Lucy

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A drunken night with a work colleague ends with a sexy twist

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'*Just kiss her!'* I screamed at myself.

She was still talking quite seriously about work, but I had completely zoned out by now. My entire world conscious and subconscious, limited though either was under this heavy an alcohol influence, was trained entirely on thoughts of her. Thoughts I knew I should not be having.

I tried to listen to her and nod along, offer what might seem like a reasonable contribution to the conversation, but all I could do was be hypnotized by the movement of her lips and stunned by her gaze. I could see the bare flesh of her exposed thighs and it both tempted and scared me at the same time. How did it get to this point?

In short, I had practically fallen for her the first time I met her. And the more time we had spent together, the more I felt drawn to her. I had started to think about her at home, pathetically reminiscing to myself the playful office banter we shared and fantasizing about her as if I ever would have the chance to be with her. It had gone beyond friendship now, I had become besotted with her, almost overcome with desire. I'm old enough to know better, to not be suckered so childishly into falling for someone I can't have but she just seemed to have an appeal I couldn't resist.

She was, in essence a walking, talking stereotype of a 1980's office clerk. Like a real life Lois Lane she put on her professional look for work. Her deep dark eyes, enlarged by her intelligent use of makeup, were hidden behind her glasses in the office. Her long dark hair always tied up, her shoes always flat and her dress sense always conservative. Yet outside of work she beamed a huge smile, her true beauty unleashed on the world and her perfect features enhanced by the freedom to look and feel how she wanted. She was a little younger than me, yet wittier and somehow more streetwise, able to conceal her emotions and keep her cool no matter how much I baited her. I had to tread carefully, we enjoyed a good working relationship which I couldn't risk spoiling and I had wanted to be more sure that she felt the same about me before I made any kind of pass at her, but I'd left signs for her to decipher. And I'd read signs from her that I'd interpreted as reciprocation. That night I was too drunk to care about subtlety and tact. My longing for her was boiling over. It was happening

then. I had to tell her how she made me feel.

We had been at a birthday party for a colleague; both got a little worse for wear and were now heading home after what turned out to be a pretty heavy night. There was tension and chemistry between us and as the night had worn on I had found myself with my arm round her waist more and more - posing for pictures, protecting her from the crowd at the bar, holding each other up. Even that little physical contact seemed to encourage me to want her more. We'd had a great time and it now seemed the only way to end it would be to tell her how I felt about her. Maybe that was just drunk logic, I knew I shouldn't tell her at all, no good could come from it, but I was doing it anyway, my mind was made up.

The taxi cab jerked round a corner too quickly and I glanced out of the window to gauge where we were – not far from her house – my heart began to race and I shifted nervously, still trying to maintain an input into the conversation.

"So... erm, we're almost at yours and..."

"Oh yeah sorry!" She interrupted, then rummaged in her handbag before pulling out a £20 note. "There's half the taxi fare."

It wasn't what I meant. I would happily have paid for the cab myself but I took it anyway. My nerves were starting to get the better of me and I was audibly shaking with each breath.

"No... I mean thanks, but... well I was gonna say something but I've sort of forgot now."

"Ha ha! Mong!" She quipped. It always seemed harsh when she called me that but I'd come to know it as a term of endearment from her.

"Ha ha!" I chuckled back uncomfortably. '*Nevermind. It was stupid anyway'* I thought*.* Nothing was going to happen. Forget it.

The car turned onto her street. My hands visibly trembled and I repeatedly shuffled about as the driver slowed to a halt in the middle of the cul-de-sac and we stared at each other.

"So..." we started, both simultaneously mocking some kind of clichéd awkward love scene and genuinely unsure of what next to say. The moment seemed like an age, an age of pulses racing and of hearts beating so loudly the driver could barely hear his radio. She laughed uncomfortably and made a long sigh, still holding my eyes with hers, pausing only to look up and roll her eyes before fixing her sight right back on my face.

I waited forever before deciding to call it a night. There was nothing doing here, I had to just go home and drop all this nonsense.

“So I’ll see you on Mon...” I started.

“Fuck it.” She interjected.

“What?”

Before I could say anything else she reached forward, cupped my cheeks and pressed her lips against mine. I could feel the breath from my nose on her cheek so heavy and fast. Her hands slipped down my face, roamed inside my jacket and pressed against my chest. I was far from in great shape physically, but I still had the ruins of a decent physique and she investigated this slowly and painstakingly, all the while our lips engaged, pushed together.

