

# Fucking Music

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**A**S I STROKE the brand-spanking-new Stiletto amp, the oversized speaker rumbles my ass. I prepare for the flux of sound. Black cords snake from Bruce's guitar into the equipment beneath me. Sitting on the edge of the stage, the gear affords me an open view of the audience. Beautiful creatures responding to Bruce's music. If they could only feel it like I do.

Managing the Stiletto's knobs that control his sound, I have a knack for making changes at pivotal moments to enhance Bruce's music. His skilled fingers send thumping beats careening back to me. His vibrations stab into my flesh.

He abuses his guitar, forcing out the music that envelops the crowd. Bruce bends and crouches in tight leather pants and motorcycle boots. I want to be his pants. I want to slip along the muscles of his thighs and pull taut over his ass. I want to be the seams that cradle the cock that will fuck me later.

I wear black leather pants to feed my imagination. The leather seals my wet cunt, as it must seal Bruce's balls. Suffering in the heat of our constriction. The leather conducts the undulating rhythm from the speakers into me. Bruce's talent snaking through the cords into my waiting pussy.

The poisonous cocktail of hard sounds and reverb crush through the speaker and into my melting cunt. The constant rhythm strokes me, but it's his musical tirades that slice me.

I work the Stiletto's knobs, hard tubes like exaggerated nipples. Bruce throws me a look that tells me I overshot my mark. His amused smirk proves he knows my motives. Encourages my motives. Fucking his music.

Concentrate. As I ease the amp into place, Bruce hits his guitar hard as my prize. The potent blast makes me squirm.

Bruce turns his attention back to the crowd that eats his music. My cunt throbs along with each song, tethered to the beat that slows and speeds. Pressing my hand to the crotch of my pants, I squeeze my legs together, forcing the accumulation of blood into my clit.

The next song is my need. Bruce stabs out the rough chords. I work my hips into the black speaker cover, forcing the hard leather crease of my pants into my slit. I rock on my hand as Bruce lurches with the music. I come with the acceleration of beat and rhythm. I lean on the Stiletto for support.

“Goddammit,” Bruce yells. “Get it together!”

Concentrate!

Gathering myself, I set to the knobs. Tuning in the sound, I feel the hum in my body, cascading back into the speaker. Bruce grins his all-knowing grin. He has me now. He will have me later.

How does he expect me to concentrate?

End