

Tonight at the Bar

A slow, summer night at the bar, I think as I wash some bar glasses. It wasn't that I truly minded. I made enough money from my regular customers to do quite well. I had some great conversations, did a couple shots with my regulars, and now I was pleasantly mellow, listening to Sade playing on the jukebox. The only customers are a pair of casino dealers relaxing after their night: guy and girl settling after letting off pressure about their night, and tossing back a couple of drinks. Their attitude is getting friendlier now as he moves closer when he speaks, as she smiles pleasantly and enjoys his hand stroking softly on his thigh. It was time for me to leave them for a bit.

I'm watching the sports highlights as I clean up for closing in a couple hours when you walk in. You are in a sheer white summer smock, covering a one-piece black bathing suit. Your blonde curly locks hang down limply, so I know that you have been bathing. You've come in many times, and we have talked quite a bit, developing a flirty rapport with each other: your complaints about your inattentive husband, a casino manager who puts more into his job than into you, my incredulity regarding how he could be blinding himself to your radiant sensuality. It wasn't just a ploy for good tips. I have always felt the palpable sexuality behind the curl of your lips, the glint of your eyes, and the swell of your breasts as you breathed flirtatious tidbits to me.

Tonight, I can tell, you have had a few drinks already as you sit at the bar and smile, intoning a breathy hello. I pour a glass of chardonnay and sit it before you. I lean against the bar and smile, asking how you are. You tell me about your evening, on the deck of the hot tub, you and your husband, and a couple you were entertaining. They were a couple from Vegas, and hubby was laying on the charm to impress them. You all drank, he had his arm slipped around your waist, and planted tender kisses on your cheek. All looking so cozy to the Vegas couple, but you felt the stiffness of his lips on your skin, the harsh angle of his arm around your waist. It was a front, something to show him to be a pleasant, steady man on whom Vegas Rick could depend should an executive position open up. You had fixed your resolve to focus on the alcohol, a pleasant batch of margaritas you had whipped up. Vegas Rick's partner, a trophy model, wasn't much to talk with. Hubby didn't understand why you blew up afterwards, why you said you needed to take a ride. You never had it so good, he explained: his standard argument for why you should be happy.

Through your story, I watch you tenderly, infusing a few flirty comments, shaking my head knowing what an idiot he is to ignore you, insensitive to your beauty. I add that my arm wouldn't be as stiff around you, that below the bubbles my hand would be active at your thigh. You smile and ask for a white Russian.

You are getting even more pleasantly buzzed as I divert my attention to cleaning up the bar for closing. The casino couple in the corner has moved to kissing, the alcohol having made them oblivious to the public nature of their surroundings. The cook has finished cleaning, his friend and ride having arrived, and they are both enjoying beers. Not much work needed in cleaning up tonight, since it was slow. The couple's last song ends, a slow piece by Chicago, and they, seeing my turning off the neon signs in the window, get up, thank me and walk out the door. It is only the cook and his friend drinking their beers, and you. I catch your gazes as I go around counting out the un-needed registers, locking them up. After I lock the doors, looking around to see what I may have missed, you ask me to take a seat. There really isn't anything else needing to be done. I pour myself a J.W. Black and water and slip next to you at the end of the bar.

This is the first that I have sat near you. Usually you come in during fairly busy or early hours, and we have the barrier of the bar between us. Now I sit by you, I feel the heat of your body next to mine. We entertain more flirtatious small talk as the cook and his friend, sitting across; continue to discuss what clubs might be open. I am comfortable and used to it being merely talk. You are married and have never cheated. I find you attractive and tell you so, but don't go beyond thinking anything more than fantasy. There has been that barrier. My talk has made you feel good, something I felt you deserved and at least letting you hold on to the knowledge that you are sexy. I never entertained that this might go beyond that understanding. There is a break in the conversation as you are looking at me. You are loose, moderately intoxicated. I ask you if you think it might not be a good idea for you to be driving. You are smiling. The wall could break at this moment, the barrier breached, but it needs to be by you. You do, moving forward you tilt your head, parting your lips slightly, and I move forward to kiss you. We kiss passionately, but tenderly, my arms slinking inside the sheer smock and around your waist. You press closer, a sigh in your deepening breath as our kiss lasts, as my tongue slides over your lips. You open your mouth to deepen it further. My hands move over you. I am aware of the cook and his friend, still holding their conversation, but they are not oblivious. There are long silences as we continue to kiss, as your body presses to mine, your fingers languidly moving through my hair. You kiss as I imagined you would, sensually, but with strong passion. Your breaths and sighs tell me that my returned passion fulfills something in you, something you have eagerly anticipated.

