

First Meeting

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Sometimes the fear is too much

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Thank you to the wonderful Morgan Hawke for the great advice she gives in the forum. I tried to use it here. Also a special thank you to my amazing geeky girl (you know who you are!!!), all those stories you make me tell encouraged me to write again..... Walking through the airport concourse, pushing the unwieldy trolley ahead of me, trying to stop it clipping the ankles of the people ahead of me I search the crowds for my first glimpse of her. Finally I see her, standing in front of Starbucks, clutching a coffee in her right hand, her eyes searching the crowd like mine. Tall, with long blonde hair, cascading over one shoulder, a tight black t-shirt and jeans clinging to her perfect body, I almost gasp aloud, her beauty far greater than I ever imagined. No camera could ever capture the perfection that she truly was; I could almost see her blue sparkle with excitement as she bit her lower lip revealing to me that I was not the only one who was nervous. Slowing down my pace, wanting this moment to be one that I remember, cherished for the rest of my life, my first look at this woman who already was the love of my life, I begin to imagine how it would be. Seeing us greeting for the first time, that initial awkward silence as we stand before each other for the first time, our hearts pounding with an equal amount of excitement and nerves and perhaps a touch of anxiety. "Will she like me, what if she thinks I am too small, overweight, too old, too young, not attractive..... God she is beautiful, please let her like me," thoughts running through both our heads simultaneously, threatening to overwhelm, until something happens, something so small, so minor that years later we cannot recall what it was. But that something, causes something else to happen, something almost magical, we both smile, our eyes meeting for the first time and in that exact moment we both knew what the other was thinking and feeling and in that single magical moment we both knew it was going to be okay. Walking through the concourse together, both of us trying to control the unwieldy trolley, sleeves occasionally touching. Words spill from both of us, almost tripping over each other in their haste to leave our mouths, both of us almost babbling now. Thrilled to be actually talking like this, talking to each other, not online and not on a phone. Just walking and talking together, just like the rest of the world, just like any other couple. Sitting in the back of the taxi, on our way to her home, dare I think our home? Another magical moment as her left and my right hand reach for the other simultaneously and as they touch and our fingers intertwine for the first time I feel something break deep inside me, a passion so great that it roars up through me. Looking in her eyes I see it reflected

back at me and suddenly we are upon each other. Her tongue deep in my mouth, her hand snaking up inside my top, pushing the cup of my bra aside to crudely pinch my nipple, causing my pussy to throb and a guttural moan escape from my mouth. My hands roaming over her back, pulling her t-shirt up, frantic in my desire to feel her bare, naked flesh against mine, moving down between her legs to rub her pussy through the material of her jeans as she pushes back against my hand, moaning in my mouth as still we kiss, almost devouring each other in the pure animalistic desire and passion. The taxi stopping, noticing that we are outside her home, throwing money at the driver and grabbing my bags in our haste to get inside as we practically run up the path. Me standing close behind her, my hands roaming all over her body, touching her perfect ass, holding her breasts as I kiss her neck while she fumbles with the front door key. "Hurry," I growl, the desire and passion I feel threatening to overwhelm all reason. Finally you open the door and we tumble inside together, each pulling at the others clothing frantic in desire to touch bare flesh, hearing the sound of cloth tearing. Not caring as I bend my head to kiss you feeling your tongue deep in my mouth, tasting your sweet lips, feeling your saliva mingling with my own. My hands unbuckling your belt, opening your jeans and pushing them down over your hips. Rubbing your panties feeling how wet you are and finally I slip a finger inside to stroke your dripping pussy, causing you to groan with desire. As I rub and tease your pussy, finally reaching your clit, slick and hard with desire, I feel your own hands opening my jeans, pushing them down and finally reaching inside my panties to rub my own aching pussy. Pushing a finger deep into your soaking pussy I start to fuck you slowly as I feel your own finger deep in me. Standing there in the hall, your back pressed against the wall, is where we fuck for the first time, each matching the other in rhythm and depth, getting faster and harder as our respective orgasms start to build. Finally we both erupt simultaneously, crying out aloud as I feel your juices soaking my hand at the same time I feel mine flow from me. Panting aloud, we slip to the floor, both still inside the other, still kissing, until finally we slip our fingers from inside the other and sit holding each other as our respective orgasms subside. "Wow", I laugh, shakily moving in to kiss you. "I know." "I should get my bags. Left them on the doorstep," standing, I rearrange my clothing and open the front door to find my bags still waiting in the porch, exactly where I dropped them before I pushed you inside. I grab them and bring them inside to find you standing waiting for me. Taking a bag from me with one hand and my now free hand with your other hand you lead me up the stairs and into the bedroom for the first time. Dropping the bags we stand facing each other before slowly starting to strip, never breaking eye contact as we each take off our own clothing until finally we stand naked before each other. Our love making this time is less frenzied, but equally as passionate as I lock my mouth around your pussy and feel your juices pour into my mouth as your body bucks in orgasm. Later I cry out in desire as I feel your mouth close around my aching clit as you push a dildo deep into me and fuck me with long, slow and deep thrusts. Later still I have you on your knees as I fuck you from behind with a strap on, holding your body against mine as you cum once again. Finally sated, we both collapse onto the bed, holding each other tightly and sleep. I awaken the following morning and reach out to find your side of the bed empty. Sitting up in confusion as you kick open the door with one foot and walk in carrying a tray. "Breakfast." Sitting up in bed, naked and giggling, feeding each other breakfast in between kissing

each other, while looking into the others eyes, our eyes and hearts saying to the other what our mouths dare not vocalise yet. Hand in hand, we explore your city together, slowly over the following weeks and months making it our city, each day finding new and special places to discover. The restaurant where we shared our first meal, the toilets of that restaurant where you surprised me, pushing me back into the cubicle and fucking me slowly and sensuously, with your hand over my mouth my muffle my moans. That park bench, where we both vocalised those three words for the first time, saying what we both knew in our hearts to be true. And like all relationships we had our ups and downs. That horrible night when we had our first fight and I stormed out. Walking the streets for hours, my anger subsiding and turning to regret and finally becoming fear, fear at losing you, fear at having messed up the greatest thing in my life. I walk further and further into the night, wanting to go back to you but afraid to at the same time, not noticing the rain or the tears that run unchecked down my face, until finally I find myself near our bench and I look up to see you sitting there. Running towards you, no longer knowing what we fought about, no longer caring we stand and kiss in the rain, crying and laughing in equal measures, promising never to fight again, promising to love each other always. Decorating our home together, painting a room, somehow covering each other with paint instead of the walls and afterwards showering together. Each washing the paint from the others body with slow sensual strokes before I fuck you long and hard, your back pressed hard against the tiles, one leg around my waist, nails digging into my back as I push my fingers deep inside you, the water cascading over both our bodies. You screaming you love me as your pussy grips my fingers tight and your nails leave deep marks in my back, scars that will remind me of our love and passion. Shaking myself from my reverie I look once more across the airport concourse to see you still standing outside Starbuck, still clutching your coffee, standing on your toes as you crane your head looking for me, your beautiful face now creased with anxiety. I look at your beautiful face once again, before sighing I pull the hood of my tracksuit top over my head and my sunglasses over my eyes to hide the tears that suddenly well up and walking past you I leave the airport. After all some things are left better in the imagination.