Do Over

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Nov 2012

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Old college sweethearts get to go back and enjoy each other again....

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/do-over-1.aspx

The breeze had a freshness to it, like spring was coming. It was still too early for spring yet on the mid-March morning. She added closing the window to her list. She was scrambling around her house trying to get everything she needed into the suitcases that she had chosen for her trip. She was a bit of a list person - she had a list for what suitcases to take, and then a list of what went in each one. She thought it kept her organized. She thought she had everything she needed, then she remembered to toss in the box of condoms. Running her hand through her hair with a loud sigh, she sat on the bed to check her lists; everything seemed to be in order, she was ready to go!

Her cab waited outside the next morning at 6am. She had phoned a well-known cab company to request it the night before. She double-checked her lists, then looked at the list of things to do at the airport. She was nervous, her hand was shaking, visibly vibrating on its own accord as it held the piece of paper. She handed the last suitcase to the cabby, tucked her list inside her purse then closed and locked the door. Carefully walking down the stairs so she didn’t trip, she climbed into the cab and let him know that the destination was in fact the airport departure drop off.

The cab driver made small talk on the way but managed to get her there in a decent amount of time. He explained that he will get her a luggage cart and meet her at the trunk of the cab to help her with the bags. She is grateful for the help, waits patiently for him to return, then tips him nicely for his efforts as she turns her attention to finding the ticket counter.

Ah there it was - Delta Airlines... perfect. She went to the end of the line, thankful that she hadn't packed as much as some of the people standing with her. She pushed forward until she got to the person at the counter - an attractive attendant, and cheery too. They small talked while the baggage went through; anxious to get it done, she couldn't help but tap her foot.

Finally the attendant said, "Thank you, have a wonderful trip," as she handed her the boarding passes.

She decided to use the restroom to make sure she was good for the plane ride; those small cramped restrooms were not pleasant to use. She tried to avoid them unless really necessary. Returning her thoughts to finding a restroom she followed the signs, used the toilet then washed her hands. She picked at her hair, then tidied the makeup and continued back to the security line.

She stretched, took out her boarding passes to show the guard and placed everything on the belt down through the x ray machine. She chuckled as she saw the screen that they see, noticing that she may have overdone how many condoms she threw in. She went through the scanner, gathered her things, thanked the nice people that did their jobs and continued on to find her departure gate. She reached the gate, found a chair, got out her book and tried to take her mind off the trip by reading.

An hour later they announced the boarding call; she placed her book in her bag, put it and her purse on her shoulder, and had her boarding pass in hand with ID ready to go. She walked toward the gate, accepted the ticket stub and ID back from the attendant, strolled to the plane door, found her seat and sat down.

Her purse and bag fit nicely under the seat. She buckled her seat belt then waited for everyone else to get seated and be on their way. It finally dawned on her then - she was really doing it ... her thoughts got interrupted when an elderly lady sat next to her, jostling everything as she attempted to get comfortable. She helped the lady get her bags under her seat, retrieved a blanket to cover her and then settled back in herself.

When the plane was in the air, the lady jabbed her with an elbow, apologized and struggled with her seat belt. Inching closer to her window she smiled at the lady then closed her eyes, escaping back to her own thoughts. She felt a tap on her shoulder - the lady was trying to get her attention. Sitting up slightly to look at the lady, she saw the lady was quite comfortable but not at all interested in resting. Avoiding eye contact to seem distracted, she talked to the lady a bit, small talk mostly.

Until the lady asked the question, "Why are you traveling?" in a tiny frail voice.

Not wanting to be rude but not wanting to explain the whole situation she just merely stated, "I am going to visit some old friends."

The lady seemed content with that answer and closed her eyes, patting her hand gently as she whispers a final, "Good for you deary, good for you." She drifted off to sleep almost instantly.

Relieved that the lady had left her alone, she sat with her head tilted against the window, thinking of the real reason she was on her way to her hometown. A smile pulled at her lips as memories came

back full force. Her thoughts drifted to naughty images when they used to spend days in bed, playing with one another using blindfolds and toys.

Coughing gently towards the elderly woman she looked at her and softly said “Excuse me ma’am I need to go to the bathroom.”

Once she safely closed the door to the bathroom, the click of the lock brought up the occupied sign. She sat down on the closed lid of the small toilet, one leg up on the edge of the sink for leverage, and then moved her hand under her skirt. She was thankful that she wore the small bikini panties today as her finger fumbled into the side of them where it found her wetness. She moved around her folds before dipping two fingers inside herself; she moaned gently into the small room.

