The Beauty of Buses

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The disappeared over the hill.. with my Duffel bag

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The Beauty of Buses.txt

I had made a Commercial Bus trip to North Carolina to be with my Mother for a few days. What would've been a nine-hour drive became a thirty-four hour trip. Mother needed an immediate surgery for a blockage in one of her corroded arteries, but she survived the operation and was all right when I had to leave.

I remembered that SEPTA (South East Pennsylvania Trust Authority) had a bus that went out that way. I could be home before the Commercial bus arrived at the Philly bus depot. So my Duffel and I were settled on the Number 45 on it's way to King of Prussia (the transfer point).

I was sitting up front on one of the bench seats with my duffel on the next seat next to me. I was very tired, as I don't usually sleep well on transport. The Commercial bus had travelled through the night with a transfer in Virginia.

When she got on the bus, I was in a semi-fog state. At first all I noticed was her legs and her burgundy heels. I looked up to see Auburn hair and an olive complexion. Her blazer and skirt were both burgundy, and the ruffled blouse was white. Her stockings … well I confirmed that when she sat across from me and crossed her legs, they were a pale lilac. She settled herself and placed her worn leather satchel on the floor next to her feet. The big bus lumbered its way out of the city, up the Schuylkill Expressway, and on it's way to its first stop at Gulpa Mills.

I was spellbound. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was beautiful… so beautiful in fact, that when she uncrossed her legs and stood up to get off at Gulpa Mills, I was in a daze. She was so graceful, so elegant….but as the bus pulled out from the stop, I snapped out of my reverie to see that she had left her satchel. I quickly pulled the Emergency Cord, grabbed the satchel and caught up with her just as she was getting into her Volvo station wagon.

"Oh god.. Thank you so much," she almost cried out loud. I found that she was carrying some very

confidential papers … being the gentleman.. I said, “You’re welcome…I’m glad I caught you…. And have a great day.” As I turned to leave I saw my bus disappear over the rise, on its way back to the Expressway…. along with my Duffel bag.

“Oh I am so sorry, she said. I have caused you to miss your bus.”

“Don’t worry about it, there should be another one along either later today or tomorrow that I can catch.”

“Where will you stay? I can recommend a couple of Hotels if you like.”

She gave me the Hotel phone numbers and also her own phone number, in case I needed it. I went to phone the Hotels and booked into the Imperial. I got settled in my room and called the Bus Company to find out when the next bus was due. They informed me that it would not be for two days. I also informed them that my Duffel bag was on the Bus that had deserted me. They assured me that it would be collected and kept at the Philly office until I could collect it. I would have to do some shopping that afternoon.

That gave me a complete day and two nights to find something to do. I got the idea to call the woman from the bus incident and thank her for her information about the Hotels, as an excuse, to invite her out to Dinner.

I rang and she answered, “Hello, Helen speaking.”

“This is Bob, the guy from the Bus. I just wanted to say thank you for recommending the Hotels. I have booked into the Imperial. The only trouble is that I have to wait until Friday for a bus to continue my journey. I was wondering if you would have dinner with me tonight. As a thank you and I would love to get to know you a little better.”

“You don’t owe me anything, she replied. But I would love to have dinner with you.”

“I will send a cab for you, if you will give me your address. We can then have a few drinks without worrying about driving okay. Is seven-thirty all right with you?”

“Thank you Bob, that will be fine. I’ll see you then.”

About seven forty-five I was waiting at the entrance of the Hotel and went down the steps to meet Helen as she stepped out of the Taxi.

She looked so stylish and elegant. What had I done to deserve a beautiful woman like this?

She wore a deep purple cocktail frock, with pale lilac stockings and three-inch court shoes. She didn't wear a lot of make-up, with her beautiful olive skin shade; she just added a couple of highlights on her cheeks and eyes, and a purple lipstick. Her hair was worn in a simple bob and the red in it made it shine. And she stood about 5'8" and the heels bought her to a good height for me. All in all, one beautiful woman.

Her bust line was about a 36C, not too big and not too small. She had very curvy hips and arse that was in proportion to the rest of her figure.

We went into the Hotel Restaurant where I had already made a booking. Before we took our seats we had time to have a drink at the Bar. Helen had a Black Russian and I had a Bourbon and Soda. We started to get to know each other a little better. I learned that Helen was a Loans Officer in a major Bank. I told her that I was in the IT industry and owned my own business, that is why I could take my time getting home. I could get a lot of work done on a Laptop, which at the moment was on its way to Philadelphia.

I also told her why I was in this area in the first place and that I had been to see my Mother. I had decided to change my travelling arrangements and now I was 'stuck' here in her town. Not that I minded that.

I must give my readers a description of myself before I go any further.

I am a tall man, about 6'2" with quite a fit build. Not Olympic standards, but I do work out a few times a week. I believe in keeping healthy. I have dark brown, wavy hair, green eyes and I think I dress well, whatever the occasion. I had been a widower for a long eight years.

When the Maitre' de showed is to our table, I beat him to the punch and held out the chair for Helen, then sat opposite her.

