

An Evening In Paris Ten Years Later

By frogprince

Published on Lush Stories on 07 Jan 2013

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Shelley and Cal celebrate ten years after first making love in Paris.

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If you read my earlier story of Shelley and me, you would know we never stayed together, but went our separate ways. This story is about an encounter that was planned to celebrate Shelley and my first evening in Paris. It is dedicated to Shelley in her memory. Over the years, Shelley and I kept in touch through phone calls from work or as technology improved e-mails. Our devotion to each other never waned. We still loved each other but from a distance. Fate intervened ten years after our loving week in Paris. There was a conference in Paris again the week before our tenth anniversary. Our respective employers had decided to send us to Paris to attend the conference. I was notified first of the conference and my attendance there. I called Shelley on the phone, "Hello, mon cheri, ca va? I have some wonderful news for you today. You know in eight weeks our tenth anniversary is coming. Wouldn't it be nice if we could meet in Paris to celebrate together? Guess what? I will be in Paris the week before our anniversary and plan to extend my stay to travel around France the week of our anniversary. I wish you would be there?" Shelley was laughing as I was telling her about my trip. I was mystified by her laughter and happiness. Then she broke into the conversation. Shelley blurted to me with such a merry voice, "Oh, cheri, je t'aime. As fate would have it I will also be attending the same conference. Now that I know you will be there I will extend my stay so we can again spend a loving week together to celebrate our first time as lovers in the beautiful city of Paris." We were chattering on the phone like two teenagers hatching a plot to escape from home and be together. We made arrangements to stay together at the same hotel in the same room we had ten years earlier. I was traveling from San Francisco and made arrangements to have a layover in New York before going on to Paris with Shelley at my side. She and I met in New York City the day before our flight to Paris and spent the night together at dinner and a show on Broadway. It was as if time had been turned back and we were in love for the first time again. Everything was wonderful and we could not be happier. We slept together that first night but sex was the furthest thing from our minds. We talked about family, work, what we had been doing, where we had traveled and just caught up on all that had happened. That night we slept in each other's arms thinking about Paris and the two weeks we

were going to be together. The next morning we boarded a plane bound for Paris non-stop seated in adjoining seats in first class. We traveled this way because company policy was set that when on international travel all travel is first class. We were not complaining at all. We held hands the whole flight and just looked at each other. Our love had been re-ignited and was burning brighter than ever. Passengers were staring at us wondering if we were newlyweds, we were so attached. If they had only known, we were lovers escaping our lives to relive the best week of our younger lives. When we arrived in Paris we found the hotel, but it had changed. It had been totally remodeled and expanded. The rooms were larger, suites really, which made us happier too. We got the same suite we had ten years earlier. The balcony where we could only stand earlier was huge with lounge chairs, a small table and plants. We could eat out there now. There was a Jacuzzi tub with a large glass enclosed shower next to it. We were in heaven. The first thing I did as we entered our room was to turn to Shelley, sweep her into my arms and kiss her for a long time. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me back moaning. "Mon cheri. Je t'aime. Nous sommes arrivés à Paris" I whispered in her ear as she shivered. She loved when I spoke what little French I remembered from school to her. We always kidded about that but it came in handy. We stood holding hands surveying the suite. We turned looking at each other with huge smiles on our faces. We had come back to Paris the city of our first love and we had two glorious weeks together planned. We arrived on Saturday afternoon late and were dirty and needed to take a shower and freshen up before dinner. Our suitcases had been unpacked for us and we had nothing to do but relax. I took Shelley's hand and lead her to the foot of the giant bed. I looked in her eyes and they radiated back love and lust that I could not resist. I moved my hands to the front of her suit jacket and unbuttoned it tossing it on the chair beside the bed. I unbuttoned and unzipped her slacks which also joined her jacket. I took off her blouse and took in a breath. She was still a very beautiful woman after two children and nine years of marriage. Her breasts encased in a pale yellow lace bra were still as pert and perky as ever. There was a little more to be seen on her hips and waist but it only added to her beauty. Her legs were still trim from playing tennis as often as possible. She was still all woman. She twirled around blushing as I watched her. "My love you are still as beautiful as the day we met here ten years ago." I crooned to her. "I bet you say that to all your girlfriends you flirt!" She quipped back. "Don't think I dressed like this just for you!" She was always the one to jab me with a joke. I loved her for it. It kept us from getting too serious about anything but us. She stood in front of me again and started to remove my suit jacket, pants, shirt, socks and shoes. I twirled for her and she whistled. We both burst out laughing and fell on the bed in a tangle of arms and legs kissing. We entwined our bodies together. Our tongues sought out each other and our moans got louder. It had been ten years but we still wanted each other with a strong passion and lust. We got back to our feet, where I removed her bra and panties and marveled at her nipples which were hard and erect with a little moisture glistening on them. Her woman hood was covered with neatly trimmed hair also glistening with her juices from our little foreplay. She removed my tee and ran her fingers through the longer hair on my chest. She always loved men with hairy chests and loved to play with my hair. She looked down at my boxers and clicked her tongue. My manhood was standing almost fully erect waiting to have her release him. She looked up at me

