

The Affair, part the second

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Our two Lushies continue their Evening

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-affair-part-the-second.aspx>

Our hapless couple had met in a hotel and things were just getting exciting when the fire alarm started sounding.....

The ringing of the fire alarm was joined by another ringing sound... the bedside 'phone. Extricating myself from between her legs, I sat on the edge of the bed to answer it; it was hotel reception informing us that there was a fire in the kitchen, and that the hotel had to be evacuated, and adding as a final reminder not to use the lifts.

Replacing the receiver, I turned to inform her of developments, and was shocked to see her putting on my clothes! The only other time I'd seen a female cross dresser was when my wife woke up in a bad mood, and angrily put her clothes on!

"What the fuck....?" I asked,

"My husband is a fire-fighter, and although he's not on shift, the boys from his station may attend, and I can't have them recognising me!" she answered.

I must admit, she looked better in my jeans than I did, but that didn't help me much... there was no way that I was going to wear her dress, besides which, I had no idea how to put a suspender belt on, only how to take them off.

Going to my bag, I rummaged around and found some work clothes to put on, dressed, and together we got ready to leave the room.

"Wait", she said, "I'm still recognisable... I need more of a disguise."

Rummaging further in my bag, I found my woolly work hat, which she pulled down on her head, tucking her blonde hair into it so that she resembled a Rastafarian, then looked across at me.

“Give me your glasses,” she pleaded

Taking off my glasses, I handed them to her. After removing them from the plant that I’d mistaken for her in my short sightedness, she put them on, and asked how she looked.

“Haven’t a clue... I can’t see a bloody thing!” was my hopeless reply

“Shit, nor can I,” she replied, “It’s the blind leading the blind.”

Taking her hand, we exited the room and made our way down the corridor to the stairwell. Pushing open the door, I pulled her through it.

Removing ourselves from the cleaner’s cupboard, we tried the next door, which fortunately was the stairs. As we made our way down, I regretted having been given a room so high up the hotel, as 25 years of smoking 20 a day began to have its effect on me.

Eventually I wheezed my way to the exit, and we made our way to the fire assembly point in the car park, joining the other hotel residents milling around... personally I wouldn’t have thought it was the appropriate time for a boxing match, but they evidently did.

Being the gallant gentleman I am, I made my way over to my van to fetch a coat that I had in there; a bright yellow high visibility coat; hardly the most inconspicuous outer wear for someone who didn’t want to be seen, but at least it was warm.

Once I returned with the coat, she put it on, and turned to give me a kiss for my efforts; our gentle kiss got more passionate as, ignoring the people around us, we once again explored each others mouths.

I became aware of tutting near by, and heard mutters of “Shouldn’t be allowed, two men kissing in public.” Turning to see who they were referring to, I realised they were referring to us, as she now resembled a typical workman... all that was missing was the crack of her arse poking out of her jeans!

Soon the hotel management informed us that the fire brigade had declared a false alarm, and that we were free to return to our rooms. I thought that my encounter was probably at an end after all that had happened, but she could hardly return to her husband dressed as she was, so she had no choice but to return inside the hotel with me.

This time, taking the lift up to my floor, we were not alone, and were crushed together by the throng of people all making their way to their respective floors... I was pressed with my back to a wine waiter;

at least I assume that was a corkscrew in his pocket that was pressing against my arse.

Finally we arrived back at my floor, and made it back into the room without further mishap. Once inside the room, she wasted no time in stripping out of my clothes. I expected her to put her own clothes on and leave, but she had other ideas. Lying back naked on the bed, she spread her legs wide, reminding me that I had unfinished business.

I needed no second bidding, and stripped out of all my clothes faster than you can say "I stripped out of all my clothes". I was just about to join her on the bed when there was a knock at the door.

Opening the door, there stood my "friend" from the lift, holding an ice bucket, a bottle of wine, and 2 glasses, courtesy of the management for any inconvenience caused. I declined his offer of bringing it into the room... aware that my own nakedness was enough, let alone letting him see her spread all over the bed, so took the proffered gifts, and bade him a good night.

Placing the wine and cooler on the side, an idea popped into my head. Taking an ice cube from the cooler, I returned to the bed, and gently started tracing it down her neck, watching her shudder as the ice froze the skin it made contact with, melting to leave a trail behind as I moved it down further, between her breasts, and then to slowly circle each nipple.

Tracing around her nipples with the ice cube, I teased them both, never allowing the cube to touch her ever stiffening nipples until I finally relented, and rubbed it all over the stiff buds of her nipples, hearing her gasps and sighs of pleasure.

By now the cube had all but melted, so I put the last of it in my mouth, and started sucking on her hard nipples, alternating between them, gently biting and tugging at them, my hot breath exciting them more after the ice cold water.

"I want your Cock," she panted, sitting slightly so that my mouth was drawn away from her tits. With that she reached for my hard cock, stroking her elegant hands up and down its length, cupping then tickling my balls as she slowly wanked me.

Bending down, she lowered her mouth to the tip of my cock, her tongue circling around its circumcised head, before she poked the tip of her tongue into the opening at the end of my cock. Opening her lips slightly (she didn't need to open very wide), she slid her mouth down the length of my shaft, cupping my balls with her hand as she slowly started bobbing her head up and down, flicking the tip of my bell end as she sucked.

It didn't take long before I felt the cum rising, and reluctantly I had to withdraw from her mouth, as I

wanted to fuck that sweet cunt that I had got to know so intimately with my tongue and fingers.

Positioning myself behind her as she knelt, I guided myself into her warm, wet pussy, feeling her tightness grip me as I gently eased myself into her until my entire length was inside her.

Withdrawing until just the tip was inside her, I thrust forward, burying myself deep into her wet cunt, and stayed there feeling her contract her pussy muscles around my dick, trying to milk the cum from me.

Looking across at the ice bucket gave me an idea, and I grabbed another ice cube. Still with my cock buried deep inside her, I began rubbing the cube over her tight arse, the sudden coldness making her shiver, and contract involuntarily, heightening the pleasure I was feeling inside her cunt.

As I began slowly sliding my cock out and back into her, I began pushing the cube into her tight arse, the melting ice helping its passage, until it plopped inside her, followed by my finger.

I could feel myself about to cum as the spasming of her invaded arsehole was transferred through her pussy to my cock, and with a satisfied sigh, I started squirting my cum inside her, at the same time feeling her start to orgasm, her pussy clenching my cock as we both came together.

Leaning forward, I kissed her neck as we both came down from our mutual climax, and gently eased my finger and cock from inside her... leaving the melting ice cube inside her as a little souvenir.

As we relaxed on the bed together, she suddenly noticed the time, and hurriedly dressed, as I lay smoking the pre-requisite post-coital cigarette. Scribbling a little note, she kissed me, opened the door, and was gone!

Reading her note brought a surprised expression to my face:-

“Thanks for a great evening... by the way, my husband isn't really a fire fighter, he's a wine waiter at this hotel...xx”