Casual Encounter

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Best movie theater sex ever

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As I sit at my desk at work, I look at the clock again, 12:45pm. My friend and co-worker, sitting behind me giggles at my nervousness. It's all her fault anyway. She set me up to this, it was all her idea. I had been perfectly content living life like a frumpy divorced woman since my husband of many years left me for his too young, very ditzy, secretary who was convinced he hung the moon.

The divorce came as no surprise really. I had known the marriage was dead for years, but had decided to try and stay together for the kids. And while it had pissed me off that he cheated on me, now that the divorce was over, we remained friends. We were always better at that anyway. He now called asking for advice for his new young bride for gifts, romantic getaways, jewelry, and advice on sex. Not that I ever got the gifts, jewelry or getaways while we were married, and the sex was just ok. Everyone thought I was crazy to still be there for him, but he was the father of my kids and we did live together many years .

I look at the clock again, 12:50, and another snicker from behind. I suck in a deep cleansing breath and shot a glare at my friend who is now all out laughing. Yes, this is all her fault. She convinced me to email you, a friend of her husbands. You were living in another state at the time and it all seemed so harmless. You are single, and mentioned to my friend's husband that you would really like a nice lady to chat with to make the day more interesting. Nothing more, just a chat buddy. So your friend passed on my email address and the chatting began.

At first it was a little awkward, not sure how to interact with a unknown person on my computer, but I soon felt I was opening up a little. At first we talked about our day, work load, duties, and soon moved to likes, dislikes, favorite foods, music and kids. We found we had a lot in common and I was soon looking forward to logging on to my email everyday to chat. At first we kept it to workdays and work hours, but after a little while we were logging on during the weekend to just say hi.

I glanced at the clock without really moving my head so Ms. Nosey behind me wouldn't notice. 12:55. The phone rang at my desk and I jumped, almost knocking over my large ice tea as I reached for the phone. Ms. Nosey got a kick out of that too. I seriously needed to reevaluate our friendship. After I

transferred the phone call, I took a long drink of my tea and thought of when we first decided to exchange pictures. I must have taken at least a dozen head shots with my cell phone before I got one that was somewhat satisfactory. Without trying to dwell on it too much, I attached the file and hit “send” and held my breath. I told myself it didn’t matter what you said, we were just friends, not even in the same state. Your email popped up with your picture attached, I sucked in a breath, and hit “open”. I was pleasantly surprised at what I saw. You was standing under a tree, smiling. Arms crossed over your chest, wearing faded blue jeans and a soft looking faded tee shirt. You had short cropped hair; it looked light brown, but was hard to see with the shade of the tree, clean shaven, with a broad smile and a definite twinkle in your eye. You looked happy, like someone who would rather tell a joke than discuss politics. Not too tall, maybe close to 6’, medium build. Like someone you could cuddle right up against and watch a good movie. I shook my head at the thought; we were just friends, no need to let the mind take a detour. As I studied your picture, my computer notified me that I had mail. I found that I was holding my breath again as I opened it. It came out in a whoosh as I read that you thought I was very pretty. I suddenly felt like I was in high school and the quarterback of the football team just winked at me.

I looked at the clock; I didn’t even try to hide it this time, 1:00. I just had 15 minutes to go before I left for my casual encounter. After exchanging pictures, we soon moved to texting on the phone and that led to late night phone calls. After a month of this you informed me that you were coming here for business and you wanted to see me. I was terrified; it was easy to talk to you on the phone, emails. IM’s, but to see each other face to face, that was a whole other nightmare. While the years had been kind to me, child bearing had left its mark. Once smooth skin on my hips and butt was now lined with stretch marks and my once perky boobs, drooped a bit. My once curvy size 7 body was now a frumpy 12. You knew my age, and how many kids I had, had seen pictures of me sitting and complimented me. But what would you think up close and personal? I shook my head and reminded myself again that we were just friends.

I clocked out at 1:15 and hurried to the bathroom to freshen up. As I walked back past my friend, she spoke words of encouragement and reminded me that a woman who could sing Karaoke as bad as I did, and live to sing again would be just fine. A quick hug for luck and I was out the door.

I was walking to the movie theater. It was just across the street from my work and it gave me a moment in the fresh fall air to clear my head. We had decided to meet here, in a theater instead or a crowded restaurant or some park for our first meeting. If there were no sparks of attraction, we could always enjoy the movie and call it a day. But if there were sparks…what? Damn, I had been out of the game for so long I didn’t even know how to begin a normal relationship, much less a casual one. Usually I’m a strong confidant woman, I raised a family, budgeted a household income, held down numerous full time jobs, but the thought of dating again scared me shitless. It had been so long since I had sex with a man, I think I forgot how.

