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Dirty Little Secret

by Carly Drew

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Dirty Little Secret

Carly Drew

It was just like every Friday night - he was out with his mates and I was still at work and starting my seventh cup of black coffee. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't getting bored of my weekends always starting off like this. The routine of going home at midnight, throwing something in the microwave, falling asleep on the sofa in my work clothes, being woken up by Barrett tripping over the doormat and then trying, in a barely awake state, to get him and myself upstairs to bed was becoming incredibly tiresome.

It was my own fault really; I'd taken the leap to start my own business, I knew just how much effort I needed to put in for it to be a success. I had opened the photographic studio three years earlier and after a rough first six months, it was now going from strength to strength. I now had four employees working for me, was able to pay them and myself quite handsomely and had photographed some of the top names in the fashion and music industry. The one problem I had with the business was letting go. I knew I had other people there that were willing to work hard but this business was my baby! I had put blood, sweat and broken finger nails into it and I wanted to make it the best that I could. I always knew I was a perfectionist but the competitive nature of photography had made me realise that I always had to try harder and do better, in order to stay on top.

I slid my glasses back up my nose and lifted the print out of the strong smelling developer in the chemicals tray. As I walked back into the studio, I closed my eyelids shut until my eyes could readjust safely to the bright lights. I looked over the print, examining it in close detail looking for any flaws, dust or scratches. The couple in the photograph looked so happy and in love. I'd photographed them a few days earlier in the studio, using a sumptuous, red, velvet background and stark, white calla lilies to really emphasise the beauty and the bond between these two people.

They couldn't keep their hands off each other. Between film changes they'd still be hugging and kissing, whispering to each other and smiling sweetly, even though we weren't taking photos. I was going to tell them that they didn't have to carry on posing, we weren't going to be shooting for another few minutes, but I stopped myself just as I realised that they weren't doing it for the camera- this was really what they were like. I couldn't remember mine and Barrett's relationship ever being like that, not even in the beginning, but I still missed that sense of being utterly enamoured with someone.

I slid my mobile out of my pocket and flipped it open. There were no messages or missed calls, not that I was expecting any. I put my mobile back on the table and looked over the picture one more time. The composition, form, style, contrast and exposure were all perfect. Even the couple were flawless. I kind of resented them for having such a wonderful relationship and secretly wished that they had some dark secret between them, some kinky fetish that they never spoke of outside of the dungeon! I smiled to myself and went back into the soft, red glow of the darkroom. I placed the print on the drying rack and started putting the chemicals away.

I thought about the couple and what their kink could be. Maybe they were swingers? Maybe they strutted around the house dressed in latex? Maybe she had a collar and a leash for him and got him to lick her boots clean? It then dawned on me that people may be asking the same question about me. I started to think about how my clients saw me in the studio: barking at my assistant to move the lights, hurrying the make up artists along, working alone in the darkroom for hours on end. They probably have this idea of me using the studio for my own pleasure, taking photos of my other half posing erotically on a chaise longue or being taken into the darkroom by someone even more dominant than me, being bent over the photographic enlarger and fucked hard... I should be so lucky.

I turned all the lights off and stepped back into the studio. I took my glasses off and rubbed my eyes, before looking at my mobile again - nothing. After working on the photographs of that couple all night, I was desperate for attention. A text, a phone call, an e-mail, a kiss, a hug, anything!

I threw my mobile in my handbag, grabbed the keys and stepped outside. Locking the door behind me, I realised I'd finished early for a change. It was still fairly light outside, the streetlights had only just come on and it was still quite warm. As I started walking home, I began planning what to do with the rest of my evening. I could get in my most comfortable underwear, read trashy women's magazines and eat the rest of that family size bar of chocolate.

I could get in an extra hour at the gym trying to get those chiselled abs which I'm sure will make my life complete. Or I could go out and get some of that attention I was so desperately craving. I bit my lip and smiled as I thought about the latter option more. I'm not the kind of girl to cheat but there's nothing wrong with a bit of harmless flirting, right?

I opened the door to the house and picked up the mail left on the hall table. Mixed in with the usual bills and bank statements was a brown padded envelope. I knew exactly what was in it and my mood suddenly lifted. Barrett had stuck a note to the mirror: 'Gone to The Crown with the lads, see you later sweet cheeks.' Well, at least I had the house to myself to get ready.

Standing in the bedroom, I ripped the package open excitedly, the brown paper getting mauled in the process. A few days earlier I had placed an order online with a company called LoveHoney. It was the first time I'd ever done anything like it and I'm not really sure what inspired me. It was my first day off in weeks and I fancied a little bit of indulgence so went searching for new lingerie. Whilst browsing the site, I thought I'd check out the sex toys section, purely out of curiosity. I'd never owned a sex toy before but knew plenty about them from friends, magazines and porn.

