

Well, What Do We Have Here?

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

I, like most single people, hate Valentines Day.

The fact that I got dumped only a few days ago was bad enough, the reason for the dumping was just salt in the wound. To have a woman tell you she's leaving you for a man who is 'actually good in bed' is probably about the most humiliating thing a man can hear. I'd tried to argue my performance was a compliment, she was so hot I just couldn't help but cum when inside her but that did nothing to comfort of change exes mind. So here I am, sitting alone in the park watching all the happy couples walk hand in hand holding heart shapes boxes and bouquets of flowers. Lucky bastards.

A giggle, so similar to my former girlfriend's causes my head to turn. There is a couple, *of course*, standing by the well, flipping coins down and making wishes. It was the third such display I have seen today; the couples always wished for the most saccharine things; wishing to always be together, wishing to be engaged soon etcetera. It was enough to make anybody gag, so much for getting some fresh air as a distraction.

Coming here was a mistake what I really need is to find a pub to drown my sorrows in. Then I could go home and get myself off with some cheap internet porn and call it a night; otherwise known as the most pathetic Valentine's Day to ever exist. I brush past the couple as they are leaving the well, hearing snippets of their plans to go home and fuck each other's brains out. Jealousy burns beneath my skin and I find myself reaching into my pocket, fingers closing around a long forgotten penny. There was no harm, right?

"I wish I was better in bed." I mumbled, there, it was in the hands of the magic well now.

The nearest pub was an old dive bar next to the park, known for their cheap liquor and a bartender who didn't ask too many questions. It was the perfect place for a sad sack like me to spend the night without judgment.

Funnily enough, as I walk away from the well, I start to feel a kind of confidence fill me. My ex wasn't a great girlfriend anyway, so I cum a little quickly in bed, so what? I'm still a catch, I'd find another girlfriend in no time! My walk begins to take on a more confident gait, one might even call it a strut. I would do it; I'd go and pick some girl up tonight and blow her mind, just to prove to her wrong. I stumbled slightly, one of my heels had gotten caught in the footpath-

Wait, heels? Since when I was a wearing heels?

I blinked in confusion and bend down to inspect, trying to reconcile the dainty feet currently at the end of my legs, my sensible sneakers replaced with a pair of glossy black heels, the straps of which were slowly snaking their way up to just below my knee, smoothing the skin as they went.

In the back of my mind a voice was saying that this was weird with a capital W but somehow, I remained unperturbed. It was as if some sort of blanket of magical calm had been placed atop me and the only thing I could really feel was a mild curiosity as my shorts shifted and changed into a hot mini skirt. I wasn't sure how, but I was sure the well had something to do with this. All I'd done is ask for a higher sex drive though, not this...maybe I should have given it more than a penny in offering.

A wolf whistle pierces my ears and I sudden realise I am bent over on the sidewalk with my ass in the air. Face flush with embarrassment I straighten, feeling the weight of my now swelling ass bounce as I do so, the skirt I am wearing offers little in the way of support. I don't have time to think about that now though, another sensation distracts me; the tickle of hair against the nape of my neck. I've always worn my hair short but all of a sudden, I seem to have long flowing brown locks that flip through the air as I move. The man who whistled yells in approval as I flip my hair this way and that trying to see it better, clearly assuming the 'show' was for him.

I turn to glare at him; I won't claim I was the best boyfriend in the world but even I knew better than to whistle at random people in the street. I fully intend on blowing him off but the second our eyes meet something strange seems to shift in my brain. I'd never been into dudes before, never really looked at them if I am honest but now, my eyes roam over this fit man's body almost against my will. I can't help but notice his chiselled jaw and broad shoulders, the way that cocky smile on his face lights up his dark eyes. There was no denying it, he was sexy as hell.

I run my tongue nervously across my lips, noting how full they felt compared to normal. Suddenly I am filled with a strange nervousness and my long dainty fingers twist into the strands of hair framing my face as butterflies take flight in my stomach.

"See something you like, sweetheart?" He yells before sauntering toward me.

My mouth has gone dry in stark contrast to my pussy. I can feel it now, wet and aching to be touched. I can't believe I didn't notice it changing, then again, I'd been distracted by this absolute hunk of a man. Once again, I was struck by the strangeness of this situation, shouldn't I be feeling embarrassed or ashamed right now? Not turned on?

Before I can properly come to terms with what is happening the man is before me, standing so close I can feel the heat of his skin through my thin tank top. I demure, looking away from his face as my cheeks turn pink.

