Chance meeting with my ex, part 3

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 May 2011

The weekend is here and we have all the time in the world.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/chance-meeting-with-my-ex-part-3.aspx

This time it’s slow. Those first few seconds when you wake up and you don’t know where you are and which way is up. That all ends when I move my hands a little and I feel Nancy’s breasts. We fell asleep the same way as we did the night before only apparently, during the night my hands cupped her breasts. For a few minutes I do nothing but enjoy the position I’m in. Nice hotel, gorgeous woman in my arms and two nights in a row of amazing sex.

Nancy is still sleeping soundly. “I’ll soon change that,” I think to myself. I start by moving my hands into such a position where her nipples are in between my fingers. Then very softly, I start nibbling her neck and shoulder. After a few moments of that, the fingers that are around her nipples start to move. When I feel them getting harder, Nancy starts to stir.

“Mmmmm, good morning.”

“Even better than the last,” I reply.

I squeeze her closer to me while continuing my wake-up routine. There is no resistance from her; she’s putty in my hands. I kiss the arches of her neck, take her earlobe in my mouth and slowly suck.

When I kiss her cheek, she decides to get more actively involved in the love making and turns to face me. We exchange a soft ‘hi’, and begin to cares each other’s lips. There is no morning pleasure greater that waking up like this.

We turn in unison, so that I’m on my back, with her on top of me. My head resting on a stack of pillows, so my back is propped up. In between kisses I whisper, “I want you.”

“I want you to,” is her gentle reply.

She lifts her hips and our genitals make contact. While holding her breath, she eases onto me. When we’re merged, she lifts her body up and says, “just lie there, let me do this.”

With her hands on my chest, her hips start to make a circle motion. This erotic dance is amazing to see and feel. My dick is being swirled around inside her while her clit is grinding over my pubic bone. She then puts her hands forward and places them on the wall behind me. This gives me excellent access to her breasts, which are swaying with her. I reach for one and place the nipple in my mouth. I can still taste some of the massage oil from last night. I switch between breasts and pleasure them both. While doing so, I'm letting my nails scratch over her back.

The combined pleasure of all this makes that I lose control and cum. Nancy continues her dance and cums a few moments later. Exhausted from the morning exercise she falls down onto me. I wrap my arms around her and in this position we fall asleep again.

This time she wakes first. I soon fallow when I feel her licking my nipples. We share a look and she says, "You're still inside me and hard again."

She puts her hand to her pussy and feels my dick.

"Yep, hard again."

I then make a decision for the both of us. If we keep this pattern up, the room service maid is going to find us dehydrated on the bed. Nancy sitting on top of me when I lean forward put my arms around her and swing my legs off the bed. She makes a 'whoop' noise while I get up.

While still inside her I press her to the wall and explore her tongue with mine. Breaking the kiss I say "Let's take a shower and figure out what we're going to do today".

Holding on to her I walk to the bath room, letting her down just before we reach the shower cabin. We get in and let the water wash away our sex high.

"Why don't we go to my house and we'll take it from there," she says.

"An excellent idea, I'd love to see it."

Drying off as before I spend a little more time on her intimate parts, then the last morning.

"If you keep that up, I will throw you on the bed and we'll have to start all over again," she threatens.

Considering this for a moment I think better of it.

“You’re lucky I’m so damned hungry or you would have to make good on that threat.”

Getting dressed I ask “I don’t want to be presumptuous but, should I pack a bag for spending the night?”

“Unless you can live without your beauty products and a change of clothes, I think you better.”

“Damn, and here I am without any of my beauty products.”

Laughing, I pack my bag and we exit the room. In the hotel’s restaurant we enjoy breakfast, after which we walk to the parking lot where she parked her car.

“Have you seen much of the surrounding area?” she asks.

“On the flight in, sure. Other than that, the office where I work, the hotel, city square and a few restaurants.”

“Great! So this will be a treat, I get to show you around.”

Driving to her place she acts as both driver and tour guide, gabbing the whole way there. We arrive in a small hamlet and stop in front of a little house.

“Here we are, home sweet home.”

“It looks lovely.”

“Thank you.”

She opens the door and we walk into the living room. You can instantly tell a woman lives here. Still wearing the dress from last night she says, “Make yourself comfortable, I’m going to go change.”

