

An Unexpected Bonus: Graduation

By TXGirl

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My former manager/lover is back in town...does he know I'm fucking his nephew?

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I sneak another look at Kyle as we drive to a local hotel where his family has planned a huge celebratory dinner. It's hard to make a mortarboard look good, but Kyle pulls it off. I reach over and playfully flip the tassel, which makes him smile. I'm proud of him, but graduation is a bittersweet milestone for us. Tomorrow he moves to Florida to begin his career as a professional tennis player. The move has been in the works for the last few weeks, but we try not to talk about it. I know he's excited, but it also means separation for us, and we have been virtually inseparable over the last few months. We don't speak much in the car; I think we are both searching for the right thing to say to ease the pain that will engulf us both tomorrow. Kyle pulls into the hotel parking lot and swings his Jeep into a parking space. He shuts off the engine, and reaches for me, grabbing the back of my neck and crushing my mouth with a kiss. His lips are hungry and desperate, his tongue probing mine insistently, sending messages of lust and longing through my body. When he pulls away we are both breathing heavier, and I suddenly have no interest at all in going to dinner. As if he can read my mind, Kyle pulls a room keycard out of his pocket and waves it in front of me. "You've got a room here?" I ask. "It was part of my graduation present," he says, eyes sparkling. "From who?" I ask. "Rick," he says, and my heart skips a beat. Of course Rick would be here to see his nephew graduate, but I hadn't even thought about it until now. I'm surprised I didn't see him at the arena where the ceremony was held, but now I realize I will most certainly see him at dinner. I'm not quite sure how I feel about that. Kyle is watching me intently, testing my reaction to the mention of my former lover. I force a smile that I hope doesn't appear forced. "That was nice of him," I say, trying to infuse my tone with indifference. The attempt probably has the opposite effect. "Yes, it was nice of him. I wonder if he has an ulterior motive," Kyle muses. I glance at him, trying to discern his meaning, but his expression gives nothing away. "Soooo...do we want to go straight to dinner, or make a pitstop?" Kyle taps the room key against the steering wheel, but doesn't look at me. I lean over and kiss him on the cheek. "You know me better than that. Do you even have to ask?" "Yeah...you do like to eat. Dinner it is," he says, fighting a smile. I smack him in the arm, snatch the room key out of his hand, and jump out of the Jeep in one smooth motion. I won't attempt to sprint in my long dress and 3" heels, but I can still move pretty fast and Kyle has to jog to keep up with me. We creep stealthily through the lobby, successfully avoiding several of Kyle's family members who are already gathering in the bar area and

