Soulmates

By nellieneska

Published on Lush Stories on 25 Jul 2012

Copyright of this story belongs to Nellieneska ... do not steal my work.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/soulmates.aspx

True love does not always mean together, just forever.

I have been nervous many times in life, whether it be at a job interview or waiting for results to some test, but until today, I feel that I was not truly nervous in those moments. It was a feeling that I did not have a name for, so I called it nervousness. Today I learned the true meaning of the word nervous and it made me sick.

For the past five years we had been talking on the internet. We had become great friends, him and I, knowing more about each other than two people should know about someone they had never met. We were the best of friends and things were perfect.

He was that guy that I could tell all my secrets too and laugh with. He was the guy that I could be mean to when I was having a bad day and he didn’t stop being my friend because of it. He was truly becoming my best friend and in all honesty, I feel that he is my soulmate.

Sadly with most close relationships, we fell in love. This was a problem for many reasons. First off, he was married. He loved his wife but she had not given him anything in the ways of sex for a very long time. I was with a man at the time who I felt I loved, but still he never seemed to compare to my friend.

“I love you,” He would tell him. “You know that right?”

“Yeah I know,” I would answer. Dying inside to scream it back.

“You are a great friend who I love dearly.” I hated him.

So many times I was told that he loved me as a friend and that he cared about me. It broke my heart inside to hear these words. Here I am, out of this world in love with this man and he tells me that he loves me so much as his friend. Nothing could honestly feel any worse than that.

So as you could probably imagine, even within all of this and just being friends, there was a sexual connection between us. Even when we did not want to be sexual with one another, most of the time we could not help ourselves. He would say something kind of dirty and talk about how he was a pervy old man and I would laugh, though soon I would get swept into those words and I was touching myself.

I had never felt so sexually alive as I did with him. He made things happen to my body that no one else had ever caused and not once had he touched it. He could make my mind orgasm long before my body would follow with the lead. He was my every fantasy, my every desire, my every need. He was my everything.

Time moved slowly over those five years and the relationship between us was constantly changing. We would be fine one minute and then fighting the next. Not those typical disagreements you would have with someone online, but very brutal arguments would occur between us. Most of the time these arguments would lead to us deleting each other or going months without talking, until one of us caved and apologized or fought to get the other person back into our life.

During that time, our personal lives in our worlds had changed as well. As I moved on to a serious relationship, he sadly moved out of his marriage, though neither of us was happy. There was still something missing in both of our lives that could not be explained except by one simple answer that we both knew ... we were in love with each other.

“Come stay with me for a week this summer,” he asked me once again.

I never seemed to have the right answer for him. I was in a relationship and had a life now, one I could not just give up to go spend with some man I had never really met before.

“I can’t,” I would answer back, though deep down it was something that I wanted. “You know I can’t.”

Was it the relationship I was in that was stopping me? No. In fact, that was the last thought in my mind when he asked me. The biggest concern that I had was life. I could not pick up my life and move to be with him and he could not pick up his life and move to be wit me. I felt that I would rather imagine what it was like to be with him, then to actually be with him and know what it is like, only to have to go home and not get to keep that feeling. They say better to love and to have lost than to never have loved at all, but I felt that was just a load of crap.

“Please.” He begged. “I need to meet you just once. Do this for me.”

“I ... I” what was I do to?

I unclipped my seatbelt but did not move. I hated fighting people just to be the first one off the plane. Besides, the longer I waited, the less nervous I felt. I knew that I should get it over with but I was frightened to the core. The man I had loved for five years but never met was now waiting outside this plane for me. It was all becoming to real and I could not hide behind my computer screen anymore. I was not sure I was ready for this to be real.

Finally, as the plane was almost cleared out, I got up enough nerve to stand up and push my way into the isle, grabbing the carry on bag that I had with me. I then made my way off the plane and headed for the gates waiting area. Panic had set in and I wanted to turn around and run, but there was no where to run, there was only one way out of here and that route led to him.

There he is, my mind shouted loudly in my head, causing me to lose my balance for a brief moment. He was only twenty or so feet away from me and his eyes were locked dead on with my own. This was it, this was that moment of truth, there was no turning back.

I walked slowly towards him, trying to catch my breath. I was not sure what was going to happen once I made it to him, but I knew that I was not going to be able to handle it very well.

