Anticipated Arrival

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I open my eyes and everything seems blurry at first, I soon realise where I am, in an aeroplane. Wow, had time flown so quickly that I was here already? The last 12 hours have flown by and now it's nearly time to meet him, I've just travelled half way around the world to meet someone I have never met. But he is so special, sincere, heart-warming and heart wrenching simultaneously. We've spent a long time talking online, growing as individuals and together and today I am finally taking that leap and going to meet him. It seems unreal but I'm itching with anticipation.

Walking through the tunnel the light hits my eyes and I'm temporarily blinded, as I adjust I see the signposts to baggage. Trembling as I walk over and wait for the laborious process of collecting my suitcase. Watching the clock I see that my flight is early and that he won't be in arrivals waiting for me yet. I decide in my mind that I will go and freshen up for him, take a few minutes just to relax and breathe deeply.

Freshened up I take my suitcase and head for the exit to the arrivals lounge. I can barely walk, my whole body is shaking, trembling in anticipation of the events to come. I step out into the lounge and I am surrounded by people, I worry that he won't see me and I hope that I will see him first.

Then, there he is, straight ahead of me he is stood leaning against a pillar. All the noise; the bustle, the announcements, the baby's cries, the shrieks of loved ones seeing their families, goes silent to my ears. I can hear nothing except my heart beat, beating so hard I feel it is going to burst out of my chest. And I can see nothing but him.

I walk towards him and he seems unsure if it is me. I stand in front of him and drop my bags to the floor. A cheshire cat grin spreads across his face and he says "Wow, it's really you and you're really here". He wraps his strong arms around my waist and pulls my body against his. Wrapping my arms around his shoulders everything feels so right. He holds me tight against him, softly stroking my lower back with his firm hands. He slowly releases me from his grip and takes my bag, offering me his hand, leading me out of the airport.

We walk to his car and he opens the door for me, such a gentleman. As I am getting into the car he puts one hand on my cheek and guides my face to his. Then it happens. The first kiss. He presses his

lips ever so softly against mine, as if they have not really touched mine and then closes his eyes. My knees go slightly weak and I hold the car door to steady myself as he presses his lips a little more firmly against mine, stroking my cheek softly with his thumb. He breaks the kiss and looks back into my eyes “Just perfect” he says. I smile up at him, I love that he is taller than me, just like I had imagined “Perfect” I reply. We both get in the car and start the drive to his house, where we will stay together.

During the drive we are both quite quiet, I guess through shock. We glance at each other, passing smiles and grins. I take a chance and slowly slide my hand softly onto his thigh as he drives and he smiles over at me, a grin spreading across his face as he lays his hand on mine and link his fingers softly into mine.

The next few days were a blur. Walking, talking and spending time together. Picnics, dinners, movies and walks by the river. We shared many more perfect kisses and I trembled each time he held me. Such strong arms with such a soft, gently, loving embrace. Then Friday evening comes. His friends are dying to meet me and want to know if I am everything he said I was. I’m nervous, what if I’m not what they think I am? What if they think I’m not good enough?

I was getting ready in his bathroom, dressed but applying my make-up he knocked at the door and I said “Come in”. He put his head around the door and whistled; I smiled and invited him in. He came around the door and my jaw dropped. He was dressed smartly, in a shirt. A man dressed smartly drives me wild, safe and secure, sophisticated and sexy. He must have noticed my admiring glances and he winked “You like it then? Special for you”. I smiled and turned back to the mirror and continued to apply my make up. He walked over and stood behind me, sliding his arms around my waist he smiled into the mirror of me. I smiled back and finished applying my make up. He ever so softly kissed the side of my neck and I felt that familiar weak sensation in my knees. I moaned ever so softly and that seemed to excite him, feeling him press his body ever so slightly harder against mine. He whispered in my ear “You don’t need that stuff, you are beautiful without it”. I smiled and felt a little teary, could things be any more perfect. I turned around to face him, placing my hands on his chest softly and tell him that unfortunately we have to leave, that we don’t want to keep his friends waiting.

He nods, a little saddened, and took my hand. We walked hand in hand out of his house and down the street to the bar where we were meeting his friends. There were two of his guy friends waiting for us, with their partners. I smiled as he introduced us all, they seemed inviting.

The evening passed, in what seemed minutes. We had a few drinks and near the end of the evening the two girls wanted to get me to dance. Dragging me to the dance floor the men stayed sat with their drinks, watching. The dancing was a bit of release, of the pent up tension but I worried the whole time. I have a curvaceous body and I always felt very self-conscious of not being a ‘stick figure’ and I

declined to get up and dance. I glanced over at the guys whilst I was dancing with the girls, he was watching, smiling, glancing my way every so often.