Time has ceased to be linear. It could have been another half hour that we kissed like this, getting more uninhibited in our passionate make out. A corner of my mind thinks about the two guys, watching, but not watching. I don't want to chase them out, but I hope they will subtly show signs of wanting to leave. Finally, they do. I unlock and let them out the front door, locking it again behind them. I walk around, closing the curtains as you saunter over to the jukebox. You find a slow song and turn as I finish closing out any outside view. The bar is closed, and it is ours. Would you like to

dance, you ask. I smile and move to you, slipping my arms around your waist as you reach up to put yours around my neck. Your face levels with my chest and you turn and press your cheek against it as we sway together to the rhythm. Midway you turn to me, look up and smile and I bend down to kiss you deeply, my hands moving down to the curve of your ass as we embrace. There is a deeper groan in your sigh this time, and I feel deep stirring in my loins. I wonder if you can feel my manhood throb against your belly.

The song ends and we go back to the bar. You whisper, "I have wanted this for a long time." I kiss you again deeply, running my hands through your hair, then down to your smock, gently sliding it from your shoulders, halfway down your arms. My hands run back up your bare arms, your soft skin and I move my lips from yours, kissing the corner of your mouth, then your tender cheek, down your jaw line. You tilt your head upwards as I cup my hands beneath your ears and kiss, slightly suck, your exposed neck. You hum deeply, erotically, as I trail sucking kisses down your throat, down to the base of your neck and across your shoulder. My fingers rake nails down the nape of your neck. I feel you shudder as I simultaneously nibble along the bone structure of your shoulder. My fingers run down to the plunging back of your one piece, tracing along the hemline. I find the zipper and grasp. Your breath deepens. Slowly, I draw down the zipper, letting my fingers trail along the exposing skin. My mouth kisses along your shoulder as the straps loosen with the plunging zipper. I lightly grab a strap with my teeth, pulling it out farther along your shoulder. The zipper is down to the small of your back. You squirm and wriggle, your body wanting to shrug itself from the suit. Your fingers move along my white cotton shirt, unfastening buttons and exposing the downy hair of my chest. I move my hands up, slipping the shoulders straps down to your upper arms as you hurriedly unbutton the final button of my shirt and press your hands against my chest, slipping my shirt from my shoulders. I release my hands from you and let you help me shrug off my shirt. You sigh contentedly as you admire my chest, run long nails through the soft hair, then bend to kiss my collarbone. You plant pecking kisses along the line of my collarbone to my sternum, your hands running over my pecks and down to my abs as you trail your mouth down my sternum, then out to kiss my nipple. I moan softly as you flick out your tongue, circle it, and kiss open-mouthed over it. My hands clench your shoulders as you suck it in deeply. I move my hands out to your shoulders then down, pushing down the straps of your one-piece, feeling you negotiate your arms to let them slide out of it. The pert nipples of your small, taut breasts are exposed, and I pull you back.

Looking fiercely into your eyes, I rise, grab your waist, and hoist you onto the bar. You spread your legs as I stand between them, my mouth at level with your chest. Pulling you forward, I suck your nipple into my mouth. Your face rises to the ceiling as I swirl my tongue around your hard areola and suck it between my teeth. Your fingernails rake over my back as I continue to suck, your legs wrapping tightly around my waist. Slowly sucking one nipple for long moments, I move to the other as you moan in pleasure. After some minutes, I pull back; you bend down to kiss me fiercely, passionately. As we kiss, my hands tug at your suit, pushing it down your hips. I break the kiss to move back, grasp the suit and let you know I want it off. With your feet on barstools on either side of me, you lift so that I can slide it down your ass, then sit, lifting your legs as I back up and slide it off. Your legs come together as you sit on the bar, naked before me. I grab your ankle and slowly draw it apart. Your eyes are gleaming, your chest heaving as you feel the smooth coldness of the bar on your ass, as you feel the cool air expose your drenched pussy, revealing how utterly aroused you are, knowing I am staring hungrily at your revealed treasure.

