cyber lovers

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the first planned meeting

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This would be her first meeting with him; she had never met him before but had talked to him several times in the past on the phone. She'd seen his pictures and knew that she would probably like him. His voice captivated her and she approved of his looks, she hadn't actually seen him naked, but what she had seen was very nice.

The plan was for him to come round to her house, it would be easier for both of them.

She had two hours to get ready and she wanted to look her best. She ran the bath and poured the bubble bath into it. She took off her robe and stood in front of the full length mirror, she knew she looked good for her age. Her breasts were full and her nipples proud, she had a good figure and she knew he would like it. She didn't like hair down there so was pleased that she had shaved, it looked so much better and she loved to feel the warmth of a man's tongue on that sensitive button.

She stepped into the bath, enjoying the warmth of the soapy water as she sat down, it washed over her body and made her feel good. She thought about what she should wear for her meeting, she knew he loved stockings and she would wear the thong that she had purchased from the Ann Summers shop, together with the bra that uplifted her breasts.

And a white blouse and black skirt to finish off. She smiled to herself as she picked up the sponge and soaped her breasts.

She could feel her nipples hardening beneath the sponge and she looked down to touch them with her fingers. They grew even bigger under her fingertips and a familiar urge passed over her body.

She picked up the sponge again and soaped the rest of her body, and spending a little more time with the sponge on her pussy.

Standing up, she reached for the warm towel on the radiator; it was big and fluffy and felt good against her skin. She dried herself gently and stepped in front of the mirror. Letting the towel drop, she applied her make up, and dabbing her perfume in various places on her body.

Her clothes were laid out on the bed, and she sat down to put on the suspenders and stockings, next came the thong which barely covered anything, before putting on the black skirt. She stood up and put on her bra, before turning to the mirror and adjusting the straps. The blouse came next and she left the top two buttons undone, then applied her lipstick. She slipped on her high heels and admired herself in the mirror. She smiled and thought that she would do nicely.

She walked into the lounge and poured 2 glasses of chilled wine and put on some soft music, it was at that moment that the doorbell rang, her heart leapt into her mouth, it was him.

She opened the door, and he stood there in a shirt and jeans, He stood six feet tall with black hair and brown eyes, she thought he was handsome as her eyes scanned him from head to toe. He smiled and said hello, his voice sounded exactly as it did over the phone.

She invited him in and he sat down on the sofa, she handed him a glass of wine and sat in the chair opposite, His eyes wandered to her legs as she crossed them, he could see the tops of her stockings and maybe a little bit more and his heart beat faster. He sipped his wine and they made small talk, just getting to know each other.

She got up and sat next to him, their shoulders touching. He looked at her and their lips touched for the first time, their lips brushed and as her lips parted, his tongue probed into her mouth, and she took it hungrily as their tongues entwined. He held her head as he kissed her passionately and she responded.

She took his hand and stood up, smiling at him she led him into the bedroom. They stood in front of each other and she stood on tip toes to kiss him, he kissed her neck and shoulders as he placed his hands around her tight bum, she put her arms around him and held him, feeling his arousal. He stepped back and smiled at her, bringing his hands up to her blouse and feeling for the buttons, slowly he undid them one by one as he looked at her face. Her hands did the same, reaching for his shirt buttons, and with trembling fingers slowly undid each button. His chest was smooth and muscular as his shirt fell open and he finished unbuttoning her blouse, the lacy bra accentuated her breasts as they heaved beneath. They kissed again, feeling for each other, wanting more.

Her breasts pressed against his chest as he undid her bra, he eased it off her shoulders and the soft flesh pressed once again to his chest. He undid the buttons of her skirt and slid the zip down, easing it over her hips, it fell to the ground and she stepped out of it. She was a magnificent sight and her fingers reached for his zip. She undid it and pulled them over his hips, he eased his grip on her and she pulled the jeans down, he wasn't wearing any underwear and his manhood sprang out in front of her. She giggled, partly because she was nervous. As she bent down to take off his jeans, her cheek brushed past his penis and she was shocked to feel how hot it was. She stood up and he pulled his jeans off. They pressed together and she could feel him in her stomach. He was naked but she still had on her suspenders and stockings together with her thong. He hooked his thumbs into it and pulled down, he knelt in front of her as he pulled them down and his eyes took in her womanhood. He leaned forward and kissed her there; she grabbed his head and moaned, as his tongue felt for her moist treasure. It touched her and her legs nearly gave way, she opened them slightly as his tongue probed and licked, he tasted her wetness and probed deeper. She grabbed his hair tighter, pulling him closer into her and he continued. She tasted sweet, as only a woman can taste and he savoured every moment.

He pulled away and picked her up, carrying her to the bed. He lay her down and kissed her neck and shoulders, feeling for her hardened nipples with his hands, his mouth moved down taking one in his mouth as he pulled on the other. She reached down to him, feeling his hardness and wanting him. He moved above her and lifted her legs up to her breasts, feeling the stockings beneath his fingers, she felt exposed, but waited in anticipation. She felt him as he knelt before her, and she looked down, it stood proud before her and as he leaned forward she felt its head as it touched her moist lips, he eased himself into her and she felt him, it was slow and he didn't hurt her. She was wet for him as he penetrated her deeply, the long slow strokes continued and she savoured him. That feeling was just beginning to start, deep in her belly, making her tingle as he rubbed her special spot with his hardness. She grasped his bum, willing him to speed up, pulling him into her, but still he continued at that pace, she wanted more, driving her hips into his, but still he carried on with his pace. She'd had enough; she pulled him over onto his back and straddled him, pushing herself down on him. Now she could go at her pace, she rubbed her little button on her groin and she speeded up, she put her hands on his chest and he pulled her nipples. She rode him hard, wanting that first orgasm so badly. Then it came, shooting through her body and she cried out, but she didn't stop there, carrying on, gaining momentum as her second orgasm built, he grabbed her bum and inserted a finger, and it sent her wild with lust and passion. She came quickly a second time and the third one followed soon after. She felt him on that third time, his penis seemed to grow and stiffen even more, it seemed deeper than ever and she felt the pulse of his sperm as it travelled that short distance up his shaft to explode deep in her. Then she collapsed on his chest, pressing herself into him, kissing him and laying her head on his chest.