

Can I join in? (Asked a Vampire)

by Jack CJ Stark

We smashed through the door into the nightclub bathroom. I took the brunt of the force with my back, with The Blonde wrapped around me like ivy clinging to an elm tree. Her legs clung around my waist like a vice gripping a log. Luckily, there was nobody else in the room. I don't think either of us would have cared if there was.

My heart was beating in my chest like a heart desperate for oxygen. It was happening. I was finally going to fuck someone. I'd spent 23 years waiting for to drop my v card, and it was happening. I was scared, and excited at the same time. Like that time I was waiting to do a bungee jump. But this time, I was ready to plunge into something different.

We were kissing with great passion and going at it really hard, fuelled by drugs and alcohol like a forest fire fuelled by unraked leaves. I stumbled over to the sink and placed The Blonde down. She was starting to get a bit heavy, and I regularly skip leg day. Her short tight dress had risen up her thighs and I could see her black lace thong, covering her glistening bounty. I looked into her eyes, as blue as a blue tang fish.

She reached to my belt, and unfastened it. As she tried to unbutton my jeans, she tore too roughly and the button popped off. Which was a great shame as they were new jeans and cost a lot of money. But it's a small price to pay for the luxury feast I was about to indulge in.

As The Blonde was fumbling with my trousers, I reached out to her tits. Her black dress was low cut, and her ample 36 C breasts were pushing up and over like cupcakes that had a little too much batter put in their cases. I grabbed the dress, and pulled it down. Her funbags bounced out, jiggling with delight. Her nipples were rock hard, like a spring loaded doorstep.

As I squeezed a tit in each hand, like full water balloons, The Blonde forced her lips against mine again. She forced her tongue between my lips and wrestled with my tongue. Swirling and twisting and sucking. My tongue stretched out, sucked in by the vacuum until it was in her mouth. Pulled like the arms of a stretch armstrong.

I broke free, and sucked on the right nipple. It was like sucking on a small cherry pip that was attached to a sand filled stress ball.

Wow.

It was at this point that I felt The Blonde pull down my jeans and reach into my boxer shorts. My cock was rock hard, and she wrapped her delicate fingers around it. “Mmmm, big boy,” she said, with a cheeky smirk.

She let go. I was worried it was going to end there, but she reached under her dress, rocking side to side like a single bowling pin that won't fall. She shuffled her dress up, and spread her legs. “Take them off,” she said, with a subtle nod towards her sopping wet underwear.

This was it, I was finally going to see a real life human pussy. My cock was pulsing, full of blood like a sausage casing full of meat. I did as I was commanded, and carefully pulled them down, revealing a clean shaven nectar pot. It was beautiful. The most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. It was like looking at god himself. Prettier than Jared Leto and more enticing than a button with a sign saying do not press.

I pulled down my boxers. My rock hard cock sprung forward and stood on end like a flag pole. My rock hard dick had always been 6 inches long, but in that moment, it was 8. It knew that it's time had come to do its thing.

I reached out, rubbing her mound carefully, like gently kneading dough. I then reached a finger out and pushed it into her. She moaned. It was warmer than I had imagined, and much tighter. I forced in another finger. My fingers felt like they were being strangled, like when a dog pulls too hard on a lead and it's wrapped around your fingers. Tight.

Although I was inexperienced with a real pussy, I did know about the female G-spot. I knew roughly where it was. My sister had told me all about it and how to access it, so I was ready for this. I searched around, feeling up and down, around a few corners, and up some stairs. But there, I found it. It was like trying to find the word flibbertigibbet in the dictionary. It's not always possible, but with enough time and patience, it can be done. It was done.

I massaged the area, gently at first, then harder and harder. My hand was slapping against her clit and the room filled with a sound similar to a fish flopping about on a wet table. The Blonde's jewel box pulsed tighter and tighter. "I'M GONNA CUM!" she screamed.

And then she came. Gushing like a freshly opened water dam. When the water level lowered and stopped, I pulled my fingers out. The Blonde took them into her mouth and licked them clean, like licking a bit of melted ice pop that has leaked out from the top.

I took a step forward, closing the distance between myself and The Blonde like a ballroom dancer might. She spread her legs wider and opened her love flaps like cabbage leaves parting to reveal the forbidden secret cave of nectar that had eluded my little man so far. I pressed my bulging helmet to her hole.