I decided I needed something quiet and discreet- I didn't need the neighbours asking Barrett when he comes home from work, about how his fiancé was getting on with that new Hitachi Magic Wand she bought! I was also hoping to maybe find something to take away with me on business trips, something small that I could hide easily in my handbag where no one else would look, unlike my suitcases.

"Have you got the flash cable?"

"No, I don't have the flash cable and if I did it wouldn't be in my suitcase with my thongs and my 10-inch black twister dildo, would it?"

That's a conversation I didn't need to be having with my 18 year-old work experience girl. Instead, I opted for a remote control bullet vibrator called a 'Miyakodori'. The description said it was quiet, discreet and powerful, which is just what I needed.

I broke open the plastic packaging and fit the batteries carefully in the back of the toy. Holding the 2-inch, silver vibrator in my hand, I turned it on. The gentle, slow vibrations pulsed through my fingers and had me biting my lip in anticipation. I pressed the button on the controller again and felt the vibrations get stronger. I went through all of the settings on it, each one making me smile just that little bit more. As I turned it off, I looked back at the packet and saw the little silver keyring controller still in the plastic wrap.

I got changed faster than I ever have before! Sliding my white cotton boy shorts off, I replaced them with a pair of black lace panties. As I rolled my stockings over my thighs, I hooked the Miyakodori clip on to the tops of them and slid the vibrator into my panties. Pulling my silk pencil skirt on over the top, I had never felt so sexy. The wires were invisible, the sound was barely audible and no-one but me would know what was going on inside my underwear! I inched myself into a corset, the black lace edging matching my underwear and the silk brocade material complementing my skirt well. I tied the ribbons at the back tightly, making me gasp softly. My breasts sat high on my chest and my every breath was emphasised by their rise and fall. I finished the outfit with a pair of black pin-up style stilettos and two sets of pearls, one for my neck and one for my wrist.

Lining my eyes with eyeliner one last time, I decided to leave my hair roughly tied back into a bun, the contrast between the sophisticated outfit and the slightly messy hair, showing both sides of my personality. I looked at the clock and figured Barrett would be heading to the clubs by now. It was time for me to go out and enjoy myself too. I slicked my lips with lip balm and dropped the little tub and the vibrator controller in my bag.

Walking into town, I decided to give the vibrator a test run. I pulled out the tiny keyring and pressed the button; the vibrations momentarily taking me by surprise and causing me to straighten my back in shock. I looked around thinking that someone would be able to tell what I was doing but no one seemed to notice.

I started to relax and enjoy the sensations, my pussy beginning to get wet from the slow vibrations against my clitoris. I turned up the intensity and began to breathe more heavily, my foot steps getting quicker, the motion of my legs grinding the toy against my clit even more. I turned it off before I orgasmed, wanting to prolong the fun for as long as possible. In my haze of pleasure, I'd marched myself quickly to the club and was already at the doors. I flashed the bouncers a smile and they wished me a good evening and let me straight through. As I walked up the stairs, I went through my tactics once again in my head.

I went straight to the bar and waited to be served, rooting through my purse for my cash. As the bartender came over I tried bending over the bar to talk to him. He leaned back and shook his head, pointing to his ears. I assumed that this meant he couldn't hear me, so pulled myself up on the bar and leaned over further. My feet off the floor, my body bent over the cold, steel surface, my ass raised in the air with my tight, silk skirt pulled tightly against it, I shouted my order again. He gave me a thumbs up and wandered off to get a glass. As I lowered myself back onto the floor, I felt an arm around my waist.

"Steady, love!" I turned around to see Rich, an acquaintance of Barrett's.

"Hey Rich! How's it going?" I said kissing him gently on the cheek. He blushed a warm red; he was not used to me being so tactile or the female attention in general.

"Good thanks! How are you? You look... Is Barrett in tonight?" he asked cautiously.

"I don't know. I'm here on my own at the moment, supposed to be meeting some friends in a bit." I was lying through my teeth but knew he was too flustered to know any better.

"Oh, great! Well you look amazing! Can I get you a drink?"

"I've just ordered thanks, but maybe the next round!" I gave him a smile and a wink, picked my drink up, left a fiver on the bar and walked away. I loved how that one fluid movement of pulling myself onto the bar and raising one of my best assets into view had instantly caught his attention. Tonight, I was here to tease. There was no way that anyone that I caught the attention of would be getting more than blue balls from me. It was my night and I'd be the one getting pleased.

