

Unexpected Sex

By annmssb

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Unexpected sexual encounter with a drug marketing salesman

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This is an experience that is not easy to tell for my own personal reasons.

Even though my husband had been encouraging me to at least, "not say no" to a man's advances I will never get over the feeling I betrayed my husband.

My husband is no angel. I keep calling him a pervert, lol, and he is. He would have had no problem with what I did and he would have encouraged it if he had known. When I did get the courage to tell him about it a year after it happened he was as aroused by what happened as if it occurred that day. Maybe even more aroused. OK, he's definitely strange. I guess this site is good for getting things out. A kind of therapy. My husband pushed me to write down my experiences and put them on here and I am beginning to understand that, once again, he seems to know best.

There was a drug company representative in my doctor's office that I became friendly with. Drug reps come around a lot to offices like mine to try to market and get us to use their products, give them information and answer questions. They must have a huge budget because they are always treating us to lunches.

I got to know this one rep pretty well. A really nice guy. He was younger, in his mid 20s, but knew what he wanted in life and had a plan to work towards it. He was a very focused person. I admired him.

Just before Christmas he invited the entire office to a party at TGIFs across the street. I am a poor drinker. That night I let it get away from me just a little because I knew my husband would be picking me up. That is not an excuse, I knew what I was doing and I was in control of myself. I was NOT looking for anything like what happened and actually thinking of a quiet night of being with my husband.

I had been talking to the drug rep for a while at the party. I considered him a friend and had not thought of him THAT way before. Well, at least not that night, anyway. But, there is a HUGE

difference between thinking about it and actually doing it. We all had the day off the next day and everyone was having a great time. He seemed “safe” and I was completely relaxed around him.

Eventually, never the one to stay too long at one of these things, I said my goodbyes and left the party and went back across the street to get my stuff from the office.

I didn't know he was there in the room with me until I turned around and there he was. He was all smiles and wanted a Christmas kiss. I was just tipsy enough to have no problem doing that and thought it was cute. It just never occurred to me that we were alone in the exam room and to think of this kiss as anything other than innocent. His first kiss turned into a few kisses with my arms by my side and then a lot and then I could feel his erection pushing at me through his pants. That's when the warning lights started blinking. Oh, I knew what he wanted. I was just genuinely surprised. I actually said that this was not a good idea several times.

He was kissing my lips and my neck passionately. My nervousness changed when he put his hand “down there” on the outside of my pants. I remember trying to push away but he was very strong. Within a very short while I could feel myself “waking up” - and then there it was. A small fire had been lit. It smoldered and then kept getting bigger and I crossed that invisible line and my feelings of anxiety were pushed down.

I don't think I ever actually saw his penis. It happened very fast. He pushed me away from him and I was kind of left half sitting on the table. I watched and then felt my scrubs being jerked down. My legs were moved apart and I found myself leaning back on my elbows watching his head between my legs and his nose embedded in my pubic hair of which there was a lot of in those days.

Then, a weird thing went through my mind. I had been on my feet all day long and working hard. The thought that I was not exactly “fresh” down there suddenly seemed very important to me. In seconds I felt a warm flush radiating from the top of my vagina up past my navel and also down my legs. It felt nice. Very nice.

Everything happened in quick movements. One second his mouth was sucking hard on my clitoris and the next he was standing up and pushing his pants down. I actually averted my eyes when he did this and stared at a diabetes poster.

He leaned over me and I was watching his face inches from mine, mouth open, and eyebrows furrowed in concentration. He was almost to my lips when his hips flicked forward and he was instantly inside me. Our lips never met. I fell back and my knees came up all by themselves and I watched them jiggle as he started to move in and out of my vagina, very determined, very forcefully and very filling.

He was striking my clitoris each time he threw himself forward. I was conscious of the head of his penis rubbing along my vaginal wall. I know my body. I have thick, pronounced ridges all along the inside of my vagina all the way to the cervix. I could feel the flared ridge of his penis rippling across them. I was hyperventilating and becoming faint. He only thrust a dozen times I think but I could hear how wet I was and his heavy breathing matched his intense and heavy feeling thrusts.

Through the fog I was in I felt him stop suddenly and a second later I could feel him ejaculating. He fell heavily on me and lay on me panting into my neck. His erection was embedded inside me and it was a startling awareness to feel it twitching against the sides of my vagina pumping tiny electric shocks into my womb along with his semen. In between his gasps he whispered something into my neck but I could not understand him and didn't care.

I don't know how long I lay there. When I came to my senses I extricated myself from under him and I literally pulled myself from his penis which was swollen and unyielding. For some reason my vagina was trying to hold him inside me.

He was partially resting his body on top of me when a sudden and overwhelming feeling of panic came over me. I felt like I could not get out of there fast enough. I got up, somehow and was sane enough to take towels from the sink and shove them into my panties as I pulled my bottoms back on. I grabbed my handbag and my lunch bag and just about ran for the door. I turned around just before I went through the door and the last thing I saw in there was the upper half of him lying face down on the table and his nude rear end with his testicles squashed between his legs.

My husband was waiting for me, reading a book in the car. It was awful, one of the worst times of my life. All the way home, I just don't know how come he didn't say anything. I was waiting for it. I thought for sure there would be a huge stain down there and kept my legs closed. I felt so guilty I almost started to cry several times.

It was a long time before I finally told my husband, and, as I already knew, he was very excited that it happened. But, thank God, he also understood why I didn't tell him right away. He was OK with it and I knew that already. But in my heart I betrayed him and to this day, still feel guilty about it. That is just the way I am.