Then when a slow song came on he walked over, with a strong determination,and took me suddenly into his arms, embracing me close to him and softly leaning down and kissing my firmly on the lips. I smiled into the kiss, he then broke it and said softly “I couldn’t take watching you anymore, I needed to have you in my arms”. The girls had walked back to their guys and were whispering amongst themselves, looking our way. His eyes didn’t leave me, he was completely focused on me, and that pleased me greatly. We danced to the song, kissing, whispering to each other. His strong hands, holding my waist, my hips, my lower back, my shoulders. Caressing me, his hands roamed the back of my body. He smiled the whole time.

The time came to go home and I had really enjoyed myself but I was looking forward to just him and I being alone. We walked through his front door and he led me slowlyto the bedroom. My heart was pounding, was this going to be the first time for us? Had he been that worked up while we were out? I sat on the edge of the bed and he handed me a towel, standing in front of me leaning down kissing my forehead, saying that we deserved a nice relaxing bath. I smiled, how did he know the exact right things to say and do? He left, walking to the bathroom, leaving me to get undressed, but he didn’t shut the bedroom door.

My pulse was racing as I stood up and laid the towel on the bed n front of me; he could walk in at any minute and see me undressing. What would he think of my body, what if he didn’t find me attractive? I tried to push such negative thoughts to the back of my mind. I bent over and slipped my shoes off my tired feet and slowly guided my top up over my rounded breasts, revealing a black lacy bra, firmly supporting my supple large breasts. The bra was sheer and the material of my top brushed my nipples lightly as I pulled it off. I started to undo my jeans and looked over my shoulder, sensing a presence, but there was nobody there. I tried to shake the thought from my mind as I slid my jeans down my thighs and off of my legs, revealing a matching black lacy pair of French knickers. They clung to my curvy figure, and shaped my ass. I should have felt amazing, stood there in such beautiful lingerie but I was shaking with anticipating of sharing a bath with him. I slipped a robe around me and walked into the bathroom, he was slipping the shirt off his shoulders and I leant against the door and knocked quietly as it slid from his strong shoulders to the floor. He looked over his shoulder and beckoned me in. I slipped around the door and shut it behind me. I leant back against the door in my room, letting my long blonde hair down from its ponytail, falling down my back.

This seemed to catch his attention and he turned to face me, standing in just his boxers I could now see his member, enlarged but firmly held in his tight boxers. His thighs were glorious, strong like a rugby player but toned. The room was misty from the heat of the bath and almost like a sauna, I could feel the condensation on the door behind me, imagining how it was going to feel condensating off my

skin.

He moved to the bath and sat on the edge, turning it off and swirling his hand around in the bubbles. The perfect temperature. It was one of those large baths that you could sit two people inside. He stayed sat on the side and beckoned me over to him, I walked over willingly, feeling my heart beating deeply inside my chest.

He places his hands on my hips, which were now position in front of him and he slipped them forward to the tie of the robe. Undoing it slowly he looked up into my eyes as it undid and he pulled it down off my body. He smiled, still watching my eyes as he then let them fall down my body and admire it. He ran his fingertips softly down the sides of my breasts, into my waist, and out onto my hips “Hourglass, how beautiful” he whispered. I smiled, feeling my inhibitions lessen, he ran his fingertips ever so softly against the waist band of my french knickers, rubbing the material softly before he slowly pulled them down off my hips, revealing the shaven mound underneath. They fell to the ground and I stepped out of them, pushing them aside.

He looked up at me as he kissed softly down over the mound to my clit, causing me to moan deeply at the sensation of his hot breath. Guiding me slowly down to the floor he looked up at me as he moved back to my exposed pussy, moving between my legs, rubbing his soft hands up the insides of my thighs. I felt his breath over the lips and I trembled slightly, he smiled at this. He slipped the tip of his tongue coyly between the lips and I felt my hips arch slightly towards him.

I closed my eyes so nothing could distract me from your tongue flicking against my lips, as I ran my hand down the middle of my body, brushing your neck, tilting my hips against your tongue. Softly slipping one finger inside me a mixture of quickening breath and soft moan escaped my lips.

I looked down at him and responded with a cheeky smile and he softly pulled his finger from inside me, replacing it with his tongue, forcing me to lean my body harder against the floor, biting my lip. He pushed his tongue inside and out of me and I began to moaning uncontrollably, showing him how amazing it felt.

