Chance meeting with my ex, final

By RobertMcCullum

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The last day of our weekend together.

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Daylightcomes creeping in through the curtains. I'm still holding Nancy in the same position as fell into last night. We've had passionate sex before, but nothing as animalistic. I can still see the expression of pure lust on her face as I drove myself into her. "Where the hell did that come from," I thought, "and would it change the way she felt about me?"

I was beginning to feel more for her than just some woman I had sex with. I wanted more from her than just a weekend of pleasure. Tonight I'd be sleeping in the hotel, because on Monday real life started again. "Would she be there to? Not just the night, but in real life."

I stop my train of thought by opening my eyes and looking at Nancy, sleeping peacefully in my arms. Her face shows no signs of the lustful abandon it had hours before. Her breathing is slow and steady, which I can not only see but feel, as she is closely wrapped up into me. During the night she had pulled her knees up toward her stomach. I followed with mine, cocooning her.

If it hadn't been for a bladder emergency, I would stay like this until she awoke. As it was, I move away from her and slowly maneuver my arm out from under her neck. She hardly stirs. I get out of bed and making as little noise as possible open her bedroom door and close it behind me.

In the bathroom I do my business, wash my hands and snoop around a bit. I open the cupboard and find a few bottles of her massage oil. All of them for different purposes, from arousing to relaxing. The label on one of the bottles reads, "The morning after."

I take it with me and go back to bed. On arrival I find Nancy is waking up, her body turns towards me. No words are spoken. She extends her hand to me. I take it and leave the bottle on the floor. When I lay down next to her she crawls close and I wrap my arms around her. We lay like this for a minute when I break the embrace. A small moan of protest from her is shushed away be me. I lay her on her stomach and retrieve to bottle from, open it, and apply some to my hands.

Starting at her neck I begin first by gently touching and then exerting some pressure. I can see

Nancy’s face, her eyes are still closed, but there’s a smile. I continue my massage downward. I slowly rub her bottom and when I reach lower, she helpfully opens her legs a little, so I can rub down her inner thighs. When I’m at her heels, I apply a little more oil and give her neck and upper back some extra attention.

When I’m done, I kiss her cheek. So opens her eyes while I’m getting off the bed. Holding her hand I pull toward me. She follows me to the edge of the bed where I lift her up. She’s a little wobbly in the knees, but we slowly make our way the shower.

I turn on the water and place her with her back to me. I take her loofah and begin to rub her down. When I reach the bottom of her legs, she turns. Using the loofah I make my way up. When I’m standing and the loofah has been past her breasts, she looks at me and smiles.

“Hi,” she says softly. She than steps forwards, put her arms around me. I do the same.

“Thank you”

“You’re most welcome,” I reply.

We stand like this and let the warm water wash over us. Her head is to the side resting against my chest. When she turns and looks up we softly kiss.

“That was a lovely way of waking me.”

We get out of the shower, dry each other off. After which I ask, “So, what do you say, have I earn my clothes back?”

“You have, I fact if it wasn’t Sunday, I would buy you a new wardrobe. But you’re not getting them, not just yet.”

I’m handed the robe again and she puts on hers. We make our way downstairs where we prepare breakfast. While sitting down at the dinner table I witness her scarfing down the first two sandwiches.

“Hey, Tasmanian devil, try chewing your food,” I say smiling at her while she’s slumped over her plate. She smiles back, her cheeks puffed up with food and mumbles, “hungry.”

Her pace slows and we enjoy a quiet meal together. After we clean the dishes, she takes my hand and leads me to the couch. I’m pushed down, and my robe is opened. She then opens hers and I get a glimpse of her gorgeous body. Not for long though, because she lies down on top of me, our skin

touching.

“mmmm, this is way you did not get them back just yet.”

“A very good reason,” I mumble as we doze off.

About an hour or so later I wake to the feeling of her lips on my neck.

“Hey there sleepyhead,” she says, “how are you feeling?”

“I feel wonderful, how about yourself?”

“Well, I have a naked man in my house, who pleasures me whenever I want. How do you think I feel?”

We smile at each other.

“My neighbors are on holiday and they have a pool in the garden. Want to go for a swim?”

“I’d love to.”

We get up and Nancy closes her robe and goes outside. When she comes back with my back in her hand she throws it at me and says, “Your reward.”

