

Sex Story: Brianna Plays With Denise Part Two

I switched the position of my hand in her hair when we got outside. It just looked like I had my hand on the back of her neck. No one could see I had those fine, baby hairs in my fingers.

I opened the door to my car and put her gently in it. When I got in she was breathing hard and I told her to lift up her skirt. She lifted up her black and white polka dot skirt to show me her thick thighs. I knew she wasn't wearing panties, I had told her not to.

I had her face me and said "Show me your wet [pussy](#) Denise and answer my question about how often you played with your self." She lifted her skirt and showed me her meaty [pussy](#). Her bald lips were nice and fat, perfect for pulling on. I could see her juices making her lips shiny.

"I came about 5 times Mistress," she said in a soft whisper. She spread her big lips open .

I told her to rub her clit for me while she told me her fantasies. She asked if I wanted her to do that, right there on the side of the road. Of course I said yes.

I wanted to see how serious she was about serving me. Inside my heart was pounding, I wanted my strap on buried deep inside while watching her big tits flop around on her chest. I kept a cool exterior, cause that's what I do. I watched her index finger rub her clit in circles. I wish I had a car with a stick shift because I'd have her ride it then lick it clean.

I love playing with women as much as men. They are both so different. Men are basic pigs yet there is something very sweet in a lady's submission. I knew she wanted to give me anything I asked for. Women are definitely more emotional submissives than men.

Denise played with her clit and was looking around, scared of being caught. I told her to look in my eyes as she played with herself. I told her I would be asking her questions and to just nod or shake her head. I wanted her complete and full attention. Nothing else should matter but me and what I want.

"Does it feel good to rub that little clit slut?" A gasp and a nod.

"Have you ever tasted [pussy](#) before?" She shook her head no.

"Taste your own." I ordered.

She grimaced at the thought and brought her finger up to her mouth. She licked her finger and I could tell she liked the taste. I ordered her to smell her finger then suck it

clean. She did as I said and used her other hand to frantically rub on her [pussy](#). Her eyes were closed and I told her to open them and look at me.

She looked at me and kept licking and sucking at her finger.

“[Cum](#) for me slut,” I said.

She rubbed her clit with one hand and used the other to spread her meaty lips. As she began to shake, I grabbed her by the hair again, and dragged her to my side of the car. She was a good girl and kept rubbing. I grabbed her nipple showing through her blouse and pinched.

She cried out and came hard.

She sat there, leaning against me, her chest heaving.

“There’s a good girl, now go home and I will be there tomorrow at 1pm.” I told her. Trembling, she got out of my car and unsteadily walked down the sidewalk.

If I feel like it, I’ll tell you about the next time I played with her another time.