

Finally

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This is a story I wrote for a good friend last year. Sadly, he and I have lost touch and I miss him terribly. But, I wanted to finally share it rather than let it just collect dust. Probably not my best work, but very personal to me. Enjoy. I see you from across the room. It's always the same. That little jump in my pulse when I first see you, the smile that always comes to my face. I see you smile too, with that knowing sparkle in your eyes. You walk into my office, closing the door behind you. I feel the familiar tingle I get at your touch before you even reach me. But then you do. You wrap your arms around me, holding me tight. My arms are tight around your neck, taking in your familiar scent. Feeling the warmth of your body against mine, wanting to stay in the safety of your arms as long as possible. I kiss your neck, just below your ear, lingering just a little longer than is really appropriate. I pull back a little, kissing your jaw, then your cheek. Then we're eye to eye. We pause, taking each other in. Knowing what will happen if we go on. Both of us knowing that we want it, even if we shouldn't. You kiss me on the lips lightly, almost more like your lips barely brushing against mine. Then you kiss me again, this time with a little more pressure, lingering a little longer. Our lips part. We can feel the heat of each other's breath; feel the tension of our attempts to hold back, to resist. You look deep into my eyes, almost as if you are looking directly into my soul. Then I know that you've decided to take the leap. You lean in to kiss me again. This time, it's different...deep, sensual, passionate. It's the kind of kiss that I dream about. Your kisses take my breath away every time, and this time is no different. Our tongues tangle together, wanting to taste, probe, explore as deeply as possible. One arm is still wrapped tightly around your neck, pulling me as close as possible, while my other is reaching up to run my hand over your short, freshly cut hair. Your hands are at my back, holding me tight, also pulling our bodies as close as possible. You reach up and remove my hair clip, letting my long, curly hair fall across my shoulders and down my back. You run your hand through my hair, gently pulling my head to the side. Your lips abandon mine, only to reconnect with the sensitive skin of my neck, kissing, teasing, and making their way to that delicious spot where neck and shoulder meet. You pause there, gently kissing, sucking and even lightly nipping at my skin with your teeth. I let out a low, almost guttural moan as the pleasure intensifies. "Mmmmmm...you like that, don't you?" you whisper, your lips barely breaking contact with my skin long enough to say the words. "Yes, please don't stop." Your lips continue their torturous path along my neck, my shoulder, and now down to my collar bone. You slide your leg between my thighs, applying just enough pressure for me to gently grind against you. I can feel your own arousal growing as well. I bring my hands to your

