

# Look But Don't Touch

By 15alitaimoor

Published on Lush Stories on 26 Jun 2008

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/look-but-dont-touch.aspx>

The faint scent of sex still lingered, drifting up my nostrils as I lowered the car window. I hoped the crisp fresh air of early winter would blow away any remaining evidence. I still couldn't quite believe what had just happened. If I had not been there, I wouldn't. Alone, I began to ponder my little rendezvous. What would one call it? Cheating? Perhaps a form of unfaithfulness, but certainly not adultery. Hmm, maybe none of the above. I wonder. Well, you can make up your own mind. Allow me to start from the beginning. Sit back and listen closely, for you have a decision to make.

I knew Jeff from online. You know the route that can take... some chat, some flirting. One day fantasies popped up and he revealed his. I didn't think much about it. Hell, it was only a fantasy and we all have them. As time went on, his fantasy began to crop up more and more; with us playing out the consequences.

"Come on," he would say, "nothing is going to happen. Put a little spice in your life. Think of how sexy and erotic, how sensual and arousing."

No response. "Sarah, it would be fucking hot and as an added bonus, think what it would do for your writing."

Waiting impatiently for a reply, Jeff prods, "All you have to do is watch and enjoy, but of course, if you cared to join... well. Think it over and let me know."

Jeff's fantasy was relatively simple, a performance of sorts, to masturbate with a woman watching. An exhibitionist's fantasy where I was the chosen voyeur, the missing piece of his puzzle. He told me how the mere thought was so exciting it caused his loins to tingle resulting in a rather nice erection.

Smiling, I visualized him all hot and bothered. How I wished I could lean forward and peek through the screen to see if, in fact, his penis was growing to the magnificent specifications he proclaimed. I hate to confess, but I was aroused by this talk. The dead give away was the utter delight that was taking place between my thighs. Being the type of woman who likes to get the most out of a situation, I pressed my knees together, adding to my pleasure, wondering if he was visualizing my doings.

Whenever we would bump into each other, our chats always took this route to his fantasy. Then one day fantasy shifted toward a desire for realization. On a sunny winter day when a time slot allowed us both freedom from our work and spouses, we started to chat about meeting. If, how, when and where were the considerations now up for quick discussion, along with a few other questions.

Like the cat, I was most curious. "Why me? Jeff" I asked. I was after all 13 years his senior.

"Good question," he said. "As a matter of fact, it's quite logical. We're both happily married, love our spouses, and practice fidelity. Add this to the fact that we know each other for over a year now, have spoken on the phone and we trust each other. Couldn't get much more safe than that Sarah."

"God Jeff, I don't know," I hesitated.

Jeff added, "Look but don't touch must be the rule."

'The looking but no touching' was a governable factor which somehow justified any thoughts of cheating in his mind. He was beginning to sound rather convincing.

Besides, I was a sensual, sexy older woman and wouldn't I just love to see a nice younger cock. A rendezvous certainly did have its appeal. The old 'apple routine', only a reversal. Now I know how Adam felt in the garden. I could almost feel the juicy nectar of the fruit running down my chin.

Lust finally won me over. "Alright," I said. "But absolutely no touching!"

"How would we recognize each other?" we questioned. We had physical descriptions to go on, but we had never exchanged pictures. Simple, our attire. Step one was in the making.

"I'll wear tights and heels, a short black skirt, white blouse and a black wool blazer."

"I'll have on dark dress pants with brown shoes."

"Oh boy, you'll really stand out!" I said kiddingly.

"OK, OK, also a pale pink shirt with a blue sweater. I'll be the only idiot wearing an outfit like this," he joked. "You won't be able to miss me!"

Now to the next step. Where? "It would have to be a public place," I suggested. "After all," I joked, "one of us could be a crazed axe murderer." We agreed on a hotel that was a halfway point between

us. That would be as good a place as any. We would meet in the lounge area. Now to step three, when?

"How about now?" he asked.

Excited and nervous, I answered quickly, "Give me bout a half hour. How's that?"

"Good, call me on my car phone and let me know when you are on your way," he said. The numbers quickly appeared on my screen.

On the freeway I pulled open the crumpled paper I had clenched in my fist and punched in his number. A brief ring, "Hi," a quick exchange of words; both of us were in transit. As I neared the hotel, I battled with my conscience. Time to chicken out is now, you can turn around, Sarah. Then another little voice... ooOOoo go ahead, what the hell.

I dialed his number one more time and there was no answer, which meant he was already there. I couldn't very well stand him up. Well, could I? Taking a deep breath as I glanced in the vanity mirror, I combed my fingers through my hair. Okay, it's now or never. Go for it!

With heels clicking, I walked towards the hotel wondering if he could see me as I nervously approached. Where exactly would he be? My heart raced as I pulled open the heavy glass door, pausing briefly, allowing my eyes to adjust to the darkness.

