

This gentleman always keeps his promise

By Hasabrain2

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Getting off together is better than doing it alone.

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Note: I wrote this story with a lush friend, who said she gets off watching guys get off. From our emails, it was understood our meeting would not lead to intercourse. It took awhile for her to be assured I would be gentleman and would not try to have sex with her once we got our clothes off. I assured her again and again I would respect whatever limits she set. She was finally convinced when I told that I knew there wouldn't be a next time if I deviated one iota from her limits. I wanted there to be a next time, and next time, and time after that. She was so lovely. She had beautiful auburn hair, nice tits, and a cute butt. We met at her place. Doing so made her feel more secure. It was agreed there would be no alcohol. She did not want to lose control or for me to conveniently forget the no intercourse rule. It was a hot summer day . She answered the door in a bikini. I had on shorts and a T-shirt. We didn't waste any time on chit-chat. I kissed her full on the lips. I took off my shirt, held her close, and kissed her again. Oh, those tits felt good against my chest. She invited me to sit down. She put on some seductive music. I don't know who, but it was romantic, possibly middle-eastern. She started doing a strip tease for me. The bikini top went off first. She then straddled me. Now those tits, unencumbered by a bikini top, rubbed directly against my chest. My dick strained against my boxers and the tip of my dick poked out of my shorts. Getting up again, she turned around and shook that cute little ass in time with the music. I pulled down my shorts. My dick reached for the sky and despite my promise, I was tempted to pull her down on me. Off came the bikini bottoms and from seemingly nowhere out came a vibrator. Nothing too large, but large enough to the job. She teased her clit, but in no time was inserting the vibrator into her pussy. She found a chair to get comfortable and sat down several feet away. I assured again, despite my cock telling her otherwise, I would not do anything she didn't want. She could tie my hands if she wanted. The offer to be restrained was good enough. She moved closer. Again seemingly out of nowhere a bottle of lotion appeared. She directed me to use it and used I did. I should have paid attention to what brand of lotion it was, because I was instantly harder, but also that much closer to cumming. She said that she trusted me and stood on the couch straddling me. Her pussy was inches from my face. I stroked myself more earnestly. As I started to reach the point of no return, she stepped away. She said she wanted to watch. She sat down on the chair again, this time much closer. As I stroked myself harder, she used the vibrator more vigorously. She commanded me to use more lotion. I did so, but now the sensations

were too much. I erupted hard. I squirted into the air higher than I had in ten years. So afterwards she found her own orgasm and screamed in delight. She thanked me for being a gentleman and gave me a perky hug, that was my clue to get dress and leave and I did so. I hope I get back invited again. I would love to fuck that lovely pussy of hers, but if all she wants is to be an audience to my handjob, that's ok too.