Chinese Finger Trap

December 26, 2015

“Oh crap. Please don't let him recognize me,” she thought as she realized the back of the head she was staring at was in fact the same guy she had met at that talk a couple of weeks before. He had been pleasant enough then, but she hadn't really talked to him, just been introduced by a mutual friend. And she was shy, she didn't really want to have that conversation where they went through the ritual of mutual recognition and awkward re-acquaintancing. Was that a real word? She wasn't sure. That process was something she liked to avoid in any situation, but she particularly didn't like talking to people at concerts.

Damn. He keeps looking around. As if he is looking for someone he knows at this show. Damn. He totally looked at her. She was doomed. Though she only had herself to blame. She might be shy, but her piercings

gave her away in any social situation. She cursed her younger anti-normalcy self for being so committed to looking the part. Wait. Maybe he didn't see her. He was looking back towards the stage now. But. . . no. He keeps looking back, and every time a little longer in her direction. It was only a matter of time now.

The first act ended. Boy, they really sucked. She tried to remember the last time she had seen an opening act she liked.

Now he's moving towards her. Maybe he's just going to the bathroom? No, wrong vector for the bathroom. Shit. She could just start walking away, right? She had been carefully avoiding

his eyes, focusing on the stage, which now had nothing more entertaining than a few heavyset dudes bending over to put down gaffers tape on cables.

He stood in front of her. He said hi. Well, no avoiding it now. She looked at him. Actually, he was kinda cute.

She liked that he was tall and kinda skinny. He was dressed poorly. The way a guy who used to dress “goth” in his youth might if he had grown up into a semi-respectable person. Mostly in black, but not well-considered clothes. Plus a cycling cap? That was a little weird.

“Didn't we meet at that talk a few weeks ago?” he asked.

Duh. Yes. She wonder how often could he possibly meet people who look like her. But it was inevitable now. Commence re-acquaintancing.

She steeled herself and launched into it: “Yeah. Funny running into you here too. You think that a coincidence like that is a sign that we are meant to be

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together or something?” ”Uh, that wasn't really what I was thinking. I just thought it would be weird

if I didn't say hi. But maybe you're right, maybe it is a sign.” He looked down at her with kinda dumb wry smile. What was he so proud

of? That wasn't a smart thing to say at all! ”Want to come up front with me? We can push our way forward for a better

view.” ”I guess if the gods have willed it that we meet here, I might as well stand

next to you during a show where it will be far too loud to have any kind of conversation anyway.”

He took her hand (so ridiculous!) and they inched forward, squeezing side- ways through the crowd, trying not to be rude, but it was a rock show. Rude- ness is inevitable. He deftly maneuvered her in front of him, which she admitted made sense since he was a decent amount taller than her. Of course that did nothing to help her see past all the beanpole hipster dudes standing directly in front of her.

The crowd was starting to get impatient, and packing more tightly towards the stage. He made idle chit chat with her. Dumb comments about this band, and weak observations about the hipster crowd. He still occasionally looked around at the crowd behind them, and soon she realized it was because he wasn't here alone. His friend waved to him as he inched his way up to them through the crowd.

His friend was quite a bit shorter and a lot less skinny. Not fat, just kind of “stocky” and muscular. A low center of gravity. She got a distinct feeling that he would be a powerful lover. Not that she let her thoughts get off too far in that direction. Maybe it was just his big mountain man beard. If he were a Dungeons and Dragons character, he'd be a dwarf.

He completely failed to introduce himself or even really acknowledge her presence. God, these two were worse at social interactions than she was herself. Ach! She realized the tall one's name had slipped her mind too. She decided in her head she would just refer to them as Tall and Hairy.

The band came on, there wasn't much space, time, or audible conversation to be had anyway. The show was good. The crowd pushed forward in their excitement. Tall kept his arm around her. Trying to protect her? From what? All the skinny hipster losers? Still, it was kinda cute, and she had to admit to herself that she liked it when the crowd pressed him up against her. Somehow Hairy had gotten maneuvered in front of her. And as the second encore got going, the crowd surged repeatedly, crushing her between these two dudes. It was hot, and sweaty, and it smelled like Prell from all the long hair and cheap shampoo.