I bought my ticket to some comedy and made my way into the theater. We decided that I would arrive first since I was closer, find a seat in the back and wait for you. I knew you weren't to arrive for at least 10 more minutes, but I found myself glancing at other people there seeing if I recognized a face. Satisfied that you weren't here yet I approached the bored looking teenage employee at the snack bar and bought a bottled water. I didn't want to worry about popcorn sticking in my teeth. Not a good thing for a first impression. I handed another bored looking teenager my ticket. With a pop of his gum he waived his hand in the general direction of the theater and mumbled some number. I walked through the double doors and gave my eyes a moment to adjust. I found the back row empty and only a handful of other people in the theater. I sat close to the middle, and changed my mind 3 times until I found a seat that had a good view and was not too sticky under my feet. And now the wait began.

My cell phone buzzed in my pocket and I nearly squealed out loud. I looked at the text message "Are you there"? I texed back that I was and you replied that you would be there shortly. My nerves kicked in high gear and my stomach knotted. I rubbed my now sweaty palms on my skirt and tried to suck in a deep calming breath. I tried not to jump every time someone walked into the theater, but I couldn't help it. I took a deep drink of my water and almost spat it out when I noticed someone sit next to me. I closed my eyes briefly sending up a small prayer that this wasn't some creepy psycho just looking for a lone woman to add to his victim list. I opened my eyes slowly and glanced at the handsome man sitting nest to me. You glanced back at me and grinned. I recognized the twinkle in your eyes and instantly relaxed. You had a beautiful mouth, curved slightly with a full bottom lip that I immediately thought of nibbling on. That went straight to imagining sucking your tongue deep into my mouth and….wait a minute, what was I doing? I looked straight ahead and could feel the heat of my blush creep up my face. My nipples tightened almost instantly, traitorous nipples. No matter what kind of bra I wore those puppies stuck out tight and proud at the slightest encouragement. And they wanted you to play. I hoped you didn't notice but a second glance at you showed you did. And you grinned more. You placed your drink in the holder and leaned over to say hi. Damn, you smelled good to, my stupid nipples just got happier. I could feel your breath on my neck as you whispered something in my ear and for the life of me I couldn't make out what you was saying. The sensation shot straight down between my legs. Now my sex tingled and joined my happy nipples in the game. Man, were they going to get a talking to. Not that it would do any good. As we exchanged pleasantries I started to relax more.

The lights dimmed even more and the trailers started rolling. Soon we were commenting on the upcoming movies and all nervousness left. You reached over and laced your fingers through mine. Your long fingers wrapping around mine as your thumb drew tiny circles on my wrist. Oh my nipples really liked that. I scooted closer as and our shoulders brushed. You leaned over and put your lips to my ear and told me I looked nice. You drew in a deep breath and let your lips brush lightly right under my ear and told me I smelled nice too. Now places lower started to warm and tingle again.

I don’t have a clue what was happening in the movie as all I could hear was my own heartbeat in my ears. As you leaned in to say something I turned my head and found myself centimeters from yours. We both paused, and then you leaned in and gently brushed your lips over mine. The contact was so soft I almost didn’t feel it, but the happy nipples knew what was going on. When you did it again my lips parted slightly of their own accord and I traced the tip of my tongue over yours. You took the invitation and slipped your tongue in for a taste. Oh sweet heaven you taste good. As our tongues tangoed, I lightly traced my fingers over the nape of your neck. I felt you give a little shiver and deepen the kiss. I tilted my head to give better access and I could feel you slip an arm behind my shoulders and pull me closer. We explored each others mouths, learning the contours of teeth, textures of each others lips and tongue. I haven’t kissed another man in so many years it was like kissing for the first time again. When we broke for air we were both breathing heaver. Parts of me felt like they were waking up after a long winter hibernation. You looked deep into my eyes, cupped my face in his hand and dove in again. This time as our tongues met I let out a little moan. I could feel moisture starting to build between my legs and shifted slightly in my seat.