around the restaurant. The elevator doors have barely closed behind us when we are locked together. Kyle grabs my ass and pulls me against him while his lips attack mine with a passion-filled kiss that is much too hot for anywhere but a private room. I know we must be getting close to our floor, and I try to pull away, but Kyle just pulls me closer and presses his lips harder against mine. My head is swimming and I have just lost all urge to resist when the elevator doors open and someone clears his throat. We pull apart and I feel the blood rush to my face. There stands Rick. Tall, dark and handsome as ever, with his brown eyes locked on mine. Suddenly I can't breathe. I told him the last time I saw him that one look from him would get me wet...and I realize that is still the case. Looking into his eyes, I remember everything: the way his lips feel against mine, the strength of his hands, the size of his cock, the way he manhandles me and forces me to talk dirty to him. Kyle is amazing, but there's just something about Rick that makes me go weak in the knees. I notice Rick's gaze is slightly averted from my face, and I realize he's looking at my ears. I'm wearing the beautiful diamond earrings he gave me, and the hot, wet sensations grow even more pronounced as I recall the night I got them. "Hey, Uncle Rick!" says Kyle, holding out his hand, which Rick grabs and shakes firmly. "Congratulations, Kyle," Rick tells him, patting him on the shoulder. "Thanks. And thank you for the hotel room. That was nice of you." "My pleasure. We just had to run up here quick after the ceremony and now we're headed to meet everyone at your dinner," says Rick. Wait... we? My heart stops. Who's the other person in the we? Kyle picks up on this too, but he comes right out and asks. "We, huh? Who are you here with, Uncle Rick?" "Leslie," says Rick. "She wanted to come see you too. She has known you since you were a baby, after all." That surprises me. Rick's ex-wife left him, and from what I understood, it ended badly. That she would go anywhere with Rick comes as a bit of a shock to me. "So, are you two..." Kyle leaves the question unfinished, though his meaning is clear. Rick shrugs. "I don't know what we are, to be honest. But we're here, so..." Rick leaves his statement unfinished as well, although that meaning is not at all clear to me. I want to ask, but I'm painfully aware it's none of my business. Just then, Leslie walks up to Rick and slips her arm in his. She's tall, blonde and blue-eyed...the opposite of me with my average height, brown hair and green eyes. I don't think she's necessarily prettier than me, but for two women Rick has been attracted to, I am struck by how different we are. She reaches out and gives Kyle a half hug with her free arm. "Congratulations, sweetie. I'm so proud of you!" she tells him. "Thanks, Leslie. Now, if you'll both excuse us...we'll be down to dinner shortly," Kyle says, leading me out of the elevator. My cheeks burn; his meaning was perfectly clear. He might as well have said "We'll come down to eat after we fuck." Although I'm sure the words were not necessary for Rick to guess at what we're about to do, I'm embarrassed anyway. But the embarrassment is not enough to change the fact that I'm hot and wet and ready for Kyle to take me any which way. Seeing Rick just made that ache between my legs that much more intense. We practically run to the room, and once we are inside with the door closed behind us, we're both shedding clothes as quickly as possible. Sometimes, sex is all about languishing in the moment, teasing each other and drawing out the pleasure for as long as possible. I love those encounters and enjoy the art of the tease as much as the next girl (and probably more than most). But, there are other times when you just have to do it fast and dirty, getting right into the

action without time for much prelude, and when longevity is not practical or desirable. This is one of those times. Knowing his family is gathering in the restaurant for a dinner in Kyle's honor, we feel a slight pressure for time, but even more than that is an urgent need to get each other off now. Not after some kissing and touching...NOW. I sit down on the bed and grab Kyle's hands, pulling him down with me as I recline back and spread my legs on either side of him. Foreplay be damned...I just want him inside me immediately. Kyle knows my moods, and he knows what I need. Bracing himself on one elbow, he uses his other hand to guide his cock to my opening and slide it in. "Mmmmm...that's what I wanted," I murmur. "Well, you know I'm all about giving you what you want," he says, as he pulls back and then plunges into me deep, making me gasp. The sound encourages Kyle, and he drives his cock into me in a rhythmic series of thrusts, grunting softly with each one. I tilt my hips up and rock into him with every stroke. It doesn't take long for the friction to build, and I am on the edge. "Harder, Kyle," I gasp. "I need it harder." Kyle reaches under my right knee and pushes it upward, opening me up more, then he gives me what I'm craving, pounding me relentlessly. The raw passion between us is overwhelming, and I come violently, matching the intensity of Kyle's assaulting cock. My entire body shudders with the aftereffects, and I wrap my legs around Kyle's waist, squeezing him into me. With a gasping cry, Kyle unloads inside me, and resumes kissing me passionately as our orgasms subside. We lie next to each other, panting, sharing a sort of smug satisfaction that a quickie was so mutually enjoyable. Kyle props himself up on his elbow and looks down at me, brushing the hair out of my eyes and planting a lingering kiss on my lips. "Was that enough to get you through dinner, or do I need to take you a second time?" I smile. "As tempting as a second time sounds, I think I need to share you with your family for a little while. We'll go for a second time, and a third, and possibly even a fourth later on, if that's acceptable to you." "Perfectly acceptable," he says, kissing me one more time before heading into the bathroom to clean up. By the time we arrive at the restaurant downstairs, Kyle's whole family has assembled, and we are left with two seats at the end of the table. I feel a strange sense of déjà vu as I realize I am sitting beside Kyle and directly across from Rick. I don't think I can look Rick in the eye. I'm looking at Kyle, at my menu, at my silverware...anywhere but across the table from me. Then, suddenly, Leslie starts giggling, and the sound grates across my nerves. She left Rick, coldly and callously, without any regard for his feelings. He was devastated and she didn't care, and now for some reason she wants his family to accept her? The thought makes me angry, and I find my confidence returning. I paste a smile back on my face and look Leslie in the eye. "So, I'm kind of surprised to see the two of you here together. Is this a one-time thing, or are you working on a reconciliation?" I ask sweetly. "Oh, you're so sweet!" Leslie simpers, clearly oblivious to my ties to Rick. "We've both been miserable since our separation..." "Divorce, Les. We're divorced, not separated," Rick corrects her. She looks at him sharply, clearly surprised at the contradiction. "Fine...yes...we've both been miserable since our divorce ...the separation was hard on both of us, and we realized we are meant to be together. We are compatible in every way, and neither one of us has ever been with someone who met our needs so completely." I can feel the smile tugging at the corner of my lips, but I fight it, for Kyle's sake. "Well, isn't that interesting," I say, transferring my gaze to Rick's face. Surprisingly, he meets my eyes for a