She had a surprised look on her face when I looked at her. "I can't remember when I had a gentleman do that for me last. Thank you."

"At your service Ma'am."

She laughed.

We ordered our meal and also a Californian Red Wine, that had been recommended by the wine

waiter. I settled on a Steak and Vegetables and Helen ordered a Trout and Vegetables.

We continued talking while waiting for our meal to be served, Helen was a great conversationalist and we really were enjoying each other's company. Helen told me that she was a divorcee', and had been alone for about six years. She really wasn't looking for a relationship but she enjoyed meeting new people.

As the evening wore on, we realized that we had drunk a couple of bottles of wine and were feeling a little tipsy, although not drunk. The Dessert tray came around and Helen ordered a Zabaglione, but as I don't eat sweets, I declined.

After she had finished, I asked her if she would like to come to my room for Coffee and a Nightcap. She accepted, and we took the lift to my floor.

When I opened the door and let her in, I closed it and turned and took her in my arms. I looked down into her eyes and bent down and kissed her. Sparks of electricity ran through me, and also through her, by her response.

I felt that this was going to be a wonderful end to a beautiful evening.

I ordered Coffee and Liquers for both of us. The waiter knocked on the door and after tipping him, I took the tray from him and closed the door.

When I turned round Helen was coming out of the bathroom, wearing just a lilac brassiere with a tiny lilac coloured thong, along with the pale lilac stockings that I had noticed earlier, she also wore a garter belt to hold them up. Very colour co-ordinated was Helen.

I thought all my dreams had come true. That I had died and gone to Heaven.

"Bob, would you like me to take care of that tray, while you slip into something more comfortable."

I set the tray on the coffee table and did a quick strip down to my boxer shorts. I can assure you that she liked what she was nearly seeing. I have an 8" cock and had started to harden the first moment I turned from the door.

I picked her up in my arms and carried her to the bed and lay her down.

"But what about the Coffee, Bob," she exclaimed.

“Later,” was my reply,

The night was going to be interesting. I could imagine Helen being curled up in my arms in bed. I would start by kissing her wonderful eyelids and work my way down and across her face until I came to her luscious lips. I had already had a brief taste of them so I knew what to expect. I would gently caress her body and her breasts. I would bring her boobs to my mouth and suckle on them, one by one, and draw the nipples out from the aureole, making them peak to perfection.

As I started on my downward path, I kept her on edge with my tongue and my lips. Helen insisted on holding onto my penis through my boxers. She just rubbed it up and down all the while feeling my mouth on her breasts and nipples.

She became a little more adventurous and started to slip my boxers down my legs. Of course, I helped her by lifting my hips off the bed and allowing them to slide down my legs and off.

This being done, she gently grabbed my cock and continued to rub and stroke. So thought I would do the same thing to her. It was time to really get moving on making love to this gorgeous woman.

I slid my hand behind her back and undid the bra and slipped it down her arms and threw it aside. Then my mouth found the waistband of her thong (there was nothing to it). My teeth drew the thong down as I took it over her hips. My lips found their way along her legs, starting at her toes, up her calves and her inner thighs. She had such smooth skin.

Helen was on a high by that time and I could envisage the thoughts going through her mind.

My lips found that precious pair of labial lips. I teased her, switching from one side to the other a few times. By this time Helen was so aroused and I could taste her creamy fluid on my mouth as it flowed out of her pussy and down my chin. I went to work on that little nub that had been awaiting my attention. I lifted the hood of the nub with my tongue and gently tickled her clit.

She jumped and squirmed, wanting more.

I gladly gave her more and more. She was trembling and writhing all over the bed, trying to suck my tongue into her cunt. I tried to oblige her by sticking my tongue right into that love hole and laving out all the juices. She was cumming so heavily; I didn’t think she could last very much longer.

I straightened up and lowered myself over her and let my prick enter her pussy, inch by inch, until I felt that I was completely entombed in that velvet sheath.

I worked my hips in and out of that glorious opening and knew that I wouldn’t last too much longer.

Helen suddenly screamed, “I’m cummmmmiinnnggg.”

At the same second I felt a surge in my balls and knew that I was going to release a load into that sweet cunt at the same time as Helen came over my prick. I could feel her as she orgasmed all over me. A flood of cum from both of us.

WOW!!!!

That was the beginning of a fantabulous night. We make love twice more before we slept and again when we woke up. It felt so good to wake up with a warm body lying in my arms. It was something that I had missed in all these years.

We never did get to the Coffee and Liquers.

When we recovered in the morning. I said to Helen, “Baby, that was such an incredible experience. You are the answer to my dreams and to think we didn’t even know each other twenty-four hours ago. Can you call the Bank and take the day off? Tell them something urgent has come UP. We have a day and another night to fill in.”

“I am sure that I can get the day off, “ she replied with a smile on her face.

As it happens, she only worked for the Bank for the next four weeks. I picked her up then and took her to my home, where she married me and became my wife. We also now have a little boy.

So not all Bus trip are boring. Just catch the right one, or maybe miss it.