

# The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

## Chapter 5: ORGASMS AND MANY MORE

Abigail

The words hung between us in the darkness.

My body obeyed before my brain caught up. I turned in the cramped space, my hands gripping the wall.

My palms pressed flat against the cool surface. Goosebumps raced up my arms, spreading across my shoulders, down my spine.

*I was about to get fucked by a stranger.*

The space was so small. There was barely enough room for one person, let alone two. The edge of the sink dug into my hip bone as I shifted, trying to adjust to the pitch blackness.

Behind me, he moved closer. His presence filled the tiny bathroom, sucking all the air from the space until I could barely breathe.

"Hands on the wall." That deep, raspy voice came from right behind me, so close his breath stirred the fine hairs at my nape. Heat radiated off him in waves. "Don't move them. Understand?"

"Yes." I said breathlessly, clenching my thighs together.

His hand reached forward to cup my jaw.

"Yes what?"

My mouth went dry. My pulse hammered in my throat. "Yes... sir?"

A low, approving rumble vibrated through the darkness. The sound traveled straight down my spine and hot liquid heat pooled between my thighs.

"Good girl."

Oh god. Drake had never called me that.

He let go of my jaw, grabbing my hips, his fingers digging in through the thin fabric of my leggings. His thumbs pressed into the small of my back, right above my ass, applying pressure that made me arch involuntarily.

Then he yanked me backward. My ass collided with his hips and—

*Oh god.*

He was hard. So fucking hard. The thick, massive length of him pressed against me through our clothes, grinding between my cheeks with a slow roll of his hips that made my knees buckle.

*Holy shit. He's huge.*

"Mhmmm!" I couldn't stop the sound from escaping. My head fell back, seeking something—his chest, his shoulder, any part of him.

His mouth found my ear as his lips grazed the sensitive skin, catching my earlobe between his teeth.

"I think your boyfriend was a blind bastard," he rasped, grinding his dick harder against my ass.

*God, what is he doing to me?*

A whimper crawled up my throat. I sounded needy and pathetic but I didn't care.

I had wanted this all day. I had ached to be touched, to be wanted, to feel something other than Drake's betrayal eating me alive from the inside out.

His hands left my hips and traveled upward with agonizing slowness. Over the curve of my waist, up my sides, his thumbs dragging along the underside of my breasts. Then finally, finally, he cupped them through my sweater.

A startled cry slipped from my lips when he squeezed roughly. His large palms engulfed my tits, pushing them together, thumbs finding my nipples through all the layers of fabric. Waves of pleasure coursed through me and my imagination went wild.

"Fuck," he breathed against my neck, his voice rough. "Perfect. Fucking perfect."

A rough exhale hit my neck, hot and heavy. His hips ground forward again while his fingers worked my nipples, rolling them between his fingers, pinching just hard enough to ride that delicious line between pleasure and pain.

"Oh god," I cried, arching my back, pushing my tits further into his hands.

He gave a deep growl, the vibration rumbling through his chest into my back. One hand moved under my sweater, his fingers scraping against my stomach as he shoved the fabric up.

"I want these bare," he growled. "I want to feel your tits properly without all these fucking clothes in the way."

*Yes, yes, please.*

"Yes," I panted, nodding eagerly, pushing my ass back to meet his hips. He hissed as his hands dragged up my stomach, then grunted, "Tell me if you want me to stop."

"Don't you dare stop." I spat, and his dark chuckle filled the space.

His fingers hooked under the band of my bra and yanked it down. My breasts spilled free and his hands immediately latched onto them, skin on skin, his thumbs dragging over my hardened nipples, squeezing and kneading.

"Fuck," I moaned, my back arching, pushing more of myself into his hands.

"So soft." His mouth found my neck, trailing open-mouthed kisses from my ear to my shoulder.

A low groan vibrated against my skin as his hips ground against my ass again, that thick cock dragging between my cheeks in a way that made me whimper.

One hand left my breast and slid down until he reached between my legs. He cupped my pussy through my leggings and I nearly sobbed with relief.

A guttural sound rumbled from his chest. "Fuck me," he groaned. "You're soaked. I can feel how wet you are through your clothes."

His palm pressed harder and ground against my clit in circles that made sparks explode behind my eyelids. More of my pussy juices streaked down my thighs slowly.

My hands gripped the walls of the bathroom harder as I humped his hand shamelessly, trying to get my release. A low cry escaped my lips, sparks of desire shooting through my core.

"Mhmmm, what a needy little thing you are." He made a satisfied grunt, then his other hand came down on my breast in a sharp smack.

A squeal left my lips and I ground on his hand harder. The hand still on my breast squeezed roughly while he nipped at my neck, teeth scraping my skin.

"Such a good fucking girl for me," he praised, his voice thick with approval. "Taking everything I give you."

*Good girl. Good girl. Good girl.*

The stranger's hand hooked into the waistband of my leggings, his fingers hot against my lower belly.

"These need to come off." His voice had gone rougher, darker.

"Yes," I was panting now, barely able to form words. "Yes, please."

He didn't wait for more and just yanked them down in one swift motion, leggings and underwear together, peeling them off my legs. Cold air hit my bare ass and thighs, making me gasp.

"Step out."

I awkwardly lifted one foot at a time, using the wall for balance because my legs had turned to jelly. The clothes pooled around my ankles and he kicked them aside with his foot.

