

# One Night Only; Chapter Two

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*This will be my last story on Lush. I wish ALL my new friends the very best!*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/one-night-only-chapter-two.aspx>

After that "one night only" I have to admit I struggled with wanting nothing more than to do it over and over again. As many times as I could possibly get away with. I fantasized about being with Harold again, I craved the feel of his hands, the taste of his lips, the sound of his voice. I honestly had fooled myself into believing that I could just have one night of passion with him and then go back to my life.

One night I had come to the point of making up my mind that I was going to call him and set up another meeting. I didn't care about the risk I was taking or the potential damage it could do to my family as well as to his. I was being driven by blind desire and pure lust.

That night instead of contacting Harold, I stumbled upon someone else. I shouldn't say stumbled upon, I believe our meeting was God intervened and He put this man in my life to guide my relationship with Christ as well as my husband. I had read his profile on the chat sight and read the story he had posted, enjoying it. I was intrigued by what he had said and the fact that he wasn't afraid to include his personal belief in the Lord Jesus Christ in his profile, so I made contact.

We began chatting. I found myself opening up to him about the choices I had made, and the decision I had also made to do it again. We quickly realized that there was more to this than a casual chat, we shared so much more than just being on the same sight and enjoying reading and writing stories. There was a deep spiritual aspect to our connection, both of us sharing a very strong faith.

He began to gently probe deeper into why I had made the choices I had. What had brought me to this place. There was no judgement just understanding. I shared with him my love for my husband and my hurt at feeling rejected sexually by him.

He encouraged me to not give up on my marriage, and if necessary to be the sexual pursuer of my husband. He told me to focus on what I could do, not what my husband wasn't doing. He made suggestions, like sleeping in the nude, or getting in the shower with my husband. To be bold about what I wanted. They sounded so simple, but yet I had been feeling so helpless and frustrated for so

long I was unsure if I could pull it off. After talking for hours, he convinced me that I was strong enough, and that my husband was worth fighting for. Instead of fantasizing about strangers, I could fantasize about my own husband.

Well that very night my husband had been working nights and when he got home and crawled into bed I was waiting for him. I knew he was exhausted, and I almost chickened out, but then I decided I wouldn't let this opportunity pass me by. I pressed my full breasts into his side, slid my fingers across his stomach and wrapped my leg over him. Pressing my wet pussy into his thigh. I said, "I know you are tired, but I am so horny." He immediately got hard. Turning towards me and began kissing me, running his tongue around my mouth. His hands traveling down my back and taking my ass in his hands to pull me closer into his hardness. I began kissing his neck, his ear, licking all around it, as I knew that drove him crazy. My hands were busy driving other parts of him crazy as well. Running up and down his hard stomach, my hands taking his shaft. Curling my fingers around it, sliding up and down. Then I began my descent, leaving a trail of hot kisses all over his body, my tongue tracing patterns all over him. Feeling him getting harder and harder, his breathing coming quicker. I finally reached my destination, sliding my tongue over the tip of his now throbbing penis. Tasting the pre-cum on my lips. Licking the V at the side of his head. Running my tongue up one side and back down the other. My fingers sliding down to his scrotum, hearing his quick gasp of breath. Then taking him completely into my mouth, feeling him reach the back of my throat, holding him there, then slowly rising up, licking his tip and then taking his balls into my mouth. My hand going up and down on him. Then repeating it over and over. Feeling him begin to tense, I wanted him to cum inside of me, so I slid up and guided him into my now dripping wet pussy. Slowly at first rising up and down. His hands kneading my breasts. Leaning up to take my already sensitive nipple into his mouth. His hips rising up to match my rhythm. Taking him almost to the edge. Then I leaned back my hands on his thighs to change the angle, feeling him rub against the back of my vagina. He reached down and began rubbing my swollen nub between his fingers, driving me mad! I felt my inner muscles begin to strain and clench, knowing I was close. I rose back up and increased the rhythm. He took my hips and began raising me up and down his shaft. I felt myself crest and then fly off the edge, only to feel him close behind. His hot load shooting inside me, his body quivering.

We lay there a long time, our bodies still joined and I began to tell him a story about desire and needs and love. I told him that I was going to fight for our marriage. That I would do whatever it took, that I had missed him and needed sex more than just once a year. I told him it hurt me when he didn't desire my body sexually. I also told him I would be sleeping in the nude from now on. He questioned me why, and I told him it would make it easier for him to jump my bones every night. And I meant every night!

We snuggled for a long time, our naked bodies pressed tightly together, and I knew that this was just the beginning. I was determined to get the desire and passion back between us, whatever it took. I

realized what I had been looking for in the arms of a stranger was right there beside me.

My last thought before falling contentedly to sleep was of feeling extremely grateful to a stranger, who had over a period of a few hours cared enough and had become my friend, who encouraged me to make the right choice, not only for my family but for myself also. He had given me advise on how to get my husbands motor running again, and to desire me. I would have never guessed that a simple thing like shedding my clothes could make such a huge difference, and would start our marriage down a different path.

I don't believe in coincidence, I know that we met for a reason, that he was placed in my life by God for a purpose, and I will be forever grateful to him, for having my husband back, and for having his friendship. I'll now ask my new friend to mentor me on how to get my husband excited about eating my pussy on a regular basis. Who would have thought that my marriage could be turned around and the sexual excitement brought back by reading erotic stories on Lush and chatting with my new found friend in the Lord.