The Blonde reached down, grasping the shaft of my cock again. She rubbed my glans against her labia, mixing my precum and her leaking juices together, like mixing vegetable oil with water. I pushed my hips forward, entering her super tight vaginal canal. Like a thick parcel being forced through a rusty letter-box on a rainy day, I entered her.

I pounded her right there, in a public bathroom, with the risk that anyone could walk in at any time. As I did so, her tits bounced up and down like excited puppies. I couldn't last long, it was my first time, and I came harder than I have ever done before. One extreme shot after another directly from my tight balls, like icing squirting from an icing bag when you squeeze it too tight because you don't realise your own strength.

Pow!

Another shot

Boom!

And another

Kapow!

I was cumming harder than I had ever cum before. Her sex organ gripping and pulling me in like the grinding gears of a paper shredder.

As I was done, I fell forward onto The Blonde. She leaned in to me. Our bodies heaving, desperately gasping for some air. Like a man that had held his breath under the water in the bath to see how long he could hold his breath. I must have cum a bucket full. The Blonde's mid-section was now the size of a regulation volleyball full of my tadpole soup. I could feel my balls were lighter, and I could stand up taller now I wasn't being weighed down by them.

Suddenly, another man walked in to the bathroom. I quickly tried to pull out and cover up, but The Blonde squeezed her secret tunnel tight around my truncheon and held me in place.

The man was tall, at least 6'5". He was smoking hot. He was wearing black drainpipe jeans, and nothing on his top. He was muscular, with an 8 pack. His black hair was long, and wet. He was wearing guyliner and had the facial structure of a well crafted Norse god. I looked at his mouth, and saw he had two longer teeth than the others. Not rabbit buck teeth - no - sharp fangs. That's right, he, was a vampire.

I was scared, but The Vampire looked at us with delight. "Can I join in?" he asked.

I looked at The Blonde who was still holding me in place. "I'm ready to go again, if you are?" she enquired.

I was ready.

A few minutes later, the three of us were naked, our clothes strewn on the floor like leaves on the lawn during autumn. The Blonde was on all fours, sucking off The Vampire. He was big too, at least 9 inches, and maybe a little thicker than me. He pushed deeper into her face and throat fucked her. The Blonde's tits hung below her like two perfect bee hives, humming with delight. She took it like a champ. I was perched on the edge of the sink, watching it all, jerking my still rock hard magic wand.

The Vampire pulled out, with spit hanging from the end of his rhythm stick like that spaghetti scene from Lady and the Tramp. He walked around her, knelt behind, spat on her pussy, like spitting on a homeless person, and slid it in. The Blonde moaned in delight. "Oh yeah! Like that! Tickle my liver!"

It was hot.

"Make love to me," The Blonde said to no one in particular, but probably The Vampire.

“I don’t make love,” replied The Vampire. “I fuck!”

Wowzers.

As The Vampire went at it harder and harder, The Blonde looked up at me. “You gonna sit there and watch, or you gonna get stuck in?” she kindly asked.

I glanced over to The Vampire. He was taking up all the space, and I didn’t really feel like duelling swords with an undead monster. Not for my first time, anyway. She sensed my hesitation and awkwardness. “I have other holes,” she said, with a lick of her swollen red lips, like sunburnt slugs.

I walked over to her, dropped to my knees and offered up my log. She swallowed me whole, like a competitor at a hotdog eating competition. My pole slid in and out of her gullet. As we were spit-roasting her, The Vampire looked to me. A huge smile came over his face. Whilst nodding in approval, he raised a hand out to me. I gave him a high five. This was fucking awesome, or awesome fucking, if you will.

After 17 minutes of repetitive sliding in and out, The Vampire was about ready, and so was I. He slid out his Golden Rod, and came. His squirted so far, that his cum landed on both me and The Blonde. His cum was thick, and gloopy, and red, like raspberry rice pudding. It coated us both with the warmth of a cuddling possum. I jerked and squirted my second load into The Blonde. The Blonde didn’t gag, she just took it, swallowing each string of cum as it hit the back of her throat. She swallowed it all, adding to the collection she already had from before.

Suddenly, The Vampire lifted his head back, screamed in ecstasy and turned into a bat. He flew out the window.

Smokin’.

“Wow,” I said, “that was amazing.” The Blonde giggled to herself and in agreement. As we started to gather our clothes and get dressed like a person fresh out of a shower, The Blonde turned to look at me.

“My dress won’t fit over my swollen stomach. I’ve got so much of your cum in me that I might have octuplets!”

That was my cue to get out of there like a nun caught in a brothel.
