A Farewell to Last

By hornychik

Published on Lush Stories on 20 May 2008

All rights reserved by author, unless specifically authorized in writing. Use of, downloading of or copying is not otherwise authorized.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/a-farewell-to-last.aspx

Oh God, Brad is moving to the west coast. There was so little time left, and work was bound to interfere with what I had in mind. I had had a crush on him from the time I met him. It had turned into a wonderful friendship, but he was more like my brother. I was going to miss him, that is for sure, but I was also determined to have my way with him before he left for the coast.

He was out there now, finding a place to live, and finalizing his job. I called him on his cell phone, and I told him that when he returned, I wanted to take him out for dinner. He agreed, telling me he looked forward to our evening together.

We talked on the phone a long time that evening, and he told me about the condo he bought and his new job. I listened, my heart was sad for me, but happy for my friend.

I teased him about now having a place to stay, if I had cause to come to the island to visit, and he was quick to agree that I would stay with him. I also told him that he could stay with me if he needed to come back to the city for any reason, although, I didn't think those reasons would be strong enough to pull him back to the prairies.

He returned to work his last week, having already given his notice. We went out for dinner to a nice dining room. I told him where we were going, so he could dress appropriately, as they had a dress code--no jeans. I wore a little black dress, with black stockings and black pumps. I took a red shawl, for warmth against the cool spring evening air.

He picked me up at my place, and helped me into his vehicle. He went around and got in the other side, and when he got in, he looked at me and smiled, "You look pretty tonight."

I blushed at his compliment. I don't think I realized until that very moment how much I was going to miss this man. "Thank you. You are looking rather handsome yourself."

We drive to the restaurant, and again, I am afforded the courtesy of his assistance of my car door being opened, and being helped out of the car. We walk to the restaurant, with my arm looped through his.

We order our meal, both of us order the prime rib and we have a bottle of wine to share. We visit like the old friends we are, and I look at the pictures he has brought to share with me of his condo and some sights of the island. Our meal arrives and our conversation drops off as we enjoy the succulent beef, and the fine wine with our meal.

We splurge on a dessert, to share, and end up feeding each other forkfuls of the rich decadent cheese cake. We sip on a dark French roast coffee, that is only enhanced by the richness of the dessert.

On our way back to my place, I ask him up for a nightcap. An Irish cream liqueur, that I know we both enjoy.

Between the wine, and the smooth creamy liqueur, we are both feeling the sexual tension that has been building in us, not just this evening, but for quite a while. Unfortunately, it was something we never explored until the prospect of not seeing each other every day at work, became a reality.

We are sitting on the sofa, enjoying our liqueur, he reaches over and puts his arm around my shoulders, and draws me close to his side. I allow myself to scoot closer to him on the sofa, and enjoy the warmth of his body close to mine. I look at his face and he leans in to steal a kiss. It goes from a sweet innocent kiss to a full blown erotic kiss, with our tongues mating wildly with each other. I moan as I feel my sex start to throb and flood.

His hand cups my breast, and even through the layers of fabric of my dress and lacy bra, he can feel the nipple, hard and pointing out, eager for his touch.

My hand is touching his cock through the fabric of his trousers. I can feel him growing under my touch, twitching to life inside his pants. I want to feel his naked hard flesh in my hands, and I pull the zipper of his fly down. I reach inside, and pull out his glorious cock. I gently massage it as he groans, and says he wants to touch more of me as well.

I feel his hand at the back of my neck, at the zipper of my dress. He slowly pulls it down, and then pushes it off my shoulders. It is now in a bunch at my waist. I feel his gaze on my breasts, clad in a lacy black bra. My nipples are hard and he lowers his head and takes my lace covered breast in his mouth. Even through the lace, I feel his tongue lavishing attention on my hard nipple. His hands are at the back clasp of my bra and soon my breasts tumble out of the lacy confines. I sigh at the feel of his mouth against my skin. As he sucks one nipple into he mouth and rolls the other between thumb and forefinger, my clit tingles and throbs, my sex floods my black lace thong that I so carefully chose earlier this evening. I moan my appreciation for his attentions.

I take his free hand and I guide it to my mound. His hand pulls aside the crotch of the thong and slide a finger into my slit. He runs his finger up and down, dipping it into my hot, wet pussy. He gathers some of the moisture there, and runs his finger back up to the center of my desire. He fingers me there, exciting me beyond measure. I am nearly wild with desire, and I cum as his fingers continually massage my pussy and clit. I groan, and whisper urgently, "I need more" as he thrusts two fingers into my dripping canal. That is not exactly what I had in mind, but it will do for now. He thrusts his fingers in and out of me, and my muscles clamp down on him, hard. He finds the ribbed roof of my canal, and massages that with more pressure until I cum in a flood of hot, slick fluid, that gushes over his hand.

He pushes me back onto the sofa, and lifts my hips so that he can remove my dress and thong from me. My garter belt and stockings are also gone in record time. I am lying there naked, and very much aroused. I watch him as he stands and dispenses with his clothing. His shirt reveals a tanned and

broad, muscular chest. His abs are those of a man who spends time working out. He pushes his slacks and shorts down over his hips to reveal a lovely eight inch cock that is fully erect and pulsing. I smile as he looks down at me, and lowers his body onto mine. My legs spread, in a silent plea for him to enter me, and he nestles himself between my legs. His cock nudges my waiting canal and I whisper. . . one simple word. . .