About twenty feet in front of me stood a young male, arms down in front of him, one hand over the other. He almost appeared to be covering what he longed to expose. I knew immediately it was him. Hell, THOSE brown shoes were a dead give away. He was good looking. Better than I expected with a clean cut appeal and the smile he wore was friendly and did him justice. I could feel the corners of my mouth giving way to one of my own as I walked towards him. His eyes met mine momentarily before they dropped slowly down my body, then back up.

With outstretched hands, we walked towards one another. Both cocking our heads at the same moment. "Hi Jeff," "Hi Sarah." Greeting with chaste kisses on cheeks, we were about to embark on a little adventure.

We walked over to a bench out of the way from the lounge area where we sat and exchanged some pleasantries. Was this the usual for those who had never met and yet were going to indulge in a wild fantasy? Were we nervous... yes. Excited... oh my yes. Were we sure... we thought so. Are you disappointed... oh no! And on it went with him patting my knee, telling me not to be so nervous. (Yeah, right) "Ok... let's do it!"

"Do you want me to get a room?" he asked considerately. "It's all up to you, Sarah," he assured me.

Safety reasons told me no and lust yelled out yes. Logic being the winner, I suggested something not quite that private. "A car might work," I smiled.

"Fine with me, whatever makes you most comfortable. Just give me a sec, I forgot to bring tissues," he said in a rather embarrassed voice.

"That would help," I teased, as he made his way to what I could only think of as "tissueland."

Sitting for what seemed like an eternity, I felt as if every passing eye knew of our scheme. Finally he returned. Smiling, he tucked the packet of tissues in his pants pocket. With his hand on my back and our anticipation building, we silently walked outside to our vehicles. I choose mine. Yes, those safety reasons once again. Looking around, we decided we would go to a more remote area of the parking grounds as there was a bit too much foot traffic here.

Once settled in, I slipped off my blazer and tossed it to the rear seat. The warm rays of the sun and my rising heat were quite enough to keep me cozy. I looked at him and try as I might, I couldn't refrain my chuckle. His head moved in little jerky movements, the likes of a chicken. Up, down, right, left looking in all directions as if someone was going to pop out and announce we were on candid camera.

"You okay Jeff?" Hmmm, just whom was more nervous here? Now it was my turn to pat his knee. "Relax," I said in a soothing voice.

"Do you want to see him?" Jeff finally asked.

"That's what we're here for aren't we?" I said coyly as my hand slid off his knee and came to rest on my thigh.

Smiling, he undid the button on his pants. In the silence, his zipper sounded like a roller coaster roaring down hill. "Go on, it's ok to look," he whispered.

Pulling his pants half way under his buttocks, my eyes ventured down his body where they lingered at the very prominent bulge under his white briefs. He revealed his hardness, pulling the waistband and cotton material out and down and over his cock which shot out like a lightning bolt. His thick, well endowed rod stood straight up against his stomach where it kissed at his navel.

"You like it?"

[I smiled broadly] Like it? How could you not like anything that looked that beautiful? It was magnificent. This guy was gifted in the cock department. He brought the waistband of his briefs down further and tucked them under his testicles, lifting them up, exaggerating their fullness. They were pink and smooth in appearance. I could only imagine how, in a matter of minutes, they would be contracting when his load was ready to spew forth.

He circled his thumb and forefinger around the very base of his cock where his thumb sank in the dark, curly rug of his pubes. Slowly they milked up, then slid down. Repeating this climb and slide action, a huge dollop of clear nectar oozed forth from his slit where it settled like a prized topping.

"Don't you want to touch it?" he whispered. "Go ahead, touch it."

"Of course I do... look but don't touch. Re..memmm..berrr?"

Smiling, he grazed his thumb across the top of his glans, smearing the clear fluid all over the pale, pastel, purple head. What a glistening knob in the sunlight. "I can't stroke anymore right now or I will come." he said in a husky voice. Like thermometers, temperatures were rising and it certainly wasn't due to the warm rays of sun that blazed through the windows. He looked over. "Can I see your breasts? I want to see that nipple ring you told me about."

"Do you now?" His head nodded quickly before his lips had a chance to answer. "Curious about my little gold ring, are you?" I asked, knowing damn well he was dying to see it. I started to unbutton my blouse, but between the small buttons and the fact of my being somewhat nervous, I was having some difficulty.

Jeff suggested, "Just pull up your blouse."

My breasts were heaving as I lifted the crisp white cotton. My hand dipped in and freed my right breast, the one with the nipple ring, from the constraint of my bra.

"Oh My God" he sighed, his hand barely touched at his straining cock.

Smiling, I gently tugged and rolled my nipple, bringing it to full attention. The thin gold band shone in the sunlight.

"You like it?" The answer was obvious by the expression on Jeff's face. His eyes locked on my nipple like a newborn homing in for dinner.

"Oh yes," he exclaimed. "God, it's just like you told me. Can I touch it?"

