

## Sex Story: Billy's Hotel Encounter

One of the best places to pick up men is hotel bars. There's a big, fancy hotel a couple blocks from me where the main clientele is businessmen from out of town.

Last night I went to the hotel around 9pm. That's the best time to go cause some of them are still eating and others have been up in their room and bored, so they come down for a drink. I was sitting at the bar, dressed in a short, black skirt, black stockings, black stilettos, black blouse with no bra. My big tits were visible almost to my big, brown nipples.

Anyway, I was sitting there for a little while, checking out the guys. They were checking me out too, of course. I was ordering another drink when a man sat down beside me and asked me if it would be ok if he took care of it.

He looked about 50, white as a sheet, hair cut very short and he was probably 6 feet tall. I'm not the kind of chick who always wants guys my age. There's something very fucking sexy about an older man. Usually he is so grateful he is fucking someone as hot as me that he is a great lover and makes sure I [cum](#) like crazy.

So I asked him where he was from and what was he doing here. Of course he was on business and I came out and asked him if he was sharing a room with anyone. He looked surprised and said no. I said "That's good, it's hard sharing a room with someone."

He smiled and said "It depends who it's with."

I asked his name and he told me Jack. I said "Jack, are you flirting with me?". He smiled, confident and said "I am trying my best."

"How much harder would you flirt with me if you knew I am wearing black thongs under my skirt," I asked, loving the fucking game. He shifted in his seat to get closer to me and leaned over and said, "Hard, very hard. Hard and long and thick."

All the time we were flirting I was sucking hard on my straw, draining my drink. I was done before him and asked, looking at his drink, "You don't need to finish that do you?"

"Not at all," he answered right away,

We got up, he put his hand on the small of my back and led me to the door out of the bar and into the main lobby of the hotel. We didn't talk, he kept his hand on my back and it felt like it was burning me. When we got into the elevator, he came up on me right away and kissed me. His hands went to my [ass](#) and he pulled me close to him. He pressed me up against him and I could feel his hard on.

The doors opened and his room was a couple doors down. We got in his room and after he closed and locked the door, he turned around. I was right there, putting my hands on the back of his neck, pulling his head down to kiss me. He was a fucking great kisser. He didn't try to [fuck](#) my throat with his tongue. He touched my tongue lightly and quickly, making me want more.

Damn the fucking rule of only having 500 words in a blog. I guess there will be a part two cause I know you want to hear everything, and I want to make your cock hard telling you all about it.