She disappears upstairs. I put on the clothes and wait for her to come down. She’s still wearing the robe but is also wearing flip-flops and is carrying a bag. I follow her outside and through the garden. Beyond the iron gate we go two houses to the left and she opens a solid garden door.

This garden is a lawn surround by high hedges and in the middle, a pool. We remove the cover. When it’s all the way back, Nancy steps out of her flip-flops and lets her robe fall to the ground. She’s wearing a two piece bathing suit, which makes her look very sexy. I get very little time to admire this though, because she dives right in. When she comes up she looks at me and asks, “Are you waiting for an invitation?”

Not having a bathing suit myself, under Nancy’s gaze, I strip all the way down and dive in. We meet in the water put our arms around each other. I’m tall enough so can stand. Nancy wraps her legs around me. With the sun shining down on us the temperature is just right.

“There are so many advantages to having a man with a limited wardrobe. It’s so easy to get him

naked.”

“Well, that’s just not fair,” and with that I start to undo her top. Giggling she struggles free and the chase is on. She’s a very strong swimmer, so every time I get close she wriggles free. I finally grab ahold of her legs and pull her down. Her resistance lessens for a bit and I’m able to pull her bottoms off.

We both come up for air and with a victorious smile on my face, I exclaim, “That’s one!”

Her top proves a harder task. It’s tied with a knot at the back of her neck and she won’t hold still enough for me to undo it. I dive and lunge at her while she evades my capture. Finally I get her in the corner of the pool.

“I have you now!”

Holding her tight to my chest I undo the knot, release her and take her top with me. I throw the top to the side. She swims toward me and I lower myself so that when we meet our eyes line up. We kiss and float through the pool.

We spend a sensual afternoon in and around the neighbor’s pool. We touch, kiss and fondle. A few times our nether regions touch but neither of us makes an effort to advance. Last night’s vigorous activities has left us both feeling sexually fulfilled for now.

When the sun starts to go down we dry of with the towels she brought in her bag and head home. Inside her house she says, “Why don’t we order in of Chinese and after dinner I can drive you to your hotel.” She then walks to the stairs and on her way up says, “I’m just going to go change.”

I’m left alone with the statement that she going to drive me to my hotel. This doesn’t sit well with me because that indicates she’s not spending the night. I pace around the living room and in the corner of my eye I spot the take-out menu for the Happy Garden. I sit down on the couch and leaf through it. When Nancy comes back into the living room she’s wearing jeans and a blouse. Not as sexy as the dresses she’s been wearing, never mind the bathing suit.

She sits down next to me and asks if there anything I like on the menu. We select a few items, call the restaurant and get a confirmation of 20 minutes. Her head is resting on my shoulders and I’ve got my hand on her cheek. She leans in to get closer to me.

With my nerves on end I ask, “Will you be spending the night with me?”

She looks at me for a second and replies. “I don’t know. We both have to work tomorrow and after the weekend we had, you might need your rest.”

“If that’s your only concern, let me put it at ease. I’ll be fine tomorrow no matter what.”

“You sure?”

“I think I’d sleep better with you next to me. Scratch that, I know I will.”

“I know I will too.”

We kiss while she lies in my arms. Then I notice how fast time flies when I’m with her. Because to me it feels like two minutes later that the doorbell rings.

She goes to the door, and I start to set the table. The food is good however I mention that it’s not as good as last night. She wishes she had cooked, so she could claim a naked dishwasher as a reward. Laughing we finish our meal and much to her dismay we do the dishes, fully clothed.

She packs a bag and we leave her house. An hour later, we arrive at the hotel. In the elevator going up I put my arms around her and say, “I’m glad you’re staying.”

“So am I.”

It’s only nine o’clock and nowhere near time for bed. We go outside onto the balcony and with a blanket around us we lie down on the chaise longue.

“Daniel, I’m falling in love with you again.”

I feel her body tense up, awaiting my response. Rightly so, that last time she got serious we broke up. But now it’s different for me. I don’t feel threatened by the thought of sharing my life with someone, especially not, with someone like her.

I look down into her eyes and tell her that I’m feeling the same way. We seal our shared feelings with a kiss. We our lips break I see a worried expression on her face.

“But, how are we going to do this? We live a long distance from each other and we both have jobs and commitments and,…” I stop her with a kiss.

