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Xoxox

Nicole

I swirled my straw around in my drink. Another night in the bar. Hopefully it won't be a lonely evening.

Maria had already met someone, she was sitting dangerously close to a man with thick arms with tattoos running down them. She was getting lucky. But would I?

“You want another drink, Lucy?” The bartender, Mike, asked.

I glanced down at the watered down Jack and coke I was still nursing. “I'm okay, thanks Mike.”

Waiting for someone to notice me, to walk through that door and take me in his arms was driving me crazy. I just needed someone, anyone, to take me out of my head for one night.

Things at home had been nuts. I just wanted to get away, run from my problems. From all the bad. I needed a man to treat me right.

I lifted my eyes, scanning the bar for a worthy candidate. I finally spotted him standing near the door. I dragged my eyes across his large frame: tall, dark, and handsome. Just the way I like them. My lips parted as I took in all of his chiseled features. He was easily over six feet, probably with a couple of inches to spare. His bright blue eyes shined, even in the low lighting of this dingy bar. He took a swig of his beer, bringing the bottle up to his face and making his shirt pull tight across his broad chest, the muscles underneath bulging. Fuck, was he hot. His blue eyes caught my stare and a slow smirk spread across his face.

I took a final swig of my drink and returned his smile. Placing my empty glass down, I leaned over the bar making sure to push my boobs up in the process as I ordered another drink. My move caught his eye and he walked over in my direction before I finished my order.

“I got her drink, Mike,” he said to the bartender.

Mike nodded and placed my drink in front of Mr. Muscles. I leaned forward to grab the drink making sure to accentuate my ass in my mini skirt. He took notice and raked his eyes over my body.

As I was about to grab my drink his large rough hand circled my wrist. A cocky smirk tugging at the corner of his luscious lips.

“Sorry sweetheart, you gotta do something to earn this first.”

I fluttered my eyelashes seductively. “What do you mean I have to earn it?”

He turned around and rested his back against the bar, his leather motorcycle jacket brushing against the dark wood. “With an ass like that, I’m sure you can figure something out.”

A sexy smile formed on my face as I pulled my hand away from him. “Hmm. I think I can figure something out. Come with me”.

He growled under his breath, only making him sexier. “That’s what I was hoping for”.

I lead him away from the bar down into a darkened hallway. As I strutted toward the bathroom I could feel his strong presence behind me. A languid heat moved down my body to my core in anticipation.

I reached my hand for the bathroom door handle and stopped short in front of him. He pressed his body against mine, making me aware of his rock hard cock. *Well*

*apparently it's not just his chest muscles that are big*, I thought wickedly. I nudged my ass into his groin, causing him to suck in a jagged breath. His arm wrapped around my waist, and he leaned down to whisper in my ear.

“The name’s Galen. Learn it, because you’ll be screaming it shortly.”

“I sure hope so,” I purred, and quickly shoved open the bathroom door, pulling us both inside. The heat between my thighs began to scorch. I loved it when men took control.

He slammed the door shut and locked it behind him.

Galen pulled my body toward his and crushed his lips to mine, his dark stubble scratching against my cheek. My body instantly reacted to his touch, causing the heat in between my legs to turn into an inferno. I glided my hands up his thick arms to his broad shoulders, removing his leather jacket. I tugged at the bottom of his shirt and he lifted his arms to help me take it off, revealing his strong six-pack and tatted arms. I fucking loved ink.

“Mmm,” I purred, drawing my fingertips over the intricate designs. “There’s nothing sexier than beautiful ink over rock hard muscles.”

“They’re not the only thing that’s rock hard,” he grasped my hand, moving it directly over his erection. “That,” he nibbled my ear, “is because you are so fucking sexy,” he growled in my ear.

My head tilted back as his lips moved against the skin of my neck, the stubble from his beard burning the sensitive skin so I knew I’d be thinking of him for days to come. His rough, calloused hands slid down my back and cupped my ass before he quickly picked me up and set me on the ledge near the sink. I wrapped my long legs around his waist and started to grind my body against hips. He met me motion for motion as we fell into a perfect rhythm. A quiet growl escaped his lips. His fingers trailed from my ass to the edge of my skirt.

“I am so fucking glad you’re wearing a skirt,” he smirked. I nodded in agreement and tightened my legs on his waist in response.

