

# Welcome Back: Chapter One

By AmyNTifferotica

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*Can a quickie turn into a romance, or is it not all it seems to be?*

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My stomach turned as I slowly pulled into the space in front of the Starbucks about an hour away from where I lived. I stepped out of my car and walked inside, catching sight of the nearest empty table. I made my way towards it and sat. I rested a hand against my chin and felt the sweat building on my forehead as I thought of...her. I'd known her for almost two and a half years, but only over the internet. Where was she? She had texted me moments ago saying she was already in here. My stomach turned; what if this were a joke? It had to be a joke, I had been such a dick to her before. The police were here and they were going to arrest me for meeting a 17-year-old girl for sex. My eyes turned towards two men sitting at the table towards the end of the store, surely this was the police here to arrest me. There was no Amy here tonight, just two undercover detectives here to punish me for the crimes I had been imagining committing in my head that had left me hard for the first thirty minutes of my drive. I felt as if vomit were going to spew all over the freshly wiped table, until I heard the noise of the door opening and footsteps approaching from behind me. I let out a sigh of relief as I realized she had simply been in the bathroom. I gave her a smile as she arrived at my table. "Hi," she muttered, barely audible as her cheeks turned a bright shade of pink. I greeted her, my eyes roaming up and down her body secretly. 'Wow' was all I could think, until a wave of disappointment hit me. The young, tiny body of the fifteen-year-old girl I had remembered watching over webcam had matured slightly. Her face was less puffy and she seemed a LOT curvier. "Ugh, no, don't think what you're thinking. You're not a pedophile, you like women. You just love the thought of such an innocent little girl." I thought to myself as I looked over her shape once more, and finally, at her face. Her eyes had a darkness in them that made me recall the numerous taboo acts she had committed. I could think of nothing but the number of cocks that had made their way through this girl. "Would you like some coffee?" I looked at her and cocked my head slightly. She let out a simple nod. "Any particular kind?" She shook her head. Jesus, she didn't talk much. "Alright, I'll be back." I got up and went to the counter, ordering the coffee. Moments later, I received the two cups and made my way back to the table. We sat, making idle chat and drinking the coffee. She talked like she was a lot older, as if she had been through a lot more than a 17-year-old girl should have. I was eager to get the idle chat over and done with, so I spoke up and suggested we head off to the car. She looked nervous, but she got up and nodded her head and followed me back to my car. We got in and sat there motionless for a

minute, perhaps we were waiting for the other to make the first move? The time for the first move came and went when I started my car and backed out ready to get to the Ramada that I had made reservations at. You know those long car trips where you end up losing yourself in the road? That ten minute car trip had me completely lost, a lost I felt like I was never returning from. The car ride seemed to take forever. Occasionally, she would turn to me and make more idle chat. The obvious fear dripped from my voice every time I responded to her. She gave me a sympathetic look, and in an attempt to comfort me, she slid a hand along my thigh and to my crotch. I tensed a little as she gently grasped it. Her dark eyes turned to me and her slightly glossed lips curved into a sinister smile. "How about a massage to ease your nerves?" Her voice was cold, yet so, so enticing. I gulped and slowly nodded my head, though I knew I didn't really have a choice. I let out a small groan as I felt her hand manipulating my cock through my pants, the precum slowly staining its way through my jeans. Oh my god, no one had ever done anything this exciting to me before. Aha, a 29-year-old that had never gotten a hand job in a car. Wait no, of course I had, except this one was different. There was just something so amazingly appealing about this girl. At this point, I was so confused. How could I let myself obsess over the girl I had left so long ago in an effort to make her not obsess over me? Finally, the parking lot of the hotel. I made my way into a parking space and her hand slipped away from my cock slightly brushing up against my thigh as it left its resting spot. "I already checked in we can just walk in," I said as I unlocked the car for her. She didn't even need to ask as she opened the door and stood outside waiting for me. I watched her backside leave my car and imagined the things I would be doing behind closed doors. What happens in the Ramada stays in the Ramada I said to myself... ha yeah right. I can just imagine the stories this girl would be telling to her future sex partners about what she had done in this room tonight. Uh, who am I kidding? I don't know the first thing about kinky sex. Was I really about to be taught this by an almost 18-year-old girl? I grabbed her hand and she stared at me strangely, her entire body seemed to tense up when I grabbed her. I led her to the door that was only a few feet away from where I had parked. She laughed and muttered about it being convenient. I took the room key out of my pocket and opened the bright red door, eager to escape the night air that seemed to have gotten chillier in the last hour. I took in the smell of the freshly cleaned motel room as I stepped in, and then made my way to the bed. She closed the door and stood there staring at me. "You really are different from the others, aren't you?" She asked softly. I didn't know how to respond to her question. Who were the others? I was just as perverted as anyone else, or so I thought. Maybe I really wasn't a horny internet freak. Or was I?" I don't know..." I mumbled as I laid back on the bed, thinking about what I was about to do. She walked up to the bed and sat next to me, resting her head inches away from mine. I turned so that my body was facing her and stared into her eyes. She looked somewhat annoyed and finally spoke. "Can we just get this over with?" I stared at her in disbelief, surprised by her directness. Here was this tender moment I thought we were having, and she just seemed to slice it open with her remark. What happened to that young girl that was oh-so-desperate for love not so long ago. I imagined her cold voice telling me that the young girl was dead. Dead and gone and I had helped her die. It was as if I had taken a knife and repeatedly stabbed her and ended the innocence of a child. She moved her head forward, her lips locking with

