

Fucking the Dairy Queen

by Steele Diamond

I first saw her about a year after I moved back, when I went to Dairy Queen. I know. Dairy Queen!? Ever since I was a kid, I have had a love for the dipped cones. When I used to visit my father on weekends, we would always stop at Dairy Queen on the way back to my grandparents house, on Sunday afternoon. My father taught me how to eat an ice cream cone without getting it all over me. So, I get these cravings a couple of times a year for the dipped cone. When I get the craving, I have two or three in a week, then I'm good for another six or seven months.

So this woman worked behind the counter. Maybe it was because she was a good ten years younger than me. Maybe it was because she had one of those smiles like she already knew what was going to happen. Maybe it is because she looked a little like Drew Barrymore. I don't know. Maybe it's because she smiled at me, in my \$600 suit, eating a dipped cone, without dropping any on me. When she said the curiosity was too much for her, she had to know why I had come in twice in three days, to get a dipped cone, I told her the story I just told you. The smile faded a little and she mumbled something about wishing her father had stuck around to teach her *anything*. Now my alpha-male, protector sensors overloaded and she reeled me in.

We went to a sports bar for an early dinner, because she thought it was the nicest place in town. That sent up a yellow flag, not quite red. We went by my apartment after dinner, to pick up the tickets for the game. She kissed me hard when we got inside the door. She reached under her short skirt, and pulled her panties off. Before we were out of the entrance way, in mere seconds, I was on my back, on the wood floor, pants around my ankles and she was riding me harder than I had ever been ridden before. She came very fast and very hard, (twice), standing up after the second time. That left me raging and unsatisfied. She smiled and said her mother always told

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her to leave them wanting more. Apparently, even if her father didn't, her mother had taught her something. I played along and stood up, pulling up my pants, as if it were no big deal. As we left, I noticed she had left her panties on the floor.

After the game, she asked if she could drive my car. I had a couple of beers at the game and she didn't, so I saw no harm. Halfway home she pulled into a deserted parking lot. She reached across me and reclined my seat back while unzipping me. She swallowed me whole. I was still semi-hard from the foyer experience....and anticipation. I was like a rock in less than seconds. She swung her left leg over me and in one motion, her panty-less flesh, engulfed me. I could tell she was holding back, as much as I was, but in a mere five minutes I felt like I had been turned inside out.

That was eighteen years ago. Once or twice a year, we stop by Dairy Queen and have dipped cones.

