him laugh softly as he pulled his arm out from under my neck, then pushed himself up and back.

“You are one sexy little bitch,” he said. “Why are you wasting your time as a fucking waitress or learning law?”

He slapped my bottom sharply.

“You should be selling this, you hot little slut. You’d make a fortune.”

I cried out weakly as he gathered in my hair and then pulled firmly, forcing my head up and back, forcing me to push my hands down and rise up and back until I was on my knees before him with my head pressed against his shoulder.

His hands roughly fondled my breasts as he slowed his thrusts and I shuddered in tactile pleasure at the contrast of his warm hands instead of the cold concrete. My breasts throbbed with contentment, my nipples burning and sending hot, flickering rushes of pleasure through my chest.

His lips were at the nape of my neck and up under my ear, lightly nibbling, or chewing, sucking, licking, and kissing like some kind of wild beast that had me under his control. His knees had been between mine as I had been bent over. Now as I was lifted up and back I found them still there as he sat back on his heels. I was effectively straddling him, his cock beneath me, impaling me as I continued to gulp in air and wallowed in the languor of the afterglow of that wondrous orgasm.

Then his hands abandoned my breasts, sliding up and then back behind my neck his fingers linked together. He drew his arms back which forced mine back, then arched my back sharply, almost painfully. I moaned dazedly as he ground himself against me.

“Tell me I own you, bitch. Say it again.”

I groaned weakly, my mind still shellshocked from the power of the orgasm. I groaned again as he threw his arms back further and whispered it into my ear again.

“You... You own me... Sir!” I gasped.

He turned, bodily, and since I was in effect riding him, that turned to be as well. Then he leaned forward and I cried out as my face and breasts were pressed hard against the plastic wall. He thrust harder and faster now, and I shuddered, my cheek against the see-through plastic wall, my breasts rubbing up and down against the dirty plastic.

His cock drove into me with furious need, and I cried out something... I don't know what. I think I was losing my mind. My whole body was shaking to the power of his thrusts. He stopped suddenly pressed against me, then leaned back and pulled me with them. He turned once again and drew his arms back, I thought I heard my back creaking with relief as it unbowed.

Then he pushed me forward again onto the floor, face down as he began to thrust once more.

I just grunted and moaned and gasped as he used me, but the dark heat was swirling and churning and growing. There was something about this savage, animalistic sex that had caught hold of my mind in a way nothing else ever had, something that thrilled some dark side of my subconsciousness. My body began to bubble and boil over once again, the liquid heat churning within me.

But once again he stopped. This time he drew himself completely out of me, then gripped my hair, wrapping it around his fist to force me up and back once more as he stood up. He roughly turned me to face him and gripped my bound wrists to force them back against the side of the shelter.

His hard cock was pointed at my face, my mouth open as I continued to gasp and pant and gulp in air. He pushed it through my open lips and I moaned as it slid across my tongue. My dazed mind had only just begun to waken to this so I closed my lips and began to suck. But that wasn't what he was after.

He drove himself forward and I gurgled, my eyes widening as the head of his cock pushed into my throat as it had last week. My mind was so intoxicated with heat that it took me a few seconds to respond. My throat ached and I instinctively tried to twist free. But I was pressed back against the wall and he held my wrists firmly in one hand and my hair just as firmly in the other.

He buried his cock in my mouth and throat and ground himself against me as I trembled and shook there on my knees between him and the wall. He held himself pressed against me there for long seconds, then slowly drew back so that I saw inch after inch of his glistening cock appear from out of my taut lips.

But he was only about halfway out before he pushed forward again, burying himself to the balls in my mouth and throat.

“I own you, bitch,” he said from high above.

He drew himself slowly back again, then pulled himself free completely. I drew in great, shuddering breaths as he rubbed himself against my cheeks and nose and forehead. Then without warning, he pushed himself back into my open mouth and straight down my throat. This time he began to fuck me, his cock sliding up and down my throat, along my tongue, and across my lips.

My head was pounding as it had been before, my chest burning. He pulled free and once again I gasped explosively, sucking in deep, ragged breaths of air. And again he pushed himself into my mouth and down my throat, his thighs pressing against my shoulders to pin me in place as he pumped slowly in and out, up and down, fucking my throat, fucking my mouth, fucking my face.