I walk around, check out the kitchen and look out into her back yard. Lots of green with a few flowers in bloom. When she comes back, she’s wearing a different dress, this one a lot less revealing but still very nice.

“I don’t remember you wearing dresses this often.”

“It’s summer, nice weather outside, I think it’s appropriate.”

“I’m not complaining, you look fantastic.”

For that, I get a kiss.

She than takes me by the hand. “Time for a tour.”

I follow her upstairs. A bathroom with bath and shower, her bedroom and clothes closet. Which is, not to get to technical about it, a separate room.

“You have a very nice house.”

“Thank you. I was thinking we’d go for a walk, you game?”

“Sure, let’s go.”

We exit her house through the back yard and beyond it, a small iron gate. Walking for a mile or two, following a small river, you would hardly believe we just came from the city. It’s peaceful and with Nancy walking next to me, an exciting joy at the same time. We get to a small river inlet; she walks in front of me to a large tree.

“I come here often to read, sit down.”

I sit at the base of the tree; she sits down in front of me resting her back against my chest. I wrap my arms around her and kiss her neck. We stay like this for a while. I softly stroke her hair and let my hands glide over her body. She closes her eyes and rests the back of her head on my shoulder. I turn and we kiss. I feel her hand moving from my neck, down to my chest, below my waist. She feels me sticking out through the contours of my jeans.

“I was hoping to evoke that reaction,” she says with an impish smile on her face.

Turning, she puts her knees on either side of me.

“Feel me,” I’m ordered.

Happy to comply, my hands begin at her knees and move up, under her dress, to her bottom. Where one would usually feel the fabric of panties, now there’s only flesh. I move my hands forward where I begin to feel the hair of her bush. I dip my right hand under her and slip my middle finger in between her outer lips.

“You’re wet.”

“I can’t help it, from the moment I first saw you again, I’ve been horny.”

My middle finger moves to her inner lips and I insert a digit.

“You don’t have to help it, but I want to.”

“I was hoping you would say that.”

She reaches down, undoes my jeans, and skillfully handles my cock. It stands erect.

With hunger in her eyes she says, “I hope you don’t mind skipping the foreplay. Tonight I want a long session of love making; right now I just need this.”

I don’t need to reply, she moves forward then down and for the second time today I’m inside her.

This is not the sensual dance she performed this morning, she moves up and down on me at a reckless pace. Holding on to me tight, so she can get extra traction on her thrusts. She breaths into my ear “If you’re ready, just go, don’t wait for me”.

Shortly after, I obey. “I feel you cumming, that feels so gooddd.”

A long exhale from her, signals her own orgasm.

“The swelling of you dick while you cum, feels so good, thank you for this.”

“Are you kidding? I had just as much fun as you.”

In our throws of lust we did not take note of the weather. It had changed. Dark clouds where hanging over us. The birds had gone quiet. There was thunder in the air.

We get up and make our self’s decent.

“We better hurry if we don’t want to get soaked.”

Wiser words never spoken, but of course to late. It starts pouring down. We run towards her house, but in two miles of running we are drenched long before we reach the iron gate of her garden.

We step inside and even though it’s still quite warm, Nancy is shivering. She stands there like soaked cat. I undress myself right there in her kitchen. When I’m naked I attend to her. When all of our clothes are shed, I pick her up in my arms and carry her to the bathroom. There I sit in the bath, lay her on top of me and start the water.

Moments later we are soaking in a nice warm bath. Through the sky light in her bathroom I can see and hear the rain crashing down. Loud thunder strikes cause Nancy to twitch in my arms. I kiss her on the forehead and squeeze her tight.

“Thank you,” she says in a small mousy voice.

When the storm dies down, we get up out of the bath. Without arousing each other to much we dry off. I then remember I forgot my bag in her car. I ask Nancy to get it for me when she’s dressed. A fiendish look comes over her and she declines.

“Wear this,” and throws me a robe.

I can get my arms through it, but it won’t close in the front.

“Good, now I have something to look at.”

“You are horny, aren’t you?”

Smiling, she goes downstairs.

“I’ll fix dinner, you go watch TV.” In the robe, I sit down on the couch and flip on the tube. I watch the news, after which I zap around the channels. Emanating from the kitchen is a wonderful smell.

“What are you making?”