minute, challenging me to speak, then looks away. Kyle reaches over and squeezes my thigh. I turn to look at him and his eyes are pleading with me to stop. It's his day, and I realize it's not at all fair of me to spend time tormenting Rick on his day. As we eat dinner, I am subtly mean, making certain to make eye contact with Rick at times when I know it will drive him crazy, like when I'm sliding my fork into my mouth, or taking a sip of iced tea through my straw. Whenever I look at him, he's looking at me already, and I soon realize that Rick is mine for the taking. If I want him. Actually, that's not even a question...I will always want him. I guess the issue is if I want to pursue it with him. The jury is still out on that one. Right now, Kyle needs my attention. Tomorrow he will be gone to Florida and we have still not hashed out what that means for our relationship. That will certainly be a subject of conversation tonight. It's the eleventh hour and there are things that need to be said... The dinner lingers on for a long time. Too long for me. Kyle's fingers on my arm and leg, his lips on my neck and his whispers in my ear are taking my mind off food and putting it back on other things that require a walk back up to the hotel room. After dessert, Kyle opens presents from his relatives, including a watch, a lot of cash and a whole bunch of gift cards. He makes his rounds to everyone at the table, hugging and thanking, and Leslie excuses herself to the restroom, leaving me suddenly alone with Rick. Everyone else is deep in their own noisy discussions, so no one notices our quiet conversation. "My feelings haven't changed, Lanie. I want you even more than before. I can't stand the thought of you with Kyle...not tonight or ever. Seeing you with him is killing me," he confesses in a low voice. "Rick..." I begin, but he cuts me off. "We discussed this before I left, Lanie. I told you it would all be up to you, whether you could put Kyle aside for me. I told you I would be ready for you no matter what else has happened. So, can you? Put Kyle aside for me?" "No, Rick. Not while we're together. And right now we're together." My words cause a shadow to pass across Rick's gorgeous face. "But, I don't know what the future may bring. He leaves for Florida in the morning. We haven't decided how we're going to leave things between us once he's gone on the pro tour." Rick's eyes light up. "So tomorrow..." "No promises. I'm just saying it's a possibility, depending on what Kyle and I decide for our future." He nods, but the brightness in his eyes reveals a hope that was not there previously. Kyle's family migrates into the lobby of the hotel after dinner, and there is much hugging and kissing and well-wishing. Out of the corner of my eye, I notice some movement in a ballroom to my left and walk over to take a look. There is ballroom dancing in here, which I love to watch. Looking back towards Kyle, he appears occupied with his family, so I find an unobtrusive spot along the wall and watch the graceful couples on the dance floor. The band begins to play a waltz, and I am shocked by a very handsome man with dark hair and steel-blue eyes who asks me to dance. As I hesitate, Kyle walks up beside me and encourages me to go. With a smile, I accept the invitation and the man leads me to the dance floor. He is a wonderful dancer, able to lead me with a light touch, using just his fingertips. While I don't have much ballroom experience, I am a good dancer, and he is such a good partner he is able to make us both look graceful and elegant as we sweep across the floor. I glance in Kyle's direction, and his eyes are glued to me, with an expression of pride and longing on his face that warms my heart. When the song is over, the handsome stranger thanks me and presses my hand to his lips. Such a gentleman. I give him a quick hug and thank him for the dance, then hurry