Tall seemed to have a knack for letting the crowd push him against her, and her against Hairy's warm muscular back, but still keeping his arms around her, and protecting her from the worst of the crush. His hands occasionally drifted down to her hips, and once or twice slipped under the curve of her ass. When he was crushed against her, she could feel his hard-on grinding against her ass. God, he's so vulgar. She didn't acknowledge it in any way. She wanted to let

him believe that he got away with feeling her up as just a normal part of seeing a show in a crowded room.

After the show they wandered outside and stood around chatting as the bouncers kept urging the crowd to disperse faster.

Hairy said, “Are you guys hungry? There's a mediocre Chinese place around the corner. We could pick up something and go back to my place to eat it.” He looked at her. “I live just a couple of blocks away.”

“You aren't just recommending Chinese food because I'm half-Chinese are you?” she asked.

“You're half-Chinese? You look white to me.”

“My mom is an ABC — American-Born Chinese. I used to look more Chinesey when I was a kid.”

Tall jumped in to try and smooth over his buddy's crudeness, “Bah. Everyone knows American Chinese food isn't real Chinese food. It's its own thing! There's even an American Chinese food in China now that is popular because American Chinese food is so different from what people in China actually eat.”

Hairy, committed to his crudeness, chimed in again with, “Well, you look like a goth chick to me. Goth chicks like Chinese food right? Let's do it. I'm starving.”

She relented, “Alright, it's true, I could use a bite.”

They ended up with a pile of egg rolls and duck sauce packets. They were all a little hungry, but nobody wanted to commit to a whole meal. They walked back to Hairy's place with the hot and greasy wax-paper bag and plopped down on the couch.

She plowed into an egg roll. And she was more than half-way down it's sweet-salty length when she realized the two boys weren't eating, they were just watching her. She felt totally embarrassed, thought she couldn't explain why. Holding half an egg roll in her hand, dripping duck sauce on the carpet, she asked, “What are you guys staring at?”

“Nothing. . . “ said Hairy awkwardly, “You just look really cute eating an egg roll.”

“What do you mean by that?” ”Just that you're pretty. . . and egg rolls are delicious.” Tall, sitting next to her on the couch, was looking at her even more intently.

But he didn't say anything. He just reached over, took the egg roll out of her hand, and took a bite, all without taking his eyes from hers. He chewed, swallowed, put down the remaining bit of egg roll, and putting one hand to her chin, leaned over and took her in a slow kiss.

She could feel his egg-rolly breath slipping into her own lungs, as his tongue slipped between her lips. She put her hand on his knee, and slid it slowly up his leg. Tall just continued to kiss her slowly. She undid his pants and slid her hand down the front, his dick was warm and hard. She took it in her small hand, and freed it from his pants. She stroked it slowly, it felt awesome. Already stiff and big, but not too big! God, it was pretty thick though, and just long enough that her hand could travel in a nice long stroke up and down his shaft. She could feel it pulsing and throbbing at her touch, and with his tongue in her mouth

all she could think of was how nice it would be to have that cock in her mouth instead.

She pulled back from his kiss. And he watched her lean over and take his shaft into her mouth. It was an amazing cock. It tasted so good and salty, and somehow a little sweet. Or was that just leftover egg roll taste in her mouth? She slowly slid her mouth around the head, kissing it gently, sucking it occasionally, teasing him softly. He groaned and leaned back. She took as much of him into her mouth as she could, holding him there.

Out of the corner of her eye she could see Hairy watching the whole process. No, not just watching, he had his hand down his pants and was slowly stroking himself in time, each of his strokes carefully coordinated to match her lips sliding around Tall's cock.

She groaned with his cock in her mouth. She loved it. She could feel herself getting wet, and she haven't even been touched yet. She took the base of his cock in her little hand and started to slide both her hand and mouth up and down his shaft, while her other hand cupped his warm, slowly moving balls. She imagined that her hand and mouth were like some kind of alternative pussy. She wanted him to feel like he was fucking her, fucking her in the mouth instead of in her pussy. The thought made her moan loudly around the cock stuffi􏰆ng her mouth.

