

# **Pegging Paul**

**Crimson Rose**

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Paul stared at the stunning brunette from across the club and his cock twitched to life in his suit pants. She was everything he looked for in a woman. Tall. Small perky breasts. Narrow waist leading to down to long legs that looked as if they had been sculpted to perfection. And an ass he just had to get his hands, and other body parts, on. He had been coming to the Sapphire Club for nearly five years now she was by far the most beautiful woman he had ever seen grace the establishment. Knowing without a shadow of doubt that he would be going home with her tonight, he drained the last of the Van Winkle bourbon from his glass, stood up, straightened out his jacket and approached with all the confidence of a man used to getting what he wants.

Sitting his scotch tumbler on the bar, Paul ordered another of the same. Looking to his right, he gave the woman of his dreams a polite smile. She returned it and he felt his pulse quicken. "I don't think I've ever seen you here before."

"First time. I saw you looking at me from across the club. Like what you see?"

"As a matter of fact, I do. I'm not normally this forward, but you're the most stunningly beautiful woman I've ever seen." Looking into her pale blue eyes he wanted nothing more than to kiss her, but through sheer willpower he managed to restrain himself.

"You really think so?"

"I do. Want to get a table and talk?"

"Nope. I'd much rather take you back to my place. My name's Ava by the way."

"I'm Paul. And you really want to take a complete stranger home with you?"

"Not a complete stranger," Ava said with a seductive smile, her ruby red lips parting ever so slightly. "I'm not normally this forward either. Maybe it's the liquor talking, but you're a handsome man and I'm an incredibly horny woman. What do you say? Wanna come home with me or what?"

"I'm far too drunk to drive."

"That's okay," she said, grabbing him by the tie and pulling him close. Their lips nearly meeting, she moved back and grinned. "We'll take my car. I don't live far."

Grabbing her ass, Paul pulled her back to him. This time she did not resist the embrace. And she did not stop him when he squeezed her ass a little harder. But when he snaked his right hand up under the hem of her dress she grabbed him around the wrist and took a step back.

"Not here where everyone can see. I don't want to give everyone the wrong idea of what kind of woman I am. Come on, let's get out of here. People are starting to stare."

"They're just jealous," Paul smiled, giving her another kiss as she led him out of the club.

The four mile drive to her house seemed like forty as Ava struggled to keep her eyes on the road, and Paul's hands and mouth to himself. Pulling into the driveway, they got out of the car and rushed into the tan sided ranch. Taking him by the tie, she led him through the living room, down a short hallway passed the bathroom and into the bedroom, stealing kisses every step of the way. Paul was out of his jacket, shirt unbuttoned before they reached the bed. They kissed again – this time it was energetic. Lustful.

Unzipping Ava's dress, Paul lowered it off her shoulders, uncovering her perky breasts. Leaning in, he sucked her left nipple into his mouth, bit it gently and pulled back – allowing it to slide slowly between his teeth. Ava moaned as he did the same to the right and then moved back to the left. Bouncing back on the bed, she rolled onto her knees and beckoned him to her with a finger.

Taking off his pants, nearly tripping in the haste, Paul kicked his boxers across the room and jumped on the bed. Lunging at her, she dodged playfully to the side and swatted him hard on the ass. Laughing, he rolled around and pinched her nipples between finger and thumb. Pulling her close, he kissed her hard. Pushing her back on the bed, her head landing on pillows, he kissed his way down her lithe body.

Reaching the top of Ava's panties, Paul paused. Looking up at her, he smiled and kissed her belly. Hooking his fingers he pulled the silky red garment down her legs. After sucking the big toe of her right foot into his mouth, he kissed his way back up her legs. When he reached the treasures hidden between her tightly clamped thighs he looked up at her.

Nervously biting her lip, Ava spread her legs. SURPRISE! Her hands on either side of his head, Paul's mouth gaped open as he stared in utter surprise. Her hips bucked upward, filling his mouth with its first cock. He froze, panic and disgust set in, but for some unexplainable reason he was unable to move as she humped harder and deeper – the head of her cock hitting the back of his throat with every thrust.

Snapping to, Paul reeled away from the dick snaking its way down his gagging throat. "What the fucking hell! You...you're a...you've got a d-dick!"

