

You Snuck Out

# You Snuck Out

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A scene from an affair...

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# You Snuck Out

You snuck out â your husband still asleep â from that three-story home you called a suburban prison. You were wearing that skirt, that red skirt that made my eyes burn and heart race because it showed your legs. You were barefoot, running up the driveway to my parked truck, where the engine rumbled lowly in the silent autumn night.

I waited in animal lust, watching you run up to me.

I was younger than you â who gave a fuck?

I was still in school; you were at some boring, shitty job behind a desk.

You jumped into my truck, and I couldnât wait. â God you look good!â I said. I grabbed your face and slammed my lips against yours. Your breath was on me and your mouth opened enough to slip my tongue in. God, you tasted good â that strawberry lip gloss and the mint youâd had earlier.

â We need to-â you started to say â

â but I grabbed your hips and scooted you closer to me. I leaned over you and ran my tongue along your neck, and I pulled on your hair while your eyes closed. This is all I thought of all dayâ you.

â Fuck!â I whispered in your ear. â Iâve wanted you all day long.â

â We need to drive down the street,â you said.

â I canât wait that long.â

â Butâ butâ lâ and your words were cut short by your sighs. Your hands were on the back of my head and your fingers squeezed locks of my hair in between them. I felt you pulling on them and your grip tightened when I ran my hand up your red skirt.

â I want you right now,â I said.

â But,â you tried to say â

I felt your panties, lace panties, probably red like your dress. I didnât give a shit what color. Those fucking panties were coming off. I moved them aside and felt your sex, put my palm against it and rubbed it.

You moaned into my ear, making me harder. I pushed you back and you lay against the window. I got on top of you and you spread your legs around me and ran your fingernails under my shirt and along the skin of my back.

I was on fire.

I licked your neck, your chest. I yanked down the top of your blouse and put my face against your breasts. I licked your nipple, then bit it.

You held the back of my head, and my head went lower. I licked your stomach, all the way up to your chest.

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I put my tongue to your skin and dragged it back down your stomach to the top of your skirt.

I reached up your skirt and grabbed your panties.

I slid them offâ€” slowlyâ€”

I kissed your thigh, and then I licked it all the way to your calf.

You rested your leg on my shoulder.

I ran my hand back up your legs and leaned forward under your skirt.

You bit your lip. â€” I can feel your breath.â€”

I breathed against your sex, and then I kissed it, softly and gently. I put the tip of my tongue along your slit and ran up it, barely touching your clit.

I flattened my tongue and lickedâ€” lightlyâ€”

â€” Yes,â€” you breathed.

I licked harder, feeling your swollen clit against my tongue.

â€” Oh God.â€”

I grabbed your thighs firmly. I pulled you to my face and I drove my wide tongue all over your sex.

Up. Down. A circle. A hard lick. A light kiss. Another hard lick.

Using my bottom lip I held your pussy-lips apart. I flicked my tongue against your clit. Your hips started rocking and I held them steady against me. â€” Yes,â€” I moaned. â€” I fucking love this!â€”

â€” Keep going!â€” you said.

*Lick flick lick kiss flick lick*

Your juices were flowing down my mouth and dripping onto the seat, and I wanted more. â€” Come on baby. Come for meâ€”

I put my finger inside you. I pushed it in deep, and I wiggled it back and forth.

You moaned uncontrollably. â€” Fuck!â€” You were ripping at the back of my hair, and your thighs gripped around my head.

I couldnâ€™t breathe, but I didnâ€™t fucking care.

I kept licking, faster, harder, faster, harder, faster, harder

A last moanâ€”

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You *trembled* silently for moments, and then you let out a moan that was enough to make me almost shoot my own come.

I leaned up. Your juices ran down my face and I smiled.

“What are you smiling at?” you asked, grinning.

I kissed you. I whispered in your ear, “You’ve got the best pussy I’ve ever-”

Suddenly the house light turned on.

We jumped up and looked out the window.

A shadow emerged from the front door.

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