

# The best of the worst

By Kornpopper

Published on Lush Stories on 08 Sep 2011



<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/the-best-of-the-worst.aspx>

I grew up in a small town north of the river, completely surrounded by cropland as far as you could see. Life was boring as hell, with nothing to do except drink at the local taverns if you were old enough. I loved it there none the less. The peacefulness and serenity that one was garnished with made one feel welcomed and alive; nothing like in the big city. Regardless of what the city life had to offer I was more than happy to live the simple life I had grown accustomed to and not have to fill every second of my day with useless errands and places to be. This was my calling and where I needed to be. My life was all going good except for one thing; I didn't have a girlfriend. That area was one at which I never excelled and often fell flat on my face. To be honest, I couldn't get a girl to save my life, no matter what I tried. I was not the most handsome man in town, nor did I look like the back end of a mule. At an age of 26 my body was nothing to be admired or seen on the cover of a magazine, but I tried to stay in relatively good shape. Some may have said I had a few pounds to lose, but I was happy, and the fact I was no sumo wrestler made me more comfortable in my own skin. As for the rest of me I was the average American guy. If I stood on my tiptoes I could probably be considered six feet tall, but that wasn't likely. The only thing that people noticed that was different about me was that I hated sports. My name is Adam but my friends all called me Shelly because I played sports like a California beauty queen. The summer had drawn out to be relatively uneventful, to say the least. Only the usual happenings kept everyone socially engaged in the town gossip. That is until the night of the street dance. This was a yearly tradition orchestrated by the city council and the local taverns. The music this year was actually quite good compared to years past where only local bands were welcomed. All my friends and I were there to partake in the festivities and just enjoy a good time. While I was on my way to get another beer to satisfy my thirst, I noticed a girl off in the back corner sitting all alone. She looked to be about my age and cute to boot. When I got back to my friends I asked them if they had seen her around before, which no one had. Quickly thinking, I made some lame excuse and ditched my friends to go talk with her. As I approached her I threw out my almost full beer and made sure to give myself a once over to better present myself. When I reached her I asked her if she would like some company, which she gladly accepted. Now, I know what you are thinking, I said she was cute but she was no super model. She had a unique look about her that was hard to describe other than I couldn't stop looking at her. So, I started in with the usual banter about breaking the ice. "My name is Adam. What's your name or should I just call you cute?" I said. She smiled at that remark and blushed a little. "I'm Riley," was her reply. "I haven't seen you around

town before are you new here?" "Sort of, I lived here when I was younger then moved away with my family, but when I got older I remembered this place and how great it was, so I decided to move back. I'm glad to see not much has changed." She said. "Yea, nothing ever really changes or happens here. That's why I like living here," was my response. "I've lived here my whole life and I can't remember you living here." As I gave her a baffled look. "Where did you go to grade school?" she asked "Jefferson elementary," I replied "So did I. My friends all called me Smiley Riley because I always had a smile." That's when it clicked in my head, I knew this girl. I could vaguely remember this little brunette girl who always had a smile and playful spirit about her. She was the one girl I could talk to and hang out with as a kid. There was nothing we couldn't do together. Sadly she moved away when I was in the second grade and I never found as close of friend after that. "I can barely remember you. We were such close friends. Do you remember a little blond boy that always hung around you?" "Holy crap! Adam, I remember you now. We were best friends," she said as she got up from her seat to give me a hug. Honestly, I have to admit the hug was really exciting, as I could feel her shapely feminine figure as it pressed against me. I was getting quite aroused at this point and I did not want to let go. After our embrace we continued our conversation, remembering all the things we used to do together and caught up on what we had been up to lately. I learned she'd had a few boyfriends in the past that were jerks to her and mainly used her for sex. I also told her about my colorful past and how I could play sports better than getting a date. She had a good laugh at that, since she remembered how I was always picked last when we played games at recess. After having a few drinks I noticed the flirtation was getting more risky and uninhibited. Frankly, I liked where this was going. This was the first girl I have ever been able to talk to and express myself without feeling ashamed or guilty and she was not a girl anymore; she was a woman. After our encounter, that night seemed to just pass us by. We lost all track of time and neither of us listened to the band as we were too engrossed in talking to each other. Before we knew it, the bars were closing up for the night and the people had mostly gone home. Both of us did not want the night to end but we both knew it had to, so, reluctantly, we both said our goodbyes, but not before we exchanged numbers and shared another embrace. This time her body felt even more electrifying against me. Her warmth felt so good against my skin in the cool night air. I couldn't help but think what kind of man would not want this woman, she's perfect. When I returned home, I knew that I was feeling better than I had felt in a long time. My hands were clammy, heart was a flutter, and my whole body was tingling. At that moment I knew I had found the girl for me, but for now I had to go to bed; I was tired. My mind raced and replayed the night's events as I lay there, all the while knowing sleep would come hard that night. The next morning I woke with a smile on my face and a spring in my step. I was eager to get out and do something, anything. Well, as luck would have it, I caught up with my friends from the previous night and they gave me the usual banter about ditching them for some chick. All I could do was smile, remembering her face. The day passed by faster than expected and before I knew it, I was back at home with nothing to do but daydream. I thought to myself how great would it be if Riley wanted me just as much as I wanted her. The life we could have together, our future, potential children and grand children, and to just be there for each other. I couldn't wait any longer I had to find out how she felt. I went and grabbed my phone