I forgot that we were in a public place. I forgot that we just met in person for the first time. I forgot everything including my own name. All that seemed to matter were the two of us. Everything else was blocked out. I felt your hand move from my face and caress my neck. Fingertips traced my collarbone as a thumb moved slowly up and down my jugular, feeling my rapid pulse. I brought my hand to the back of your head and kissed you deeper, taking control, letting you know what I wanted. I have no idea where this wanton woman came from. Never in a million years would I have guessed I would be doing something like this. The woman that was awakening under your touch was going to be a force to be reckoned with. Your mouth broke from mine and started exploring my neck, kissing and nibbling from my ear, to my neck, across my jaw and back again. I tilted my head to give you better access and your hand grazed across my breast. I was wearing a light blouse and my all too happy nipples tightened even more in hopes to play. When your fingers grazed the tightened nubs circling them gently they caused them to leap for joy.

Your mouth found the hollow of my throat and I could feel your tongue lap at the indention. Fingers now started to work the buttons of my blouse, and you were kissing and licking the exposed skin. As soon as it was open far enough expose one breast, you pushed aside my bra and sucked the tight, happy nipple. The contact shot a bolt of pure lust between my thighs and I got even wetter. As you toyed with my nipple in your mouth, I pulled you even closer. As I arched into your embrace, you placed your other hand on my thigh and give it a little squeeze. That seemed to bring me back to my senses a little. Holy cow I was making out in a movie theater and I was a grown woman! What the hell was happening to me? You noticed I tensed a little and gave me a questioning look with an arch of your eyebrow. You leaned in and told me that I didn’t have to do this if I didn’t want to as your hand remained on my thigh drawing lazy circles with your thumb. I could hear my nipples and pussy launch

their protest at the possibility of no more play. I looked down at your crotch and I could see an obvious, but impressive, uncomfortable erection pushing at your pants. I resisted an urge to help you readjust. I sat back a little and tried to think with a clear head, but all I could do was feel where your mouth had been on me, the taste of you on my tongue and feel your thumb still rubbing against my thigh. I must be crazy to encourage this, but the awakened sensuous woman inside slightly parted my thighs and gave you an open invite. I just hoped we didn't get arrested.

You leaned in and took my mouth again with renewed interest as your hand started gathering my skirt up. I let my hands roam your chest and gently circle your nipples. You gasp when I drag a nail over one of your tight nipples. I continued to alternate flicking and circling each of your nipples until you are pushing into my hand. I feel your fingers on my bare skin right above my knee as you slowly start to caress my inner thigh. You move your mouth back down my neck to my breast, now having exposed the other one, you move back and forth licking and sucking each one. You move your mouth up to my ear and ask me to touch you as you pluck and pull on my sensitive hard nipples. I slowly move my hand down your body, teasing and rubbing across your chest and slowly, so slowly move my hand to the bulge beneath your zipper. I run a fingertip along the length of your erection, testing the sensitive flesh and lightly scratching the crown. I can feel you get harder and jerk under my touch and I can't resist the urge to grasp you in my hand and give a little squeeze. You moan at the contact and thrust lightly.

I can feel your hand at the inside top of my thigh and your fingertips brush lightly against the silken panties covering my sex. I part my thighs to give you better access. You lean forward to get into a better position as my fingers slowly lower your zipper. With your mouth still on my neck and nipples, your fingers work their way over my panties and you can feel the wetness that has soaked through the material. Your hand grasps the flimsy material and you quickly pull them down. I help you remove them and you bring them to your face and inhale. The sweet smell of my arousal turns you on even more. You bring your fingers to my wet pussy and slowly slip one finger between my slit. You love the smooth silky feel of my smooth, silky skin, covered in my juices as you run your fingers all around. I moan and try to shift my hips for more. You slip one finger inside of me and use the heel of your hand to apply pressure to my clit. I push into you and you add another finger, thrusting them both deep as you rub my clit. You curl your fingers slightly until you find my G spot. You rub and thrust your fingers against that sensitive place until I'm matching your thrust with my hips. Reaching up with your free hand you pluck and pinch at a nipple and are rewarded with a gush of fluid from my pussy. My mouth opens slightly and you cover it with yours to absorb the moan.

Reaching inside your pants, I carefully enclose my fingers around your now extremely hard erection and lift it out. I start to stroke slowly so I can feel every ridge and vein. The silky soft skin moves slightly over your steel rod and as I reach the top I run my thumb over your crown that is weeping pre cum. I spread the juices all over the top and let my fingertip rub lightly over your tiny slit. The contact

makes you thrust your tongue in my mouth deeper and I start to slowly jack you off. Squeezing lightly as I reach the tip.