As I reached the edge of the steps to the dance floor, I leant against the metal railings and surveyed the scene. Sipping my whiskey and coke I watched as women danced in groups together, pretty much forming a barrier between them and any male attention that may be directed their way, probably inadvertently. I watched as men awkwardly danced with their friends, wondering if women would assume they were batting for the other team just for dancing with a bloke. I watched as couples, either long term or just for that night, grinded with each other seductively.

I finished my drink and put it down on the bar beneath the railings before heading into the throng of people. I slid my way through as many crowds of men as I could, brushing my body against theirs, throwing apologetic smiles at them as my ass 'accidentally' rubbed against the crotch of their jeans. My skin felt electric as hands and bodies rubbed against me. As I emerged from the other side of the dance floor, I'd tactfully place my hands against the base of the back of about half a dozen men, I'd grazed my breasts against the chests of about four others and at least three men had my ass within exceptionally close proximity to them.

As I stepped up to the bar again and ordered my second drink of the night, I started to look through my handbag for my purse. I looked at the Miyakodori vibrator controller and smiled to myself. I ran my finger over the smooth, silver plastic, considering whether to turn it on or not, thinking just how good it felt earlier, feeling light-headed as my body was pushed into the realms of ecstasy.

Lost in my own lust, I jumped as a figure appeared next to me. Looking up quickly, I hit the button almost unintentionally and nearly let out a yelp of surprise. One of the guys I gave a smile to on the dance floor after brushing past him was now next to me and paying for my drink. As he handed it to me, I gave him a smile and mouthed the words "thank you" making sure to really emphasise the last word with a pout. He smiled back and leaned in close. I felt his breath on my neck and closed my eyes. The two places that would have me frozen with pleasure were both being teased, my neck by his warm breath and my pussy by the gentle vibrations.

I found it hard to concentrate on what he was saying but managed to catch that his name was Dean. I introduced myself and asked him who he was with in the club. "Just a group of mates," he replied "here for a stag do, what about you?" My chest rising and falling at a quicker pace, I struggled to maintain my composure.

“Ummm... just waiting for a few friends to turn up” I answered after a long pause. I shifted slightly uncomfortably, unsure if he knew exactly what was going on in my panties and was just torturing me by prolonging the conversation.

“Cool, hey, while you’re waiting, do you fancy having a dance?” Hardly the most original of lines, but my normally quick witted, dry sarcasm failed me as my body pretty much overruled anything my brain was trying to do and answered for me.

As I grabbed his hand and led him away from the bar, I looked over my shoulder and gave him the once over, raising my eyebrows approvingly as I checked him out: Muscular arms, broad shoulders, tapered waist, typical gym-a-holic. Not that that was a bad thing. His cheeky smile made him look like he could survive an evening of wild fucking with me, my fingers in the back of his dark, tousled hair, his hands pulling me by the hips onto him, as I rode his cock hard... shame he’ll never get to have the hardcore, passionate, raw, tie-me-to-the-four-poster-bed-and-screw-me experience though. But he didn’t know that.

As we stepped onto the dance floor, I placed his hands on my hips and arched my back, provocatively pushing my ass against him, before swinging my body in time with his. His hands moved down to my thighs as I turned around to face him, my lips just inches from his. The Miyakodori was working wonders, I felt so sexy at the thought of the secret I held and the fact that if his hands moved any higher, he’d discover just why I was smiling so much.

Over his shoulder I saw Barrett stood at the bar. I wasn’t sure if he’d noticed me, but I was having too much fun as it was with Dean. I turned around, back towards him and bent forward. As I grinded against his crotch, Dean’s hands traced the contours of my corseted waist. I stood back up and leant against him slightly, my head against his shoulder so he could have a clear view down at my cleavage. My pussy was so wet and I was aching to be screwed, but this playful teasing would have to do for now.

Dean growled softly in my ear “I have no idea what it is about you, but you’re the sexiest girl I’ve ever laid eyes on”. I smiled and giggled softly before closing my eyes and enjoying the pulsing beat of the music running through my body and the vibrating rhythm of the toy against my clit. As the song ended, I opened my eyes again to see Barrett watching me. I turned back to Dean, gave him a kiss on the cheek and walked away. As my mother always told me, it’s best to leave them wanting more. I walked away, swaying my hips, knowing he was watching my every move.

I stood at the bar again and waited to be served. I felt familiar hands around my waist and could smell Barrett’s cologne. He kissed me gently on the shoulder and moved to my side.