A wave of lust came over me with the realisation that there was no conversation necessary now. The kiss had taken things beyond that. Our mouths opened and tongues intertwined as my hand caressed her thigh, and moved uncontrollably under her dress, to the line of her underwear, where it tangled itself and pulled the garment tight between her legs. My other hand, as if I had no command over it, wrapped itself around her waist and pulled her closer. These were not our actions anymore, this was passion alone assuming dominance over our bodies.

In an instant I began to relax and enjoy the sheer bliss of the situation; my arms still holding her in place and teasing her respectively, my tongue finding every nuance on hers and my lips gorging on the sweet taste of drink from her mouth. But then it was over. I felt her hands grab my arms and release herself. The car door opened, she was out and walking away toward her house.

I left the door open for a second, unwilling to accept that the kiss was all this night would offer and watched until she reached halfway to her door. I sighed, sat back in the seat and took in what had just happened.

‘*Just a kiss right?*’ I thought. ‘*Don’t let it go to your head, if she’s walking away without even looking back then you should just accept that’s all there is.*’ It was a great kiss, truly hot, but I had to go home now, it was late.

When she was almost three quarters of the way to her house, I reached across to close the car door and looked up one last time to see her stop and turn around.

Nothing needed to be said. I threw some money at the driver, leapt out of the taxi and strode over to her without breaking her gaze. As I met her, we instantly wrapped our arms around each other and pulled tight. Kisses sprinkled my neck as I pecked at her soft cheek and I felt the fullness of her breasts against my torso. Joined in a fervent embrace we staggered together to her door and bumped heavily into it. The wild kissing ceased immediately and she pressed her finger against my lips. Her father would likely be asleep at this hour but waking to discover me in his house with his daughter would not end well. I nodded to acknowledge absolute silence was required.

Inside the house, she closed the door gently, then led me upstairs without turning any lights on. Within seconds we were in a room lighted only by a rectangular shape of dim yellow streetlight from outside, the door was closed behind us and our embrace resumed. She was breathing as heavily as I was now and an excitement was overtaking us. I allowed my hands to roam freely again, this time stroking the soft skin of her superbly flat stomach, caressing the curve of her breasts and just faintly brushing the area between her legs enough to feel the texture of her underwear but no more than a tease for her or me. Almost in response, I felt her hand rub against my jeans and arouse my cock into rigidity. Without a care in the world for whether they would rip, we practically tore each other’s clothes off one by one until we stood naked on a pile of them, pressed up against her bedroom door.

I began to fully explore every inch of her body, kissing my way down her chest until I could tug gently at her nipples with my lips and my fingers pressed right across her clitoris and hovered over her labia. Slowly, and with great care, I teased at her sex with my hand; tenderly teasing her lips whilst rubbing rhythmically at her clit. Letting out a feint moan and pushing herself against me, she urged me to push my fingers into her wet pussy, pulling firmly at my hair and biting her lip. I felt my way inside her until she ushered me over to the bed, where we lay next to one another, still kissing, still feeling every piece of skin that was available to be touched.

With a soft push on my arms she motioned me to lie back and straddled me, holding my rock hard shaft in her hand until she guided it into her now soaked vagina. Slowly at first she raised and lowered herself onto my stiff member, then gradually began to rock her hips faster and faster, all the while massaging her own breasts, her head tilted fully back breathing violently in ecstasy.

Harder she rocked, and faster. The bed squeaked awkwardly but we had gone past caring. The moment was intense, Iwas getting my wish. I hadwanted to be inside this girlsince I met her, and she I now it seemed.I tried to relax and enjoyevery second of it but Irealised I was starting to enjoyit too much. Her writhing upon my cock was becoming more frantic as she came closer to reaching theclimax of our time together. I feltthe faint butterfly sensationthat I was about to explode in afurious ejaculation.Thenas a rush of extreme pleasure came over both of us, her pussy tightened and shot spasms around my penis and my hips jolted as I fired a bolt of semen deep into her.

For a moment, she let herself fall onto me and we just lay there for a few seconds. Neither of us wanted to say it, but now it was over I had to leave. I couldn’t stay there. I fished my clothes out of the pile near the door and gave her a goodnight kiss, looking into her eyes as I left the room. A couple of minutes later I was in a taxi home.

As I crawled into bed as quietly as possible, my wife stirred and rolled over to face me.

“Where have you been til this time?” She whispered.

“Fucking someone else.” I replied.

“Ha ha.In your dreams.”

"absolutely." I concurred. "Goodnight."