

My Encounter with Michael

While I'll admit that I do get around a lot, I tend to eschew the term "slut," so often applied to vixens like myself, especially ones with long blond hair. I'm pretty enough, and talented enough, to be a bit choosy. A slut would care more about the size of a guy's dick than his skill at using it, and that's just not my style. Sure, I enjoy big boys when I can get 'em, but what I really love is a guy who cares about my needs and my pleasure. And seeing as I just got home from spending time with one, I figured I'd send in this letter to make sure the next boy who tries to take me home knows just what I'm looking for.

Like many great stories, this one begins with the flight from Hell. I needed to head out for what I will refer to only as "family reasons," so I wasn't exactly thrilled to be going in the first place. Which of course made the screaming cubs, three hours stuck on the tarmac and other pointless delays all the more agonizing. What was supposed to be a quick two-hour jaunt slowly turned into a six-hour nightmare, made all the worse by the fact that I'm a smoker. Say what you want about my filthy habit, only the most heartless anti-smoker would feel justified in torturing me with hour after hour of nic-fits. If those anti-smoking specials would just mention the sort of agony involved in not smoking while being surrounded by screaming kits and fat tigers who won't stop staring at my cleavage, the whole industry would go under within a week.

I managed to get a brief bit of relief once the tires were on the ground, smoking half a pack out in the parking lot while I struggled to regain my composure. I was still pretty pissed off, of course, and I wanted to punch the guy in front of me at the car rental place, especially after he held me up fifteen minutes while he bitched and moaned about how "unfair" his rental contract was. Still, I had a car, and soon I would be in a nice hotel room where I could smoke, eat and drink to my heart's content. It might take a determined amount of whiskey to get me over the day, but it was nothing I hadn't done before.

So imagine my surprise when I pulled into what must have been the only available space in the parking lot, walked up to the front desk, and was told that my room reservation had been cancelled. I'm not entirely sure of the details, but I know it involved some bad weather, some flight delays, and a convention. The concierge had apparently been pushed a bit far or had a bit too much bullshit, because rather than trying to be apologetic she was nothing but confrontational. We were soon both yelling and screaming at each other, and I think that at some point someone threw a phone against the wall. I was a bit too distracted to notice who.

What was really amazing, though, was how I calmed the fuck down when this Scottish otter guy put his hand on my shoulder and told me that I could stay in his room, for free, if I was so upset. Considering that he didn't look confident and suave, I'm guessing he

did it more to get me to stop yelling and screaming more than anything else. He looked almost frightened when we made eye contact, his pupils constantly drifting down towards my immense cleavage. I pretended not to notice, considering he was more than a little non-threatening, and he did have a rather elegant and complete solution to my little problem. He quickly blurted out that he'd been given two queen beds and that he'd be here for another week yet while he completed some company training courses. Seeing as I just needed a place to sleep for two nights, this was as near to a perfect solution as I was going to get. After quickly telling the concierge to fuck off and letting them know I'd sue their ass if they sent me a bill, I grabbed my bags and headed back to the otter's room.

Over takeout Chinese and a bottle of scotch that he'd managed to get through customs, I learned that the otter's name was Michael, though everyone called him Mike, and he was a technician who helped make industrial pumps for a living. Apparently one of the major parts manufacturers he dealt with had an American branch he needed to visit to learn some new techniques, necessitating that he be stateside for a few weeks. I nodded, not really paying attention as I got a bit drunk and let him drone on. He was definitely the "diamond in the rough" type, and the more I stared the more handsome I thought he was. Yes, his nose was a bit big, and his glasses gave him a pretty nerdy appearance, but he had the strong muscles and flat stomach of a guy who took himself seriously and worked out in addition to his job. The tight stuffing of his package let me know that there were even more goodies to be had, if I played my cards right.

There's no way he was a virgin before that evening, the way he kissed me when I grabbed his muzzle and pulled it in close to mine. Yes, he was a bit shy, and maybe the combination of alcohol, tobacco and Kung Pow on my breath turned him away a bit. But once I got a firm grab on his ass, he knew what was up, and lost know time in returning my gropes and caresses. Just because he might not as be as flagrantly sexual as I am doesn't mean he's stupid, and he lost no time in slipping his hands down my pants or under my bra.

I'm pretty experienced when it comes to quick encounters, and more than once I've done the quick-strip so that I could have a bit of fun with some boy in the bathroom of a club or the back seat of a car. As such, I went from being fully clothed to fully naked in about thirty seconds, or even less time than it took Mike to remove his shirt. I don't know if it was the speed or the sight of a busty, naked vixen towering over him that caused him to freeze in the middle of undoing his pants, but I wasn't about to let a little trepidation slow us down. Smirking and wagging my tail into a blur, I grabbed his pants and yanked them off so hard I was amazed they didn't rip to pieces in my fingers. His cock, which was more than modest, was pressing firmly against his boxers, a drop of pre already making a tiny wet circle at the very tip. I licked my lips, my whole body coursing with energy and enthusiasm.