"Glad you noticed. Please, don't stop sucking now. I need to be nice and hard if I'm going to fuck that tight ass of yours."

"You're not going anywhere near my ass with that thing. You're a fucking man and I'm not gay!"

"And yet you let me throat fuck you. There's no shame in liking cock, Paul," Ava said, Getting up onto her knees. "Go on, give it another try. I know you'll love it if you just let yourself go and enjoy the moment."

"I told you, I'm not gay. Why didn't you tell me you were a fucking man at the club? Is this your sick idea of a game? Trick men into coming home with you and then...and then..."

"And then show them the best time of their lives? What's so sick about that? And for your information I'm a woman. So what that I've got a few extras. I saw the way you were looking at me. At my ass. The eyes don't lie, Paul. You want me and I'm here for the taking. All you've got to do is let go of your inhibitions." Moving a little closer, she waved her cock less than an inch from Paul's mouth.

"You're out of your god damn minmph..." Paul choked as the dick slid to the back of his throat, a hand on the back of his head.

"That's a good boy. Mmmm, tell me you don't like it."

"Ach! Get the fuck away from me you crazy bitch!"

Spinning around, Paul reached down to grab his pants. Ava dug her fingernails into his hips as her dick pushed into his ass – all seven inches sliding in balls deep. He scrambled away, but she followed, her dick staying up his ass as they tumbled to the floor. "Mmmm, you've got a tight ass. That's it, squeeze my cock. Show me how much you love it. Don't resist. Don't think about it. Just relax and let me show you an amazing time."

"Uhn...g-get off of me! I'm not...uhn...uhn..."

"Good, good. Lift your ass for me. That's it," Ava purred, pulling Paul up by the hips while his head remained firmly on the floor. "Now you're getting it. Relax. My dick is already in your ass so why fight it? Relax. Let your asshole stretch to accept my cock." Reaching between Paul's legs, she grabbed his dick. "Mmmm, nice and hard. You do like it don't you? Admit it. Tell me how much you love it and I'll give you everything you desire. Go on, you can do it. Say the words and I'll show you pleasures you've only dreamed of. There's no denying it, babe. I can

feel your asshole loosening around my dick. You're accepting it whether you like it or not. And trust me, I can tell you love it."

"No...uhn...no I d-don't," Paul groaned, but his hips rocking back on Ava's cock said otherwise. "I'm not g-gay."

"Do you like pussy?"

"Yes."

"You like my dick up your ass?"

"Yes. No! No I don't like it."

"The pre-cum dripping from your cock says otherwise. Also, I stopped holding you two minutes ago. You've been fucking yourself on my dick since then. I'm going to pull out of your ass now. This is your chance to go if that's what you choose to do. But if you want to stay...if you want to broaden your horizons and experiment with new forms of sex, then turn around and take my cock into your mouth. Suck me off, Paul. Make me squirt right down your throat."

Scared, humiliated, excited and full of shame, Paul turned around on his knees and looked up into Ava's beautiful pale blue eyes and all he saw was the stunning woman he first met at the Sapphire Club. But as his eyes lowered to the seven inch dick between her legs, he froze.

"It's okay. You can do it. Don't think of it as a cock. I'm a woman, Paul. And women have clits." Slowly stroking her dick, Ava smiled. "This is my big clit and I know how much guys love sucking on a big clit, right? Suck my clit, Paul. I know you want it. I can see the apprehension in your eyes, but I know you can do it. Open your mouth. Open your mouth and I'll know you want it. Open your mouth and I'll fuck my big clit down your throat and feed you its creamy treat. That's it," she purred as Paul's lips parted.

Moving closer, she put the head in. When he did not pull away, she ran fingers through his hair as she fucked deeper. After about a minute, she thrust balls deep and held it there, waiting for his face to turn red before pulling back to let him catch his breath before doing it again. "That's it. That's a good cocksucker. I'm getting close. You ready to eat your first load?" The words were out of her mouth at the same time the first strands of semen shot from her cock. She felt Paul jerk as it hit the back of his throat, but when he swallowed, she knew she had him – knew that he would stay and do every perverted act she requested of him.