As I was standing in front of him, he leaned forward and quickly took me into his arms, hugging me tight against him. I was stiff for a moment, but quickly relaxed, bringing my arms up the best I could to hug him back. He was warm against me and I never wanted him to let me go, but sadly he had to.

“I am glad you came,” he smiled big, a smile that I had grown to love so greatly over the years. “You are amazingly beautiful in person.”

I blushed, trying to hide my face but he used his hands to turn my eyes back to him. They were deep, pulling me in and taking away all control that I had. His eyes were lost within me and I could see just how much he truly loved me. The nerves were still there but they started to subside at this point.

We made our way to baggage claim, found my bag and headed out to his car. We made small talk, mainly about how my flight was, nothing over the top or hard to produce at this moment in time.

We loaded the car up with my things and climbed in. We were finally alone and the world was completely silent. For a good twenty minutes we said nothing to each other, we simply starred at the road in front of us.

I tried not to look at him, unsure of what to say, but I could not help myself. I watched him from the corner of my eye. The way his fingers gripped the stealing wheel and slid over its smooth surface. I imagined though fingers gripping ahold of my body and running along my skin. Every hair on my body stood on end at the thought of him touching me, exploring me, loving me.

“Turn up here,” I said to him, pointing to a sign that said a park of some sort. “Hurry.”

He quickly turned the wheel and we were headed down this mysterious road. His eyes were darting back and forth between me and the road.

“What are we doing?” He asked me curiously and a little concerned by the tone in his voice.

“Turn here,” I said again, taking us into a deep set of trees that seemed to go on for miles.

He turned the wheel again and we made our way down the road as far as we could before hitting a dead end. We were in a part of some sort, at least that is what the sign said. It was not a park with toys that I could see, but I had not gotten out to look around in the dark. There was no one else around, in fact, it almost felt like a ghost town, like we were the only ones who had been there in years.

“What are we doing?” He asked me, raising an eyebrow in my direction.

“Get out of the car,” I instructed him, unbuckling myself and climbing out of the passenger seat.

He slowly got out of the car, a confused look on his face. I made my way to his side of the car, trying to figure out what it was that I was doing.

“What is going..” he began to speak, but I cut him off, pushing him up against the side of his vehicle and pressing my lips firmly against his.

He did not fight me, I did not expect him to. Instead, he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into his as tight as he could. Our lips violent collided together as we kissed, not wanting to take the time to come up for air, which left us gasping every few minutes. Everything in my body was on fire and I needed to keep his lips against mine for as long as I could.

Pressed in against him, I could feel that he was starting to get very turned on by what was happening and if he could feel inside of my panties, he would know that I was equally as excited.

“I need you to be inside of me,” I pulled away long enough to speak, before pressing my lips firmly against his once more. “Please fuck me.”

I could feel him smiling against my lips but he did not say anything. He simply moved us aside and opened the door to the back seat of his vehicle. We both quickly climbed inside.

He leaned into me once again and began to kiss me as he unbuttoned my jeans, sliding his hand inside. He rubbed at my pussy over my panties and I was sure by now he could feel how wet I was for him, how badly I needed him to be inside of me.

“Oh my god Mae,” he moaned against my mouth, biting at my lower lip. “You are so wet baby.”

I simply nodded my head, moving my hands to run down the sides of his body until they made their way to his pants. As he rubbed at my clit though my panties, I worked at unbuttoning his jeans. Once they were unbuttoned, I moved to help him pull them off. We worked at each others remaining clothes from there out until we were both completely naked in the back seat of his car.

“We could get caught,” he said, though that did not really change the situation.

“Well good thing you can defend us,” I laughed, forcing him to smile.

I kissed him quickly one more time on the lips before leaning down and kissing my lips to the tip of his cock. I ran my lips back and forth until my tongue decided to slip out and take control. I licked at the tip, rolling my tongue in circles around it.

“Oh my god Mae,” he moaned, leaning his head back as he rubbed his hand down my back and over my ass, lightly squeezing it.

I licked and sucked at the tip, slowly working more and more of his cock into my mouth, feeling he fill me up. Soon his whole cock was in my mouth and I worked at it with my tongue, moaning as I continued to suck it.

I kept sucking his cock for a few minutes before he pulled my head back, bringing my lips back up to his own. Passionately we kissed, our bodies tightly pressed together, my breasts firmly against his chest. My nipples were so hard I could feel them pushing into him, but he did not seem to mind as he reached between us and pinched them with his fingers.

