

Just one thing

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Helen had been anticipating Sam's arrival all day but it didn't turn out as she had planned

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Helen checked her watch as she arrived home from work. She was running slightly late but still had plenty of time to get ready. As she bent to pick up the day's mail from the mat she felt her mobile vibrate in her pocket. With the dexterity gained from years of multi-tasking (it was good being a woman!) Helen read the message as she put her handbag and post on the kitchen counter and started to head upstairs. She was pleased to see it was from Mark. Helen and Mark had been friends for many years but things were changing. Their flirting had reached a high and the recent emails sent between them left no doubt in either mind that shortly they would also be lovers. Tonight was the first time they had planned to meet alone. Up until now they had always shared their time together with either his wife or other mutual friends around. Tonight Mark was coming over to her house, the house she shared with her two dogs, to seal their friendship with a kiss and, Helen hoped, probably much more. Climbing the stairs to get ready Helen read the text to herself, "Am on time, will be with you at 6.00, wear just one thing, please don't overdress, Mxx." Helen glanced over at the clock and realised that meant Mark would be with her in just 40 minutes. Hang it. She could really do with the extra time she had wasted talking to a colleague before leaving work, especially as she had been held up at every set of traffic lights on the way home. Still never mind, she still had time to shower and get dressed. As she stood in the shower Helen thought about the little butterflies she'd had in her stomach all day, she was so looking forward to meeting up with Mark tonight. Sure, he had nice blue eyes and a cute butt but there was more to him too. Helen loved the way he wrote in his emails with tenderness and a desire to please. He spoke fondly of turning her on, of focusing on her pleasure, and making her come. She was looking forward to lying in bed with him and laying herself open to his fingers and tongue and prick. "Enough of this!" Helen chastised herself as she grabbed the shower gel. For starters he's probably a smooth talker and just like the rest it'll be a wham, bam and off he'll go as soon as he's had his wicked way, and secondly if he is as nice as I think he is I'm not going to be ready if I stand here day-dreaming. Helen created a lather from the soap and gently massaged the soap into her skin. She enjoyed the feeling of her hands drifting across her chest perhaps spending a little more time rubbing across her nipples than was really necessary. Working her way in large sweeping strokes Helen's hands made their way downwards across her stomach, lower to the top of her legs but ignoring her most intimate area. Helen raised each leg in turn and with big movements

covered them in bubbles. Half smiling to herself, knowing that she was teasing her body, but pretending that all she was doing was washing Helen allowed her soapy hands to find the area at the top of her legs that was now so eager for her touch. She had spent all day trying to ignore the growing feelings she had. Pretending that she wasn't that excited but she knew that that was a lie. She was turned on and longed to be touch, to be stroked, to be caressed. Helen allowed her fingers to gently massage the skin around the entrance to her pussy, knowing that she was enjoying the feeling but still telling herself it was just part of her showering. Only when she started to slide her silky soap covered finger into herself did Helen stop. Too much! Let's leave that for later she thought before rinsing herself down and stepping out of the shower. I am so horny, Helen thought with a smile, if Mark plays hard to get tonight I think I'll rape him! After she had finished towelling herself down Helen went into her bedroom and sat on her bed. She had toyed with the idea of buying some new underwear tonight, to feel really special but the trusty black lingerie would do the trick just nicely. As she pulled her black lace shorts on and fastened the clips on her bra Helen wondered how long they would stay on for. She felt the fluttering in her stomach for the hundredth time that day. Helen told herself not to be so ridiculous, she was a grown woman acting like a teenager, but she couldn't help it. The expectation for tonight had been with her all day and even now, after her long shower and clean underwear she could feel her pussy getting damp. In her emails Helen had made love to Mark many times, she had explored his body with her tongue, had used him to her own end, and that was so easy when it was done remotely. In person Helen knew it would be different. They were old friends and this was new territory for them but whatever awkwardness there was to start she hoped the ice would break quickly between them. Helen glanced across at the clock and realised she had spent longer in the shower than she had intended, only a few minutes to finish getting ready before Mark said he would be here. She grabbed her jeans from her wardrobe and put a blouse on to complete her look. A small amount of make-up and Helen was ready. At the sound of the doorbell Helen took one last look in the mirror and started downstairs to meet Mark, in person, on their own, for the first time. Helen opened her door and stepped back expecting Mark to walk in, she held out her arms and prepared to close her eyes. This was it. This was the moment she had been anticipating all day, when they kissed for the first time. But nothing. Mark stood still, on the threshold looking at her. Slowly, quite simply he said, "You're overdressed. I asked you to wear just one thing. I'm going to go away and I'll be back in 30 minutes. Do not make yourself come in the meantime," and with that Mark turned and walked back to his car, without looking back he climbed in and drove away. Helen just stood there. She was totally gob-smacked. She had never known anything like this before. It took a few moments before she closed the front door, turned and started going upstairs. The bastard, the arrogant bastard. How dare he speak to me like that. I cannot believe he just said that to me. Helen entered her bedroom and flopped onto her bed, her head still spinning from what had taken place. She sat there for a few moments just taking it all in and then said to her self out loud, "And anyway, who is he to tell me I cannot come. My pussy, my rules!" With that Helen undid the button of her jeans and slid the zip down. It was tight but she could just ease her hand in. Helen loved the sensation, the feel of the black lace pants under her hand and the massaging of her pussy. In a short while Helen's