I move forward, kiss your belly as my chest thrusts close to your sex. I know the hairs of my chest are brushing against the outermost folds of your labia as I feel you move, hear you squeal with desire. My kisses, open-mouthed and wet, move down to your navel. You gasp as I rim your button with the tip of my tongue, revealing a promise of things to come. Your hands now move over my shoulders, nails raking over the nape of my neck as your knees pull apart unconsciously, opening you up in eager want. My fingers slip under your thighs and you gasp at their coldness on your naked skin, but your moaning increases as my deep kisses continue their progress down to your groin.

"Ohhh, God," the deep-breathed plea escapes from your throat as your hands move to the polished bar top, allowing your hips to move up towards my approaching mouth.

Yet, as my lips move through the musky mound of your sex, it lifts at the moment of contact with your swelling bud. I pull away to the sound of your frustrated squeal. You begin to open your eyes, lower your upturned face.

"No, close your eyes," I hiss, then kiss along the back of a knee as you turn your face up again, and moan that deep revelatory moan that is exciting me.

There is a moment's pause before I kiss behind the other knee, a kiss that coaxes your legs apart farther. You are spread before me obscenely posed, eager as a wanton whore, your sex glistening in the soft bar light. I plant another kiss along your left thigh and pull away so that you first groan in pleasure, then whimper in frustration. Moments pass before another kiss, a little higher on the other thigh, elicits the same response, though slightly magnified. I see you are sensing a pattern as your hips twist slightly to the right in anticipation of the next kiss.

Instead, my fingers move to your mouth, trace your parted lips as your tongue slips out, licks the index finger and encloses the tip, sucking tenderly,

moaning as you do. This action is rewarded with a kiss much higher on the same thigh as the last. It is a longer kiss; my lips sucking on the skin as you move your leg inward, trying to lead my mouth to your sweet center. I pull away, as I slip my finger out from between your lips. You sigh in frustration as you feel no part of me touching, kissing, and licking anymore. Your legs begin to close slowly, searching for my head, for my lips. "No! Stay spread, my whore," I say commandingly, and you stop. There are moments of silence and nothing that I know must be excruciating for you. I hear it in your breath.

It is a loud gasp I hear when my finger, still moist from your sucking, rims a pert nipple. Your body grinds to its circling, and, when the digit has transferred your saliva, my thumb moves in to pinch, to twist. Your lips are agape as you moan, as you grind. If you were obscenely posed before, you now are even more whorish.

"That's what I want," I whisper, "you as my little slut. You ache for me, don't you, slut?"

You gasp, nod, and groan as your body pushes from the bar, writhes in unashamed lust and desire.

"Mmmm, that shall be rewarded." I growl.

My fingers move from the underside of your thighs, sliding towards your ass. You move your hips up to allow my fingers to slip under your cheeks. The soles of your feet now brace the backs of two barstools as I sit in the middle, lift your ass from the bar, and kiss the crease of your leg, my warm breath across your glistening sex. You squirm and move your hips to pull closer to my sliding tongue, but my fingers claw your ass and I pull back.

"No, no, no," I say softly, but firmly, "You have to wait 'til I am ready to give you your pleasure."

Your fingers claw into my hair and you let out another frustrated squeal. As you let out a deep, halted breath, my thumb slides underneath, touches the soaked folds of your labia and draw down them. With a throaty groan, your hands slap down on the bar as you lift your hips, push against the barstools with your feet, and your head tosses back, your golden locks slipping down your back.

In this moment, I lash forward like a cobra, snaking my curled tongue deep into your pulsing treasure as my nose presses against your swollen bud. Your legs immediately close around my neck and your hands latch onto my head as you scream out to the ceiling. I feel your hair brush against my shoulders, your breath deep and ragged above me as I plunge my tongue, over and over, deep into the well of your passion, curling, twisting, cupping into the honeyed recesses of your pulsing pussy.