Soon he pushed me back against the seat and brought his head down between my legs, quickly spreading my wet pussy lips with his tongue. I threw my head back against the seat and grabbed onto

the back of his head as he began to lick and suck at my clit, my entire body shaking against his mouth. I had never felt something so amazing in my entire life and I knew it was only going to get better from here.

He pulled my clit into his mouth, pushing his tongue firmly against it, over and over, my body out of control, its to much but he won't stop. I don't want him to. I want him to push me over the edge. Licking, sucking, nibbling. My orgasm building so intensely I could feel that I was on the verge of exploding in his mouth.

No longer able to control myself I knew that it was coming. The build up for what was going to be my greatest orgasm, until the next one that was hopefully right around the corner.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming," I cried out, grabbing tightly onto his head. "Fuck."

Every muscle in my body tightened up and my hips thrust forward against his mouth as my orgasm flooded from my body, all over the back seat of his car. Every inch of me shoot, my mind was all over the place and I could not seem to catch up. I was lost in a cloud of ecstasy as he still continued to suck at my clit.

"Stop," I begged, not really wanting him to pull away from me, but unable to take the feeling going through my body right now.

He stopped sucking on my clit and began to kiss his way back up my body until his lips found mine once again. Of all the things that had happened so far this evening, there was still no better feeling than the one of his lips pressed up against mine. That is where I could feel it most that he loved me.

"Make love to me," I whispered against his lips and looking him in the eyes. "I need you."

He moved himself back into the seat and pulled me over onto his lap. My heart was racing a million miles a minute, I could not keep up. All I could think about was how badly I needed him inside of me. I did not want him, I needed him. I needed him to feel me, to fill me up, to touch me, to love me, to make me his. I needed him more than I had ever needed anything else.

"I love you," I whispered in his ear as he lined his cock up with my dripping wet pussy.

"I love you," he whispered back, pressing his lips against mine as he slowly pushed the tip of his cock inside of me.

You know that saying when you kiss someone, where they say it was like fireworks. This was my

firework moment. I had dreampt about him being inside of me for so many years that this moment felt surreal, it was not happening. My dreams were not coming true, this was just my imagination. Then he pulled me down, pushing more of his cock inside of me and I was thrust back into reality, this was really happening.

Using his hands, he slowly guided me up and down on his cock until he was all he way inside of me. It had been a long time since a man had been inside of me, so for a moment, there was a slight amount of pain, but we slowly worked through it.

Soon everything was comfortable.

Removing his hands from my hips, he allowed me to ride his cock, my arms resting around his neck for support. Pulling up to the tip of his cock and then pushing myself all the way back down, feeling every inch of his cock buried inside of me.

Our breathing was intense, fogging up every window of the vehicle as I bounced up and down on his cock, which was hard inside of me.

Reaching between us once again, he took my breasts in his hands and played with them, occasionally sucking on my nipples as I continued to ride his cock. He would flick his tongue over them and occasionally graze them with his teeth, which almost sent me over the edge, chills making their way through my entire body.

I began to ride his cock quicker, the more intense the feeling between my legs became. My entire body moving up and down around his cock as my tits bounced in his face. He grabbed them with his hands as I rode his cock and I knew that I was going to cum again all over his cock.

“I am going to cum,” I cried out, my body tightening.

“Oh god baby me too,” he moaned, grabbing hold of my hips once against and thrusting hard into me, my entire body slamming down against him.

“Yes,” I moaned, grabbing a hold of my breasts as he made me ride him. “Cum inside of me please.”

I begged was more like it.

“Oh my god Mae.” he cried out, mixing his moans with mine as we both came together.

So beautifully he came inside of me as I came against his cock. My legs wrapped around him so

tightly, just as his arms were wrapped around me as I began to rock my hips back and forth against him until our orgasms had slightly subsided.

I collapsed against him, resting my head on his chest. Our breathing became synced, our hearts beat in time and our bodies clung to each other for dear life; We were afraid of what was to come once we let each other go.

Though I will say that I would have been content to stay there, in that moment, wrapped in his arms for the rest of eternity; And though we are no longer together and have gone back to our homes, a part of me is still in that car, holding tightly onto the man that I will always love more than anything in this world. My soul still rests with my soulmate.