Lura falls in Love

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My house is the last in the block, in fact, it is the last house of the street. Here the paving stops and the street turns into a dirt road. No wonder then that there is hardly any traffic. From here the dirt road runs along the wheat fields that start just east of my home.

Standing in front of the mailbox one could see a mile toward the east, but only about five blocks toward the city. There the street disappeared down towards the river. Today the mailbox had yielded one piece of junk mail, something to be thrown away.

I adjusted my sunglasses, which had shifted as usual when I bent down to make sure there was no mail hidden in the back of the mailbox. I loved my glasses. Maybe I was vain, but what if I was. At twenty-two I was entitled to have a quirk. There were dozens of glasses in my room, a choice of several for each occasion.

Today was Mom's day to cook and I savored the smells wafting from the kitchen. I almost started salivating just thinking of Mom's special chicken curry that she served with a sambbl dish of small cut green onions, some Earl Grey chutney and a few slices of hard boiled egg on the side.

My thoughts of lunch were interrupted by the sound of a car approaching on my go-nowhere road. It was still at least three blocks away but it definitely was coming my way. It sounded like a brand new car, very quiet. I would not have heard it if it was not for the fact that I have such good ears.

The car made a U-turn on the dirt road and slowly advanced to my driveway. There was a slight pause of hesitation before the driver stopped out and shut off the engine.

The footsteps coming up the driveway belonged to a man without a doubt. I knew little about him so far, but what I knew I liked. He had not slammed the car door, as most men would have done, he had shut it like one shuts a door in ones home. I pictured him as kind and considerate.

His footsteps were even and solid, there was neither arrogance nor hesitation. Judging by his walk I pegged him at about thirty. Naturally, he wouldn't be able to see me until he rounded the lilac bushes at the end of the driveway. But it was only when he reached the first porch step that he spoke.

"Hi," he started, "I am completely lost. Maybe you can help me by giving me some directions?"

I liked his voice immediately, it was a warm voice hinting of kindness and consideration, of happiness and humor, but it also told of authority and command. It was the kind of pleasant voice that a girl like me could listen to for hours, walking together in the park, or sitting next to each other on a porch swing.

Oh, my God, I thought to myself, you don't want to be seen in these old rags. Wait, don't run away, answer him first and make him stay. Then change into something colorful and sexy.

"You came to the right place," I answered him. "We have more answers than questions and we will share some with you if you are patient. But first give me a minute or two, I was just going to change for lunch into something more apropos."

He chuckled and waited while I raced upstairs, stepped out of my housecoat and slipped into my favorite slinky mini that fit me like a glove and showed as much of my slim figure as if I wore nothing at all. A girl never knows when Mister Right comes along, and I wanted to be prepared.

I almost missed a step as I raced back down. I should mention that he had a good view of the stairs, and me, as I rushed up and down. I gave him my best smile and giggled a bit, the kind of girlie giggle that men seem to like so much.

"I am so glad you are such a patient man. You see, my Mom and I always eat together, we set a nice table like in a restaurant, and we dress for lunch and dinner. I'll get Mom now."

I could almost feel his eyes following me and I gave him an extra hip wiggle to enjoy. Mom was finishing the curry, stirring vigorously. She had heard the goings on and had waited for her turn, as I knew she would.

"Come into the kitchen so I can talk to you, young man," she hollered toward the front door, nearly busting my eardrums. For a second I wondered if he would. I was relieved when I heard him coming up the porch steps and then hesitantly entering the living room.

"You should listen when Mom talks to you," she told him. "I asked you to join me in the kitchen, not take up residence in the living room. Now come in here so I can talk to you." That was typical MOM,

directing traffic, telling strangers what to do. Would she also insist that he share lunch with us? She might, I thought. In fact, I hoped so.

"Which big city you come from, young fellow," Mom questioned. "Probably some big city in the East, I reckon. Never mind. Sit down and tell me who you are and what you need."

"I am sorry; I didn't want to interrupt your lunch preparations. The name is Walt Benson. All I need is some directions. Or maybe I could use your phone, my cell phone is dead," he stammered.

"OK," Mom replied. "I'll answer all your questions in a moment while we are having lunch. I am almost done," she added. Then she turned to me.

"What are you waiting for, Lura. Get busy and set the table. And thanks for changing. But why didn't you change your glasses? These don't go with your dress."

