You and Cynthia make your way behind the cafe. As soon as you are out of sight, you step closer to her and trap her between your body and the brick wall of the building. You lean down and kiss her forcefully.

“Wow, someone is eager.” She giggles as soon as your lips part.

“Just taking you up on your offer.” You reply.

Needing no more encouragement, Cynthia lowers herself into a squat and starts unfastening your jeans. A small gasp escapes her as she pulls out your hefty cock. “Looks like I’m the one getting rewarded.”

A moment later she also liberates her chest from her top and buries your cock between them.. She kneads her mounds  expertly around you, squeezing them together, enveloping you in their warm embrace.

"You are so soft!" You hiss between grit teeth.

"And you look so, so painfully hard. Maybe I can help you?" she asks seductively.

"Best...date…ever." a cold shiver runs down your spine when she gives your tip a wet lick, letting her saliva run down your shaft.

"Tell me about it." Her reply is punctuated by another we slurp.

 She clearly knows what she is doing, but you decide to dictate the tempo.Stepping even closer you ram your length all the way through her cleavage. Cynthia’s head jerks backwards at the force, her head impacting the wall behind her. You look down concerned. Instead of worry, you are met with Cynthia’s blue eyes sparkling, full of excitement. She braces herself better for the onslaught that is to come.

"That's right, enjoy my tits however you like." She says in a husky tone.

"Slut…" You whisper under your breath. Her only response is a coy giggle.

Pulling back you slide your cock between her tits again. Your tip bumps against her lips, but she holds her ground.  You repeat, again and again, settling into a brisk rhythm. You try to make every thrust fuller and deeper. Cynthia’s saliva slowly runs down your length, lubricating it along with your excitement.

She is no slouch either, planting small kisses, or licking your tip whenever you slide all the way up. You can feel the sweat running down your back and the tightness intensify in your belly. Your grunts are punctuated by your partner’s moans and slurping.

As the throbbing inside you intensifies, you know you don’t have much time left. You start fucking the soft passage even harder, lost in the feeling of the supple breasts embracing your dick.

“Shit...I’m gonna…”

“Yes, do it! Drain everything you have saved up!" Cythia encourages, squeezing her breasts even more tightly together.

Your date gasps as you yank your cock free. Strings of saliva connect your tip to her lips. The cool air feels unpleasant on your skin, but a moment later the blinding, white-hot pleasure makes you forget about everything else.

“Oh god, here it comes!”

You were just in time. The first rope shoots across Cynthia’s face, gluing her left eye shut. Some of it lands on her forehead. The second one overshoots her, painting the wall and landing in her hair. You aim the remaining shots better, steadying yourself against the wall with your free hand. The rest of the gooey strings all hit their mark, criss-crossing your date’s face. It’s been a while since you came this hard. Your legs are trembling so much you are afraid that they might give out at any moment. Pure ecstasy courses through you, each spurt heralding a new wave of pleasure.

You become vaguely aware that you have been staring at the wall as you have been emptying yourself. Cynthia was right. Some of the graffiti looks charming, at least in this moment.

Finally, the last of your cum leaves you. As you look down, you are greeted by one blue eye staring up at you, the other buried under a layer of white. In fact, most of Cynthia’s face is covered under a thick coat of your fluids. Even under all the cum, you can clearly see that her make-up took a beating. You sigh content, admiring your work. She looks gorgeous this way.

“Wooow… You had a lot to give.” Your date giggles.” Do….you have any tissues?”

It takes a moment to process the meaning of the words.

“Yeah...sure, I have some.” You start fumbling around, searching your pockets for any spare tissues you might have.

You help Cynthia clean up the best you can, but it’s still painfully obvious what just happened. Her hair is a clumpy mess, her clothes are stained and her make-up is even more ruined after all the wiping.

“I live a short walk from here.” Cynthia starts.”We should really head there. I need to clean up properly.” She suggests, biting her lower lip gently.

“Mhm. I’ll help. After all, I did all this.” You offer chivalrously.

Before you leave however, Cynthia bends down to pick up one the discarded tissues on the ground. As she does, you are treated to a very clear image of her pussy, uncovered, under her skirt. Apparently she decided to take risks. Despite the monstrous load you have just released, you can feel blood rushing to your cock already.

* Wait until you get to her home.

You quickly tear your eyes from her gash as Cynthia is about to turn back to you.

“So, are you coming?” She asks, having made herself as presentable for the street as possible.