back to Kyle's side. He wraps his arms around me and kisses my cheek. "You are so beautiful," he whispers. "And I've never wanted you this badly." "Then let's go," I say, and we head upstairs. As the elevator begins to close, Leslie dashes up and sticks her hand in the doors, which fly back open. Rick steps up behind her and they both board the elevator, pressing the number 4 button, even though that one is already lit up from Kyle pressing it moments ago. Leslie spends the elevator ride pressing up against Rick and whispering in his ear. Over her shoulder, his eyes are blazing into mine, making my heart pound in my chest. When the elevator stops on the fourth floor, we all step off and turn right. Oh. My. God. As luck would have it, their room is right next to ours. Leslie is draped across Rick as he swipes his card and opens the door. He turns to us for a brief second and says "Good night" before the door closes behind them. Kyle looks after them for a second, then shakes his head in disbelief. "I had no idea they were getting back together," he says. "Does that bother you at all?" "Only because she was such a bitch to him before," I say. "And the divorce was so hard on him. I hope she doesn't string him along again only to break his heart like she did before." Kyle nods, and I notice he looks slightly relieved. I know he was worried about how I'd react to Rick; hopefully I have eased his mind a bit and reassured him that I'm his, at least for tonight. Who knows what tomorrow will bring? As we step inside the room, Kyle wastes no time. He presses me against the wall, his entire body hot and solid against mine, and kisses me with one of his long, deep, passionate kisses that I love so much. "I don't want this to end, Lanie," he says, stroking the side of my face with his hand. "Please come with me to Florida." "We've talked about this, Kyle. I can't move to Florida. Not right now. Not until I finish school." "In two years," he says, sighing. "I can wait two years...but can you?" "I can't exclusively date you long distance, Kyle. I just can't do that. It's too much pressure on both of us, and I wouldn't do that to you. If I can't be there with you to satisfy your needs on a regular basis, I can't ask you to...go without," I say. "It's not that difficult to go without," Kyle says. "I can see you every few weeks. That's not unreasonable. It's not like I'll have all this extra time on my hands...I'll be busy playing tennis. There won't be temptations for me." "But there might be for me," I remind him. "You're not the only one who has needs to be met. I don't want to be put in the position of being tempted to cheat." "Of course not. I understand," he says. "So, what do we do? I don't want to break up." "I don't know, Kyle," I sigh. "I don't see much alternative, do you?" He thinks for a moment, stroking my hair with one hand, watching his index finger trace patterns on my shoulder. "Here's what I propose," he says. "No commitment between us. You are free to date whoever you want, and I will too." My heart feels like it's being ripped from my chest. There is no alternative here that will make me happy. I nod at him. "But I'm not finished. I want to promise you that I will not fall in love with anyone else while we're apart. Can you make me the same promise? If you find yourself falling in love with someone else, will you promise to call me and come see me so I can fight for you?" My eyes fill up with tears at the sweet wistfulness in his voice. "Of course, Kyle. I can't imagine falling in love with anyone but you," I say. We have never said those little words to each other, but I'm halfway there now, and he knows it...and I know he is too. "That's all I can ask for," he says with a smile. "So this isn't a break up. When we see each other, we're still together, right? We're just seeing other people while we're separated." I nod. I like that arrangement. A lot. "I have something for you," he says.