Your fingers start to mimic my movement on your cock, moving in and out of my wet, hot pussy. You pull free from the kiss and rest your forehead on mine. I can see your eyes are dilated and glazed over with want. You tell me you want to make me cum and run your tongue over my lips. I answer you by sucking your tongue deep in my mouth in time with my hand caressing on your cock and your fingers in my pussy. You make a sound like something between a groan and a growl and plunge your fingers deeper, moving faster and thrusting your hips into my warm firm grip. I release your tongue and start to pant, making little mewing noises. You put your mouth over mine again to muffle the sounds and I'm glad that one of us remembers we are in a public place. You use your thumb to circle and tease my clit as your two fingers thrust in and out. The sucking sounds of my wet, hot pussy cranks us both up more.

I release your cock in fear of doing damage and you cradle my head between your neck and shoulder for support. My mouth starts sucking and licking as my hips meat each thrust of your hand with one of their own. Soon you can feel my inner muscles start to flutter, my thighs are trembling and you know I'm close. You press into my clit harder, rubbing faster as my thighs slam closed and I moan my orgasm into your neck. You feel another gush of my juices in your hand as you help me ride wave after wave of incredible sensation. Although I have pleasured myself often since the divorce, I never remembered cumming so hard. As I start to come back down to earth, you slip your well abused hand out from between my thighs and put them into your mouth, sucking and licking my juices from your fingers. I found that to be one of the most erotic sites I had ever seen.

I place another kiss on your neck and inhale your sent deeply. I whisper in your ear that it's now your turn and nibble gently on your earlobe. My hand finds your still erect cock, now quite wet with pre cum, and I rub the moisture all around your thick crown. My tongue traces the outline of your ear and I ask if you would like me to suck you. You quickly work your pants down a little so your entire cock and balls are now free. I laugh and tell you that I take that as a yes and slowly lower my head.

I've never been much for giving head before, it always seemed like a chore and with my ex, I was always getting choked when he got too aggressive. The taste of his semen made me gag and I never swallowed. However, I'd never had an orgasm in a theater so this was a day for firsts. I lowered my head and took a long swipe with my tongue over the weeping crown of your cock head. The taste of your pre cum was sweet and only slightly salty. It made my mouth water wanting more, another first. I ran my mouth up and down your length feeling the silky soft skin beneath my lips and tongue. My hand caressed your balls, feeling their weight and rolling them gently with my fingers. You arched your hips when my mouth returned to your tip and I took that as an invitation to suck you inside.

I stretched my lips over your darkened crown and let my tongue bathe your slit and lap up you juices weeping out. I worked you into my mouth, taking you as far as I could, swallowing and opening my throat to take a little more, I felt your head bump the back of my throat and realized I took almost all of you. I could hear you swear under your breath as I started to hum my satisfaction. I slowly worked my mouth back up, enjoying the texture, taste and feel of your cock. When I got to the head, I sucked hard, and heard you gasp as you threaded your fingers through my long hair. I worked my way up and down your cock several times slowly, feeling your fingers massaging my scalp, encouraging me to continue. I increased my speed and suction, laving you with my tongue and lips, grazing your crown slightly with my teeth. You started thrusting into my mouth and I grasped the base of your cock with my hand for control. I worked my hand up and down your cock as you thrust setting the pace. I added a slight twist with my hand on each upward pull.

I glanced up at you to see your head tilted back, eyes closed, and biting your bottom lip to keep from moaning out loud. You looked beautiful. I felt moisture and tingling building between my thighs again and my happy nipples joined in. I could tell by your breathing and the swelling of your cock that you were about to cum. I moved my mouth to just sucking on your crown and let my hand, and your thrusting to do the work as I sucked and licked the tip. As I dipped the tip of my tongue into your slit again your cock throbbed and shot hot streams of the sweet, salty fluid into my hungry mouth. I found myself naturally swallowing everything you could give me, and it was quite a load. Another first for me.

After you finished cumming, I licked and cleaned every drop off your semi hard cock. I tucked you back in, zipped you up and claimed your mouth in another deep passionate kiss. We could taste each others cum on our lips and tongue, mingled together it made another explosion of lust hit us both. You whisper that you want to be inside me, tell me that you are staying at a nearby hotel and ask if I would meet you there. After a brief hesitation, I tell you yes and you give me the room number. You kiss me again and slip out of the theater. I sit for a few moments with my mind reeling from what we just did and thinking about what we are about to do. Before I can start to freak out, I straighten my clothes, stuff my still damp panties in my purse and headed out.

I walk back to my car on still shaky legs and quietly slip inside. I rest my head back on the seat and groan. What am I doing? I’m too old for this silliness. I’m acting like a careless teenager, taking risks, fooling around in a movie theater. I don’t think I can go through with it. As I bring my hand to my still swollen lips I remember your taste, your lips, your cock and your cum as my nipples remind me how much I enjoyed it all. I shake my head to clear it and decide I needed to tell you I couldn’t do it. I put the car in gear and head to your hotel.