I hurried upstairs again to get my matching glasses. I hoped Mom would explain about my wearing my sunshades even in the house. She had done so, I heard just the end of it as I returned down the stairs.

"That girl and her glasses are so funny. She must have dozens of them. Some of her friends joke that they make her look sophisticated. They also joke that she probably wears them in bed at night. But that's just a joke. She does take them off at night, or when she takes a shower, or when she cooks, or when she swims in our backyard pool."

The stranger was still waiting patiently, listening to Mom's prattle and watching her as she finished the Chicken Curry, and then ladled the rice into the rice bowl. So he missed the three linen place mats appearing on the table, at once followed by three plates.

Mom brought the rice bowl to the table first and I heard her ladling a good portion onto the stranger's plate. I had my back to hum, getting the silverware, when I heard him taking in a good-sized breath in order to talk do Mom. He never got the first word out. Mom was faster.

"You'll like the curry, it's a bit hot but has such good flavor, and there is plenty more."

While all this had been going on I had distributed the silverware. Mom set down and waited for me to set out the prepared sambol dishes. It was when I was finished that the stranger finally found his voice and addressed Mom.

"Ma'am, I can't do this. I mean, I didn't barge in, you practically ordered me into your kitchen, but I

can't just eat your lunch. You don't even know me." He didn't get any further, Mom interrupted him.

"What do you mean, we don't know you. Sure we do, you are Walt Benson, you told me so when I asked you. Now eat your lunch before the rice and the chicken get cold. We can talk afterwards."

After lunch Walt was coerced into joining us for a cup of coffee before Mom released him into my custody. I was eagerly looking forward to ride with him and show him some of the highlights of the city. I told Walt that I would stay in the car while he took the pictures he had come for. But when he returned he found me standing outside next to the open car door waiting for him.

"Could we please make a quick stop at the Riverside Bank, if you know where that bank is located," he asked me. "I have to cash a company check."

I directed him to the bank, which happened to be where we do our banking.

"Let me go in with you, "I suggested, "I am well known here by everyone." But he wouldn't listen.

"There are times when a man has to go by himself," he tried to explain lamely.

He was gone for a very long time. And when he returned I could hear a huge smile in his voice.

"I called the home office to report my findings. They said that they would contact the Realtor at once to ink the deal. I should be prepared to stay and supervise the remodeling. They suggested I look for an apartment." He was so excited and happy that he almost burst his seams. Next came a hesitant question.

"Lura, is there a nice small café, sort of out of the way, where we can have something to nibble on and maybe get acquainted?"

I took him to the Old Santa Fe, where I wanted to sit outside. He did not like the idea at all, so we took the small table inside in the far corner, away from the window. He told me about his job as a branch manager and his excitement to live here. We talked for two hours, but I can't remember what else we talked about. I just wanted to listen to his voice and have him near me.

When we returned Mom told him in her special way that he better report back at 7:30 for socializing and a drink. She had a new expression that I had not heard from her before.

"We can't have strangers running around the city, so we will turn you into a good friend tonight." In my own mind I repeated her words, but the meaning behind them was miles apart from Mom's. I don't

think she was aware of her daughter's wily and devious ways.

He arrived promptly at 7:30. He preferred a glass of wine to a mixed drunk. I normally prefer wine also, but tonight I wanted to make sure he watched me making myself a vodka martini. When Mom called it a night early I suggested we sit on the couch to watch a short video I had selected. It was a romantic short story with enough suggestions and innuendoes and a bit of steaminess to hopefully create the right mood.

I slowly leaned closer to Walt as the video played until my head was resting on his shoulder and I let him drink in my pheromones. It was not very long before I felt his arm snaking around my shoulder. I snuggled closer to him making sure he knew it was he who drew me closer. I tenderly kissed his earlobe and then whispered in his ear.

"I love the smell of your skin. I love to feel your slight stubble scratching me. It feels so good to rest my head on your shoulder. I love a man who is tender like you but is strong also like you, a man who knows what he wants."

When I touched his earlobe again, this time with just the tip of my tongue, he shivered and reached over and put his hand on my knee. I grabbed it immediately and brought it up to my lips and kissed his palm. Again I felt him shiver.