"Am I coming on too strong?" He chuckled, "What can you expect walking around dressed like that?"

I want to slap him, it wasn't as if I chose to dress this way, but instead a giggle escapes. I can feel my heavy breasts jiggle with the movement of my diaphragm; with no bra to support them they are free to move whichever way gravity deems necessary.

"Don't know about you sweetheart, but I'm sensing some chemistry here," The man continued, taking my hand, "Want to...get to know each other?"

"Yes." The word is out of my mouth before I can stop it, the voice alien to my own ears.

I'm shocked at my own forwardness but I cannot deny how my body is feeling. There is an ache inside me that needs to be taken care of and something told me this stranger would be more than capable. I clasp his hand in mine, enjoying the strength of his grip; already my mind is wondering how it would feel to have them holding me down. Damn, how did I get so horny so fast? Something wasn't right here, maybe I should think things through...

Just as the thought enters my mind there is a shift in the wind, a glint of light reflecting off the metal pail on the wishing well dazzles my eyes and the pool of desire inside me seems to grow. I increase my pace and tighten my grip on the man's hand; no time for thinking, it was time for fucking.

Not wanting to wait a moment longer I find us a sequestered little clearing between some thick rose bushes; a thrill goes through me at the inherent risk, I've never had sex in public before. The danger that at any moment somebody might spot us makes the wetness between my folds increase.

"Damn girl, you're eager."

"Don't talk, just touch me." I beg, my desperation causes a pang of shame but I ignore it, I am so damn horny if he doesn't start soon, I may just explode.

We kneel together in the grass, those rough hands slipping under my tank top with ease and gliding across my curves. I moan, the sensations such a simple touch could cause were incredible.

"Shhh, we'll get caught."

"I can't help it." I shudder as his hands find my nipple, "So good..."

The man silences me with a kiss and instantly I am melting, he lowers me down into the grass, hand still on my breast. In the periphery of my mind, I feel my clothing disappearing all together, leaving

me naked, pinned beneath this man in a public park but I don't care. All I care about is the pleasure he's giving me and how I desperately want more of it.

My partner doesn't comment on my sudden lack of clothing, he just kisses me harder, sliding his free hand into my long hair and yanking my head back to expose my throat. I gasp, the slight pain almost adding to the pleasure as his mouth moves down my neck. He starts off with soft kisses before becoming bolder, sucking on my skin hard enough that red marks were sure to form. I never wanted him to stop, I wanted him to mark me all over.

By the time he reached my breasts I was a mess, writhing and gasping at the tiniest of touches. My skin made oversensitive by his ministrations. I try desperately to keep quiet, lest the whole park realise what was going on between the roses but I fail more than I succeed. When he begins to suck on my nipples I can't help but moan as I arch, my whole body shuddering; it's so good I almost cum there and then.

"Please."

I don't even know what I am begging for, I just need *more*. Fortunately, my companion seems to understand what it is I crave and he reaches between his own legs and unzips his fly. The moment I catch sight of that hard cock I quiver, *yes*, that's what I need. There is no hesitation left, I reach down between us, taking the shaft in my hand and guiding it to my dripping entrance. Just the tip brushing against it sends bliss through my entire body. When he finally does push inside, I cry out in pure pleasure and gratification. I am sure other people nearby must have heard but I cannot bring myself to care. A crowd could form around us right now and I still wouldn't stop. I can feel every inch of his cock inside me, parting and stretching my inner walls, every nerve dancing and alive. When he finally fills me fully that ache subsides slightly only to come roaring back as he withdraws and thrusts back in.

I can only cling to the man's shoulders, mouth agape and hips moving by instinct. No solid thought can form in my mind save for pleasure. Each thrust feels better than the last and I am writhing against him, desperate to have as much skin contact as possible. Wordless pleas for more escape my mouth as the pressure inside builds. I can feel my core tightening, all the muscles in my body clenching as I get closer, my inner walls squeezing the cock causing the sensations to get even stronger. I can't hold back; my muscles release as a wave of ecstasy passes over my entire body. I cum fast and hard, the pulsing of my pussy feels glorious and the man continues to fuck me through it. I expect the come down but it doesn't happen, instead as soon as the orgasm finishes another begins to build. The man increases his speed, looking down at my face as it twists in pleasure. It's too much, my whole body is overstimulated but there is nothing I can do but wail as another orgasm slams into me.

"I can keep this up all night." He teases, I can only shudder and gasp in response.

Already another orgasm is building and I am helpless against the onslaught.