Not sure she was quiet enough she paused long enough to listen for someone outside the door. When she figured it was clear, she went back to inserting her fingers in and out of her sopping pussy. Her eyes closed thinking of how their weekends would be filled with sex - intimacy off-the-charts and totally wild.

The man had captured her heart, taken her body and still had such a hard grip that her fingers were now moving faster and harder in and out of the wetness. She heard sloshing noises as they moved to her clit, pinching and rubbing. Her orgasm was close. With her leg braced up against the sink she was shaking, and her body tensed when she brought her other hand in to help. One rubbed her clit and the other fucked her pussy with her own two fingers until her climax made the world sparkle and she felt an eruption. Sighing out loud as her view returned to normal, she slowly brought her leg back to touch the floor. Then she stood up, washed her hands and returned to her seat, smiling as she sat down because she felt so amazingly better.

A little while later, still deep in her own what ifs, what might have beens and finally the what might be, she realized the plane was landing. She was home. Her heart suddenly felt warm, at ease - that moment when she knew everything would work out, and the past wasn't as important. The now would be as it should be and she waited to deplane.

The biggest grin flashed across her face – an almost giddy feeling she had as she stepped off the plane and took a deep breath of that sweet smell of ocean air mixed with the fresh breeze. Pausing to take it all in, like a wave washing over her, her demeanor was completely calm and excited. She edged down the stairs, briskly walking inside the terminal to get her bags. She saw that bags were already beginning to descend down the conveyor belt. She picked up her pace to get there and see if hers had already dropped down.

Watching as the bags passed, looking beyond what was in front of her she doesn't notice him

approach her from behind with two arms that wrapped around her and squeezed tight.

She gasped as he bent his head to say in her ear, "It's good to see you, love. How was the flight?"

"It was okay. I thought that I was going to take a cab to your place?" she looked at him inquisitively.

He chuckled out, "Was that the plan? I thought I was to meet you here and keep kissing you here, and here...." slyly kissing her neck in a couple places.

She laughed while she pushed away to grab the bag coming around. He leapt forward to grab it first. He made sure it’s hers with a tilt of his head, eyebrow raise included. She couldn't help but look carefully as she followed the ripple of his hard muscles pulled tight from his neck, across his shoulders, down to his biceps, across his chest and then on to his ass. He still looked pretty incredible for the 35 years he was. She nodded as he lifted the bag off and set it on the floor. Yep that was her bag but more importantly, he used to be her man.

Wow that thought crept into her mind before she had a chance to stop it. It sounded as though she was possessive. She wasn't at all, but she did remember the times when this man was everything to her. Everything she ever wanted, yet could never say she was glad she had. They had recently reconnected through an online site where old classmates could find each other.

They started talking again, catching up on the 10 years they missed of each other’s lives and discussing old times they had shared. It was as though the 10 years had not gone by, and their bond was still strong. During a couple of their late night conversations it came to light that there were some things they missed about being together, things they even regretted about how they ended. Many months had gone by and their daily conversations became more and more with text messages in between. They couldn't get enough of each other.

Here she was, after all the communication and she was frozen where she stood. Staring at him, wanting him yet not knowing what to do with the moment. She drifted off to another place, sexually imagining all the things they used to do. His hands on her body, the way his callouses would rake against her flesh, hitting the sweet spots to arouse her. She wondered where their sex play would take them this time, or if it would.

He jarred her out of her daydream as his hand caressed her cheek. He took his palm, and gently ran his fingers along her cheekbone, his thumb brushing along her luscious lips.

He leaned in, his arms moving around her; pulling her body into his, he bent his head. His lips gently touched hers at first. Their kiss graduated from brushing tongue strokes against each other to hard

dueling against one another. His tongue took over and snaked out, her lips parting to accept it willingly. She swam in the feeling of their tongues stroking, bodies pressed together, giving him control of their spit-swapping duel.

The kiss continued for a long time, until she opened her eyes slowly, looking in the direction of the baggage claim to notice that there were a few people staring at them. Quickly she broke their kiss and tried to adjust herself by ironing out her shirt with her hands. Her lips were swollen, her nipples were peaked to perfect hardness, and her inner thighs slightly dampened from the building moisture.

She smiled as she nudged him with her elbow, leaning up to speak so only he could hear. "I do believe that people are staring at us!"

“ Yes love, they are looking at us because you are the most beautiful woman here and you are kissing me” he said happily while looking around at the people.

