

Mens Room

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A man alone with his thoughts???

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he couldnt stand the discomfort any more. He pictured her following him into the mens room and locking the door behind them. Her eyes on his as she traced the outline of his cock through his pants. A firm pressure from her palm stroking and admiring it. Her mouth inviting his to molest its glossy surface. "BEND OVER BABY." He screamed in his head and the image of her obeyed showing the lacy curve of her black slip under the hem of her pencil skirt. He released the notches of his belt. In his mind using it to bind her arms behind her and cuff them. He pulled out the length of throbbing aching muscle from his pants. His cock rearing to go at any touch but oh he imagined grinding against the lovely give of her ass and feeling the silken fabric on his vibrating skin. The silk of his boxers in his hand simulated the image of the girl that was before him. It mimicked her fabric. He smelled Channel number Five and lust. Oh the dancer in her could lean and undulate and swivel her hips. And she held his gaze from the mirror or at least watched him view her movements. He was looking down and pressed firm against them biting his lip hard. The light flickered and strobed florescent. One bulb was going out and the mundane restroom became a fantasy sex club. His own private dancer grinding into him encased in silk. Her image was slowed by the strobing effect. Slow motion. His hand touched his length but it wasnt to please himself. He had to please her. She smiled at him knowingly. Yes, she was watching and turned on by the view. A distant him was stroking slowly. The sexclub him was grinding fervently. Her image pushed back, away from the sink. He moved and admired the view as her balet training allowed her to balance, bent completely at the waist. He loosed her from his belt. She grabbed her ankles and warned him not to topple her by thrusting. Her legs were seperated and now the silk of her slip rode at his abdomen. Hands firmly on her hips to help balance her precarious positon. "Fuck me," an invitation and a demand. He didnt bother with her Gstring but pressed against it so hard the hip strings broke. It wrapped around him and plunged inside her. No more barrier, only added sensation to her tight hot box. "Fuck me baby", more insistent. A low growl. The stroke, the slide, deeper and harder. "Yes baby, yes" moaning for him but begging too. "Harder, faster..." her voice moaned. He complied in stroke and pace. In and out, in and out. He had never been so hard in his life. The blood engorging him felt like superheated lava. He branded her with his hot iron rod. "More baby more," She begged. And then shook with one moaned and breathless word. "Cumming....." He rocked into her orgasm and the position held him in her grip by a firm clasping pulse. Her gasping pulled the trigger set on his orgasm. A firing pin in his head released. But the gun turned into a grenade. He came so hard it hurt and threatened to down them both. He closed his eyes and met the feeling of faint. He opened them again and the flickering light revealed his own image. She was gone but Chanel was left behind. The boxers were covered in spent enjoyment. He shed them and almost tossed them but then a wicked thought. The girl he admired recieved a dirty secret santa package. When unwrapped it revealed a vintage black slip. In addition, a lovely token of his admiration sealed in folded silk boxers shorts. The card inside the package said, "Santa is soooo hot for you he couldnt wait for Xxxmas CUM FOR ME!! \$\$\$

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