You give a dumb nod. Your heart is hammering in your chest and blood is clearly still not rushing to your brain. The two of you set out to Cynthia’s apartment.

The couch in Cynthia’s apartment gives another mournful creak as she slams her hips down into your lap. Your jeans and panties are somewhat uncomfortably in the way, but there was simply no time to remove them.

“I fucking love you big, fat dick!” She hollers.

It...it likes you too… Shit you are so creamy and wet!” You hiss as Cynthia’s wet lips gobble up your cock completely once more.

She is incredible, jubilant even, practically glowing as she rides your dick. Her hips gyrating, rising and falling without missing a beat, and what a beat it is. Long, forceful strokes taking your all the way inside her. Every thrust, your whole vision shakes as she slams into your half-reclined form on the couch. Her pussy is practically dancing around you, enveloping you in a snug rippling sheath. Her juices are ridiculous too, the couch is getting stained, no two ways about it. There is just one thing missing. Moving your hands from her hips, you start tugging at Cynthia’s top. That pesky fabric has obstructed the view of her boobs long enough. Quickly catching on Cynthia helps you rip off the piece of clothing and throw it to the ground.

The pair of pale breasts fill your vision, and with every thrust they bounce wildly. “You...are….absolutely beautiful….” You manage to groan between your moans and the impacts of her riding before cupping her left breast in your hand.

“You are ...oh god...already balls deep inside me. No...hnng...need for flattery...any...ah...more.” Cynthia wheezes. Unsurprisingly, she appears to have the same difficulty forming words as you do.

Despite her protests you can tell that she is putting more effort into her movements now. Undulating her hips back and forth, or swaying them, timed perfectly with her thrusts. The pleasure is sublime. At times your tip jams into the side of her walls, scraping along the bumps and folds before sliding back along the sweltering tunnel. The renewed, forceful thrusts also make you bottom out completely, making your tip kiss Cynthia’s womb. Seeing her lips splay across your stomach is a wonderful sight to behold. Every time you nudge that deep inside her, she shudders while her pussy clamps and squeezes you. The room echoes your moans and grunts, periodically overpowered by the loud clapping of your copulation, and you are sure the whole apartment smells like sex by now.

The creamy hole keeps flying up and down your cock and the gooey friction is starting to get to you. Slowly your awareness focuses on the delicious stinging sensation on your tip and the tension building in your belly.

“Cynthia, sweetheart....I’m very...close now...oooh.” Your warning trails off into a pleasured moan.

“Me too! Just...a little...and me too!” She howls back, oblivious to the implications of your alarm.

Using her arms to steady herself on the back of the couch she launches into a final barrage of movements, pushing her pussy to the absolute limits. On the final thrusts she sits in your lap and freezes.

“Yes! I’m coming!” She exclaims joyfully. Her eyes clench shut, her mouth hands agape and ragged, tiny breaths punctuate her sighs and moans.

Meanwhile you can feel what is happening inside her. Her pussy is out of control. Sticky walls rippling and twitching and milking relentlessly. The contractions are almost violent. You were close before, there is no chance you can resist such and ecstatic treatment.

“Cynthia! I’m….fuuuuck….” Your words trail off before you can finish.

With a final deep throb, the tension inside you unwinds. Your penis lurches, your balls twitch and start sending your rich seed up your length. The anticipation is maddening, but finally your cum launches from your tip. Spewing inside the first rope is mind altering. Euphoria floods your brain. It feels perfect to shoot your spunk up this tight hole. You keep spasming, clawing at the cushion of the couch, pumping thick strings of cum, launching them into Cynthia’s cervix. Her pussy seems all too happy to keep milking every single drop out of you. In an attempt to silence your groaning, you take one of Cynthia’s nipples into your mouth and suck on it gently.

“Oh god….how much more are you gonna shoot?”

You groan weakly in response.

What seems like an eternity later, having deposited your payload, your reserves run dry. Cynthia’s pussy still ripples every now and then, agitating the sensitive skin on your cock, preventing you from softening. Trapped under the panting woman, you simply decide to put up with this torture. A few minutes later she climbs off your and crashes on the couch beside you, undeterred by the globs of cum bubbling out of her.

“Just....phew...what the doctor ordered. I needed that, thank you very much!”  She plants a small kiss on your cheek.

Panting, you are still staring ahead stuck somewhere between disbelief and absolute happiness. “I think your pussy milked out a part of my soul…” You mutter finally.

