

OPEN PARKING LOT, OPEN LEGS





I can't believe I'm still here.

I swore to myself I would never do this again.

And yet... one single message from him was all it took. Now here I am, in this public parking lot, in broad daylight, without any panties.

I hate how easy it is for him. One text — *Be there in twenty. Legs open.* — and every promise I made to myself collapses. I told myself I was done being his public toy. Done with the risk. Done with the way he uses me like I exist only for his cock.

My pussy is already soaked, the soft, swollen folds slick and sticky against my thighs every time I shift on the seat. I can feel the wetness spreading, cooling in the open air of the car, a constant, humiliating reminder that my body is already preparing itself for him. Just sitting here, waiting, and I'm dripping like a desperate little slut.

Like a whore.

My fingers tighten on the steering wheel. I can already imagine the look on his face when he opens the door and sees how soaked I am. He'll smile that slow, knowing smile. He'll make me say it out loud again.

What are you?

And I'll have to answer, voice small and shameful, while the whole parking lot goes about its ordinary day.

The low growl of an engine makes my stomach drop.

I look up and there he is, his car sliding into the space beside mine. He doesn't rush. He never does. He parks, kills the engine, and just sits there for a few seconds, looking at me through the glass like he already owns every wet, trembling part of me.

My hands are shaking as I open the door and step out. The leather skirt is so short that the cool air hits my bare, slick pussy the second I stand. I keep my eyes down as I walk around to the passenger side of his car. He unlocks it with a soft click.



The door closes. The world outside continues, people walking, cars passing, but inside here everything narrows to him.

He turns toward me, eyes dark, calm, almost bored.

“Undress.”

One word. Quiet. Absolute.

I swallow hard. My fingers go to the zipper of the leather skirt. The sound is loud in the quiet car as I pull it down and push the skirt over my hips. It falls to the floor. Then the jacket. The white shirt. I peel everything off until I’m sitting there naked except for the sheer black stockings and the high heels, thighs pressed together in a useless attempt at modesty.

He doesn’t speak. He just watches.

“Open your legs,” he says finally. “Show me.”

My face burns. The wetness between my thighs is obscene, shiny, sticky, already coating the soft inner skin. My pussy is swollen and glistening, the lips parted slightly from how aroused I am. A thin strand of wetness stretches as I spread wider.





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He looks at it for a long moment, then reaches out and slowly drags two fingers through the slick mess, collecting it.

“Look at that,” he murmurs. “Already dripping in a public parking lot. Just from waiting for me.”

He holds his fingers up so I can see how they shine.

“What are you?”

The question lands like a slap. My voice comes out small and broken.

“...Your whore.”



He leans back in the driver's seat, completely calm, and reaches for his belt.

The soft clink of the buckle, the slow drag of the zipper, every sound makes my empty, aching cunt clench. He unbuttons his trousers, lifts his hips just enough, and pulls his cock free.

It's already hard. Thick. Heavy. The head is flushed dark, a bead of precum shining at the tip.

I don't wait for an order.

I can't.

I drop forward like I've been waiting my whole life for this exact moment, bracing one hand on his thigh as I lean across the center console. The strong, musky smell of him hits me first, warm skin, clean sweat, pure male, and it floods my brain, wiping out every last scrap of dignity. My mouth waters.

I wrap my lips around the head without hesitation, sucking greedily, desperately. The manly taste of him spreads over my tongue and I moan around his cock, the sound wet and shameless. I take him deeper, cheeks hollowed, tongue working the underside, already chasing more of that thick, salty flavor.

My pussy is throbbing, dripping onto the leather seat beneath me. I can feel how soaked I am, how my thighs stick together every time I shift. I don't care. I bob my head faster, slurping, letting spit run down the shaft, lost in the heat and the smell and the heavy weight of him stretching my mouth.

Outside the car, ordinary people are walking past, completely unaware that I'm on my knees in broad daylight, sucking a cock like a starving slut while my own wetness soaks the seat.

And I can't stop.







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“Turn around. On your knees on the seat. Face the window. And show me that soaked cunt.”





I reach back with both hands and spread myself open for him.

The air hits my dripping folds. I'm obscenely wet, shiny, swollen, the inner lips glistening, a thick string of arousal already connecting my pussy to my thigh.

He doesn't praise me. He just looks.

Then I feel the blunt, hot head of his cock press against my entrance.

He pushes in in one slow, relentless stroke, stretching me open until he's buried to the hilt.









The second he fills me, my body betrays me completely.

A violent orgasm rips through me, sudden, shameful, uncontrollable. My pussy clamps down hard around his cock as I cum, a broken, choked moan escaping my throat while my thighs shake. Wetness floods out around his shaft, dripping onto the leather seat beneath me.

I came the moment he put it in.

Like a desperate little whore who had been waiting too long.



He stays still inside me, letting me pulse and flutter around him while the humiliation sinks in. Outside the car, the world keeps moving. Inside, I'm still trembling on his cock, face pressed to the window, already ruined.



He doesn't give me time to recover.

While I'm still shaking and dripping around him, he pulls out, grips my hips hard, and turns me around in one rough motion. My back hits the seat, legs forced open, and suddenly I'm face-to-face with him.

He looks down at me with that calm, almost lazy expression, like watching me fall apart is nothing new.

Then he slides back into my soaked, still-twitching cunt in one deep thrust.

I gasp. The new angle feels even more intense, fuller, deeper. Every stroke drags against the sensitive front wall and I can't hide my face this time. He can see everything: the way my eyes glaze over, the way my mouth falls open, the shame written all over me.