He stopped and slipped his tongue from inside me, brushing it against my clit as he moved back up in the direction of my face. My gaze fell back to him and he pressed his lips softly against the side of my navel, and started to scatter soft kisses up my body to my bra. Now knelt between my legs he slid his hands from my hip to my waist– his kisses moving to the base of my neck. Moaning softly by now, I bit my lip to stop myself seeming too obviously pleasured by simple touches such as his kisses.

He took my hand and guided me back to standing, as I stood his hands reached around my body and unclipped my bra, letting it fall away and my pert large breasts bounce free. His cold breath on my hot

skin, my neck, sent shivers down my side. He grinned saying “You are amazing baby”.

I ran my hands down the sides of his body whilst he was kissing my neck, scattering kisses down it and along the curve of where it met my shoulder. With my trembling fingertips I ran a finger of each hand under the waistband of his boxers and along his body to his hips. With one slow movement I slipped them down to his thighs. Brushing his delicious thighs with mine the boxers fall to the floor and he too kicked them away. Standing there naked together, bodies pressed together – nothing else seemed to matter. Everything else was irrelevant.

He took my hand and helped me into the bath, feeling the warm water surrounding my foot my body eased and relaxed as I eased down into the water. My breasts are just above the water and I felt the hot water splashing against my hardening nipples as I sat down in the water. He slipped into the bath with me and sat behind me, pulling me to between his legs.

He slid his hands around me to my waist and rubbed my stomach softly under the water. Resting my head back on his chest I turned it to him, kissing his chest ever so softly, my hands both resting on each of his thighs, running my fingertips down them. Touching his chest seems to excite him and he ran one hand up to gently cup a breast whilst the other ran down my body, coyly tracing the top of my mound. This sent electricity through my body, which he responded to by softly squeezing my breast, rubbing his thumb along my rock hard nipple, teasing it with passing strokes and grazes. Gripping his thighs a little firmer I pressed my body back into his. His second hand ran down the front of my pussy and I was shocked at his touch, my very sensitive clit being brushed by his strong yet soft hands. He rans his fingers very softly in and out of my labia, brushing my clit, forcing me to moan, my lips still pressed to his cheek. He kissed my forehead, whispering how perfect I am and how much he loves me.

This confession stirred a passion inside me and I turned my body on his softly, facing him, I slowly straddled his hips, his hands reached around and grasped my ass, he seemed to have had something ignite in him too. Before I knew it he had gripped one of my nipples between his lips, brushing it slightly with his teeth, sucking it ferociously. I wrapped my arms around his neck, welcoming him to continue, moaning softly he grasped at my ass, squeezing it softly. My pussy now was just hovering above your manhood, I could tell he were gripping my ass, holding me hovering to try and control his urges, but he seemed to be coming less holding of this power with each suck at my rock hard nipple.

He switched breasts and that threw me into oblivion, I kissed his head softly, gripping his hair firmly, moaning deeply, my whole body seizing up. His lips broke free from my nipple and he engaged me in an extremely passionate kiss, rubbing his tongue along mine, inviting it into his mouth, exploring it, sucking it and biting it softly. We made out passionately and I could sense the urgency in his

manhood, the aching need to be inside me, it was now softly brushing my clit and between my labia lips.

I broke the kiss and with my breasts firmly pressed against his chest I whispered “I want you too”. That unleashed something in him, like a caged animal he gripped my ass and presses me firmly down pressing his throbbing cock into the slit of my pussy.

Moaning at him as he enters me, I feel my pussy tightening around his cock. Leaning back fully, letting the whole length of his cock slide deeper inside me, I rested my hands on his chest, his still gripping my ass firmly. I start to slide up and down his cock, rubbing his chest softly, looking into his eyes. This seemed to excite him as he moves his hands to my hips, rubbing from the back to the front along the bone, gripping them firmly I leant forward, wrapping my arms around his neck and pressing my lips against his firmly he takes control.

With hold of my hips he moaned into the kiss how amazing it feels to have his cock finally inside me, he started to rock underneath me, pushing his cock deeper and faster in and out of me. Breaking the kiss and resting my nose against his I was moaning deeply, feeling how wet I was he started to hear it too. I was embarrassed but he smirked firmly at me, I felt his nose against mine as he told me what turn on it is to hear how wet my pussy is for him.