from the table then proceeded to write a text. "Hey Riley, its Adam. Had a great time last night and I would like to see you again let me know if you want to hang out sometime." I reread it to check if it sounded good, and I liked it, so I pushed send. After I sent it I got all these butterflies in my stomach. I didn't know if she felt the same way. How would she react? What would she do? Was I coming on to strong? I know you are expected to wait three days before calling someone, but I just couldn't help it; I needed to know. Besides, it's not like that is the rule, it's only a guideline. As I waited the butterflies only got worse. I kept checking the time thinking she would reply faster but to no avail. Then it happened; the phone made the chime notifying me I had received a new text. Oh please let this be good, I thought. I opened the phone and read the message: "Adam I had such a good time with you I didn't want the night to end. I would love to go out sometime, just let me know when it works for you." Holy crap, I thought, she wants me! This was the first woman to really want me. I must have been the luckiest guy in the world. I couldn't help but jump up and dance a little then made my way over to the mirror to make some faces and pose a little. I was telling my reflection that I was the man, I had it all, living was good. Then I remembered I had to reply back. I raced back to the phone and, with fumbling fingers, was able to type when I wanted to see her next. I suggested we meet again tomorrow night for some Chinese food. When I received her text back I was elated to hear that she couldn't wait. Well, the next day was like a blur to me. I couldn't remember anything that happened as all I could think about was the date later that night. We decided to meet each other there, as she lived only a few blocks from the restaurant. When I saw her, my mouth dropped open; I was speechless. She had a nice white blouse on with a floral skirt that was short but still left something to the imagination. Her hair was cut in layers with the longest reaching half way down her back. She was beautiful, to say the least. I felt a tingle in my pants as I hugged her and we shared swift kiss on the cheek. Again, the night went by way too fast and, before we knew it, almost three hours had passed and we still hadn't left the restaurant. I suggested we leave while we could still catch the last few minutes of the sunset. I told her I knew a place that had a beautiful view, but we had to get there soon. We both rushed out to the car and, before I could get my seatbelt on, she leaned over and kissed me. I was caught off guard and didn't know what to do so I said: "Do you want to skip the sunset?" Hoping she had better plans for us. "Yeah, let's go back to my place and make some fireworks instead!" she replied All I could do was smile at her. While we were driving to her place, she had her hand on my thigh gently massaging back and forth. That only made me drive a little faster. When we pulled into her drive, we got out of the car and more or less sprinted to the door, with me wrapping my arms around her and kissing her neck. We pushed our way through the door all the while holding each other, trying desperately to quench our thirst for one another. I slowly stared to work my nervous hands down her back, inching closer towards those two lovely globes that so pleasantly defined her cute apple bottom. They were firm to the touch, yet so soft and supple at the same time. I lifted her up and she rewarded me by holding me tighter as well as working her tongue deeper into my oral cavity. She soon started to tear at my shirt, forcefully trying in vain to disrobe me right there. As we made our way into her bedroom, she shoved me back onto the bed and crawled her way on top, straddling my legs, so eagerly willing to position herself above me. I couldn't help but tenderly stroke her back and thighs as she slowly