He fucks me steadily, unhurried. The wet sounds of his cock moving in and out of me fill the car. Outside, people walk past, completely unaware that I'm being used like this in broad daylight.

“Look at me,” he says quietly.

I force my eyes up to his.

He smiles, just a little.

“You came the second I put it in. Like a desperate slut who's been aching for it all day.”

Another deep thrust makes me whimper. My pussy clenches helplessly around him again, still oversensitive from the first orgasm. Fresh wetness slicks his cock with every movement.

He keeps fucking me face to face, slow and thorough, making sure I feel every inch while the parking lot continues its ordinary life just beyond the glass.



He fucks me face-to-face for a few more deep strokes, watching every broken expression that crosses my face.

Then, without warning, he pulls his cock out of my dripping pussy.

The sudden emptiness makes me whimper.

He doesn't give me time to close my legs. He presses the slick, thick head of his cock against my tighter hole.

My eyes widen.

“No! wait!”

He doesn't wait.

He pushes forward steadily, forcing the head past the tight ring of muscle. The stretch is sharp, intense, almost too much. I cry out, hands flying up to his shoulders, but he keeps going, sinking inch after inch into my ass until he's buried to the hilt.

I can feel every ridge of him inside that smaller, tighter place. My pussy clenches around nothing, still soaked and twitching, while my ass is forced to take the full length of his cock.

Then he starts to move, slow, deep thrusts that make me gasp and tremble with every stroke, the fullness is overwhelming.

Outside the car, the ordinary world continues. Inside, I'm pinned beneath him with his cock buried in my ass, face burning, body shaking, completely used.

He keeps thrusting into my ass with that same unhurried rhythm, every stroke forcing a soft, broken sound out of me.

"Say it," he tells me, voice low and steady.

I already know what he wants.

"I'm... I'm your whore," I whisper, face burning.

He pushes deeper, making me gasp.

"Louder. And tell me how much you need this cock."

My voice shakes.

"I need your cock... I need it so badly. I've been aching for it all day. I'm just a desperate slut who can't stop coming back for it."





He smiles faintly and starts fucking my ass a little harder.

“Now thank me.”

Tears of pure humiliation prick at the corners of my eyes.

“Thank you... thank you for fucking my ass. Thank you for using me like this in a public parking lot. Thank you for making me your whore.”

The words leave my mouth and something inside me snaps.

A second orgasm crashes through me without warning, deeper, dirtier, more shameful than the first. My ass clamps down hard around his cock as I cum, thighs shaking, a helpless moan tearing out of my throat. Fresh wetness gushes from my empty pussy, soaking both of us while he keeps burying himself inside me through every pulse.

I cum with his cock in my ass, thanking him out loud, while ordinary people walk past the car outside.

He fucks my ass through the last pulses of my orgasm, then suddenly pulls out.



The emptiness is sharp. Before I can even catch my breath he grips my hair, sits up slightly, and guides the thick, glistening head of his cock straight to my lips.

“Open.”

I obey instantly.

He pushes the head into my mouth.

“Look at me,” he orders.

I force my eyes up to his while he strokes himself into my mouth.

A few seconds later he groans low and starts to cum. Thick, heavy spurts of sperm flood my tongue. He keeps his cockhead right there, feeding it to me, while his hand milks every pulse from the shaft. Rope after rope of warm, salty cum fills my mouth until my cheeks bulge.

“Swallow it. All of it. Keep looking at me.”

I never break eye contact.

I swallow once, twice, three times, taking every thick drop down my throat until nothing is left. “Good girl.”



When he finally pulls free, a thin strand of cum stretches from his cock to my lower lip. I lick it away and open my mouth to show him, then I swallow until it's empty.

He studies my face for a moment, still calm.

“Good girl.”

A final slow drop of cum beads at the tip of his cock.

I lean forward without being told and drag my tongue across it, cleaning him carefully, tasting the last salty trace of him. When I pull back, his cock is clean.





He watches me do it, then reaches into his pocket and takes out his phone.

He holds the phone up, angling it so the lens is pointed straight at my face. The little red recording light comes on.

“Look into the camera,” he says quietly.

I force myself to stare into the dark lens.

“Now say what you are.”

My voice is hoarse, still thick with the taste of his cum.

“I’m... I’m your whore.”

“Again. Louder. And tell the camera where you are and what just happened.”

My face burns hotter than ever.

“I’m his whore. I’m in a public parking lot in the middle of the day. He just fucked my pussy and my ass... and I swallowed every drop of his cum.”

I keep looking straight into the camera, naked, used, and still dripping, while he records every word.

He stops the recording and slips the phone back into his pocket.

Then he opens the passenger door.

Cool outdoor air rushes in. Before I can reach for my clothes he grabs my arm and pulls me out of the car. I stumble slightly on the high heels, still completely naked except for the stockings.

The sharp smack of his open hand landing hard across my bare ass echoes in the parking lot.

I gasp.

He spanks me once more, harder, leaving a burning handprint on my skin.

“That’s enough for today,” he says calmly, as if we just finished a normal conversation. “Get dressed. You can go back to the office now.”

My face is on fire.

I scramble to pick up the leather skirt, the white shirt, the jacket. My hands are shaking as I pull the clothes back on. The short skirt sits high on my hips; I can still feel his cum and my own wetness sliding down the inside of my thighs. The stockings are slightly twisted. Anyone who looks closely will see I look freshly fucked.

He watches me dress with that same unhurried expression.

When I’m finally covered again he gives my sore ass one last light slap through the skirt.

“Go on. Don’t be late.”

THE END