“You’re not supposed to do that,” I say. “It’s your graduation. You’re supposed to get the gifts.” Earlier in the day I had surprised Kyle with an iPad. He was thrilled, but I most certainly didn’t expect him to get me anything. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small box. Again, I feel that sense of déjà vu. Rick gave me a box like this with my earrings in it, also in a hotel room. I open the box to find a beautiful diamond tennis bracelet (I can’t help but smile...how appropriate) with a heart charm attached to the clasp. “The tennis bracelet should make you think of me...and the heart is a reminder that you will always have mine.” He takes the bracelet out of the box and fastens it on, then turns my hand over and kisses the inside of my wrist. That’s it. The sweet sentiment, the beautiful gift, combined with the knowledge that we will soon be separated has me melting into his arms again. Kyle lifts me up and carries me to the bed, laying me gently on the pillows and lowering himself on top of me. Just then, I hear a noise from the room next door. It sounds like...giggling? “Kyle, do you hear that?” I ask. He is silent for a moment, listening. There it is again. Unmistakable giggles. Oh, no...I’m hearing Rick and Leslie. That is the last thing I want to listen to. I reach my arms around Kyle’s neck and press my lips to his, trying to lose myself in him and block out the sounds from next door. He rolls to the side and sits next to me, then reaches over and unzips my dress, pulling the spaghetti straps down my shoulders and off my arms, lowering the bodice to expose my bra. He slides a finger under my bra strap and follows the outline to the cup, then slips his hand in and caresses my nipple. As it hardens under his touch, he is encouraged and reaches around to remove the bra completely. He bends his face down and takes the other nipple in his mouth, between his lips, gently licking and sucking on it. I run my fingers through his hair and moan slightly as his free hand reaches under my dress to stroke between my legs, where my panties are already wet through. He raises his head from my breast and kisses me, then murmurs, “Ahh...you’re already so wet.” His eyes flash mischievously. “Because of me, or that guy you were dancing with?” I laugh, but he doesn’t really want me to answer that. That guy was hot, and one hell of a dancer – it couldn’t be helped! My thoughts are interrupted by a banging sound from next door, and a moan and more giggling. Damn. Kyle and I look at each other. I am suddenly in the mood for some very athletic, raucous sex. I stand up on the bed, stepping out of my dress and kicking it on the floor. I intend to lie back down again, but before I can, Kyle is kneeling in front of me, gripping my ass hard with both hands and pressing his face into my pussy. Oh, God. His tongue presses deep inside me, sliding in and out. He slips two fingers inside me, while his tongue focuses on my clit, circling it and pressing against it, driving me crazy. As his fingers thrust in and out, my breathing increases and I move my hips against him. Suddenly I am overtaken by an unexpected orgasm, causing my body to shudder as I cry out. I lower myself down to Kyle’s level and push him down on the bed, then climb on top of him. Reaching down, I unbutton and remove his shirt, then his pants, then his boxers, admiring his perfect body once again. I bend my head down and lick the tip of his cock, which is already hard and ready. I lick all along the shaft, then circle around the head with my tongue before taking him into my mouth. Opening my throat, I take him deep and he gasps, then moans, “Oh, Lanie...” I know he likes this. Of course he does; all guys like this. Bobbing my head up and down on his cock, I continue to lick and suck until he has his hand firmly on the back of my head, guiding my movements as he thrusts into me. Suddenly he removes his hands and pulls

out, gasping. I look at him in surprise. "What's wrong?" I ask. "Nothing," he pants. "I just want to be inside you when I cum tonight. Every time. It almost seems a waste to do it anywhere else, even in your beautiful mouth. Not when I'm going to be separated from you starting tomorrow." Without another word, I climb on top of him and press his dick into me. He groans; he's still so close, I know he's concentrating to keep from coming right away. I move slowly on top of him, sliding him in and out of me. He reaches his hands up to my breasts again, fingering my nipples with his thumbs and index fingers, and cupping my breasts with his hands. Kyle playing with my nipples is getting me excited again, and I start to move faster. I lean forward, supporting my weight on my hands on either side of Kyle's head. He lowers his head and begins sucking on my nipples again, and I continue sliding his cock in and out of my pussy. I'm getting excellent clitoral stimulation from this angle, and I can tell it's not going to take me long at all, especially considering I am in control of our speed and depth at this moment. "Kyle...I'm cumming..." I gasp out. "Go ahead, baby...cum for me," he murmurs into my breasts. Another orgasm rips through me and I yell out, "Oh, yes...YES...OHHHHHH" as loudly as I dare, hoping that Rick and Leslie are hearing me. Kyle flips me over, without withdrawing, and positions my legs on his shoulders as he begins pounding into me like a madman. Grunting and gasping, he thrusts hard and fast, and I'll be damned if I'm not climaxing again. "Oh, fuck, Kyle...YES! Oh, God...YES!!" My cries are all Kyle needs and he's spurting his cum inside me, filling me to overflowing as he shouts my name. Relaxing in each others' arms, we no longer hear any noise from next door. Rick and Leslie must be taking a break as well. I lay my head on Kyle's chest, drape my arm over him, snuggle down under the blankets, and go to sleep, enjoying the feeling of his arms around me on our last night together.