"Ohh, fuck!" you gasp out in a deep groan as I slide out my tongue, push my thumbs against the hood of your clit and lash the throbbing button with lightning quick flicks of my tongue tip. With alternating flicks and deep scoops of my tongue, I feel your fingernails rake the nape of my neck, through my hair as your hips shudder and you explode, lifting off the bar as your feet stamp on the seats of the stools. My hands clutch your ass hard to keep my mouth pressed to you, sucking and lapping your flow of passion. I hold as long as I can, until you collapse back and I rock back on the stool, panting for breath, my face, my moustache, wet with your explosion.

My eyes closed, I hear again the jukebox playing softly in the background: Sade singing in a sultry voice of silken sex. The music warms me, the soft buzz of alcohol mellowing me to a point where time moves like a deep, slow river. As in a dream, I feel your body move down from the bar, feel your torso straddle my lap and the deep, soft kiss of your lips on mine. Your hands move over my shoulders, down my collar, and I feel your fingers once again at my chest. It is your soft hair I feel brushing my shoulders as your lips kiss over my neck, your soft moan vibrating against my flesh stirs my blood.

"Now, my lover," you whisper with ragged breath, "it is your turn to be tortured."

Nails comb slowly down my chest as you continue kissing across my collarbone. After excruciating moments, those long, slender fingers find their way to the front of my black slacks, unhooking them and holding each side as you slowly unzip them. Your feet find the foot rail of the stool and you lift, pushing your hands in the opened slacks and pulling them off my hips as I lift and let them slide down my thighs, kicking off my shoes and wiggling out of the pants, your hands braced on my shoulders. I hear your soft hum as you ease back down on my lap, pressing against the soft cotton of my boxers. "Ohh," you breathe as you wiggle down in place, whispering in my ear, "Does someone shave somewhere other than his face?"

Planting a deep, long kiss on my lips, you begin to slide down, my hands moving over your ass, then up your back as you slip standing on the floor.

Your own fingers drift down my chest, down my abs, and hook to the waistband of my boxers.

"Whether or not you wish me to," I say softly, but firmly, "I am opening my eyes. I want to look at you as you take them off."

I open to see you looking in my eyes, smiling, your naked form before me as your hand slip to the sides of my boxers; I lift as you tug them down, revealing my smooth shaft to the soft bar light. I watch your eyes glint, dropping down to my crotch and hear the soft purr in your throat, a purr that evinces a hard throb from my member, coaxing a single drop of pre-cum from the slit.

"Mmmmm, Lover," you intone, "You offer me more to taste."

With a lick of your lips, you descend, your locks brushing my thighs as you part my legs further and slip my boxers down my legs and off. Your eyes are level with my crotch; I get a hint of warm breath against my shaved sac and my cock stiffens more, emits a couple more drops of fluid. Now your fingers eagerly run up my legs, along the sensitive skin of my inner thighs and quickly wrap around the throbbing shaft. Your thumbprint presses against the notch of my helmet and slides up, smoothing the dripping fluid over the head. You bring your face forward, lid your eyes, part your lips, and slip your tongue along the soft sac of my balls. Now it is I whose head tilts back, whose mouth gapes and throats a deep groan at the ceiling. Your tongue plays softly over my smooth sac and your thumb rolls over my slickened helmet as you squeeze your other hand, which is wrapped around the base of my cock.

"Mmmm," you purr deliciously, "I love seeing you so open to me. So much mine now."

I cannot respond with anything intelligible other than a deep moan. It seems like long, perfect excruciating moments as you play, your thumb teasing over the top of my shaft, your fingers squeezing the smooth base, and your tongue tracing patterns over my balls, followed by brushes of your open lips. It is moments like this that I religiously keep my manhood shaved for; the sensations of your attentions send electric warmth through my groin, up my spine and exquisitely through my mind. I feel as if my cock is stretched a mile through your hands.