He pulled out and jerked me away from the wall then flung me backward to land sprawling on my back on the dirty floor. I stared through glassy eyes up at the ceiling, chest heaving as he knelt between my legs, spreading them wider, and then entered me again.

His hands roughly fondled my breast as he leaned into me, thrusting hard and fast. One of his hands dropped down between my legs, fingering my clitoris as the other slid up and folded around my neck. I gurgled, rolling my eyes at him, my mind being swept by more and more powerful waves of liquid heat.

It was like a narcotic, like I was intoxicated by the heat, by the hunger and need and passion he had roused within me. Then even as my eyes began to return to focus the orgasm hit and my back

arched violently as I cried out in animal pleasure, the breath sobbing out of my aching throat as convulsions wracked my body.

As he had the previous Sunday, when he was done with me, when he had spent himself within me, he simply left. I lay along the cold, dirty concrete floor, too dazed to do more for long minutes before slowly, muscles aching, sitting and then stumbling briefly to my feet before falling onto the bench.

I shook my head in a sense of disbelief, then slowly began to gather my clothes and put them on. I combed my fingers through my hair, then got out my brush in hopes of not looking too much like how I felt. The next bus was due soon.

*

I had no idea why I was behaving the way I was, why I was giving in to him and letting him use me and degrade me the way he was. Let me rephrase that. I knew very well why. The heat and hunger were just too powerful to resist. So the real question was why was I so incredibly aroused by the way he was treating me. And I didn't have a good answer for it. I had never felt so aroused before, so aroused that it felt like I was actually trembling, so aroused that I lost all control of my mind, so aroused that my body burned with a feverish need that warped my mind.

When the next Sunday rolled around I walked towards the bus stop with a feeling that was a mixture of dread and desperate anticipation.

And there he was, waiting outside the bus stop. My body began to throb with sexual heat and pressure, my nipples already throbbing hotly as I walked slowly towards him.

His big hand went around my neck again, pulling me in against him to kiss me passionately. Then he pushed me out so that his arm was straight, his hand still around my neck.

"Strip. Naked."

I stared at him uncertainly, then gasped as he tightened his grip. My hands instinctively grabbed at his wrist.

"Drop your arms to your sides. I own you, remember."

My face was flushed and I was gasping for breath as heat and anxiety churned within me. I drop my hands for they were useless anyway against his powerful wrist and he loosened his grip a little.

"Strip."

I felt shocked at his words. The shelter was bad enough! At least with its dirty plastic windows it offered some discretion. The side that faced the busy street, in fact, had a big advertisement over it, completely hiding the shelter from whoever passed by there. But out on the sidewalk, anyone could see me!

"B-But... O-Out here?! Someone might see! Can't I go into the shel - ."

"Do as you're told," he growled, tightening his fingers.

I moaned, my eyes rolling to the side. We were on a retail street, and of course all the stores were closed. There was almost no traffic even on the main street behind me. I had worn a tank top and a pair of shorts again, and he removed his hand as I nervously stripped them off and then awkwardly dropped them on the sidewalk next to me

"The shoes too, bitch."

Flushing, I toed off my sneakers and gasped as he grabbed me by the neck again. My hands again instinctively grabbed at his powerful wrist and he ordered me to drop them to my sides which I did. His other hand darted down between my legs, and I cried out my back arching the moment his fingers found my clitoris.

"Hot little slut," he growled.

I was!

"Show me what submission is, slut. Don't move until I tell you. Don't move your head, your hands, or anything."

I whimpered and shuddered, my head pounding from lack of oxygen, my chest burning, my lips

parted as I tried dazedly to draw breath. I felt myself weakening, growing faint. I sagged involuntarily down to my knees so that he bent with me, his hand still tight around my neck, my eyes going glassy.

He released me and I sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air as he gathered in my hands and wrapped them up in some kind of soft rope.

“Good slut,” he said. “And now you get your reward for obedience.”

He pulled me to my feet and pushed me back against the steel pole of the bus stop sign then raised my wrists high above me and tied them to the pole. He dropped to his knees forcefully spreading my thighs and then his tongue went to work on me.

