

# The crush

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*For a decade she'd admired him, now he was here*

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The party was just getting going. The booze was flowing, the music was heating up and the people were getting louder and looser with every passing minute. Vicky was having a whale of a time – she always did! Laughing and drinking and bopping to the music, she was fun loving and loved a good party. She was just about to refill her glass for the... who knows how many.... time, when she froze to the very spot.

Across the room she saw him. A man who had plagued her dreams for many years. A man she had secretly admired and lusted and loved on and off for almost a decade. He'd been out of her life for ages and yet still she thought about him every day. And here he was, before her very eyes, standing across the room at the very same party as her. She swallowed hard. Although she was a confident, grown up, woman now, her old crush still made her feel like a silly little girl.

The last time she had seen him, he was moving overseas with his girlfriend. They were madly in love and they were going to "travel the world" together. She scanned the room, but there was no sign of said girlfriend.

Her eyes were back on him. She was just standing there, staring. She couldn't tear her eyes away. Suddenly realising just that, she shook her head. "*Come on, get it together girl!*" Yes he was here, yes he was still dreamy, but she was not the same 'little' girl anymore. Things had changed.

She found herself a shot of neat alcohol, whatever was going and slammed it back. She had made up her mind.... and confidently strutted right up to him.

"Well hello sexy," she almost purred, in her sexiest voice. Her heart was beating so fast!

"Vicky?" he queried, a look of great surprise, followed by a look of great admiration, on his face. "Is that you? Damn, you look bloody gorgeous!"

She could feel the blush creeping up onto her cheeks. Thank goodness the lighting is never great at

parties. He grabbed her and pulled her into one of his amazing bear hugs. She could feel every rippled muscle under his shirt pressing up against her full ample breasts. She placed her arms around him and squeezed, not wanting to let go, taking in his sweet, wild scent. He smelled exactly the same as she remembered. She realised all of a sudden, that she really was not letting go... but neither was he... Her heart was racing, her skin was flushed.

Eventually they pulled apart. He gave her the biggest smile and her heart soared to think that he was happy to see her. *"That's it,"* she thought, *"I'm in love all over again."*

"Man, Vicky, it's been too long. It's really great to see you." He reached out and brought her in for another quick hug. Then letting go, he held her at arms length. "Wow!".

She was wearing her favourite party dress. A silver satin dress, short and fitted, with a cheeky flare around the bottom, it clung to her curvy trim figure and shimmered with every little movement. Her long dark hair cascaded freely around her pretty face, and down her back. She did look great, and she knew it.

"Hey thanks," she carelessly looked down at herself, brushing his compliments off as if they were nothing – when actually they was everything. "Jake, what on earth are you doing here? I thought you'd have found some random island to shack up on by now" hinting, to find out about the girlfriend.

He chuckled. "Well, that's not exactly the way things played out. I did end up travelling, but let's just say, it was a more independent venture."

"So, are you just visiting your home town?" she asked him curiously.

"I'm back," he said. "I moved back a few weeks ago. I got a great place, and am setting up a studio, I'm a photographer. Plan on putting down some roots here. Home is home you know?"

*"He's back! He's going to be here, near me. Have my dreams come true? Someone must be fucking with me,"* she thought to herself.

"Oh that's so interesting," was all she could manage to say. Her eyes moved to his mouth, it was always her favourite part of him. Thick, plump, juicy lips, she always wondered what they would feel like, what they tasted like. She bit her own bottom lip but quickly hid it from him.

"Come on let's get a drink, and catch up," he suggested.

"I'd like that," she answered with as much restraint as possible. She felt like a giddy girl, but wasn't

about to let him see that. She wanted him to see her as she was now, in control of herself, confident and fun.

They found a little semi-private corner, and with drinks in hand, chatted away about where he'd been, things he'd seen and what she'd been up to. The conversation was easy and they laughed and enjoyed each others company. Although enthralled in the conversation, Vicky spent a lot of time admiring his beautifully toned body. He had olive tanned skin, dark hair and his eyes were captivating; he had broad shoulders and beautiful strong arms and hands. She wished she could see him naked. She sat next to him as provocatively as she could. Leaning in towards him, making sure he'd have every opportunity to look down her dress. She could see he noticed. This made her happy, and only try harder.

"So you're a photographer?" she asked. "I'd love to see your work sometime."

"How about right now?" he suggested with a loaded tone in his voice.

She stopped, and slowly looked up at him. Yes, it was there. Lust and longing written all over his face. "I'd love to," she eagerly replied and leaned in a little closer still, their faces only inches apart from each other. Her breasts rubbing against his arm. He openly peered down at her breasts, she took a deep breath raising them closer to his lusty gaze. Her nipples obviously hard through her slinky dress. Their breath intermingling, they edged closer, and the long awaited kiss was upon them.