started to perform a seductive striptease, revealing her picturesque breasts in all their glory. My desires overtook me as I massaged her now unclothed womanly figure. Slowly I kneaded her breasts and ever so gracefully caressed her nipples, bringing out soft whimpers from her lips. I knew she was enjoying herself, and in a short time she had pushed my hands aside before working her way down to my stomach then gently cupping my hard erection. As she tenderly kissed my now throbbing tool, I felt shivers run up my spine. She knew what she was doing and that only made the moment all that much more thrilling. I could hardly contain myself as her sweet lips parted and engulfed me in one fluid motion, whirling her tongue around like she was searching for the sweet spot. My purple head was pulsing with each heartbeat as she worked herself up and down, hitting all my nerve endings. Holy shit, was all I could think. Without a doubt, if she kept this up I wouldn't be able to endure it much longer. I was rewarded for my patience as she climbed her way back up me and positioned her wet and waiting love tunnel over my mouth. Instantly I readily obliged by kissing her thighs before coming to her outer lips. I placed soft kisses against her while she began to moan in pleasure. Licking my way from bottom to top like a lollipop made her squeal in delight as I reached her swollen nub. Carefully I used my mouth to open her up to get better access to the nether regions of her confines. God she tasted good. I lapped up her secretions, enjoying how they glistened against the dim lighting. Pressing my tongue in slowly working it around made her gasp for air and grind harder on my lips. As I continued my assault on her I was massaging her supple behind. Gradually I slipped two of my digits into her canal making her shriek in ecstasy. Working my fingers out in a rhythmic motion I again went at using my oral skills to attack her engorged button. Gently I bit down on it, rolling it between my teeth, and that sent her to the point of no return. She convulsed and groaned above me, experiencing a massive orgasm. When she came down from her orally induced climax, I rolled her onto her back pulling her legs onto my shoulders. I rubbed my swollen head against her perky nub eliciting a moan from her. Slowly I thrust forward, passing her silky lips and penetrating her as deeply as I could. Once satisfied I could go no deeper, I withdrew, only leaving my head in and forcefully started to work myself in and out hearing a slapping sound as our bodies collided. She was whining with pleasure as she looked into my eyes, her mouth hanging open, expelling only the sound of wanting more. After a few minutes I could no longer keep my pace and gently leaned down to kiss her. Knowing I was unable to continue she pushed me onto my back and again straddled me guiding my hard member back into her wetness. As she methodically gyrated her hips I eagerly began caressing her breasts, massaging them as if they were my own. Not wanting to wait any longer, she started moving her thighs faster and with more passion than I have ever seen. As we were building closer to our orgasms her moans turned to into silence and she gripped my chest. Her orgasms hit first. As she began convulsing I could feel her muscles contract, sending me into my own world of eternal bliss. Soon after she came back down, she collapsed on top of me wrapping her arms around me and I wrapped mine around her. Holding each other I kissed her head and told her how incredible that was. A giggle was my only reply. We fell asleep holding each other, both spent from our night of passion. When morning came, she wasn't in the bed, and I thought it was all a dream, but, as I was about to dismiss it as such, she came strolling back into the bedroom and jumped back into bed.

“Morning sweetie,” she said. “Good morning cutie,” I replied “Did you enjoy last night?” I asked She didn’t bother with a reply, instead she crawled on me and kissed me with such brazen force I thought she was going to eat me. “Oh yeah, I needed that,” she cooed as she lay by my side again. I couldn’t help but think I must be the luckiest man on earth to have such a great girl in my arms and one that also wanted me with the same intensity. Fast forward a few months, and things couldn’t be better. We were spending almost all of our free time together, with no signs of slowing down. Eventually I asked her to move in with me and was delighted when she happily agreed. Our love life has been more than thrilling and, with each day, we eagerly anticipate each other more and more. As our one year anniversary approached I decided to make her mine, on our anniversary I asked her to marry me to which she gleefully accepted. Now I wish I could tell you everything went according to plan, that we had the fairy tale wedding and lived happily ever after, but that was not the case. About three months before we were to get married, I received a phone call from the local police department. It seems that when Riley was on her way back from a friend’s house, she was hit by a drunk driver and died at the scene. I thought someone was playing a cruel prank on me. Why me? I thought this isn’t how our ending was planned. Over the course of the next few days I could barely function, wishing I could go back and hold her one last time, telling her how much I loved her. As time passed the pain slowly faded away and I was left with the memories we had together. I never found anyone like her, so to this day, I remain a bachelor, and not a day goes by I don’t think back remembering the pleasures we shared. That was almost thirty years ago now. Not much has changed for me since then. I still live in the same house, surrounded by Riley’s possessions. I have come to terms with the fact she wasn’t meant to be with me. None the less, I can’t help but think she was the best part of my life but also the worst. For that I will always love her. My first story so please let me know what you think. Thanks for reading!