chest, running them up and down before moving up to loosen your tie, fumbling with it before finally releasing it from your neck. Next I start on the buttons of your shirt, working my way down and then tugging it loose from your belt and pants. I wrap my arms around you inside your shirt, feeling the warmth of your skin through your t-shirt. I pull away a little, just enough to break your contact with my neck. I want your lips on mine. I need to taste you. We kiss passionately, almost frantically. You push my back against the door, crushing your lips to mine. Your hands running down the sides of my body, caressing my breasts through my blouse as you move lower to pull my hips to yours. I work my hands under your t-shirt, feeling the heat of your skin and wanting so much more. I run my hands down your back, just to the edge of your pants, barely dipping my fingers under the waistband before working my way to the front. I can feel your cock, so hard already, throbbing beneath your clothes. I rub my hand up and down your clothed shaft, until you suddenly pull my hand away. Your hands have made their way to my own pants, pulling at my buttons until they break free of the fabric. Your hand plunges into my soaking wet panties and I spread my legs to give you easier access, using the door and your shoulders to support myself. You rub your fingers back and forth along the length of my slit, barely dipping them inside. You find my clit, rubbing, pulling it until I'm moaning, my juices coating your hand. Then your fingers seek out my dripping hole, first one, then two fingers inside me. Your thumb is still teasing my clit and my desire is building exponentially. My breath so ragged that I can no longer kiss, but can only rest my head on your shoulder and enjoy the ride. You fuck me with your fingers, eventually inserting a third, which makes me cry out in pleasure. You bring your mouth to mine to stifle my cries in case anyone is close enough to hear us. Then you find it. That special spot inside me that sends my whole body into orbit at your first touch. "Oh God Matt...that's it! Ooohhh yes! Fuck yes! Oh God! Oohhhh..." You rub it over and over, causing my body to quake with a massive orgasm, my gush of juices dripping down your hand and soaking my pants. But still you don't stop. You move your hand, rubbing my entire pussy again. Your free hand is pushing my slacks and panties lower, eventually letting them fall to the floor. I step out of them and quickly raise my leg up to your hip to give you better access, I know what you want. Your other hand never leaves my pussy until you reach back, gently sliding one of your come-covered fingers into my ass. As my first orgasm has barely subsided, this threatens to send me over the edge again. With your finger probing my dark tunnel and your other hand working my clit feverishly, I come again, shaking and moaning your name. You hold me until the tremors subside. My hands make their way back to your belt, your button, your zipper. I want your cock. More than that, I need it. I push your pants and briefs down in one motion as I drop to my knees. Your cock is bigger and harder than I've ever seen it in any pictures. I've wanted to taste your cock for so long, and now the moment is here. I take a second to savor it. Touching the length of it, feeling the hardness of your shaft in contrast to your sack. I've never been with anyone completely shaved and I love the feeling of it. I run my lips over every inch of you, feeling the smoothness but also the heat. My desire and urgency takes over and I take your head into my mouth, your sweet pre-come coating my tongue. At first I keep my focus there, savoring the taste and caressing the sensitive vein underneath with my tongue. Your hands are in my hair and I can hear your breathing becoming more labored. Slowly I take you deeper, my tongue and lips making smooth

motions along your shaft, almost as if your cock were a popsicle ready to be devoured. I take you as deep as I can, intensifying the suction, swirling my tongue around trying to taste all of you. I can't take you as deeply as I want so my hands take over where my mouth cannot, stroking you to the base of your cock, then down the wet shaft as my mouth retreats to the head and then back up. Your hands pull my head closer and your cock deeper into my mouth. I gag a little, but then slowly adjust to your cock deep in my throat. "Oh yeah...that's it...suck it Claire....uhh...that's it...so good..." I pick up the pace, wanting to give you as much pleasure as possible. Wanting to taste your come in my mouth. But as your urgency takes over, you pull away. You grab my arms and roughly pull me to my feet. You push me back against the door again and pull my leg up to your waist. Then, in one motion, you are inside me, your cock completely buried in my dripping cunt. Your thrusts push me against the door over and over as you pull out nearly to the tip and then slam back into me. The pleasure is overwhelming. I pull my other leg up, wrapping both of them around your waist so that I can ride your beautiful cock and take it deeper. My arms are grasping your shoulders and I can't control my words anymore, no longer caring if anyone hears us. "Yes! Yes! God I love your cock! Mmmmm...harder...harder! Yes! Fuck me Matt! Fuck me hard!!" You need no more encouragement and you are brazenly slamming your thick cock into me over and over again. As we both near the edge, your words flow freely as well. "Is this how you want it? My cock deep in your pussy? Yeah...that's it...ride my cock. I'm going to make you come!" With that, I'm beyond the point of no return. I impale myself on your cock one last time as my orgasm overtakes me, screaming out in release as my body jerks uncontrollably. My pussy contracts so hard and so fast that your cock explodes as my cunt milks every drop from you. Completely spent, leaning against the door, there's no way to tell who is supporting who as we attempt to recover. Dripping with sweat and come, we stand there, holding each other until slowly my feet make their way to the floor, my legs still a little unsteady. We look into each other's eyes, forehead to forehead, your arms around my waist and mine around your neck. You kiss me gently before bringing your eyes back to mine. No words need to be spoken. We both know what this is. We've both fantasized about it time and time again. But we both know something else too. This was way better than either of us could ever have imagined it would be.