

The 'Quickie'

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Good food, wine, summer sun, means I can't wait to get my sexy new girlfriend back to her room!

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/quickie-sex/the-quickie.aspx>

We had been for a walk through the cobbled streets of the upper town and stopped off at a delicatessen to get some lunch. Moments later we were sat on the Cathedral green in the bright sunshine, eating a variety of cheeses and pâtés on crackers and fresh bread, washing it all down with a nice wine drunk straight from the bottle. We felt so grown up, sophisticated and slightly decadent. As I sat eating my food I looked across at Melanie and reflected, probably for the thousandth time, on my amazement that I was with this woman. We had met within my first few weeks at college and I had fallen head over heels in love with her. What was even more amazing was that she appeared to feel the same. Her face was attractive, although a broken nose from an accident saved her from perfection. I also knew that she was self conscious about the puckered scar that ran up her shin and caused her to limp when she was tired; again, a result of the accident. I had convinced her to wear the dress that morning, although she had insisted on wearing stockings. As I looked at Melanie, the slight breeze blowing her long hair round her face, pushing the material of her summer dress against her breasts, I felt the first stirrings of desire. I finished the last morsel of cracker and washed it down with a swig of wine. I shuffled across to where she sat and kissed her lightly, "Hey, you!" I whispered. Melanie giggled, "Hey, yourself!" and returned my kiss. As it deepened, and became more passionate, I ran my hand up her leg, feeling the smoothness of her stocking before I found the strip of flesh between stocking top and panties, and an almost electric thrill went through my fingers. Melanie broke from the kiss, her eyes going wide, "Not here!" she whispered, quickly glancing round. "God, I'm so turned on. You think we should head back and...?" I asked, my expression leaving her in no doubt as to what I was intending. Melanie sighed, "I've got a lecture in half an hour. It will take us most of that to get back. Wait for this evening." However, the mix of wine, sun and the thought of Melanie's body had all had an effect on my libido and I couldn't wait. I was eager now, and knowing we only had a short amount of time only added an erotic thrill. "I bet if we hurried we could make it in half the time." I pleaded, rising to my feet and holding out my hand for her. "You're incorrigible!"

Melanie tutted, giving me a mock stern look but, taking my hand, she rose to her feet, dusted herself down and said, "Okay then. Let's go". We half walked, half ran back to college and I could feel my desire growing stronger as we drew closer. We eventually arrived outside her room and I could barely contain myself as she fumbled in her small handbag for her keys. She found them and we almost fell into her room, the curtains were still closed and the bed clothes still in disarray from when we had left the room that morning. Melanie glanced at her watch, "I really don't..." she began but I pulled her in tight, feeling my erection pressing against her groin, and silenced her with a fierce kiss. I moved her backwards until we were close to the bed then spun her round so that she was facing it. "We'll just have to make it quick," I whispered urgently, "bend over!" Melanie did as she was told, resting her hands on the bed. I hitched up her dress until it was rouched up around her waist and peeled off her panties, to reveal her plump ass and pussy. The sight made my cock grow even harder and I quickly dropped my trousers, releasing my erection. There was no time for foreplay, although judging from how wet her panties had been I doubted we needed it. I parted her pussy lips with one hand and guided my cock into her with the other. Once the head was in I took hold of her hips and pushed hard. Melanie was wet, but still tight, and she made a brief moan of complaint at the discomfort of the entry. Nevertheless, she shuffled her feet apart into a more comfortable position. I began to thrust quickly, rhythmically, in and out, my cock almost leaving her body before slamming it back inside her. Melanie began to move, matching the rhythm of my movements. It was too much and my cock slipped out, leaving her body. Melanie gave a cry of protest, her hand came round behind her, scrabbling for my cock, guiding me back inside her. I began to move again, still vigorously, in and out, but more carefully, limiting my movements. My hands ran over her buttocks to her waist, pushing her dress higher, pressing down. Melanie responded by lowering her upper body, resting her head on her forearms. Immediately I felt the difference, knew I wouldn't last much longer. Melanie began to moan quietly and began to tremble. Suddenly, she gave a loud cry and, just when I felt my orgasm grow to the point where I couldn't deny it any longer, Melanie's muscles clamp tightly, almost painfully, around my cock as her own orgasm rode her. Her back arched and she started to move against me. Moments later I felt myself cum inside her, the sensation so intense that I couldn't hold back a cry of my own. We both continued to move, the pace slowing as we felt my erection begin to subside. I withdrew and Melanie grabbed for a tissue from the bedside table, quickly cleaning herself up before scrabbling in a draw for a fresh pair of panties. I took a tissue and also cleaned myself up at a more leisurely pace before pulling up my trousers. Melanie pulled on the fresh knickers and rearranged her dress. She glanced at her watch, "I can't believe we managed that!" She giggled breathlessly, "But I had better go or I'll be late. See you in the library later?" I nodded and she gave me a quick kiss before ushering me out of her room. As I watched her race down the corridor, I reflected for the thousand and first time how lucky I was to have found her.