I park near the entrance of the hotel and pause to gather my nerve. I recite my speech to you in my head. When I get to your room I square my shoulders and knock. I let my breath out in a whoosh

when you open the door. You stand there in only a towel, droplets of water still on your shoulders and chest and I resist an urge to lick them off. I can almost hear my pussy whimper in complaint. You smile a dazzling smile and lean in to kiss me. I forgot all about my speech, I forgot that I was standing in the doorway, and once again I forgot my name. You grab my hand, pull me inside and quickly shut the door. You press me up against the wall and with your mouth still devouring mine; you grind your erection against my crotch. My pussy weeps with joy at the contact, and I can feel the moisture starting to run down my thighs. You carry me to the king size bed in the center of the room and all but toss me on it. You cover me with your body and grasping my hands in one of yours you pin them over my head. You shift to the side and start to work my blouse open, quickly removing my buttons and parting the material.

You look at my creamy breast, now thrusting upward with my arms over my head. The nipples are straining against my bra and you reach down and unclasp the hooks, freeing them. They give you a happy jiggle at being set free and you respond with giving them a well deserved kiss and lash with your tongue. You release my hands only for a moment while you slip my blouse and bra off. Once they are in your grip again you resume your kissing and nibbling. I start to squirm beneath you and you run the palm of your hand down my abdomen and around my back to unzip my skirt. You quickly push away the offending material to the floor and I am now totally naked.

You lean up to really look at me, all laid out, wet, warm and waiting for you to fill me. You tell me I'm beautiful and a blush creeps over my cheeks. Your towel falls away as your lips claim mine again and your free hand works its way between my legs. My thighs automatically part for you; evidently they are siding with my nipples and pussy on this and you settle yourself between them. Your fingers work my sex, sliding in and out and toying with my clit until I'm almost mindless with arousal. My head thrashes on the pillow and you tell me to cum for you again. I arch my back and do just that with a long moan.

Before I can come all the way back down from my second incredible orgasm of the day you move down the bed and cover my pussy with your mouth, drinking my juices. Your tongue is as talented as your fingers and I feel my arousal building again as you lick and suck my lips and flick my clit. You delve inside my channel, fucking me with your tongue as deep as you can. I start to grind my clit against your face. You take several long licks of my pussy and move up my body. I feel your cock pressing against me and I squirm to get you closer. You take your cock in your hand and rub it all around my wet warm nether lips and I lift my hips in silent begging. You enter me in one long thrust and we both moan at the incredible feeling. Me at being filled with such a hard, hot shaft and you at being surrounded by hot, silky, wetness.

You withdraw slowly until just the tip is inside me and thrust back in, and repeat. I meet each thrust with one of my own and soon are pumping and thrusting into each other like horny teenagers. I start

to beg for you to go faster. Instead you withdraw and flip me over on my stomach. You pull me to my knees and with my head down, you enter my pussy from behind. At this angle you rubbed against my G spot with each movement and I was soon moaning and whimpering with each thrust. I was tighter in this position and the extra friction that this position provided soon had you biting your lip to keep from coming too soon. I begged you to go faster, harder, deeper and the words just added fuel to the fire in your balls.

You grabbed my hips with both hands and started pumping like a madman. I reached down and caressed your balls with my fingertips as they slapped against me, raking my nails gently against the tightening flesh. You swore and pumped even harder. I could feel myself starting to cum again and I knew you were close too. I started to rub and pinch my clit with my fingers as I felt your thumb slip into my ass. I would have thought an invasion there would turn me right off, but instead it sent me into a screaming orgasm yelling your name and God’s in the same sentence. I could feel my muscles contract and milk your cock as my cum dripped down my thighs. The sensation pulled you over with me and you roared my name as your pulsating cock filled me with jets of your hot seed. We both came so hard we felt like we were splitting into a million mind blowing pieces. When we came back together, we collapsed in a heap, you rolled off me and pulled me into your arms and kissed my forehead. We laid there catching out breath and before I knew it we were both asleep.

When I woke, it was dark outside. I slipped from your embrace and quickly dressed. I looked at you spread out on the bed, still in a deep satisfied sleep and I smiled knowing I had help put you there and quietly slipped from the room. On my way home I kept reliving all the things we did this afternoon and couldn’t help but grin. I felt like a new woman had been awakened and I knew I would never be content living life like a rejected, frumpy, divorced woman anymore. I owed it all to you.