His cock strained against his jeans and he thrust into me so I could feel how hard he was. He smashed his lips to mine, forceful and hot. I let him take control wanting to feel the hot slick feel of his tongue against mine. He brushed my long hair to the side and kissed my neck and collar bone. His strong hands roamed my back and when his fingers found the hem of my tank top he pulled it revealing my tanned skin.

He yanked me closer to his erection and reached behind my back to unclasp my black lace bra. Thank God I wore this tonight instead of the plain cotton.

He trailed a burning path of hot kisses down my collar bone to my exposed breasts. My head fell back in pleasure as I moaned in pleasure at the feel of his hot mouth over my aching tits. He was good. Too good.

He rolled my nipple between his thumb and forefinger before capturing the tight pink peak with his mouth. He sucked and nibbled, causing a wave of pleasure to crash into me.

His tongue lapped at the taut bud as his right hand left my breast and moved to the bottom of my skirt. My legs trembled as his hand slowly traced my skin, leaving goose bumps in its place. His hand slid in between my thighs as his mouth moving to my other breast, lapping and sucking in a delicious assault.

Galen slowly rubbed my clit through my panties and the heat in my core intensified. Holy fuck I wasn’t going to last long. I pushed my hips up to his touch and threw my head further back as he lightly bit my nipple causing a painful pleasure to shudder through my body.

He flicked my nipple with his tongue as he pulled my black lace thong to the side. My hips jerked in response to his touch and a guttural moan escaped his throat as he felt my drenched pussy.

He pressed his thumb on my clit as two of his middle fingers slowly found their way inside me, stretching me. A wave of pleasure coursed throughout my body as his fingers began to move, bringing my higher and higher. I lifted my head and begged, “I want your cock inside me.”

He chuckled while moving his tongue in a slow circle around my nipple. “You’re so fucking tight. God you’re gonna feel so good.”

My eyes rolled back as he continued to pump his fingers in and out of my, curling them at the end and twisting slightly so they hit my g-spot. “Then what are you waiting for? I want you. Now.”

“Not until I am good and ready sweetheart.” He pushed his fingers deeper inside me, eliciting shivers through my body. .

He trailed his lips down my chest to my belly, stopping at the top of my skirt while never stopping the assault with hand inside me. He pumped faster as I clenched around him, knowing I was close.

My climax began to build and I threw my head back again letting out another moan. With his left hand, he pushed my skirt around my waist and ripped my thong out of the way, letting the scrap of lace fall to the floor. Fuck it, I didn’t care if he ripped ever pair of panties I owned as long as he never stopped the delicious torture his hand was giving my pussy right now. He kissed the skin just below my belly button, trailing kisses lower and lower. I ground my hips in response.

His mouth moved in a slow torturous pace until it finally reached my throbbing core. I couldn’t contain the jolt that ran through my body at the first lick of his tongue. I leaned further back and spread my legs further, placing my feet on his shoulders to give him ample room to work.

“That’s it baby,” he urged, spreading the swollen lips as hunger raged in his eyes. He took a long swipe with his tongue. “So fucking sweet.”

“Oh my God that feels so good,” I moaned, “I’m not going to last much longer if you keep that up.”

He lifted his mouth from my core his gorgeous intense eyes locking with mine. “You aren’t allowed to come until I say you can.”

Ugh, he was going to kill me. I was sure of it.

He returned his mouth to my pussy and began to lick as he curled his fingers slowly inside me. My heart raced and I slammed my eyes shut, hoping to contain my orgasm. It was as if he could tell how close I was to the edge, and he just wanted to tease me to my breaking point.

He flicked his tongue faster on my clit, pushing and pulling his fingers in and out of me. A wave of pleasure began to build deep inside and I pushed my hips harder on his hand in response, wanting to ride that wave home. He dug his fingers into my ass and helped me move my hips as he pushed into me.

I felt like I was about to explode as he pulled his fingers back toward him hitting my g-spot. His tongue worked faster as he rocked my hips in time with his tongue.

I tugged at his hair, shoving his face onto my clit, as my shuddering grew and became harder to contain.

He lifted his head, giving me a wicked grin. I let out another moan. “I’m not finished with you yet. I want you to come with me inside you.”