"Having fun out there?" he asked, letting on that he'd been watching me dancing with someone else.

"Of course" I said whilst smiling up at him.

"You're a filthy fucking tease, you know that?" He said with a laugh.

"Oh, baby, you have no idea." I slid the Miyakodori controller out of my handbag with my purse. I leant forward to order my drink and a shot each for the two of us. I slyly grabbed Barrett's hand and slid the controller to him. He looked at me confused before examining what I'd just given him. I just smiled and place my hands on the bar, preparing myself for his natural inquisitiveness to get the better of him.

I paid the barman and handed Barrett his shot. We knocked them back simultaneously and made cringing faces at each other at the pure strength of the alcohol. I put the shot glass back on the bar and felt the speed of the small vibrator increase as he pressed the button. My grip became tighter against the cold glass and I closed my eyes almost out of habit, this being what I did every time I was close to orgasming.

Barrett looked at me mystified and shook his head. He pressed the button again-the fastest speed setting. The pulsations were so intense, my legs nearly buckled. I ran one hand over my neck, down my collar bone to my cleavage, my finger tips resting at my bust line. Barrett examined the physical evidence; the hard gripping of the shot glass, the briefly closed eyes, the heavy breathing, the touching of my most sensitive areas. He'd seen all this before, the last time he went down on me, licking, sucking and teasing my clit; it was the exact same behaviour. He knew what was happening but wasn't sure how or why.

He stood behind me and hugged me, his hands discreetly making their way towards my skirt as I tried to remain in control and not draw attention to us. His fingers met the mound of my pussy and he rubbed softly. I spread my legs for him, wanting to let him in on my dirty little secret. He obeyed my physical demands by sliding his hand down further, feeling the smooth, vibrating plastic between my pussy lips.

"Dirty, filthy girl" he whispered in my ear as he held his hand against it, pressing it against my clit even harder. I let out a moan and grabbed his thigh hard. As his hands slid back up my body, his friends decided to join us. Barrett turned away from me, denying me the attention I so desperately wanted and started chatting with his mates. I wasn't about to be ignored. I'd had so much attention all night that I wasn't about to quit now. I turned around and wrapped my arm around his waist, trying my best to listen to the conversation between the lads.

Barrett pressed the button again. The vibrations came every other second and I dug my nails into his waist in reaction to how good it felt. My mind couldn't stay focused. I was so ready to be fucked that nothing else mattered. Again, Barrett pressed the button, all the while maintaining an intelligent conversation. The vibrations stopped. I was about to give Barrett a gentle slap to let him know I needed more when I felt it. The vibrations went from nothing to extreme within about 3 seconds. This was pure torture. It was building me up and dropping me back down. I was sure Barrett's friends could tell that I was on the verge of a screaming orgasm. I knew Barrett could. He gave me a glance and raised one eyebrow at me.

"What do you think, baby?" he asked, knowing full well that my concentration was elsewhere.

"I... ummm... don't... know." His friends laughed and carried on chatting away. I blushed from embarrassment and took a long sip of my drink.

"We're going to go outside for a cigarette," Barrett told the lads, who acknowledged him with the universal bloke sign of half a nod. He led me down the steps and out of the front door, his arm wrapped around me, almost holding me up as my legs didn't seem to function quite as well anymore. As we stepped outside, the cold air gave me a bit of a shock back to reality; just in time to realise I was being led away from the club.

"Where are we going?" I asked, the first full sentence I'd been able to form in a while. Barrett said nothing, he just smirked to himself. He looked around, checking out the scene behind us and then pushed me into an alley way, my body pressed against the wall before I could stop myself. The cold, rough brick work was a jolt to my sensitive skin. He pressed his lips against mine, that first kiss, that first proper intimacy of the night that I'd been craving. I moaned as he pushed his body against mine, feeling his hard cock straining against his jeans. I slid my hand down his chest, over his toned stomach to his crotch, following the outline of his cock with one of my fingers.

He pulled away and looked me deep in the eye, his piercing, blue eyes reassuring me, before grabbing my hips and turning me around to face the wall. Barrett pulled me close to him so my hands and chest were against the harsh stone work but my ass was against him. He pulled my skirt up roughly and slid his hand over my now soaking wet panties. The vibrations were so powerful I could've orgasmed multiple times, but I wanted to give Barrett that privilege. Sliding my underwear over my thighs, I felt him lean over; his body against mine was actually quite comforting in the situation.

I suddenly realised just how easy it would be for us to get caught. I could hear people outside the club talking and kept seeing the lights of taxis approach and shine against the wall. I turned around to warn Barrett that we should maybe go somewhere else to do this, the fear finally catching hold of me.