Instead of on my knee I placed his hand on my left breast, my hand over his to hold it in place. I could feel my tit reacting and my nipple swelling. His hand felt so good, but it was not enough.

He finally noticed and acknowledged the soft and warm female body next to his that was waiting to be explored, a body that wanted to be both crushed with bear hugs and to be caressed tenderly.

As the video finished I sat up as if to go and shut off the video player, but I did not. I moistened my lips to make them glisten in the still darkened room and leaned back into the couch cushions. My lips were slightly open, waiting.

When I had darkened the room for the video I had made sure he saw that I changed to a pair of much lighter glasses. As I felt him shifting his body next to me I knew that he was looking at me, a young girl with eyes closed and her moist lips slightly parted. He had no choice, he could not resist.

Walt kissed tenderly at first. But then his kisses became more demanding as my tongue encouraged him to get bolder. I offered my tongue to him and he sucked on it greedily. My arms had wrapped themselves behind his back. His hand in the meantime had remembered what to do. It kneaded and squeezed my tit. Finally his fingers started to squeeze and roll my nipple, which was by now swollen

and hard, sending small lightning bolts to that itchy place between my legs.

My fingers found his shirt buttons and opened the shirt. Now I could playfully scratch between the hair on his chest. When I tested his nipples I found to my joy that they were very sensitive also. As soon as we broke our kisses I bent to his nipples and sucked them in my mouth and tantalized them with my tongue.

He started to protest meekly when I removed his shirt but I think this was just his 'proper' upbringing raising its ugly head. Anyway, I realized I had more work to do before he would want to follow me. I moved in front of him and kneeled down so I could remove his shoes.

He had not made any sounds so far, but I knew he would do so soon. He started making small 'ugh' noises when I scratched and then squeezed the bulge in his pants. His breathing was getting faster and somewhat irregular. It was so obvious what he expected to happen. But it did not. My plan was more devious.

"We can't continue here," I said, raising my face up at him. "Mom has the ground floor, mine is the upper floor. There we will be safe."

I swiftly rose, took his hands and pulled him up. He did not protest, which told me that he now was mine. As we silently moved upstairs I planned my next move. I knew what I wanted.

Walt was not my first lover, but he was my first love. Could it really be that I fell in love with a man I had just met, about whom I knew little to nothing? I was confused, but about one thing I was sure. I wanted this man, tonight and every minute thereafter. I wanted to walk with him through life. I wanted to be part of his being so badly it almost hurt.

Walt's hesitance was heavy in the air. He had been brought up properly, such as 'you don't take a girl to bed after only a few days. She probably is a tart, anyway, to allow that." It called for swift action. In the bedroom I moved two feet away from him. I let my mini dress fall to the floor, allowing him to admire the young lady he was about to take to bed.

As I stepped close to hug and get hugged I let my tits rub into his chest while we kissed. He was breathing heavily now. He made a strange sound, almost like a gurgled mixture of a 'yes' and of a 'no'. I did not give him time to object or back out. The zipper came down, his pants fell, and his boxer shorts joined them two seconds later.

His erection was not complete yet, about half way to fully erect and stiff. This is the state I like best. The feeling of power over my man is much stronger if I can feel his dick coming to full bloom in my

mouth. Before I put my lips over it I bent his dick upwards and used my tongue on the most sensitive spot, the one under the glans where the skin joins. This brought forth a few 'AAHHH's, the signal that Walt was now my prisoner, at least for this night, but hopefully for always.

His dick was now fully erect and I went to work on it. I let my lips softly glide up and down the shaft for a while, then changed to a strong suction. That was followed by a 'only the very tip' routine, while squeezing with two fingers and the thumb at the base. After about two minutes I stood up and let him hug and kiss me before I let myself fall onto the bed.

He followed me at once and rained kisses all over my body, making me shiver and squeal as my arousal was building. I soaked up his loving attention like a flowerbed welcomes the rain. But I needed more, I needed all of him. I wanted to be filled by his dick, feeling him all the way deep inside me. I wanted his hairy chest crushing me into the mattress. But more than anything else I wanted his love.

My legs opened wide as he rolled on top of me and I wondered why he did not feel heavy, he felt just right. My arms reached around him to draw him even closer. My legs spread even wider as I felt his tip searching.