At first, all I cared about was breathing. Everything else was irrelevant. But as I satisfied that need, my body began to turn its attention to the wild rush of sensations sweeping up from between my legs. God, he was so good! My body was soon writhing in place, my back arching my hips grinding as I whimpered and moaned in the scalding heat.

“Please,” I gasped. “Please... Please... Fuck me! Please fuck me, sir!”

He stood up quickly and grinned at me.

His hands fondled my breasts as his dark eyes bored into me.

“Tell me you love cock.”

“I do! I love cock... Sir!” I moaned. He spun me roughly around and slapped my bottom stingingly so that I cried out in pain, then yanked my hips back sharply. I heard his zipper go down then his cock pushed against the sopping, swollen lips of my sex. I almost came just from the feel of his big cock sliding up into my quivering, trembling body.

“OhmyGod! Oh, God! Yes! Yes!” I moaned.

He buried himself to the balls, in my overheated pussy, then began to thrust hard and fast.

“Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes-yes!” I cried.

As my voice rose he gripped my hair and yank my head up and back, then his other hand closed around my throat. My cries became soft gasps as the heat burned ever hotter.

I was standing right on the sidewalk by a public street completely naked and I was about to come!

And then a man walked out of the bus shelter.

I saw him but my mind seemed to have difficulty processing it. It was still swimming in heat, a steam bath slowing down my thinking processes. He was a large man, a couple of years or so older than me, with broad shoulders and a powerful chest. I could see how broad and how powerful because he wasn't wearing anything but a pair of shorts.

His skin was black and gleamed in the overhead light from the streetlamp. As my eyes widened and my mind tried to make my mouth function, thinking to warn Connor that someone was there, he grinned at me and then his fingers caressed my lips before sliding through my open mouth and along my tongue.

I gurgled dazedly, reflexively jerking my wrists against the rope above me. My body was still shaking as Connor continued to thrust into me, his hips slapping my buttocks hard and fast. Then his hand dropped low and found my clitoris.

Connor pulled his hand from my neck and I gulped in ragged breaths of air. Instead, he began to knead one of my breasts as he continued to thrust into me. The black man leaned in and kissed me on the lips, gently, at first, then with more and more hunger and passion and need.

My mind was completely stunned, and it took me long seconds to understand that this big, powerfully built guy, built like a football player, was here at Connor's invitation. Certainly, Connor showed not the least surprise at his appearance.

Oddly, I felt relief at that, not a sense of betrayal or anything. My hips were already grinding against his fingers in instinctive response to the pleasure they were giving me. His other hand rose and fondled my left breast, his fingers lightly twisting and tweaking and rolling my nipple.

His tongue plunged deep into my mouth, his mouth pushing harder, forcing mine wider, making

me feel as if he was trying to climb inside. He was ravenous, and I shuddered and moaned against him as the heat flared hotter and hotter within me.

The orgasm swept through me and I began to cry out again and again until the black man raised his big hand and closed it around my neck, reducing me to gasps and gurgles and moans while my body twisted and writhed and bucked against Connor's hard cock and the black man's skillful fingers.

The orgasm was, if anything, even more intense than the others he'd given me. Maybe because I was so shocked, so overwhelmed. The black man leaned in to kiss me again, just as hungry and passionate, as he kept his fingers tight around my neck.

The orgasm turned my mind to mush and my bones to rubber. I sagged weakly against the bar as the black man drew back, releasing my neck, then pulling his hand out from between my legs to reach up above me to where the rope was tied.

Connor's thrusts slowed as I felt the rope go limp and all but fell to my knees. Connor dropped to his knees behind me, still gripping my hips and thrusting into me. The black man retied the rope to hold my arms up above me as I knelt gasping for breath. Then he undid his shorts and pushed them down. His cock sprang up thick and hard and he pushed it against my mouth, gripping my head in both hands and then pushing his cock slowly in through my mouth and down my throat.

"Hot, sexy little fuck toy," I heard Connor say.

The black man began slowly fucking my throat and face as I sagged there, dazed and mentally and emotionally exhausted by the tremendous explosion that had been the orgasm. In my dazed state, as the two of them got into a rhythm where one thrusting while the other drew back and then reversed it I almost felt like it was one long cock sliding completely through my body.