and smiled as her hand lowered my boxers and grabbed my stiff cock. She stroked it a little making me moan. Then she stopped and ran to the shower laughing. I chased her and caught her just as she was adjusting the water for our first of many showers together. We showered and made love just as we had ten years ago when I made her a woman and claimed her maidenhead. We used to joke about repeating that scene many times and here we were. We finished our shower and I lovingly dried every inch of her body as she did the same to me. When we were done we lay on the bed in each other's arms resting from our long flight, before we went to dinner. We awoke from our nap to dress for dinner. Shelley chose a light frilly dress which billowed out when she walked. I chose a sport coat, slacks and a white silk shirt. We left and went to dinner. The staff remembered us from ten years ago and we were treated to one of our best meals ever in Paris. Shelley and I were overjoyed. When it came time to pay the bill the Maître D insisted that it was a gift from the hotel to us to celebrate our ten years. We thanked them all and left the hotel to walk along the edge of the river on Champs-Elysees. We walked along holding hands looking at all the other lovers doing the same. Paris was certainly the city for lovers. We walked back to the hotel into the bar and had a few glasses of wine before we went to our room. When we got there and opened the door a huge vase of flowers was on the bureau compliments of the hotel complete with a chilling bottle of champagne and strawberries. It seemed that in the renovations our room became one of the honeymoon suites. They thought Shelley and I were on our honeymoon. We were not going to tell them any different. We assumed it was all built into the price of the room. Shelley and I opened the bottle of champagne and had two glasses each. We ate the strawberries and decided to run a bath and pour the champagne in the tub too. We undressed each other as was our new custom. Every time I looked at Shelley nude my small brain went into overdrive. Shelley giggled when she saw that happen. Tonight being our first night in Paris we went out on our balcony nude and watched the city move around us. It was a beautiful sight. I stood behind Shelley and my little brain was poking her in the butt. She reached around and grabbed him and stroked it hard. She got me moaning as my hands covered her breasts. I squeezed her breasts and her nipples popped out hard and erect. They were large and stuck up between my fingers with a little poking over the fingers. I rolled them in my hand and Shelley started moaning with me. She bent down exposing more of her ass and pussy to me as she looked over the balcony to the street below. Her pussy was hot and wet against my thigh wanting to be invaded by me. I removed one hand from her breast pulling on her nipple as I did bringing a loud groan up from her throat. My hand covered her wet now dripping mound and was immediately captured when she closed her legs. She was moaning, groaning and laughing because she now held my hand prisoner at her pussy. I was able to move my fingers and touched her clit causing her to grimace as she wanted to open her legs. I slid my fingers up and down her slit burrowing between her outer lips causing her juices to flow even more. I was still losing the battle to open her legs but was winning the war of turning her into the sex craving wanton woman she was. She held her position for a while but with my pinching and squeezing her breasts and plying my fingers around and in her pussy she had to open her legs. While all this was happening she was stroking my cock getting it rock hard ready to ram into her tight, hot, wet and waiting pussy. As soon as those legs opened I pushed two fingers

deep inside her making her scream softly so as not to attract the attention of the people walking by to look up and see us. I was still squeezing and fondling her breasts tugging on her hard nipples while her hand covered mine urging me to continue squeezing. My other hand was sliding in and out of her pussy getting covered in her juices. I had moved my thumb from her clit to her wide open button which was bouncing near my face. My thumb was covered in juice so it easily lubricated her ass and allowed my thumb to enter slowly. She wriggled her butt pushing my thumb further in. "MMM that feels good!" she whispered and pushed a little harder. "Put your long hard cock in my ass darling. I want to feel you fill me up there." I took my thumb away leaving my fingers still inside her pussy. Her hand guided my hard cock to her quivering ass and helped it enter her. She groaned and let out a muffled scream as I spread her ass around my cock, but they soon turned to moans of pleasure as I slid in and out. She pushed against me trying to keep me buried deep in her ass. She was moving to position her knees on a lounge chair to allow her ass cheeks to spread giving me a deeper path into her ass. My balls were hitting her pussy as I plunged in and out of her ass. My fingers were still inside her pussy and my thumb was playing with her clit again. I could feel an orgasm building in her ready to explode. She pushed one last time against my cock forcing it deep inside as her orgasm exploded covering my hand with her cum. She shivered and moved my cock out of her. She turned and looked up at me and whispered, "I need your cock inside my pussy NOW! I want you to fuck me hard and fast. Make me cum again quickly. I want my lover to possess me as he has never done before." I took my cock held it up to her waiting pussy and rammed it into her hard. She grunted and moaned and pushed hard against me. I was driving into her so hard the lounge chair was squeaking and we were starting to attract attention. The harder and faster I moved the louder the squeaks. This did not bother Shelley; she was a woman on a mission to get fucked by her man. It was a side of Shelley that I had not seen but I liked it. She was a wanton, lust filled, sex starved woman who knew what she wanted and got it. I was in awe of this woman. She kept pushing against me until I felt her orgasm building and my body was pushing to cum. We were rapidly approaching the point of no return and Shelley was moving harder and faster. We kept pace until her orgasm started. She stopped as her whole body shook and shivered as if she were trying to shed water off her skin. Her pussy had taken over and was pulling on my cock sucking all my cum out into her waiting pussy. We stayed together for what seemed like ten minutes as both our bodies drained. When we recovered and looked around, people were applauding our performance and we timidly backed into our suite and closed the doors. Shelley turned to me smiling and gushed, "That was the most marvelous sex I have had since we spent time together ten years ago. You have always been my best lover and continue to be. Thank you for giving me the utmost pleasure." I replied, "This was just our first night, we have fourteen more days and nights to go. Is every night going to be like this?" With a little mischief in her smile Shelley said, "Well, lover you better rest up because I have been waiting for you to come back for ten years and I don't want to waste a minute. I don't care if we explore Paris or France; I just want to be with you." With that I carried Shelley to the bed and we lie in each other's arms and fell asleep dreaming of the days to come.