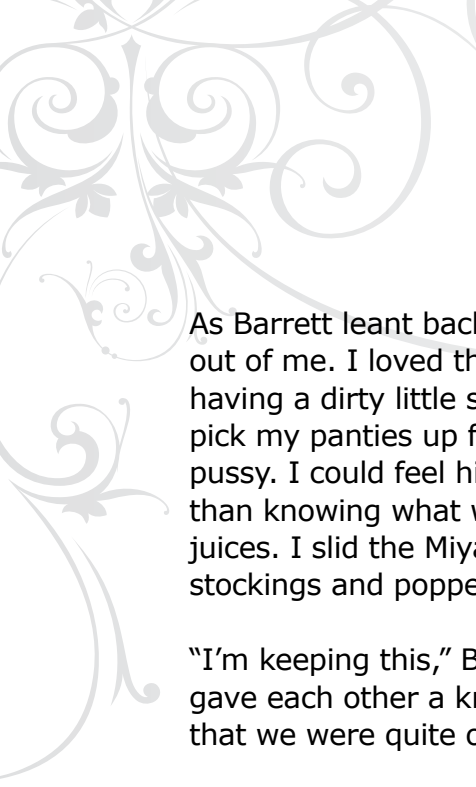
Just as I caught his eye, he entered me hard. Every inch of Barrett's huge cock had been pushed deep inside of me. I froze, my mind a confused mixture of lust and fear, my body suddenly no longer being teased. He pulled out a few inches and slid back inside of my willing pussy again. As much as my head said we needed to stop, that this was dangerous, my body betrayed me, my pussy getting wetter and tightening around him.

"Fuck, you're so tight" he mumbled under his breath "I can feel your pulse on my shaft." Barrett pulled all the way out and slammed back inside of me again, causing me to arch my back in bliss. "You've wanted this all fucking night haven't you, you little prick tease?" I was unable to respond in words, my key motor-skills had shut down and my body had taken over. I started to fuck back on his cock, wanting nothing more than to have my pussy filled with it. His balls slapped against my pussy hard and I could hear my heartbeat in my ears. As much as I wanted to keep a look out for anyone that might walk past, I couldn't help but close my eyes and enjoy the fucking.

Barrett leaned in closer to me and grabbed my breasts through the corset, pulling me further onto his cock until every thrust took my breath away. I let out a groan unintentionally but didn't care anymore. I'd wanted to be screwed but this was way more than I could've imagined. His fingers found their way to my clit and played with it roughly, my body now beginning to tingle all over.

As Barrett continued to pound the hell out of my pussy, I started to orgasm hard. My legs shook and I almost lost my balance. I moaned his name as my pussy tensed up around his cock. I leant hard on my hands as I tried to catch my breath. As I opened my eyes again, I put one hand between my legs and stroked my fingers over Barrett's tight balls. I knew he was close. I knew that my body shuddering and my pussy tightening would have turned him on so much.

I looked over my shoulder at him and muttered the order "Cum for me". He started fucking me even harder. This wasn't just about my pleasure anymore, it was about his too and I was willing to do anything to have his hot, sweet cum deep inside of me. I met every single one of his thrusts, my pussy taking as much cock as I could physically handle. He dragged his finger nails down my back as he erupted inside of me, pumping me full of his cum. Although his body was tense, I was determined to get every single drop out of him so carried on fucking his still rigid cock. He bit into his lip hard and groaned loudly, letting me know I'd done well.



As Barrett leant back against the opposite wall of the alley way, I let his cock slide out of me. I loved the feeling of his cum hitting the walls of my pussy, but I loved having a dirty little secret even more. I let him watch as I bent over even further to pick my panties up from around my ankles and slid them back up over my hot pussy. I could feel his cum already dripping out of me but there was nothing sexier than knowing what we'd just done and that my panties were soaked in his and my juices. I slid the Miyakodori vibrator out of my panties and off the top of my stockings and popped it in my bag.

"I'm keeping this," Barrett said, holding the keyring controller on his index finger. We gave each other a knowing smile and straightened our clothes, suddenly realising that we were quite on display.

As we walked back into the club, his arm around my waist, my hand in his back pocket, we were like giggly teenagers. Only two people in the whole club knew about my new toy and only two people in the whole club knew what we'd just been outside and done. I loved having those secrets between us. I felt naughty and sexy and my head was still light from the force of my orgasm.

I couldn't stop smiling as we sat down at the table with his friends. Still not entirely able to concentrate on the conversation I realised that I'd come out looking for attention and I'd got it... and so much more.