"Uh uh uh... look, but don't touch, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I remember. You hot? You're hot aren't you? I know you're hot," Jeff's words blurted out. "Will you touch your pussy for me? Touch your pussy for me, please."

Slouching down, in my sexual-induced high, splaying my knees wide, my hand found its way under my skirt which had managed to ride all the way up to the top of my thighs. My stomach quivered as my long, slender fingers slid under the waistband of my pantyhose. Gliding down, skin on skin, they brushed through my bush. Already moist with arousal, my fingertip slid on my hardened bud. How it beckoned for attention. Hugging at its sides like dear friends, my fingers forced my clit to stand proud and erect like a miniature penis at attention. God, it felt good.

It did not take long for my other hand to join in this foray. Looking over at him, my clit twitched as the soft pad of my finger spiraled out and around. I rubbed lightly and played hard with myself as I looked over at him. Two fingers slid down my slick heat then back up. Teasing myself, finally allowing my finger to dip inside my warm, soft tunnel, I moaned with my pleasure.

"Can I see?" he asked. "Can I see your pussy?"

A deep sigh, then purring to him, I tugged my nylon covering down. The crotch was already well dampened with my sweet wetness as I slid it under my ass to the top of my thighs. "You wanna see my clit?" I asked as I popped it out once again. I looked down, watching my finger pet over the shiny, dark pink, little nub. It retreated and returned.

To obtain a better vantage point, Jeff scooted forward to the edge of his seat, close-up by the steering wheel.

"Oh my god," he uttered. His hand began to very lightly stroke at his cock. He moved closer, leaning in towards me. "I can smell you," he moaned.

He was right, I could too. As Jeff slid back into his seat, he commanded, "Come for me, Sarah!"

It was not difficult to obey. My finger was already slipping inside myself. Jesus I was hot. In and out movements, then another finger. Sliding back in my seat, my head against the headrest, eyes closed, I concentrated on the moment and what was happening. The warmth crept up my body and nothing else in this world mattered to me, except my orgasm.

My breathing matched the lifting and humping motions of my ass while my feet pushed into the floorboard with every lift. I used my fingers greedily to pleasure myself. In my mind, they were not my fingers, they were 'his cock!' In and out, in and out, faster, deeper and harder my fingers slid. In a matter of moments, a shriek burst forth as my orgasm peaked. My body jerked with the strong spasms. My fingers gripped by my contractions. "Oh god," moaning in ecstasy as I slowly slipped them from myself. I turned to look at him. His eyes were locked on my glistening fingers. Taking my sweet-ass time, I raised them to my mouth, painting first my top lip, then the bottom. My lips curled into a wicked smile as my tongue swept across each finger, then lips descended to knuckle as I sucked each one clean.

"God you are a hot woman."

"Now it's your turn, come for me Jeff." I moaned.

"Oh god yes, I've been holding back so long."

Settling back in his seat, Jeff's hand was at his cock in no time flat. His fingers encircled his engorged shaft and he began slowly stroking for me. I could see the large, thick, raised vein as he worked his fingers. Every now and then he would press and lift his balls. The skin on his scrotum grew taut as his jewels pressed against their thin sac covering. I was mesmerized and had to restrain myself from reaching over and taking charge. I wanted to feel and touch every inch of him.

"You like my cock?" he asked.

"Your cock is beautiful," I told him, licking at my lips. Jesus, I could almost taste him. He smiled and was silent. Only the faint sound of his slow stroking and ragged breathing filled the air. Time stood still as I watched. "I'm going to come big now, this is for you, for you Sarah!" he groaned. Milky, rich, thick, white cream erupted, first shooting up and then reminding me of slow moving lava from a volcano. He continued to milk out the last final spurts. The hot, molten jism ran over his fingers to the back of his hand, flowing down his shaft and onto his balls. A few dollops of creamy cum had found its way to his stomach where it hung on the hairs on his lower abdomen.

"Jeff, "that was fucking hot." I said as the ammonia like smell of semen permeated my nostrils.

"God, I got a mess here," he said with a laugh.

Smiling, I reached for the little packet of tissues that lay on the console and handed them to him.

After the evidence was all cleaned up, we wiggled our way back into our clothing. I offered to stop at a near-by dumpster so he could dispose of his tissues and chuckled to myself when he chose to take them with him. "Discriminating evidence," he retorted as I slowly drove past, both of us laughing at his wry sense of humor.

Stopping at his car, there was a moment's hesitation, perhaps each of us pausing, not knowing whether to lean over and give that farewell kiss. We didn't. We bid each other adieu and left it at that. As I drove out the parking lot, I still couldn't quite believe what had happened between us that sunny winter afternoon, but one thing I knew... it is possible... look, but don't touch.

So tell me, what did you decide; cheating, unfaithfulness, adultery, or just realization of a fantasy? Hmmmm?