mine and her tongue making its way into my mouth. She shifted herself on top of me and I moved my hands up and down her back. My hard on was quickly growing and I thrust myself slightly onto her as if I was letting her know her effects on me. She knew of course what she was doing, how could she not? I frowned when my eyes saw a rather large bruise on her shoulder. "Where did this come from?" I asked when I pulled my head to the side breaking the kiss. She gave me a lifeless look and mumbled something I couldn't comprehend. As her lips made their way to my neck, I lifted my head back in pleasure as she kissed down it, carefully applying the right amount of pressure as not to leave any traces of her actions. We had talked on and off. She had expressed her feelings for me, and I was scared shitless of that - of course. And so, I blocked her out of my life for almost a year. My love life had sort of taken a downward spiral after I made the mistake of avoiding her. Not that I considered Amy a real girlfriend, but after I broke things off with her I had trouble finding anyone else. She was always willing to go on cam and shed her clothes for me, and now I was on my own and it seemed such a difficult - no, impossible task to find what I had before. What had I had? A horny young girl. I did manage to find a girlfriend after her, but my mind always went back to the nights I spent spewing cum all over my stomach and chest while jerking my cock on webcam to this girl. Was she an obsession? I mentally slapped myself in the face at the thought. I had ignored this girl because I had assumed she would become obsessed with me. But instead, I was the one who couldn't keep my mind off of her. Too bad. Too late. I hadn't talked to her in a year and she was probably long over me. Or was she? I was pretty depressed and lonely at this point, so I decided to actually browse one of the many dating website ads that I had encountered on my interwebular adventures. I found one to my liking, and joined it. I was on it for a little over a month before I realized I wasn't getting any responses. My heart stopped. There she was, in the "New Users" section. The girl I couldn't take my mind off of - Amy. I knew she would message me, mocking me, for I had once said, "Dating sites are for desperates." Without fail, later that day, I received an email from her, ridiculing me for my membership to this site filled with others like me. And so, it began. This is how I reconnected with the girl that was about to change my life forever. "I want you to tell me, out of this list, what you haven't done, and we'll do every one of them TONIGHT." She blurted out mid-kiss. I remained silent and she spoke of sex act after sex act that I had never done. I was actually rather embarrassed that by 29 I had never had anal sex or engaged in face fucking. I had always just been in relationships, all with women who seemed to be overly conservative with sex. She slid herself off of me and then began to remove her clothes. I took this as a signal to remove mine as well and soon enough our clothes were in a pile on the floor. She climbed in between my legs and wrapped her fingers around my cock. I let out a little moan as she lowered her head and planted a small kiss on my dick. She slowly wrapped her lips around it, and as I felt the warmth of her mouth surrounding my cock, I let out a long moan. She worked her tongue around it, she deepthroated, she did everything. I swear, that had to have been one of the best blowjobs I ever received. Everything was so rythmatic, so relaxed, so...perfect. I couldn't believe it, when I had last left this girl, she had been a virgin. How many had it been? She never told me how many people she had truly been with. I cringed, my mind wandered off to the various STD's that I possibly just could have contracted, I was interrupted from my thoughts as she

instructed me to get off the bed. She then laid where I once had been, hanging her head from the side. "I'm going to squeeze your ass if it's too much, and please actually stop if I do, ok?" She told me as I maneuvered my cock into her mouth. I rocked back and forth in ecstasy and then my hands made their way to her bare pussy and began to play with it. Her hips raised up as if I had overly stimulated her. She was extremely wet... I figured it was time to start something else. I removed my cock from her mouth and got back on the bed. I sat there and she stared at me blankly. I moved myself towards her and went in for a kiss as I positioned myself on top of her. I could get my dick in there without maneuvering it in, right? Out of all the things I could do I really hoped I wouldn't be the asshole that needed to grab his dick and actually attempt to position it into a pussy. I felt my cock slowly make its way in as her body tensed under me. She yelped slightly as I began to thrust in and out of her. I could feel the sweat dripping down the back of my neck and the pressure building up in my balls. No no no, I wasn't a 16-year-old boy. I have to at least last for her; cumming now would be such an embarrassment. "Oh god...no, this is it." I thought to myself and I pulled myself off of her just in time, cum spewing from my cock and onto the motel bed sheets. She looked at me and remained silent. My cheeks turned a bright shade of pink. I watched her face for any sign of understanding, but it was only washed with a cold expression. I sighed as I laid down and stared at the wall. It seemed like I remained silent for hours, my eyes fixated on the wall thinking about what I had just done. She spoke up a few minutes later waking me from my trance, "I'm going to go wash up and put some makeup on." I watched her as she got up and disappeared into the motel bathroom. She reemerged a few minutes later and grabbed her purse she had left on the table next to the door when we had first walked in. She brought it up to the mirror that was oddly placed next to the bathroom and placed it on the counter beneath it. She flicked the light switch on and then opened her purse. She took out a some weird looking brushes and a bottle of what I assumed was like foundation or something, some lipstick, mascara, and eyeliner. It always amazed me how girls had the patience to sit and apply that crap to their face. Some men always complained they could never see the difference makeup had on a woman, but I sure could. Within minutes she went from slightly disheveled to completely stunning. Ha, if only men had something that could fix their appearance just as well without making them look like faggots.