

Friday Freaky Flash Fiction 3 & 4

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By Cincinnatus (Leo_and_Beth@linuxmail.org)

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Story Codes MF Anal Flash

“So there I was half naked in a Macy’s dressing room, the chick doin’ Santa’s helper bent ov’r in front of me...”

She thought it would never end: his incessant descriptions of past endeavors. Didn’t he know that talking about all the weird sex you’ve had was not the way to get your date to sleep with you?

“And then just as I’m star-in’ to give it to her good, ya know...Santa opens the door. I was like, ‘Do ya mind? We’re busy! And how’d the fuck he pick the lock?’ And he was all like, ‘Wha’en the hell, I’ll fire both ya’lls asses, doin’ that shit in here!’ Guess he was the manager too, and had a key.”

A few in his audience laughed weakly at that. As the night progressed, his tales had gotten more adventurous to match the level of drink he had partaken. Now he was up to screwing elves at Macy’s.

“Now here’s tha kicker! She goes to him; ‘Yer just jealous I dump’d ya cuz you won’t fuck me in the ass! You fire us, and I’ll tell that bitch wife of yours how you’ll screw every dam girl in this place that’ll let you, but you’re Christian enough to not butt fuck ‘em!!’ Dude just growls and leaves. Then she looks back at me, ‘cuz I’m like still poundin her, and she goes, ‘So Phil, you stud, are you willing to fuck my ass?’ And you know what I said.” Dramatic pause. “I di’en’ say nutin. Just pulled my peter out of ‘er pussy, and stuffed in her ass! Cuz’ hey, I aim to please, and I’ll aim where ever you want me to!”

She rolled her eyes at that. He had probably gotten some slut at Macy’s to blow him, or maybe more, but she didn’t know what to believe anymore. Why she had allowed herself to be talked into this by him was beyond her. He had seemed like a decent fellow from another floor at work, who had come up and asked her if she wanted to go to a party. A “sex” party, no strings attached, didn’t have to do anything if she didn’t want to. She didn’t believe he expected to get lucky with her, especially with the way he was acting. Not that this seemed like anything she would expect from a sex party, just a simple mixer full of people who didn’t really know each other.

She felt the presence behind her, smelled the cloves and sandalwood mixed with a male scent. Not the smell of sweat you would find in a locker room, but the smell of a man who had worked all day.

“Amateur,” was all the presence said.

“Why do you say?” She asked.

"You don't do well at an event like this by impressing you completion." He must have been referring to the crowd of sex-obsessed bachelors that surrounded her date.

She giggled at that, then said to him, "I expected you to say something about his bedroom technique. '...and I'll aim where ever you want me to.'" She could feel the warmth of the body behind her; he must have been standing close.

"The way he talks, I don't think he's ever actually gotten so much as a fingernail inside anyone's ass. He doesn't seem to have any concept of..." a slight pause as her new companion chose his words. "...lower congress."

Her eyebrow went up at that. She was impressed with herself for remembering the term from college. She turned around as she asked, "And you do have a concept of lower congress?"

He was taller than her by about a hands breadth. Graying black hair, clean shaven, with light blue eyes. Wearing a sport coat over a collared t-shirt. "I would like to think I do," he responded, meeting her eyes and holding her gaze.

"So you've done it before?" she asked as she tilted her head back to regard him down the length of her nose. She continued before he could respond, "And how would you introduce a lady to lower congress? One who hasn't experienced it before?"

"Well...." He took a deep breath, as if to gather his thoughts. "It is best done gently, with a lot of lubrication. And she should be relaxed, very relaxed." He smiled, one corner of his mouth higher than the other, and his eyes had a crinkle to them that scared her and made her knees weak at the same time.

"How relaxed?" This verbal sparring was fun.

"Very relaxed. Like the kind of relaxed you find in the afterglow of orgasm." He paused, watching her reaction, and then continued, "The bigger the orgasm, the better."

She held his gaze and sipped her cocktail, her mind turning the situation over in her head. She glanced around to find her "date" standing at the bar, chatting up two bored little morsels that were much too young to be wearing that little clothing. She looked back at Mr. Lower Congress, and made a command decision. Phil could find his own way home.

"And how you do propose we generate this orgasm?" she asked, dropping pretense and referring to the two of them.

"Depends on you," he replied, picking up on the shift in the conversation's tone. He took a step forward, into her eighteen inches of space, and lowered his voice just a bit as he asked her, "What gives you the biggest orgasms?"

She licked her lips, and looked down as she stroked the zipper of his blue jeans. "If I show you, will you show me your...concept of lower congress?" She traced her fingers up and down the length of his erection.

"Are you willing to go there?" he asked her.

"I'll try anything once. And if I like it, I may try it more than once." She smiled up at him, finishing her drink.

He took her hand and led her upstairs through a door that she hadn't noticed. Upstairs it seemed a sex party; she could hear couples going at it from behind the doors. They came to a door a disheveled couple were just exiting. The two couples smiled knowingly as they exchanged places in the narrow hall. The bed was ruffled and the room reeked of sex. It just added to her arousal.

He grabbed a bottle from the dresser as she sat on the bed. He started to undress, and she picked up the hint and did the same. Soon they were on the bed as she lowered her sopping pussy to his mouth, her clit to his tongue. She wrapped her lips around the head of his shaft, and distracted him so much that he could only tease her. When he had spent himself against her neck, she sat back and ground against his face, until she had a small orgasm and his cock had once more risen in her hands.

Then she moved forward and impaled herself on him, facing the away, and watched herself in the mirror on the wall as she brought herself to another, much more impressive orgasm with his cock. She forced herself to keep her eyes open as the waves rolled over her; watched as her nipples vibrated with the tremors.

As it subsided, she slipped off of him and lay on her side. She watched as he got up, erection bouncing, and grabbed the bottle. She sighed as he settled behind her, caressing her back and nestling his cock in the cleft of her buttocks.

"Stay as relaxed as you can," he breathed into her ear. Then he started to probe against her rosebud with slippery fingers.

She had never expected to be this receptive to anal sex. Never expected one, two, and then three fingers to slide in and out of her nether hole so easily. Never expected the feeling that came as he slid his girth into her; just a completely new sensation, not pain, not quite pleasure, but something else.

He was gentle almost to a fault as he started to thrust against her butt, constantly asking that she was okay, that he wasn't hurting her. Eventually she told him to stop talking and enjoy her offering; she would let him know if he should stop.

As he relaxed and started to enjoy her ass, the sensation because pleasure. Or maybe it was the same, and she just felt it as pleasure now. She found herself beginning to moan and pant with arousal as his thrusts picked up speed. Once she asked him to stop and renew the lubrication. She found herself missing him when he pulled out, and loved the feeling as he speared her once again. Eventually, she

found a whole new category of orgasm, as she lay on her stomach, his legs outside hers, as he pressed her down into the soaked mattress and warmed her insides with his seed.

Yes, she would definitely try this again.