left hand was gently tracing the outline of her bra, even through the material Helen could feel the fullness of her breasts and the alertness of her nipples. She allowed her fingers to ease between two buttons and felt the touch of skin on skin as her fingers slid into the cup of her bra and sought out her nipple. Time to get more comfortable Helen thought and standing up she threw back the duvet cover pushing it, together with the cushions she kept on her pillow, onto the carpet. God, she was feeling horny. Helen pushed her jeans down and sat back onto the bed. Next she took off her top and bra and these joined the duvet on the floor. Lying back Helen now had complete access to her breasts and took full advantage. Her hands stroked and played, going this way then that, allowing them to brush over her nipples. She felt how hard they were and knew that her pussy too was equally turned on. She allowed one hand to trace a path down until it arrived at the top of her pants. Her fingers followed the line of the pants from left to right and then back again until with a sudden movement she raised her legs in the air, hooked her thumbs under the waist band and whipped them off and cast the underwear to one side. Keeping her feet on the bed, but now with her knees raised Helen started to massage her pussy. Keeping away from her clit for now she formed a v with two of her fingers and ran these up and down the sides of her slit. She could almost feel the heat emanating from her pussy and inserted the tips of her fingers inside herself to moisten them. Amazed at just how wet she had become in such a short time she returned to gliding her fingers up and down her pussy. Occasionally she would change direction and draw decreasing circles around her clit, never going too close but always just enough to continue the delicious tease. Again and again Helen felt her heartbeat increase and her breathing quicken, she knew that she was building up to a point of no return but she wanted to savour that moment. Each time she came close to her orgasm she changed the direction of her fingers to break the spell. Pulling her hand away from her pussy Helen started to play with both of her nipples, one hand on each. She had no trouble finding them, they were so aroused they were almost bursting from her skin. Taking them roughly between her thumb and forefinger Helen squeezed each in turn until the pain was quite sharp, and then squeezed a bit more! Fantastic. Why is it that when I am this horny that the pain never goes sideways but always in a straight line from my nipple to my clit? she thought before taking each nipple in turn again and pinching them tight. After several times of doing this she could feel the sensation in her chest long after she had let go. Helen allowed her right to return to her pussy and started massaging her clit. Softly at first but as the passion grew she used her left hand to pull back the hood of skin covering her most sensitive button and her fingers touched it directly. Faster and faster her fingers flashed as she built up to a crescendo, to the climax she yearned. Her muscles tightened. She arched her back and then paused and stopped. Why was she stopping? What was going on? Why didn't she finish off? Was it because Mark had told her not to? Surely not. Was it because she was doing the opposite of whatever he had told her? No, not that either. It just didn't seem right to go all the way somehow. Up to the point at which she had opened the door, she had thought she knew Mark, she thought she understood him. He had often spoken in his emails about wanting to turn her on, to make her come again and again, and yet his actions didn't fit in with that. Or did they? Helen lay back on the bed thinking through the last half and hour and slowly it dawned on her that since Mark had left she had spent the whole time bringing herself again

and again to the point of orgasm. She was so worked up now that she was teetering on the edge of a immense climax. In a moment Mark was going to be ringing her doorbell. Like the final piece in a jigsaw Helen realised that it did all fit. She was now so super-sensitive that their first kiss, the slightest touching of his skin on hers would be enough to make her earth move in a huge way. He was about to give her a massive orgasm, he had worked her into a frenzy and he hadn't even touched her yet. And he had planned it all. "You bastard, you glorious, wonderful bastard!" Helen glanced again at the clock. Three minutes to go. She knew he would be on time. She wanted to be ready for him but what one thing should she wear. Helen's mind was now racing. She glanced around the room. One item, what would it be? Her eyes caught sight of her robe, perhaps. Her pants on the floor. No, still not right. Maybe an old t-shirt? My pussy poking out from underneath - yes, that could be fun. What else, what else. Finally Helen saw just the thing and as she was putting it on heard a car pull up outside. Catching sight of herself in the mirror as she went to the door Helen saw that her hair was awry, her make-up smudged and she still had a certain glow in her cheeks. Looking round she could see that her normally tidy room was littered with debris, clothes lay where they had been thrown, duvet and cushions on the floor, her sheet rumpled and her pillows crunched up. Helen didn't care a jot. As she almost skipped down the stairs she thought to herself, this is going to be the start of something very special indeed. With that she opened the door and greeted Mark wearing nothing but a small gold ankle chain and a very, very big grin.