

Coincidences In Love

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An Internet relationship grows offline

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A fictional story about two very real lovers I have always been skeptical about people who had online relationships. I am unsure if it is due to the inner cop in me, keeping the warning of online predators in the back of my mind or if it is because I believe that you are set up for failure from the very beginning, without that physical touch to kindle your hearts fire. Either way, I knew it was not for me. That all changed for me when I met Carson, known as SxyWriter69 in the cyber world. I cannot even begin to tell you how we encountered each other, only that I have spent every day since that magical moment being captivated by his charm and the unlimited depth of mystery that quickens my pulse by a hundred beats each time I see his name. With his insatiable way with words, he has captured my concrete heart. We live three states, 1,090 miles apart. To some people this may seem minimal, but for us it may as well been three countries and 1,000,090 miles apart. After months of talking about our lives, our past, present and future, our wants and needs and the void we both felt needed to be filled, we decided, we needed to face each other in a physical form. It took two weeks of preparation to book a flight, a hotel room, and make plans as to where to meet up and for me to shop for impeccable stop-him-in-his-tracks kinds of outfits. We decided for my own personal comfort that after my arrival, I would drive a rental car to my hotel, get ready and meet Carson at his law firm before going to dinner on the beach. I awoke at the first light of dawn the day of my departure. My flight would not depart until 1:45 pm. I checked, double-checked then triple-checked my suitcase to make sure I had absolutely everything I would need for my four-day stay. Once satisfied, I ate a light breakfast of toast and grape jelly to settle my nervous stomach and left the comforts of my own home around 11:30 am. I arrived at the busy, overcrowded airport around noon. By the time I got through the ticket line, they called out over the intercom, "Flight 720 will not begin boarding." "This is it," I thought to myself as I went through security and had my bags checked. I grabbed my carry-on and headed toward the plane that would finally take me to his arms. After a couple hours, my plane arrived at its destination where a rental car awaited for me. Once my luggage was loaded into the trunk, I programmed the address into the GPS and headed off to the hotel. I quickly settled in and took a long, hot bath to relax. I shaved my legs smooth before venturing upward to shave my deprived female sex. One touch of my hand and my body ached to be fucked. I hurriedly finished my bath and dried off. I picked out a beautiful sea foam green dress. It fell mid-thigh in length and had thin straps, just thick enough to

conceal my bra straps underneath. I paired it with white wedge sandals that had ribbons that tied up around my ankles. My long, straight, jet black hair was left to fall loosely over my shoulders and down my back. A bit of mascara and light pink lip gloss and I was ready. I once again programmed in an address on the GPS, this time taking me to Carson's office. Once there, I walked up to a secretary and told her my name. She quickly replied with, "Oh, Mr. Carson is expecting you." "Should I tell him you're here?" "Oh, that's quite alright. I would love to surprise him if you could just point me in the right direction," I said smiling. "Third door on the left." "Thank you very much." I slowly walked down the hallway. His door was open, but he was sitting in his chair, facing the large window. I gently knocked and seductively said, "Hey there, SxyWriter69." He turned quickly and the first thing I saw was his piercing hazel eyes which gazed into my soul, telling me that I belonged in his arms before he excitedly spoke, "Sweetheart! I have been anticipating you all week long. Come in and shut the door, please." He stood up and walked toward me with open arms, embracing me in a hug. He was everything I imagined and then some. He was tall, built like a linebacker and had gorgeous dark hair. He was perfect in every way possible and it kindled a fire deep inside me. When we gently kissed it was obvious that it was not enough for either one of us. The kiss turned deeper, more hungry. The months of bottled up passion and lust bubbled to the surface. I wrapped my arms tightly around his neck. His rough hands slipped under my dress and cupped my plump ass, lifting me up off the floor. I wrapped my long legs around his waist and he carried me over to his desk in front of the open window. He sat me down on the edge and pulled my dress up off over my head. I loosened his tie then unbuttoned his blue dress shirt, exposing his solid, hairy chest. I kissed his nipples, alternating between each one while my hands blindly struggled to get his pants undone quickly enough. He was either very impatient or very horny because he aggressively pushed me back so I was laying down with my ass on the edge. The cold, cherry desk felt hot on my exposed flesh, igniting a lust-filled spark in my wanton body. He pulled off his dress pants and black briefs allowing his glorious cock to spring free. I gasped at the size of it, it had to be eight inches at the very least and it was thick. I licked my lips and quickly got up, hopped off the desk and squatted down to in front of his throbbing member. Wrapping my hand delicately around the base, I teasingly flicked the head with my tongue, getting a taste of his salty pre-cum. That drove my thirst over the edge and I took him quickly into my mouth. I allowed him deeper with each bob of my head until his cock was crashing against the back of my throat. With a low growling sound, he grabbed my hair and held me firm as he began fucking my mouth, forcing me to gag repeatedly. Taking his saliva covered cock out my mouth, he picked me back up and sat me on his desk once more. This time he dropped down and his mouth fell hard on my already wet slit, fucking me with his tongue. I moaned loudly as he stuck a finger inside me, then two, all while licking, biting and sucking on my clit until it swelled. I knew I was going to cum soon. I pleaded, "Carson, please fuck me! I need you!" He stood up and kissed my mouth, sharing the taste of my pussy with me. It tasted so sweet. He rubbed his dick up and down my swollen cunt, lubing up with my own juices. Slowly, he pressed the head up against me and inside. My pussy stretching to accommodate his size. He worked in and out slowly until I was able to take all of him. Then he began fucking me in a quickened pace. My hips matched his rhythm, fucking him as he fucked me. I waited

so long and spent so many nights wanting this and now it was really happening. He fucked me to an orgasm and I screamed out his name, my nails clawing down his back as my cum flooding over his cock. It lasted what seemed like forever. My legs shook and my chest heaved up and down as I tried to catch my breath. I wanted nothing more than to keep fucking him for hours, but after penetrating my soaking wet hole for nearly five more minutes, I felt him stiffen up and spurt after spurt his seed filled me. Collapsing on top of me, he kissed me the way lovers do. He lifted up. I smiled at him, gazing into his gorgeous eyes and teasingly said, "We're going to be late for dinner." With that we got up, quickly put on our clothes and rearranged ourselves to go out into public. Holding hands we left his office in complete bliss. To be continued: Please read the next stories to find out how our love blooms even fuller and what the future holds for us both.