“We’ll figure it out, all I know is that I don’t want this weekend to be the end of us. I found you again

and I am not letting go.”

A tear forms in the corner of her eye. I kiss the salty liquid away and hold her tight.

“It’s going to be fine,” I reassure her.

Then, with her head on my chest and her arms holding onto me for dear life she says, “Make love to me.”

We go inside and turn our attention to each other’s clothes. I turn her away from me and from behind, take off her blouse. When all the buttons are loose I slid the garment from her shoulders. I gently kiss her neck and use my tongue to cares her earlobe. She turns to me and pulls my shirt out of my pants and pulls it over my head. Save for the fabric of her bra our naked skin touches. She looks up at me and says, “Be gentle with me.”

“Was I to rough, last night?”

“No, last night was so passionate, and you were perfect. It was exactly what I wanted. But I am a little sensitive, so tonight we have to go slow.”

“Slow is fine by me,” I say smiling.

I unsnap her bra and pull it free from her arms. We come together again our naked torso’s connecting. I unbutton her jeans and help her stand while she pulls them off. My pants are removed in a similar fashion after which we lie down.

Close together, we continue our love making. For a long period of time this consists only of our hands moving over our backs and deep passionate kissing. When the kissing slows I lay her on her back and lean over her. Like the first night my intention is use my tongue to give her pleasure before we go any further.

I kiss and lick my way down to her pussy. I lie down in between her legs and kiss her softness trough the fabric. Only when her panties are soaked through do I get up and pull on her band. She raises her hips once more and I slide them off. I lie back down and taste her pussy. She responds immediately. Her hips move toward me and a soft moan escapes her mouth. I continue to lick and bring her to the brink when I stop.

I then start to torture her. I kiss her pussy from left to right, up and down. Only occasionally do I graze past her clit. This goes on for a while until she becomes inpatient with me. She reaches down and

starts to rub her clit. I stop her by grabbing her hands and interlocking our fingers. I continue my slow torture. I continue to build up the pressure until her hips start to buck or her breathing become to erratic and then I slow down again.

Finally she cries out, “Please just let me cum!”

I give in to her plea and focus my attention on her clit. I make slow circles around it and wait for her to show signs of orgasm. When they come I vigorously start to lick.

Her body shakes and in between breaths there are soft moans. A beautiful convulsing dance is played out in front of me. Coupled with the scent and taste of her pussy, it’s enough to drive any man mad with lust. To keep the dance going I gently lick her lips and blow my breath past her clit. Finally, she can’t take anymore and begs me to stop. When she comes to, I’m leaning over her. She grabs me and pulls me down. We kiss and she mutters, “You awful, awful man.”

We take off my underwear and my dick springs to life.

“How are you feeling?” I ask.

“I just had a minute long orgasm, you figure it out.”

I smile and kneeling before her with my dick ready to enter I ask, “You want to continue or should we wait a while?”

“You’re so sweet for asking, but I’m ready. Make love to me.”

While kneeling I pull her legs closer. From this position I can control myself better. I rub my dick in between her lips a few times to get it nice and wet. I then set it in front of her and slowly push forward. While doing this I watch her face closely for signs of discomfort. I see none and when I’m as deep as I can go, I lean forward. Our lips meet and part ways for our tongues. I slowly start undulating and stay as deep as possible while letting my pubic bone rub over her clit. While doing this she whispers, “This is so perfect.”

I lift my head to look at her, and when our eyes meet I see her having an orgasm with her eyes open. It’s a spectacular sight to see. Especially when I realize I’m the one causing it. This makes it a shared experience. When it fades she says, “I want to be on top for a while.”

I have no problem with this and we turn over. I’m lying flat on my back and she’s hovering over me. She continues the same motions as me, and I lift my legs a little so I can thrust up a little. I claw at her

back and she starts kissing and licking my chest and nipples. She then looks at me and says, “I hope you’re close cause I can’t take much more.”

I am, and a few thrusts later I release. During my intense few seconds I hear, “I feel you cumming in me, I, I….” and with that, her last orgasm of the weekend sets in. We hold on tight and ride out the pleasure wave.

After we’ve both calm down but with me still inside her, we look at each other and decide to finish our love making in a warm bath. Like the days before she’s in my arms, surrounded by warm water. Only this time we both know there will be many more baths and nights like these to follow.

The end.