"Hurry, love, don't let me wait, please," I begged him, but he was gentle instead and eased himself in slowly. Only after he had entered me fully did he start moving his dick in and out, increasing the tempo with each stroke. I was frantic, commanding my pelvis to match his strokes with equal force.

"My God," I heard myself crying out, "fuck me, lover……...fuck me harder…… ……."

This is all I heard of myself or of Walt. I had been swallowed up by a crushing, roaring ocean wave, spitting me out high into the sky that opened up to surround me like a vice, then collapsed with me inside. It was a black hole.

When the world as I knew it, had returned, I felt Walt staring at me. His breath came in short spurts as if he just finished a marathon. I smelled his sweat mingled with the smell of his maleness.

"Lura," he stammered, "what happened to us just now?"

I didn't answer, my voice would have cracked. Then the reaction set in. I threw my arms around Walt's neck, I pulled myself close to him, wishing I could crawl into him somehow. I was scared.

We lay together for a long time, each needing the other. Then something nagged at my brain. Tentatively at first, and then suddenly it came over me like a cloudburst. I had fallen in love with a

kind, sweet, caring, and considerate man named Walt.
As the emotions welled up inside me I started to cry. He hugged me closer still and whispered sweet loving words in my ear till I relaxed.

"Lura," he hesitantly started. "Is there really such a thing as love on first sight? Is that really possible? Don't say 'no', dear, because it happened to me. I want to be a part of your life, I don't want to let you go ever."

We talked bout ourselves, what kind of past we had, what kind of future we wanted. We snuggled, we cried, we laughed. And we explored our bodies again. It was long after midnight when exhaustion overcame us and we fell into a deep and well deserved sleep.

The next morning, after I had showered, Mom took me aside to tell me that she became alarmed last night. She claimed we were shrieking and bellowing so loud that her water glass on her bight stand was dancing. I think she was serious.

At breakfast that morning the inevitable happened. Walt moved my coffee cup so he could pull the syrup pitcher closer. It had been a full cup and it took several paper towels to clean the mess. Naturally, I told him that he had to clean it up since he had moved my cup. He did get everything dried and even poured me another cup of Java, but then he just had to tease me.

"Quite clumsy this morning, are you? And then ordering me to clean the mess although it was your cup and it was standing right in front of your eyes and would have bitten you if it had teeth."

The time was now.

"Walt, you and I are entering into a meaningful relationship I hope. Therefore you should know something about me, and you also must make a promise," I announced with a big smile. "Stand up, you gorgeous hunk, raise your right hand and repeat after me,

I shall always……..
Inform my loving and lovable wife…….
When I move something…….
Since she cannot even see what's in front of her nose…….

There was a moment's pause after he had finished, then there was a rush of air and he almost bawled me over. He hugged me, he kissed me with the exuberance of a teenager on his first date. He grabbed me at the hips and lifted me above his head. And after he set me down and released me he started dancing around the room.

"I was right," he shouted. "Right when I first met you I thought to myself, this lady is blind. But then I discarded the idea, you acted so competent, you were doing the dishes when I arrived last night. And later I watched you pouring the wine. And to top it off, you fixed yourself a martini; how could a person who cannot see do all these things. Adorable, sit down."

Then he did something unexpected. He kneeled down in front of me. He kissed my knee and then put his hand where he had kissed me.

"If you could see you would notice a difference." He paused to try and formulate his next statement just right for the best shock effect. But it was I who did the shocking when I burst out laughing.

"Are you talking about the dark skin of your hand on the light skin of my thigh?" I innocently asked.

"Did your Mom tell you that I am black?" he stuttered.

"Oh no," I assured him. "You were trying so hard to avoid me being seen together with you, it was almost funny. And then there were other little signs that told me of a different skim color. And we are going to stop that color nonsense right now. I am not white. You are not black. The only difference is that my skin is lighter than yours, and that makes for a mice contrast, I think."

"Since I am kneeling in front of you, you lovable, sweet, desirable, adorable woman, I might as well declare my unwavering love and ask you to marry me as soon as the shock of my asking you has worn off."

We stood up and embraced, laughed, kissed, laughed some more, and kissed some more. Tears were rolling down our cheeks, partly because of the funny way Walt had proposed, but mostly due to our delirious happiness.

Just then Mom walked in. She knew immediately without being told. She put her arms around both of us to share in our happiness. We three must have waltzed around the room for several minutes before returning to reality.