“Hahaha, maybe. Not giving it back. But maybe you can earn it back….after a few more dates like this.” She whispers into your ear in a sultry voice.

This is without a doubt the best Valentine’s Day date you could ever have hoped for.

* Pin her to the wall right there.

Your urges take the better of you. You grab Cynthia by the waist and push her into the wall.

“Or I guess we can do it right here and not go to my apartment.” She yelpes, but her tone is playful.

“Nope. No more waiting.” You reply, hiking her skirt just high enough to get easy access to her pussy.

Nudging your cock-head against her slit only confirms what you have just seen. She is drenched. Easing yourself in, you start cramming as much of your penis inside the tight hole as you can, slowly inching forward until your stomach rests on her butt. Both of you shigh contended.

"Fuck, you are so big! Just fuck my brain's out already!" Cynthia pleads.

Happy to oblige you ram your length into her slippery hole. It’s quite the task at first. As aroused as she is, her tunnel is snug and reluctant to part before your invading head.

"So…. tight…" You manage to moan.

You slam back inside again. Every thrust allows you to jam just a tiny bit more of yourself inside, until finally you reach the core of Cynthia. You see a shiver wreck her, but the content moan escaping her lips spurs you on. You draw back and slam inside just as deep, time and again. The loud claps of skin on skin fill the alley. Had you any rational thought, you'd probably be worried of being discovered.

Cynthia’s chest is firmly pressed against the brick wall. A shame, you really wanted to grab a palm full of her tits, but the warm pussy coiling around you demands your full attention. Soundly grabbing Cynthia's hips you are sawing into her slit aggressively. Her pussy feels indescribable. The slick, snug walls grip and massage your cock, making you tingle from base to tip. You are practically flying in and out of her, she is so creamy and wet. Every time you draw back the walls cling desperately to your cock’s fat head, inviting you back in, and every time you bruise her deepest spots, the walls give you a grateful squeeze.

“Yes! Yeees! Pound my pussy as hard as you can!” Cynthia’s voice almost a scream.

You chuckle, intending to do just that. “It feels incredible inside you…..” You can hear the desperation on your own voice.

Your knees and hips ache, but you manage to speed up just a bit more, stretching Cynthia’s vagina and battering her core with all your might. You can see her body getting tense, and her muscled walls start rippling and spasming around you. Then she loses control and you can feel the hot pussy rhythmically twitching around you.

“Ahhhhh…” A long moan escapes her as her body seizes up. She tries to utter some words but the pleasure prevents her from doing so.

The sight of your date climaxing fills you with pride, but you are too close to dwell on it for too long. Half a dozen jagged, erratic thrusts later you hilt yourself inside Cynthia, nudging your tip next to her cervix and freezing motionless. Your vision blurs, you can feel your balls churn and your cum climbing your rod. For a moment you contemplate the wisdom of releasing your load inside, but the quivering snatch wrapped around you feels too good to pass up. As the first thick rope launches from your tip fireworks explode inside your head. Soon another string, just as rich and sticky, joins the first. You quickly lose count how many times your testicles unload inside the warm body of your date, but each new pulse, each new contraction of your muscles, floods your brain with ecstasy. There is nothing else, just the perfect moments of your orgasm.

Having stuffed Cynthia’s insides full of your seed, your pulses slow to a dribble then stop. You can feel your cock slipping out of the comforting warmth as your erection wilts. Your mutual loud gasps fill the alley. You watch in awe as your thick load slowly oozes out of your date’s thoroughly fucked hole. As exciting as it is, you remain flaccid. You have nothing more to give.

“I sooooo needed that.” Cynthia purrs turning around and leaning on the wall with her back. “Quite the date,huh?”

You nod, still gasping for air.

“I really need to go home and clean up now. Could you come with? Just to make sure I get home this time. I’m not confident my legs are steady enough to take me there.”

Finally catching your breath, you reassure her. “Sure. And not to worry, my balls are totally empty, I think.” At least you are fairly certain. That pussy milked you like it depended on your fluids for sustenance. That or you found Cynthia’s second favourite drink.

“Hehe, I bet.” She chuckles as she looks down between her legs, where a rivulet of thick white oozes down her right thigh. “Maybe a drink for you too, I’m sure you’ve lost a lot of fluids.”

You can’t help but giggle. Gathering your strength, and after getting dressed, you set out to Cynthia’s apartment. This Valentine Day’s date couldn’t have turned out any better.