His hand returned between my legs and I pretty much lost my mind the minute his fingers found my slick, sopping wet cunt.

A sharp inhale. "Christ." Two fingers slid through my folds, getting drenched in my juices.

"You're dripping. Absolutely fucking dripping for me."

He can feel how wet I am. How desperate. God, what must he think of me?

I was. God, I was. I could feel my juices coating my inner thighs. I was obscenely wet for this stranger whose face I couldn't see, whose name I didn't know.

He dragged those wet fingers up, over my clit, the touch so light it was torture. I whined, high and needy, and he made a sound that might have been satisfaction.

"Come on," I groaned when he withdrew his hand from between my legs, dragging it up over my ass.

Then he smacked it. I lost my damned mind. The crack echoed in the small space, a loud moan tore from my lips and his hand clamped over my mouth immediately.

"Shh," he growled, muffling my moans with his hand. "Unless you want everyone on this plane knowing what a slut you're being back here."

The word sent another gush of wetness between my thighs. His fingers slid back down through my folds and he groaned, the sound vibrating against my back.

"Oh, you like that." He sounded very satisfied.

He smacked my ass again, harder this time, the sting blooming across my skin. "Dirty girl."

*More. God, more.*

He smacked me again and again. Each strike was harder than the last until my skin felt hot and sensitive and I was biting my lip to keep myself from crying out against his hand. My pussy clenched around nothing, aching to be filled.

"Look at you." His palm smoothed over my ass cheeks soothingly. "Taking it so well. I could bet your ass is all pink and pretty right now."

I could imagine what I looked like—bent over, ass red, marked, dripping wet and desperate for a stranger's cock.

Then his fingers were between my legs again, sliding through my folds, teasing my entrance, circling but not entering.

"Please," I tried to say against his palm, but it came out muffled and desperate.

"Just shove your fingers in already!" I cried, past caring how I sounded. "Stop teasing me."

A low, dark chuckle rolled off his tongue. His finger circled my entrance again, dipping in just slightly before pulling back, and I wanted to scream. "Like that?"

"Yes, fuck, yes," I whimpered.

He pushed two fingers in at once. The stretch made me let out a low moan. My forehead pressed against the cool wall as he worked them deeper, the drag of his fingers inside me maddening.

"So fucking tight," he grunted, pumping his fingers inside me. A low groan vibrated through him as he drilled his fingers in and out of my cunt, pushing me closer to the edge.

His other hand found my tits again, kneading them roughly as his fingers worked inside me.

"More," I pushed back against his hand, desperate for more friction, more fullness, more everything. "Please, more."

"Greedy little thing." Then a third finger pushed in. The stretch burned now, pleasure and pain blurring together as he filled me.

"So fucking tight. Can barely fit three fingers in this perfect cunt. How are you going to take my cock?"

His thumb found my clit and rubbed circles while his fingers pumped into my pussy.

"I can," I moaned when he made a questioning sound. "I can take it, I can take anything."

"Yeah?" He curled his fingers, hitting that spot that made me see stars, and growled his approval.

"You think you can take everything I'm going to give you?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" I cried as he pumped his fingers faster, harder, the wet sounds of my soaked pussy filling the enclosed space.

"Prove it." He growled against my ear. "Cum on my fingers. Show me how desperate you are. Show me what a needy little slut you are for me."

*Cum.* I felt it in the way his fingers drove deeper, his thumb pressing harder on my clit.

My orgasm built fast. Too fast. Coiling tight at the base of my spine, in my belly, spreading through my limbs like liquid fire.

*I'm going to cum for a stranger. I'm going to fall apart on his fingers and I didn't even care.*

"That's it. God you're getting tighter. Can't wait to feel that around my cock," he rasped. His breath was hot and ragged against my ear.

"Cum. Cum on my fucking fingers."

It crashed through me. My whole body seized, clenching around his fingers as pleasure exploded through every nerve ending. My mouth opened in a silent scream as he fingered me through the orgasm, drawing it out until I was shaking.

"That's it." His voice was rough and strained.

"Fuck, that's beautiful. Give me everything."

A rough sound of satisfaction rumbled from his chest. Slowly, oh so slowly, he pulled his fingers out. I whimpered at the loss, my pussy still spasming around nothing.

"Easy, sweetheart." His arm wrapped around my waist, holding me up because my legs had completely given out. "I've got you."

Then I heard the wet sound of him sucking his fingers clean, the pop of his mouth and the satisfied groan he that escaped his lips.

"You taste so fucking good. I could eat you for hours and never get enough."

*Oh god, who was this man?*

I was still trembling, still trying to remember how to breathe when I heard the condom wrapper tear. My brain had turned to mush. I'd completely forgotten about protection. Thank god he had the common sense to bring a condom.

*Wait, does he just carry condoms around? Is he the kind of guy who—*

My thoughts scattered when I heard his zipper drag down. The rustle of fabric. Then the blunt head of his cock pressed against my pussy and every coherent thought fled.

*Oh god. That's... I'm going to take all of that?*

My breath caught. I was drunk and emotional and this was insane but I didn't care. I needed this. Needed him. Needed his cock filling me up.

"Last chance to change your mind, sweetheart." His voice was rough and strained.

I reached back blindly, found his hip and dug my nails in.

"Please don't stop," I pushed back against him, trying to take him in. "Fuck me. Please just, I need you to fuck me—"

He slammed in. One brutal thrust that buried him to the hilt and punched all the air from my lungs.