It was sweet, passionate, more than anything she had ever imagined or fantasised about. His gorgeous juicy lips expertly teased hers and his delicious tongue filled her mouth and her very soul with more desire than she had ever known possible.

"Come to my studio, I have a car and I'm not far from here," he whispered through staggered breath. She grabbed his lips into another smothering kiss.

"I'm yours," she answered. They stood up holding hands, and rushed out of the party like there was no tomorrow.

The ride to his place was fast. He wasted no time getting them there. Once he'd parked he came around to her side of the car. As she was climbing out, he grabbed her and slammed her against the car as he started kissing her again. His hands were roaming over her hugging party dress, her hands were grabbing at his back, and shirt. His hand ventured down to her thigh, and cupped her butt, as he pushed himself hard against her, and pulled her hard against him. She could feel his erection against her mound. She was sopping wet. She got wet the moment she saw him. He pulled away, both of them panting, smiled at each other, and wordless, turned and briskly walked towards his apartment

and studio, hand in hand.

Once inside, the kissing continued, but now they were alone. Now was where they could eventually be as close as she had always wanted them to be. He tore his shirt off over his head, she wasted no time slipping out of her dress. She had no bra on, and was now standing in front of him only in her black lace panties, her shoes having come off the moment they were in the door. He stopped, in awe of her perfect body. They had known each other a very long time, but never had he seen her like this. He seemed stunned. She was very pleased by this. She stepped towards him, and grabbed his belt to unbuckle it, then unbuttoned his jeans, and helped them drop to the floor. Now in their underwear, they both took each other in with longing gazes. Then they embraced, and kissed. Although still eager, it was slower now, more intense.

He lifted her up, and her legs wrapped around him. Holding on, lips locked, he moved them through to his bedroom. He gently laid her on the bed, and his mouth started migrating down her body. First on her neck, then onto her chest, and then onto her breasts. His hands came up to cup and squeeze them. She moaned with pleasure. His tongue slowly licked her nipples. They froze up into hard little lumps and she moaned some more. He started his trail down her body again. His lips were on her stomach now. His fingers skimming the top of her panties. He slipped them off and positioned himself between her thighs so he could taste her sweet sex.

She opened her legs, eagerly. He lingered there for just a moment. She could feel his breath on her snatch, and she wanted more... She reached down for his face, so she could guide him in, but he brushed her hands away. "Impatient, aren't we?" he said to her.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted this," she confessed.

"Almost as long as I have," was his reply.

*"This may be the best moment of my life"* she thought to herself.

His tongue entered her hot wet pussy. His fingers pulled her lips apart as he expertly licked and flicked and kissed her aching desire. He circled around her clit with his tongue, and kissed it with those beautiful lips. His tongue explored lower and went deep inside her, making her squeal with excitement. She was very vocal, which he seemed to find a huge turn on. His fingers slowly massaged her clit, as his tongue tasted and devoured her pussy. She couldn't take it any more, the climax exploded through her body. He inserted his fingers deep inside her, as she writhed in ecstasy.

"Stop!" She screamed, as he continued his frenzied feast. "I can't!" she begged.

He obliged and came back up to her mouth. She could taste her own juices on his lips and tongue. It was wonderful. She kissed him back eagerly, until she could gather herself. She forcefully rolled him over, and climbed on top of him. "My turn," she grinned. She needed a closer look.

Moving down his body, with light kisses along the way, she was eventually face to face with his manhood, something she had fantasised about for all these years. It was magnificent, and bigger than she had ever imagined. Hungrily, she started to eat his cock, every last bit of it. She took it deep into her mouth and her throat. He moaned with pleasure and put his hand on the back of her head.

She brushed it off. "Impatient aren't we" she cheekily threw back at him, but then proceeded to devour him.

She sucked his cock hard and fast, slurping and licking and teasing as she went. She could feel him grow harder, and then she felt the cum explode into her mouth. She's always loved the taste of semen and she lapped it all up.

She crawled back up his body again, and collapsed against him. Naked flesh against naked flesh. She ran her finger tips along his muscular chest. He toyed with her hair. Both of them panting and catching their breath. He turned to look at her, she looked back at him.

"I've wanted you since the first moment I laid eyes on you," he said to her.

"I guess I've really grown up since last you saw me, " she replied.

"No," he says, "since the first moment we met, all those years ago." Her heart jumped into her throat. "The timing has just never been right."

It took her a few moments to catch her breath before replying, "I guess the timing's right now."

They rolled back into each others arms, and made love... A decade of lust culminating in one glorious night....