Dropping to my knees, I yanked down Mike's underwear, his enormous shaft jumping and bobbing up and down in front of me. I won't lie and call it gigantic, but it was certainly well above average. Just big enough to be impressive, but not so big that I couldn't do anything with it. I gently dragged my tongue from the base to the tip, my piercing gently gracing back and forth along the underside. He moaned and shuddered, his body tensing up as I worked on him. It put a smile on my lips to see how much he appreciated what I was doing.

I don't want to give the impression that I'm not all that interested in action down below, but for me, blowjobs are what I like best. Not in the sense of mind-blowing pleasure for myself, of course, but more along the lines of acts I can use to really give it to my partner. Sure, I've done enough Kegel exercises to get my pussy to squeeze tight as a vise when I want it to, but there's just so much more to work with when I'm using my tongue, my hands, sometimes even my tits.

So imagine how hard I was going on poor Mike, what with my deep and fervent desire to get over my shitty day! I was a bit tipsy as well, which also drove my enthusiasm, numbing me enough to try throating his enormous shaft. I don't remember the exact details, but I do remember the feel of his member stretching and filling my muzzle, along with the press of his balls on my chin and the thick musk of his crotch roiling through my nose. I love it.

After that kind of a work-up you can imagine how excited Mike was when I got to my feet and pushed him over onto the bed, his slick dick bobbing at attention in front of me. I crawled over him gently, wagging my big bushy tail as I went. His hands immediately shot out and grabbed my tits, working them playfully but firmly. I have a big barbell piercing in each of my nipples to enhance the stimulation, and Mike couldn't keep his webbed otter fingers off of 'em. It was a good thing I was already on my knees, or else I would have lost my balance and fell. As it was, I could barely manage to keep my arms from giving out as he popped one nipple, then the other, into his mouth for a quick suck. I dragged air between my teeth, whimpering and groaning as I strained. Mike clearly knew tits, and he knew how to give mine the sort of thrashing that drives me crazy.

I could have probably just stayed there and let him lick me to an orgasm, especially once his fingers slid down between my legs to work my clit. Which is also pierced, making his every touch and caress all the more maddeningly pleasurable. I wanted to get him cumming before I did, though, and that meant I had to move fast. Adjusting myself a bit, I started rubbing his shaft back and forth across my slit, whimpering as I get it's hot firmness slide ever so slightly inside of me. Normally I like to tease for a little while and keep my partner guessing, but at this point I was horny beyond all attempts at taking it slow and steady. I grabbed his shaft and shoved myself down, gasping as he entered me. I was pretty wet, and

pretty loose, but Mike was a big boy. Even a little bit of him went a long, long way.

Things went pretty slowly at first. I had to struggle to get myself adjusted to Mike's considerable size, which felt a lot bigger between my legs than in my mouth. It didn't help that, the way my piercing went, every slight jiggle and bump rubbed his length across it. I was pretty quickly reminded why I went through the pain of having the thing installed in the first place, and the pleasure was so dizzyingly wild that I swear I almost passed out on top of him. I know that at the very least I lost my balance, my body shaking and weaving and finally falling on top of him as he pounded away at me.

That didn't stop his enthusiasm, though. He just grabbed my ass and pounded me like there was no tomorrow. It was all I could do to keep from falling off of him as he thrust up again and again, using his thighs and even his tail to force his length into me. I could feel his balls slapping and smacking against me. My tits flew around wildly, smacking him hard across the chin a few times, but that did little to dissuade him. If only every boy I was with had that kind of energy!

I must have cum pretty hard at some point, because I there's a blank in my memory, and that only happens when I get really drunk or when I cum really hard. The next thing I remember, I'm on my back and he's laying on top of me, squeezing out a truly massive and delicious load across my tits, my face, but mostly into my wide-open mouth. Whatever diet he was on, it was certainly a bonus for me, as every last drop was filled with salty-sweet flavor. I almost wish he just shoved it in my mouth and jizzed it all across my tongue, so that I could savor it a bit before I swallowed.

We had plenty more sex before I had to fly back home, but none of it was as exceptional as that first time. We were both coming and going so much that all we had was time for a quickie, which tended to leave us both more lusty than when we started. Still, it was a pretty satisfying experience overall, and I did manage to get his name, phone number and e-mail address. Maybe I should drop him a line. I've always wanted to visit Scotland..