"Please" and he gently, but firmly thrusts into me. It is like coming home, for both of us. My legs wrap around his back, and we find a rhythm, that has been known to lovers since the beginning of time. His glorious cock is gliding in and out of my silky folds. I feel the muscles of my pussy clamp down as he moves in, as if to hold him deep inside me, not willing to let him go. Each inward invasion brings him deeper into me. I can feel the glans of his manhood at the entrance to my womb, that beautiful sensation is driving me to distraction. My hips lift to meet him, and I feel him grind into me. He is looking deep into my eyes, his face only inches above mine.

"Are you ready for more?" he asks me.

"Yess", I hiss at him, incapable of anything more at the moment.

With that, he begins to buck into me faster, with the force of a hurricane. My body revels in the onslaught of the storm he brings to me. I am not a noisy lover, but I can not help but moan in delicious anticipation of an orgasm.

I feel the veins on his cock engorge even more, if that is possible. That sensation of those engorged veins sliding into my tight hole is a feeling that I can't find words to describe. It is a tingling, that starts somewhere deep in my soul. I know that it is the beginning of a fantastic climax. It is like the waves of the ocean, crashing over the shore, ebbing and flowing, each one stronger and more forceful and deeper into the soft wet sand, only to ebb into the depths of the ocean, and rush back with even more force.

Soon there is no more ebbing, only the constant incoming rush of feelings, sensations. The breath is stolen from my lungs as I call out his name. I hear him utter a curse, and he thrusts into me one last time, and I feel the hot white lava erupt from him, with such force, that my canal milks his cock to get every last drop of his jism.

He collapses on top of me, and we are both gasping for air. Our hearts are pounding together, literally, beat for beat, as we lay there on the sofa. Our desire spent, our bodies exhausted. He nuzzles my neck, and kisses me there.

Soon the exhaustion and the emotion overcome us and we fall asleep like that, his now soft member still buried in my pussy, my legs still wrapped around him, possessively, not wanting to ever let him go.

We wake, neither of us wants to move, but the sofa is not the most comfortable place to make love, and this next time, well, I want the comfort of my queen size bed, with its soft down pillows and fluffy down duvet.

He slips out of me, and off of me, and helps me off the sofa. We head down the hall to the bathroom and into a nice warm shower, where we let the cascading water arouse us once again. I kneel down in front of him, and take his manhood into my hands. I gently massage it and his balls until he is semi

erect. I take his glans into my mouth, and I whirl my pointed tongue around the tip, and then down the sensitive underside of him, to kiss and lick his sac. I hear him moan, and I lick my way back up the underside and take him into my mouth. I suck him in deeper and deeper and he thrusts into my mouth and throat. I don't want him to cum in my mouth, not that I would have any objections to that, I would just rather have his glorious cock deep inside my throbbing cunt. I gently pull down on his sac, know that will delay the inevitable. He pulls me up and kisses me deep on the mouth. We shut off the water, and dry each other off, and head into the bedroom.

He pulls back t the duvet, and we crawl into bed. He settles his head between my legs and spreads the fleshy outer lips with his hands. Inside, the flower blossoms under his gaze and the gentle touch of his tongue. He teases my clit, until I am writhing on the bed, and I cum again into his waiting mouth. He drinks all thatI give him like a man who has been without water for too long.

We are a good fit, and he enters me again, and this time we go at ithard, thrusting hips, his mound crashing into mine, until we comein a shared orgasm that is so bright, soshiny, it is blindingus inits light. He collapses onto me again, and whispersthe "sweet nothings"of lovers in my ear. He tells me what he wants me to do to him, and I wantto taste him as badly as he wants to be in my mouth again. I take take the opportunity to kiss his face, and run my fingers through his hair. I finally frame his face in my hands and kiss him on the mouth passionately. Ikiss his neck and down to his collar bone. I run my hands over his chest, and follow the path with my wet kisses. I rim his navel with my tongue and I hear his sharp intake of breath. Lower still I go, kissing my way to his mound, covered in a light sprinkling of hair.

I hold his cock in my hand and kiss the tip of it. I roll my tongue making the end pointed and slide it into the slit, tasting the remnant of his last orgasm. His cock twitches in my mouth andI hear him moan in anticipation. I takehimdeeper into my throat, and suck as hard as I can, my handcupping his balls gently. My head bobs up and down working to give him the pleasure I know he desires. I stroke the sensitive area between hissacto his sphincter, with increasing pressure.He begins to writhe on the bed.

My hand that is stroking him goes tomyown wet sex and dips into my wet canal.I rim his sphincter with my wet index finger, and apply increasing pressure with each circular motion it makes until it finally slips in. The sphincter contracts, and sucks my finger in deeper as he groans at this invasion tothis part of his body. I finger his prostate, and begin a sensual massage of that gland.

My mouth continues to work him, as I take him deep into my throat. I feel his hands in my short hair, and he gently holds my head there. I am so intothis, I couldn't stop if I wanted to. He tastes so good, and I enjoyhis pleasures, almost as much as I do my own.

His hipsstart the undulating movements and I know he is close to his release. I lift my head, only slightly, because I want to taste the essence of him. My finger adds more pressure to the sensitive gland deep inside him, and I am rewarded for my efforts. I feel that first rope of his hot jism hit the roofof my mouth, and I swallow quickly, for there is another soon after, and another after that. I savour him, like a fine wine and I moan my delight. I lick him clean andkiss the tip of him once again. I remove my finger from him and I hearhim sigh.

He pulls me into his arms and we fall asleep holding each other. We wake oftenduring thenight, never having quite enough of each other. We sleep in late the next day, after our lustful evening and night. It is such a shame we waited so long.