“Chicken and baked potatoes.”

“Smells good!”

She moves around the house a bit, goes upstairs, and when she comes back I ask, “Any chance of getting my clothes?”

“Nope, you haven’t earned them yet. Dinner is in five minutes.”

I’m invited to the dinner table. This is placed on the edge of the kitchen and living room. She’s already sitting down, her view on the couch. I get up, and walk toward her and dinner.

I’m greeted with a cheer.

“Hey there sexy!”

Dinner is very good, I compliment her, as a reward she says, she wants to see a naked man do the dishes. I laugh it all off. “I’ll get her later,” I think.

After dinner I am disrobed and much to her delight, we do the dishes together.

“You are having way too much fun with this,” I say, half kidding.

When we’re almost done she hangs up the dish towel and says, “You finish up, then come upstairs for your desert.”

I finish quickly and go upstairs. I find the bedroom door closed. When I knock I hear, “enter.”

I open the door and find Nancy lying on her back, naked. Her breasts are covered in whip cream.

“Come get your desert, lover boy.”

I straddle her while she’s giggling at what she’s done. My tongue starts at her midriff and move up. I lick up some of the cream.

“Excellent desert, you must give me the recipe. Would you like some?”

“Yes please.”

I put my mouth over where I think her left nipple must be and gulp up a large amount of cream. I then move to her mouth an kiss her. The whip cream flows between our tongues.

“Mmm,..yummy,” she says.

Then I decide it’s time for a little payback. Instead of continuing to lick off the cream, I simply lower myself on to her. The cream is squished in between our naked bodies. At first there is a slight expression of shock on her face, but then we both break out laughing. After rolling around a bit, she suggests we better clean ourselves up a bit. She removes the towels, she had wisely put on the bed

and we head for the shower.

In the shower we giggle, while the whip cream flows off our bodies. But when our eyes meet, the smiles fade. We grab a hold of one another and start to passionately make out. It’s a mess of hands, water, lips, tongues and nails. I kneel in front of her, lift her up a bit and start to massage her pussy with my tongue. She’s already very wet, and not just from the water. I set her back down come up and our tongues meet. She then moves down to her knees, and blows me. Her technique is fantastic. Moments later I’m rock hard. I pull her up; we stop the water and dry each other off. This proves to be a process neither of us wants to make time for right now. Half wet from the shower and all wet from everything else, I pick her up and take her to bed.

Arriving, we waste no time. I lie her down and climb on top of her. Her legs spread with eager anticipation. Like slipping into a velvet glove we come together. She puts her arms around me and digs her nails into my back. I find this encouraging and set a pace which can only be described as rampant. Having had two orgasms already today, it will take some doing before the third is ready to present itself. Harder and faster I drive into her. There is no discernible breathing pattern to be found in Nancy.

Our minds are gone and all that remains are these two lustful beings, ravaging one another. I sit on my knees and rise up. Pulling at her legs to get her in deeper. We are both lost in lust. She raises her legs; I put them over my shoulder and continue to thrust.

After one of her orgasms, I use her raised legs to turn her on her stomach. In doing so, our pleasure centers loose contact. This makes her turn faster, and in complete requirement of my wishes, she kneels in front of me.

I thrust forward, grab her hair and pull her towards me. Further we ride. With all my sense being pleasured to their most extreme, I feel my orgasm building. The sight of my dick moving in and out of her, as well as her arched back and her hair pulled to me by my hand. The smell of sex in the room. The sound of her moaning. The feeling of my skin on hers and mostly the feeling of her contracting vagina walls around my dick. All this adds up to a devastating orgasm. I feel it coming up from my toes and shooting into her like a jetstream.

When I’m done I feel her body going limp. I let go of her hair and she falls to the mattress. I see a little squirt of liquid coming out of her pussy. I fall down next to her. Unlike the previous times we don’t embrace or try to reinsert. We just lie next to each other in the same positions as we fell, trying to catch our breath.

This was not love-making, this was lustful fucking. Who knew, that after the day we had, we both still

wanted this. Nancy is lying on her side facing away from me. I pull off the cover from the bed, wrap myself around her and pull the bed cover over us both. No words are exchanged, just sighs and slight moans of pleasure. We’re spooning again. And the way we fell after our lust filled deed, is the way we fall asleep.