Then Connor gave a series of faster and faster thrusts that shook my whole body before he cursed, burying himself inside as he came.

The black guy pulled his cock up out of my throat and as usual I gulped in ragged breaths of air as Connor moved away from me. The black man moved around behind me and got to his knees and jerked back further on my hips. He untied the rope from the pole completely then jerked back again so that I fell to my hands and forearms.

I felt his cock placed at the entrance to my sex and felt him slowly pushing his way into me. I stared down at the sidewalk below, trembling, still gasping for breath as I felt his cock push deeper and deeper. I raise my head slowly then cried out as he gripped my hair and yanked it back.

I stared up the street at the dark buildings, at the half-lit interiors of retail stores and felt a strange sense of disbelief, a kind of dreamlike sense that this could hardly be happening. I was on all fours on the sidewalk on what was normally a busy section of town while some guy I didn't even know fucked me.

It was like we were two animals in the street, and that's what it felt like, like I was a bitch in heat and he was a stray dog that happened by and was mounting me without any care or concern about what humans might be around to see.

My body sagged, as my arms weakened, and then my breasts were pressed against the sidewalk as he began to thrust harder. I'd just had an orgasm that was so powerful it felt like my hair should be standing on end as if I'd just had an electrical shock. And yet even so my body was still filled with sexual pressure, with hunger and need, all of it growing as he thrust harder and faster.

He paused, buried himself inside me, impaling me, gripping my hair to pull my head up and back and raise my chest off of the sidewalk so that he could roughly fondle my breasts.

"You were right, bro, she's got one tight little cunt on her," he said,

"And incredible tits," Connor said.

"Amen, man!"

Connor squatted in front of me, sitting on his heels. He reached in and fondled the breast that the black guy wasn't already groping.

"Beg him to fuck you, baby."

He slapped my face lightly.

“Do it, bitch.”

“Pl-Please fuck me, sir!” I gasped.

He released my hair and breast and gripped my hips and started thrusting into me again. Before my head could drop down again I felt my hair seized once more, this time by Connor. He knelt in front of me, on the rope binding my wrists together, then jerked his pants down again. Already he was starting to harden.

He pushed himself into my mouth, and this time no further and I began to suck and lick, gasping and moaning as my body shuddered to the impact of the black man’s hips and his big cock speared deep into my belly with every thrust.

Connor quickly hardened and then he began to fuck my throat again. The hand not gripping my hair reached in and fondled my breast. The black man released my hips now that my own heat and hunger were driving me back against him. He gripped my other breast and his other hand went down between my legs and began to finger my clitoris.

I think I was barely clinging to sanity a, kind of feverish sexual heat gripping my mind as the two big men used me. It felt like all the higher-order processes of my mind shut down so that I was reduced to the state of an animal, a bitch in heat. I was gurgling and whining and moaning as the two drove their cocks into me hard and fast so that my body began to boil over with sexual heat once again.

The orgasm blasted through me and I screamed endlessly around Connor's cock, mindless animal howls of pleasure as my muscle spasmed again and again. Connor pulled out and I sucked in breath once more as he fisted and pumped his cock before me and then came, shooting his cum across my gasping face.

The black man gave a final series of powerful thrusts and then he too came inside me. I sensed as much as saw them high-fiving themselves above me. The Black man pulled out and released me and I sagged downwards so that my breasts were pillowed out against the sidewalk once again.

Connor stood up pulling up his pants and I stared sightlessly ahead of me at the dark street, trembling and mind blasted. I fell on my belly, then rolled back onto my back, half on the sidewalk half in the street, chest heaving as I stared up at the moon above. The two guys disappeared around the corner and I lay there too dazed to move for a minute.

Then I slowly sat up and stumbled over my clothes, pulling them on just before the bus, thankfully late, showed up.

I returned to my dorm, moving slowly as if in a dream. I could hardly believe what I’d just done... Again! Yet I knew that no matter how many times I was swept by indignation and outrage as I thought of some of the things that had been done to me that I would return to that bus stop next Sunday.

And submit.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him "Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!