

Barfly *(MF, sex in public, alcohol)*

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A short story written especially for Kristen's Illustrated Archive.

My name is Barney and I'm 28-years-old. This story is about a wild experience I had at the Driftwood Bar in my hometown about three months ago. And yes the pictures are real, a guy who just about lives in the bar is used to what happens there and he has a digital camera.

Anyway, I still live with my mother, my dad died when I was sixteen. For some reason I haven't been able to find a good job all my life so it helps me a lot to split costs with mom, but it sure cramps the old sex life living with her.

I tend to go out bar hoping just to get away from my mom's prying. It allows me to mix with people my own age and make some kind of social life for myself.

When I walked into the Driftwood Bar I had no idea what would happen. I just sat down at the bar and ordered a beer. The place was a nice neighborhood bar and one beer lead to five and soon I was buzzing along just fine.

The people were friendly and the conversation was interesting, or at least it was plentiful. There was this guy sitting a stool away from me, his name was Ray and he was a real talker. When he brought up Carla's name I wasn't sure exactly what he was talking about.

Everyone at the bar seemed to know who she was and they rolled their eyes or hooted when I asked what Ray meant when he said she was easy? I for one was always on the look out for easy women. As I said before my sex life was pretty much non-existent and Carla sounded interesting to me.

Ray said that she'd be in about 8 o'clock. He told my slyly that I'd see what was up

when she arrived. I tried to pry a little more information out of him but he stayed mum and just kept saying, "You'll see."

I had two more beers and had to go take a piss. When I wobbled back to the bar and sat down I noticed a funny look on Ray's face. Then a hand reached around from behind me and squeezed my dick through my pants.

I jumped and whirled around on my barstool. There was this skanky looking broad who was maybe old enough to be my mother. (I shoved that thought WAY down into my subconscious as she looked into my eyes smiling lewdly.)

"Hi, handsome, Ray says you're in need of some lovin' from a woman who knows the score."

I looked down at her hand at my crotch, watching her fingers massaging me into full painful hardness. Yes I did need some lovin', and I needed it bad enough to even let this old broad give it to me.

At first I looked around for a dark corner to retire to, but when Carla realized what I was doing she said, "You want it, you gotta take it right here at the bar. I like putting on a show for my friends. You okay with that handsome?"

I just nodded. I didn't quite know what was going to happen, I assumed that we were going to maybe kiss and feel each other up while everyone watched us doing it. Boy was I wrong!

I sat there dumbly as Carla reached for my zipper and tugged it down. Then she fished around in my pants and pulled my stiff cock out into the fluorescent light of the barroom. I looked around embarrassedly as she handled my bare cock, knowing that everyone, both men and women were watching us. Knowing that my dick was on display to everyone there.



At first I started to go soft from the strangeness of the whole affair, but good old Carla wouldn't let that happen. She climbed up in my lap and pulled her skirt up and sat facing me. I didn't penetrate her but she began to rub her shaved pussy against my dick making me instantly hard again.

It had been almost a year since my dick had touched the slick opening of an aroused woman. Even though Carla was an old broad my cock was reacting to her efforts. I looked over at Ray and he had his fucking camera out and was taking pictures of us.



When I started to protest, Carla shushed me and said, "Don't worry Hon, Ray'll give you copies for your scrapbook." Then she reached down between us and slipped me in and I was thrusting in and out of her there at the bar, in total ecstasy.

Carla wasn't going to let me just fuck her though. No, she pulled off my dick and leaned down and took my stiffy into her mouth. There I was for the whole bar to see; sitting back in my bar stool with this woman's head bobbing up and down over my lap. I could see her lips wrapped around my shiny cock as she sank down on me and then pulled up again.

By this time I guess I didn't care much if people saw my naked cock, all I wanted to do at that moment was come in Carla's mouth. Never having had sex in public

before I was amazingly slow to come. And the feeling of Carla's expert lips sinking down on my cock was driving me wild. I was afraid that the authorities would bust in on us but at the same time I was so fucking horny that I didn't care if I spent the rest of my life in jail for indecent exposure.



Those conflicts only served to make my heart pound faster and my blood pressure

rise. Then I groaned as Carla sat up and kissed me on the lips, sinking her tongue deep into my mouth. I didn't want to kiss her; I wanted to come in her. My groan wasn't from arousal, but of disappointment that she had pulled her wonderful mouth off my dick.

But I shouldn't have worried. The finale was about to come. (No pun intended.)

Carla climbed up into my lap again and this time, facing the bar she rose up and sank down on my saliva and pre-cum covered prick. The feeling of her pussy-walls form-fitting around my dick as she lowered herself on me was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

Yes, I know I've had sex before, but what you have to remember is this was in public. There were men and women watching us doing it. That thought alone was enough to make this experience unique, but when Carla started trembling and moaning in her own orgasm while sitting there on my prick I knew I was going to lose it.

While the whole place watched and while Ray clicked his damn camera shutter I came like a gusher in Carla's pussy. In no time at all I could feel my come oozing out between her pussy and my cock to leak down onto my balls. It made quite a mess on the bar stool but I didn't care, neither did Carla; she was coming her brains out as I filled her with my hot come.

After I shot my load, Carla stayed there, still impaled on my dick. And to my surprise I never went limp. Her continual fucking motion got me hard again and we ended up doing it all over again to the great delight of our audience.



After that night I became a regular patron of the Driftwood. I never got to fuck Carla again, but I got to watch her do it to any stranger who came into the bar. Carla had this rule; she'd never screw the same man twice. But watching new guys getting fucked by her was almost as good as doing it.

Ray did give me a set of pictures and I've posted a few on this website so you can get a better idea what I'm talking about when I say, "Old gals know what they're doing. And sometimes, just sometimes, they're better than the young and beautiful." Carla sure was.

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