Hairy moaned too, now with his cock out, a giant monster of a cock, just as hairy as his face, as if his cock needed a mountain man beard to show off how powerful it was too. He leaned back on the couch, watching her every move.

Tall suddenly grabbed her head, “Stop! You're going to make me cum. I want to fuck you.”

He stood, and pushed her face down on the couch. He slid his hands up the backs of her thighs, up under her skirt, and over her ass, pulling down her leggings to her knees. His hand went back up between her legs and touched her pussy, soaking wet before he even got there. His free hand slid up under her belly and cupped her small tit, finding the nipple between his fingers, he squeezed and twisted it, not too hard, but not too gently either. The hand on her pussy started to finger-fuck her, sliding in and out of her cunt, and then over her clit and back into her. This was driving her crazy. It wasn't moving her forward at all, just making her want to get fucked more and more. It was a kind of torture, and somehow he just knew that.

Finally, his free hand took his throbbing cock and pressed it to her pussy lips. She parted for him, her cunt not just welcoming his cock in, but compelling it. Her hips pushed back against him as she screamed out, shockingly loudly, “please, please fuck me! Your cock feels so good!”

“Your pussy. . . is unbelievable. How can it be that tight and that wet?”

He thrust against her, unable to control himself. She felt him pushing deep inside her, then sliding out, slowly, inch on inch, until he rammed it back home again. Every time he did she screamed out again.

She looked over at Hairy. His monster mountain man cock was slipping and sliding in his hand, his eyes met her eyes.

Hairy stood, and hobbled over in front of her, his pants around his ankles.

He pulled his shirt over his head, revealing a powerful chest (covered with hair — surprise!) and the tough beginnings of a beer belly that hadn't drooped at all, yet. She stretched one arm out in front of her, trying to reach that giant cock of Hairy's. She wanted it in her hand, she wanted to feel it.

Now Tall was machine-ram fucking her, pounding his cock into her with long regular strokes. She took Hairy's cock in her hand and guided the long shaft to her mouth. Her mouth went over the big cock head, getting it wet. Her lips slid down the shaft — only part way, she just couldn't get it all in her mouth, especially with her pussy being split apart, breaking her concentration and rhythm.

It was impossible to get the rhythm right actually. This was something she always wanted. She loved cock, and always wanted more cock, more cock inside her, but for some reason she had found it shockingly hard to get two guys to pull their dicks out at the same time in the past. Now that she had it, she found she was having trouble controlling it. She was good at fucking, she knew that. She knew how to get a guy off, she just got his cock in her, and rolled her hips back and forth, finding the rhythm that would make him cum. But with two guys, at least these two guys, when she started to find the rhythm for tall, and she would start to lose Hairy. And then finding she was moving Hairy onwards, she would start to lose Tall.

Instead, she let it go. She just let herself get fucked, and stopped trying to control the guys or even do anything for the guys. She moved one hand to her pussy and started rubbing her clit, the way she liked, since Tall seemed intent on ignoring it, his hands with firm purchase on the curve of her hips. She let her mind go into her own head. She wasn't in a room with two other guys, she was only in a room with two dicks. And the dicks were fucking her mercilessly, randomly ramming into her, with no control on her part. The only thing she could control was her clit, and she rubbed herself through orgasm after orgasm as those disembodied dicks plunged into her.

And then they seemed to lose their own rhythm. They filled her up, the cock from behind pushing deeper and deeper into her, and the cock in front sliding further and further between her lips and down her throat, yet somehow she wasn't gagging. It was as if those cocks couldn't back out now, as if they couldn't pull back for another plunge. All there was was more cock, filling her more and more unrelentingly. She rubbed her clit furiously, orgasm after orgasm pouring over her in this world full of nothing but cock.

And then the cocks came, flooding her mouth with cum, and her pussy filled with throbbing and squirting cock. She tried to move, tried to milk the cum out of them, but found she couldn't. The two cocks were just too deep in her, too press-fit tight. There was no movement at all except for the throbbing cocks, and the flowing cum.

And then they all relaxed. The cocks fell out of her, cum cascading from her cunt, and from her mouth.

They collapsed on the couch. She picked up another egg roll, dipped it in duck sauce, and took a sweet-salty-cum-flavored bite.