Before I could react, he undid the belt and zipper of his jeans and pulled down his boxers, revealing his large cock. My legs shook as his fingers continued to work inside me and he stroked his own length, I could tell he was about to push me over the edge.

He bent down, and slammed his fingers inside me and gave my clit one last lick before bringing his lips back up to my own so I could taste myself on him.

“Tell me how you want me to fuck you,” Galen growled against my ear.

My legs squeezed his waist. “I want you to fuck me as hard as you can.”

He removed his fingers and with one hard thrust, seated himself inside me. I cried out, my will began to shatter as my body convulsed beneath him.

Moving his lips to my ear he demanded, “I want to watch you come. Come for me before I do.”

He thrust his hips agonizingly slowly, teasing me as he slid in and out. “Faster. Please,” I begged, wanting so badly to reach the crest of the wave.

“Not yet.”

He continued rocking slowly, dragging his erection in and out so I could feel every inch of him. I clenched as he pushed forward again, my swollen walls pulsing around him. So close. I was so close. I opened my mouth, but couldn't form words. I met his eyes, silently begging him for what I needed. He smiled, reading my thought and slammed hard into me. I let my walls fall down, arched my back and let my first orgasm rock my body.

“Very nice,” he smiled. “I love watching a woman come apart under my body.”

He pushed my body back towards the mirror and grabbed my right hand. He sucked on my fingers then guided my hand to my clit.

“Make yourself come again,” he grunted as he thrust harder into me.

I did as he asked and massaged my clit, letting the next exploding sensation take over me. My body shook as I gave into his request and he thrust his hips harder and faster.

When I let out a low, drawn out moan as my second orgasm crested, he smiled and pulled me off the counter, turned me around and bent me over. He rubbed my clit as he took me from behind. His left hand tugged and played with my nipple.

I felt my next orgasm building and I pressed my ass harder against his hips. His hand moved faster and I braced myself on the counter.

“Come once more, angel,” he commanded as my body shook.

He tugged my hair bringing my lips to his as he pulled back. His other hand continued to rubbing my swollen clit faster and faster. He pulled my body toward him and flipped me over.

“I want you to watch me come.”

He lifted and held me up while he thrust inside me and pushed me toward the bathroom wall. I dug my nails into his back as he pounded into me. I could feel my explosion building and I pushed my hips harder onto his.

He grabbed my hips and pulled me away from the wall, lying my back on the counter. He snatched my right hand and placed it directly on my clit while his left hand cupped my breast. My body began to tingle with pleasure in response.

I rubbed my fingers on my dripping pussy as he started to thrust harder.

“That’s it baby. God I love watching a woman pleasure herself.” He shoved his hips forward burying his whole length inside me. He was deep. So very deep. .

I was so wrapped up in every sensation he made my body feel, I couldn’t form coherent thoughts. Instead, I let out a loud moan as he pulled out and then shoved harder into me. His hips began to move faster and he bent down to lick my other nipple, biting slightly. I arched my back up in response and he leaned down to my ear and whispered, “I want you to scream so loud that the whole bar can hear you.”

He lifted his torso, thrusting harder and deeper in my wetness. My legs tightened around his hips as my whole body began to shake. From the way this orgasm was building, I knew it was going to be the most powerful one yet. A loud moan ripped from my throat, letting him know I seconds was at my breaking point.



He gripped my arms and held them over my head while his right thumb massaged my clit.

My moans grew louder and his thumb and hips moved faster in response.

His left hand tightened, steering my attention back to him. "Scream for me as I come." His hips rocked harder and my whole body began to shake. I couldn't hold back a second longer. I reached my breaking point.

"Fuck. Galen!"

The explosion hit, a relentless assault, taking over my body. I screamed so loud and so long I knew my throat would be raw tomorrow. There wasn't any doubt that every person in this bar heard that.

He started to moan slightly as my body contracted around his. He pulled my hips roughly toward his and continued to move his thumb faster on my clit. He thrust hard once more and I felt his hot release inside me as I gyrated my hips against his.

My back fell against the counter at his release and he collapsed over my body, both of us utterly spent. He kissed my neck and lifted his body up. "I guess I owe you another drink. What's your name, beautiful?"

"Lucy," I managed to get out through labored breaths.

"Well Lucy, what can I get ya at the bar?"