Her eyes darted beyond him to the couple that was smiling and pointing. A bit nervous, she backed away attempting to writhe out of his arms. The attempt was futile as he bent to her ear and whispered “I will let you get away for now but know one thing for sure, as soon as I have you alone you will be naked and begging, for days.”

Gulping hard, she felt beads of perspiration slither between her breasts. She moved to grab the last of her suitcases and returned to stand beside him, fully aware that the whole time his eyes traveled over her, desire more than apparent across the smoky grayness of his eyes. He chuckled as he saw her gulp again and rub the muscle in the back of her neck, knowing full well that his watching had an effect on her; it always had. Some things just couldn't change no matter how much time had passed. The chemistry and sparks between them were still electrifying like fireworks lighting up the night sky just being close together.

Her fingers twisted in her hair as she announced, “Okay that's the last of them, we can go when you’re ready.”

He winked with a smirk as his all-male slightly-aroused tone came out in a hushed voice “Oh love, you will go off, when and only when I tell you..... oh wait you mean you are ready to leave the airport…oh let's go then.”

She knew he did that on purpose and avoided the temptation to hit the man for his comment. Her cheeks were red and her head down as they began to walk out the doors to the vehicle. She watched her suitcase roll in front of her as a guide to the direction they were going. She saw many cars go by walking down the aisle until he stopped next to a black vehicle. Sure that the blush must be gone by

now she looked up to him and then inspected the car. Black sedan, modest but sporty-looking with tinted windows and a bumper sticker that showed his support for a football team.

The trunk popped open and he placed all the bags inside the deep pocket of the car, when she realized that she needed her purse from one of the bags. Seeing the one to attack ahead of time she bent to almost climb inside the deepness to open the zipper and rummage around for it.

Finding it she pulled it out but stopped suddenly when she felt his body pressed behind hers. No space between them, she felt his thighs tightly pressed to hers and his hard cock pressed into her ass. Wiggling slightly to pretend she was struggling got him to move back and a firm smack replaced where his pelvis was against her.

Squeaking and jumping upright quickly, her head hit the edge of the trunk lid, she glared at him, “What was that for? Either you were happy to see me or you keep rolls of quarters in your pocket.”

“ The spank was for the wiggle that was not at all necessary but I enjoyed both the wiggle and the smack, I better get you home before I take you bent over that trunk right here for all to see.”

Again the heat in her body had risen to considerable amounts as she hurried to the front seat of the car, pulled on the door and jumped in. He joined her in the driver seat and started the car, both of them almost panting from hunger for each other. They made small talk and subtle flirts as they drove to his house, but her mind couldn't help but reel at the fact that she was staying with him instead of a hotel. Yes, after all these years she still trusted the man, but at HIS house?

It was too late now as they drove up the long windy driveway to his house. At first she saw the 3-door garage, and she wondered why he would need so many, then her eyes moved to the guest house sitting atop them and then over to what looked like an enormous house. Wow, when he had said he had enough room he wasn’t kidding.

“ Um, how many bedrooms and bathrooms is it that you have exactly?” her eyes wide with surprise as she whispered the question.

“ Well the guest house has two and that is where the gardener and his small family live, then the main house has 5 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms, but love, you need worry about only one room. I will not have you stay in any room but mine, I plan to have you all the time and therefore you have to stay close.” his voice matter of fact but still gruff with arousal.

She was shocked at his response, but she knew that arguing with him would be pointless. She just nodded and kept her head down staring at her clasped hands in her lap. This was going to be the

best week ever, but she was worried about wanting to return to her life after living in this fantasy. The man still had charm, wit and rough bad boy looks with some business suave thrown in. He had her body wanting him, her mind using all of its hamster wheels, and she was damn sure that if he didn't reach out and touch her again soon she may just die.

She was startled that he was opening her door and his hand reached in to hers. She got out and was instantly thrown into his arms. They just stood there a minute in an embrace. The world disappeared and she felt that comfortable easiness wash over her.

Yes this was going to be one hell of a week. She could hardly wait to get inside the house and have him kiss her, touch her, lick her and anything else he wanted to do to her. Breaking the embrace, she grabbed his hand and practically ran into the house with him. She slowed impatiently while he unlocked the door.

He pushed the door open forcefully and it crashed into the wall. She giggled knowing he was just as impatient as she was and ran into the flung open door. Reaching the stairs she wiggled and pulled on her shirt in unison, crawling it up and over her shoulder blades as it moved effortlessly over her head and off to the floor. Ascending up the steps she shed each item of clothing she had on and froze at the top, realizing she has no idea where his room was or if he even wanted to take her to his room. Frozen in place she thought a million things wishing for his guidance.