Then I feel your tongue trace a path along the crease of my sack, up the underside of my shaft and circle the rim of my helmet. Curling along the ridge, the tip slides slowly up the crease and points against the slit, opening it as your tongue goes stiff. My hands move through your wavy tresses, curl into your locks as you flick the tip back and forth over the slit. I hear the open-mouthed hum of your vocal cords and feel as they vibrate and your lips close over the purpled head. My fingers clench tightly in your hair; my legs slide over your shoulders. You suck in pulses at just the head, squeezing my base. Then your hand moves down to my balls, cupping them as your lips slide farther down my meat.

I cannot help pulling at your hair, urging your head closer as you relax your throat and slide my cock bending down the back of your mouth. For eternal moments, you devour my engorged shaft as if it were the most sumptuous meal. We find syncopation as I thrust forward and you swallow deep. It is almost too much feeling your finger slide back along my ass; tease the hole as I buck. It is I who, grabbing your face, pulls free, gasping, lowering my flaming gaze to your panting form.

"Fuck me," I growl. "Goddamn it, my hot slut, rides my fucking cock!" There is no hesitation as you rise; stepping on the foot rests of the stool. My voracious need allows me to grab your hips and easily lift you up to open your legs on either side of mine. My cock is throbbing, slick with your saliva and naked without you. You brace your back on the bar, your hands clenching my shoulders, and I ease your forward slowly, working my hips so that my stiff pole poises at your hot center. A couple of slides of my pulsing head over your quivering, soaked lips and I bring you forward. You groan from the depths of your lungs as the head nuzzles between the folds, squeal from the back of your throat as the inches of hard flesh drive in, and sigh from deep in your belly as the base of my shaft meets your outer walls. We kiss like ravenous animals as I hold my cock deep in your pussy, pulsing it periodically so the head throbs against your deepest inner walls.

I am gasping for breaths between plunges of my tongue intertwining with yours. Your nipples rub against the downy hairs of my chest and our hips grind in counter movements so that my shaft rubs against your inner sensitivities.

"Fuck me," you croak breathlessly in echo of my earlier plea. "God, baby. Fuck me hard. I need you. I have needed you for a damn long time."

Nails digging into my shoulders, I thrust forward, grabbing your ass hard, lifting as you wrap your legs around my hips. The barstools and bar space are too confining. You kiss me over and over, grunting as each step drives me deep into you. I take you over to a booth, a horseshoe shaped one with a cushioned red bench. I slip you onto the cool vinyl and you squeal disappointedly as I slip out, grab the table and move it to the middle of the floor. I

am standing before you, my cock throbbing and dripping with your juices. I see your eyes sparkle in the soft bar light, your arms thrown to the sides, your legs apart as your heels rest on the bench. Your eyes never leave my cock as I stride forward. You reach out to grab the base, pull me forward and suck it deep in your mouth. I grab you hard by the hair, thrust you back.

"No, slut," I snarl, "I have to fuck you hard now."

You respond with only an animal-like grunt as you lean back, spread your legs farther, and await my cock again in your throbbing pussy. With no prelude, I lift your legs to my shoulders and ram my pulsing rod hard into your hole. With a grunt, you grab my hips and we thrust in counterpoint, my slick, bald shaft pumps again and again into your slick well. All pretenses of romance, teasing, technique are gone. All that is left is raw desire, raw hunger, and raw sex. We fuck loud and fast, deep and rough. My balls swell, brace as I feel the point arrive, and I thrust even faster, hardly aware of how hard I am banging you against the bench.

Then I feel your inner muscles squeeze; I hear your squeal rise. I let go of your legs, you slide them down to clamp my sides as your vaginal walls squeeze. With a deep groan I unleash what feels like torrents inside you. I feel you milk the base with your inner muscles, taking it all in deep. I feel our mixed fluids run down my emptied balls, as I pant and collapse over your body.

You pant against my shoulder, scrape your teeth over it, and lift up to kiss me as deeply as we can kiss, before we both must catch a breath. When I finally must slip out, I collapse next to you on the bench. You slip yourself around me, shivering and holding our flesh close.

After many sweet moments of tender touching and kissing, you whisper in my ear, "I must let you know when the hot tub is free."

I smile and we kiss again, tenderly.

About the Author

 Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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