

Encounters – #01

They were eyeing each other with the heightened sensuality that the drink had produced. Popping their bodies in that typical non-white fashion, assertive stance; knees bent, chests out, chins raised. Hips out to the left, chests out to the right. Again. Again. Again. She rolled her toned stomach and pushed her modest chest in his direction. And again, and again.

He stepped closer and pulled her against him. Stomach touched stomach, cheeks brushed, hands wandered. They found their rhythm, rising and falling to the insane urban beats. Everyone there knew the words to the Nina Sky and Jabba tune.

#Move your body girl, makes the fellas the go,
The way you ride it girl, makes the fellas go...#

He twirled her around and she landed with per pert bottom in his crotch. Knees were bent lower still. Her back arched letting him to stoke the curve from neck to tail bone. She inched back closer still so that she could feel the growing lump in his trousers. His hands found her inner thighs and she wrapped around his neck from behind. Grinding, grinding, grinding to the music.

Lips locked and tongues flicking, serpentine. Together they edged to the wall. They could feel the bass throbbing in their chests. He pinned her to the wall, legs entwined. Grinding. Hands slid up and down her nubile body slick with sweat, slipped inside her lace cups and pinched already hard nipples.

‘Mmm.’

Moaning, softly she nibbled his bottom lip, then bit hard.