His rough voice was directly behind her as he chuckled and whispered “To the left and straight ahead, the one with the posts to tie you to is mine.”

Shivers running up her spine she gulped and headed in that direction as she heard him call after her, “Um, lover when you get to the bed I expect you to merely sit on the edge, I will meet you there.”

Time seemed to slowly tick away as if they were in slow motion when he appeared in the doorway, his body already naked, his more than adequate cock standing at attention. Her breath hitched in her chest as she gulped for air. The way he looked, not chiseled but athletic and not perfect with a few scars and wrinkles that he had gotten over time, stirred her. She closed her eyes to regain her composure as she heard his footsteps move closer to where she sat as instructed. She had taken the liberty to cross her legs so as not to let any of her juices trickle onto the bed.

When his hand reached out to caress her cheek she exhaled, as a shiver again ran up her spine, her head tilting up to look up at him. The fire in her core, the ignition between their eyes created an almost instant spark in the space between them. But at that moment there was no world around them; it was only the two of them, their eyes locked on each other and their souls embracing. It was so right, so comfortable.

Closing her eyes, her heart soared while her mind got lost in clouded bliss. She felt his hand run from her cheek down to her lips and softly trace each lip in its own detail with his soft fingertips. Trailing further down her neck to her chest it glided over her left breast and stopped at her nipple, tweaking it gently at first then harder. Inhaling sharply she squirmed as his other hand joined the assault and pinched the other nipple. Pinch, hold, release on both sides in unison caused her breath to come in short fast spurts as the continuous efforts caused her to moan and squeak. Her legs automatically uncrossed, her hands held onto the bed for strength as her pelvis clenched with each sharp pain the pinch of her nipples caused.

Her senses were on overload, her body was shuddering with need and want. She looked up at him again to see his intense gaze reading her movements. Her reaction fueled him onward to her mid-section. Her eyes pleaded for more, she whispered “Please” simply.

He chuckled and pushed her backward gently with a simple reply “I thought you would never ask!”

He climbed upon her newly adjusted spread out body, growling like a tiger as he stalked all the way to her neck and nuzzled in to bite her quickly. He took her skin between his teeth and she squealed with pleasure and delight at the goosebumps he left along her skin where he had brushed. Excitement slammed into her as his cock lowered over her clit and ground into it.

She lifted her hips to try sliding him into her. He shook his head and lowered his lips to hers, parting her lips as his tongue went in to wrestle with hers. Growling again as his cock still rubbed her clit, her tongue entwined and pushing around her mouth with his. He pulled his head up and broke the kiss.

She whined in reaction and again begged “Please” in a low hushed tone.

He responded with another kiss and she felt his cock pressing against her drenched pussy, parting her lips as it forged on. Her moans of encouragement egging him on, he had no more restraint and lost himself as he plunged, balls deep into her tight wet cavern. Feeling his tip pushing against her womb he stopped dead to look at her.

Her mind was with him in thought as she whispered “The pill” and lifted her hips up to slowly work her pussy over his cock.

Pushing it inside her as deep as it could go, clenching tightly around him, she thrusted into him again and again. He growled close to her ear, “Stop or I will cum way too soon.”

She giggled and launched her hips up and inward, then with a squeak she felt her hips pinned to the

mattress, his cock again outside of her now desolate pussy. She paused all movement and looked at him incredulously, wanting him back inside her. He smiled and lowered himself ever so slowly back so that inch by inch she was again grabbing him balls deep inside her cunt. Her only thoughts were getting his dick to spurt warm hot liquid inside her as she exploded all over him, the pure satisfaction of their bodies moving together in harmony as their sexes collided in pure bliss.

She felt her body grow tense and get close to the edge, but couldn't go over. Just as she was about to give up, he reached between them and pinched her clit. Her eyes rolled back into her head, her thoughts scattered and spots floated in the darkness as her body came down from what can only be described as an internal earthquake. She smiled gleefully to be with her one true love.

She began to participate again, feeling every tiny prickle of her walls come to life with each rocking of their hips, his cock causing sensations in her surface, his cock swelling to impossible size. As he got close, she worked harder, moving her clenched wet cunt over his cock until he moaned loudly and grabbed her ass, plunging once more deep into her, his tip buried so close to her womb she felt each surge of his seed hit.

He collapsed on top of her with the biggest grin as he stated the fact “That was just to get the sexual tension out of the way, now let's start with the good stuff.”

He rolled over to caress her skin as they both laughed into the echoes of the room.