He leant forward and latched his mouth around my right nipple, sucking it firmly, causing me to lean my head back and moan softly. I let my legs wrap around his waist, locking them at my ankles, squeezing my thighs around him. He smiled and moves his lips from my nipple to my mouth, kissing my passionately, his tongue dancing with mine. He took firmer control of my ass and started to lift me, with ease, up and down on his cock. I seemed weightless, but wrapping his arms around his shoulders I kissed his forehead and he replied with equal eagerness, pressing his lips against my neck. Just one soft kiss.

He continued to impale me, my pussy tightening around his cock with each hard thrust. Bouncing me up and down on his cock seemed effortless to him, but his expression and breath were signs of his enjoyment. Moaning deeply, my head rested against his I whispered into his ear that I was going to cum for him. He dug his fingers further into my skin and thrust deeper inside me, moaning my name deeply, telling me that he wanted me to cum all over his cock – that he wanted me to coat his cock with my juices.

I feel the heat building in my pussy, the pressure mounting within my lips. I grip his shoulders firmly, my nails slightly digging into his soft kissable skin. Nibbling his earlobe softly I moaned loudly that I was cumming. My whole body started to shake and tremble; like electricity was surging and pulsating through me I came...I came all over his cock. My pussy tightened and he could tell I was cumming; he

pressed his lips against mine and kissed me romantically, so softly – such an oxymoron to my vivid urgent cumming.

Leaning my whole body against his, shaking ever so slighty from such an intense orgasm he smiled and leaving his cock inside me pulsating slightly, he ran his hands up my back, resting them on my waist. I smiled at him and say how amazing that felt, and how long I had been waiting to cum for him. He beamed a smile back and kissed my lips, gently but warmly, whispering that he felt so content making love with me, that it was everything he had wanted.

I ever so slowly lifted off his cock and stood up, stepping out of the bath I held out my hand to him. He took it and stepped out with me; I guided him to sit on the edge of the bath as I slowly knelt between his legs.

I look up into his eyes as I trailed soft kisses down the centre of his stomach, to the base of this cock. His breaths quickened as he maintained eye contact with me. Looking up at him I kissed around the base of his cock, reaching his balls, still looking up into his eyes I planted soft kisses up the shaft of his cock until I met the head. I proceed to nibble down the other side softly back to the base.

I softly pressed my lips to the cum hole on the head of his cock and ever so softly enveloped the head between my lips, slowly taking it into my mouth. Swirling my tongue around the head in my mouth, breathing deeply. His back arched slightly as his cock entered my mouth, his breath deep and slow. Placing one hand on his thigh and the other above his cock on his stomach, rubbing the hair there very softly as I took his cock inch by inch into my mouth, brushing my tongue over the head and flicking it teasingly. He continued to breathe deeply, but with more urgency, interrupted by deep moans of my name.

I smiled whilst his cock is half into my mouth and looking up at him I decided to shock him and I hold the base of his cock firmly and thrust the rest of it into my mouth, forcing it down into my throat. Taking a deep breath I wrapped my tongue around the shaft, rubbing the head against the inside of my throat, moaning for him – wanting him to feel the vibrations of my moan on his cock.

I continued to suck his cock, sliding my tongue around the shaft, sliding it in and out of my mouth, teasing the head with the tip of my tongue, each time it left my mouth taking the opportunity to moan of my own pleasure.

Gripping the shaft I felt the pressure building, knowing he was close, I did everything I could to make him cum. He placed his hand firmly on my shoulder, running his fingertips to the back of my neck he moaned my name, telling me he was cumming for me. The head of his cock throbbed aggressively in my mouth as he spurted his cum between my lips. Landing on my tongue it slid down into my throat,

and I swallowed his cum whilst I continued to thrust my mouth down and off his cock. Once he had finished he looked down at me and whilst I softly kissed the head of his cock he moaned, soft and deep, for me. I softly stroked the shaft of his cock with the palm of my hand as I stood, him running his hands up the side of my thighs, kissing my stomach softly – telling me how amazing that was.

He asks me to move to the bedroom with him, and because we were both then dry we didn’t need the towels so left them in the bathroom. He walked behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist, stroking my stomach softly. He guided me to the bed and pulling back the covers we slid inside it together.

Pulling me into his arms we lay side my side, facing each other, kissing my lips softly, I asked the dreaded question ‘Was I worth the wait?’ He smiled and tightened his hold around my waist, stroking my lower back softly and replied ‘You are more amazing than I ever imagined’. And for the first time he softly looked into my eyes and said ‘I love you’.