

Long Distance Love

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A chance meeting in a chat room leads to romance

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Never having been a techie I was leary on meeting people on the Internet, but I was lonely and needing some companionship and joined a chat room to do just that--chat. Well, one evening I was in the room and in pops a man with a marvelous sense of humor. I sat alone in my living room and laughed at his comments. I sent him a private message and asked him where he'd been all my life. He replied, "right here, where have you been?"

Never in my life had I been so bold. I couldn't help myself. Perhaps it was the anonymity of the computer, but I was becoming addicted to this man. I spent my day's off attached to my laptop, wondering if he was going to be online too.

Our conversations were sweet and gentle, that wonderful time a couple goes through, getting to know each other. I learned he was divorced. He learned I was single. We both had been hurt bad in our past relationships. I also learned he didn't live anywhere near me. One evening he asked me if I would be offended if he asked for my phone number. I figured, what the hell, if he turns out to be a real flake, I'll just change my phone number and that will be that. That was three years ago now.

That first night on the phone we talked all night. I couldn't believe we were still talking as the sun came up. We didn't want to hang up, for fear the magic would be gone. It was over a year before we exchanged pictures via email. By then, I was hopelessly in love with this man.

My vacation time came and I asked him if he would like some company. I had saved all my overtime cash and had enough to purchase a ticket to Seattle to go and visit him. He was as excited over my pending vacation as I was. Once again, I couldn't believe that this was me, travelling halfway across the country to visit a man I met on the Internet. My friends thought I had taken leave of my senses.

The day I left on my vacation, I sat in the airport of my hometown and the butterflies in my stomach were lurching like they were playing volleyball! I was so excited, I couldn't wait to be on my way. We were finally on the plane and I was on my way, only to be met with a mechanical delay in Vancouver. Oh God, I was so antsy, I didn't know what to do with myself. I headed for the ladies room and locked myself in a stall. I sat down on the toilet and reached down and fingered my wet pussy. I wet the index finger of my right hand with my pussy juice and touched my clit. It was a good thing I was sitting down, as I practically came right away. I rubbed my nub in circles and it was only a matter of minutes until I came. I cleaned myself up and went to wait to board my plane.

I arrived in Seattle, a little worse for wear, but there he was. Oh God, he is even better looking in person than his picture, and my pussy twitched in eager anticipation. When he took me in his arms and kissed me in the airport all I could think was we need to get a room.

We had about a two hour drive to get to his home and we talked like we were old friends and lovers. We finally arrived and he carried my suitcase up to his apartment. It was small, but then he didn't need much room, he said. It was one bedroom and he said he would take the sofa, giving me the bedroom and the bed. I'm sure the look on my face was pure disappointment, but we HAD just met.

We went out for dinner and that evening and for a walk on the beach of the Pacific Ocean, while the sun set over the water, he kissed me and held my hand, and told me I was the most beautiful woman he had ever met. We sat on the deserted beach and made out like two teenagers.. He kissed me, deeply thrusting his tongue into my willing, open mouth. His hand worked its way under my sweater and cupped my breast. I reached behind me and undid my bra, and my breast tumbled into his hand. His calloused thumb found my already erect nipple and rubbed it back and forth. I moaned in near ecstasy, as I hadn't felt these feelings in a very long time.

He whispered in my ear, "I want to see your breasts" and my arms lifted above my head like they were filled with helium. He grasped the bottom hem of my sweater and lifted it over my head. My nipples reacted immediately to the crisp ocean breeze and he reached out and tweaked and rolled the left nipple while he took the right one into his mouth and suckled gently. I could feel his sweet ministrations right down to my clit, and I squirmed in pleasure, trying to get comfortable.

Before I knew it his hand was on the snap of my jeans and pulling gently. Soon the zipper was undone and his hand was inside my jeans. My thong panties were soaking wet and he revelled in the moisture. I felt the tiny scrap of material being pulled to one side and his finger sliding into my sleek wetness.

"You are so wet" he whispered as he tapped on my clit. I lifted myself off the blanket we had spread on the beach to sit on and pushed my jeans down over my hips. I felt him grab my thong and rip it off

my body. "I'll take great pleasure in buying you a new pair" he told me as I gasped as I felt the cool air rush over my fevered crotch.

He slipped one finger in my hot cunt and I clamped down on it like it was a life line. He continued to strum my clit and inserted a second finger into me. "Oh fuck, you are so tight, I can't believe how tight you are." His long fingers moved inside me and I pushed myself onto his hand. I came as he finger fucked me, but it wasn't enough, I wanted cock in cunt. Now.

I reached over and cupped and fondled him through his jeans. I worked at the buttoned fly, one by one until his rigid cock sprang free. I took him in my hand and squeezed gently. "Not here" he said breathlessly. He jumped up and tried, rather unsuccessfully to tuck himself back into his jeans. He reached down a hand and helped me up. "I don't want our first time to be on a blanket on the beach. I want to make love to you the way you deserve. I know just the place we should go." We got into the car and he drove to a wonderful bed and breakfast.

He registered us and we went into our cottage. He lit a fire and we undressed each other slowly and tenderly. The shower was big enough for two people and we washed and dried each other. The king size bed was big and fluffy with a feather bed, a down duvet and big feather pillows. I had never felt so pampered in all my life. He pulled the duvet back and we lay down, sinking into the feather bed.

He kissed me and worked his way down my body with his mouth and tongue. I reached for him, but he pulled my hands away. "I want to make sweet love to you. Please let me." Oh my, what's a girl to say. I just sighed and spread my legs and let him have his way with me. Oh my, what that man can do with his mouth and hands. I am starting to come, again, and he brings himself between my legs and enters me. I can feel my pussy clenching hard around his length. My legs come up over his back and he starts to thrust into me. We find the rhythm that has been known to man since the beginning of time. I call out his name as we come together. We roll over together and fall asleep in each others arms.

The next two weeks were a wonderful vacation for both of us, filled with gentle loving and great sex. We are still together, living our long distance love, through sexy email and phone calls. I can't wait til my next vacation.