

# Convention Comfort

By Brasshead

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*Luckiest night of my life.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/convention-comfort.aspx>

It was a few years ago, but I will never forget this experience. I was a college student who served as an officer in a national organization for aspiring professionals. Four of my friends and I traveled to another state to attend a regional convention of this prestigious organization. On our second night there, the convention hosted a formal banquet, and we had acquired four tickets for this event. That's right, there were five of us, and only four tickets. After some discussion, I agreed to allow the other guys go to the banquet and I would just go out on the town and see the local sights. It was about 6 p.m. when I stepped off the elevator to the hotel lobby with plans to get some guidance from the desk clerk regarding what I could do that night. As I stood at the counter waiting, a young lady (dressed in a jogging suit) was conversing with the clerk. I could tell that she was a bit annoyed, and when I looked down, I noticed that she was leaning on a crutch and her ankle was heavily bandaged. I overheard the clerk tell her that she would have to wait until the proper authorization could be obtained. With that, this lovely young woman hobbled over to a chair and plopped herself down in one of those big cushy chairs that are located in some high-end hotel lobbies. I asked the clerk my questions, but I could not take my eyes off this beautiful-frustrated young lady who was about my age. By the way, I am African American, and so was she. Her skin was golden brown, and she had almond shaped eyes that could melt the heart of any man. She had full - perfectly shaped lips and her mannerisms were very free and child-like. I was infatuated from the moment I saw her. The clerk was giving me suggestions on how to have a good time in town, and I was only hoping that I could somehow strike up a conversation with this goddess. As I turned to exit the building, my eye caught hers, and she smiled a kind of pouty child-like smirk at me. Well, I had to go over and talk with her after that gesture. It turned out that she was a member of a college track team that was in town for a track meet. Her team was at a local field, preparing for the meet the next morning. This young woman "Sylvia" had sprained her ankle and could not compete. They dropped her off at the hotel so she could put her feet up, but she forgot to get a key. She had no ID and the block of rooms were not in her name. Back then, cell phones were not as commonplace as they are now. The hotel staff was under strict orders not to give a room key to anyone who did not provide proof that they were occupants of the hotel. So Sylvia was stranded in the lobby of the hotel for at least a couple of hours. After she told that story, she then said she wished she could just put her feet up and allow her ailing ankle to rest a bit. I must admit, I almost

did not offer, but I took a chance and made the offer to allow her to relax in our room until her team members returned. She accepted, and at that time, I felt that it would be small talk and TV for evening. In the room, I slid the arm chair close to the bed so she could sit in the arm chair and place her foot on the bed. Ten minutes later, she asked me to help her stand so she could take her pants off. (She was wearing shorts underneath.) She had beautiful slender legs and I could not keep my eyes off her as we tried to watch a sitcom on television. After a while she held out her hand for me to help her up, because she had to go to the bathroom. Now here is the twist. As I reached inside the bathroom to turn the light on for her, I stepped on one of those little bars of soap that was on the floor, and I went crashing to the floor. One of my travel buddies must have dropped it, and I became its victim. Sylvia burst out laughing. She was totally out of control with laughter because of how comical I looked as I fell. She said the surprised look on my face as I fell was unforgettable and she could not get the picture out of her mind. Needless to say, I was totally embarrassed, but that was the ultimate ice breaker. After she used the bathroom, she came out and asked if I was okay. (She was still trying to hold back her giggles, but was not very successful with that.) I told her I was fine, but I added that I did bump my elbow on the bathroom counter and my knee hit the door frame as I fell. With that she offered: "Poor baby, come here lemme see if your're okay." I stepped toward her as I repeated that I was okay, all the while hoping that she would conduct an inspection of my injuries. The elbow was examined first, and then she asked me to roll up my pant leg to see what my knee looked like. As she touched my knee, I must have forgotten the pain, because I immediately became aroused. Then she said "Take off your pants so I can really look at your leg". She then announced that she planned to go into sports medicine and this would be good practice for her. My mind was racing because I knew I had a raging hard on, but she was so "matter of fact" about examining my leg, I felt compelled to do as she asked. I turned away from her slightly as I removed my slacks, and sat down on the bed. She was sitting on the end of the arm chair as she checked my leg with light squeezes and caresses. She then said: "You must not be injured too much, because your middle leg is certainly in good shape". I asked her how she knew about my "middle leg". She then reported that women are always checking men out in the same way that men check them out. With that, she said: "Let me rub that one for you". As she reached under the leg of my boxers, I knew that the night had taken a turn for the better. As she stroked my boner she told me that she noticed me looking at her when we were watching television, and actually was hoping for a "chance" to politely open the topic of sex. She had a recent bad break-up with her boyfriend back at her school, and she wanted to do something to get revenge. Our random meeting in the lobby made her revenge possible, and my fall in the bathroom gave her an excuse to get me out of my pants. It was on then. I stood up, and knelt down between her legs. I leaned forward and did what I dreamed of doing when I saw her in the hotel lobby. I kissed those full, soft, warm lips with the softest kiss I could muster. The first kiss was a slow smack with our lips as we squarely faced each other. The second was a deep, passionate, head slowly-twisting, kiss. I felt like a leading man in a movie kissing the sexy leading lady. The kiss was rewarding enough, but then we started undressing each other. We were totally nude in about sixty seconds, and we hugged, kissed and caressed on the bed like two lovers reuniting after a long absence from each other. Then I went

down on her. I found the clit, and I made sure my tongue made love to the pink head peeking out from under that golden brown hood. I tickled it with my tongue until she quivered, then I would give a full kiss to her pussy lips to slow her orgasm. (By the way, I love eating pussy.) I tasted her love juices and I wanted more. I would suck her pussy moisture, and her body would produce more. I did that about a half dozen times, and then when she started to quiver again, I stayed with the clit until she started convulsing with orgasmic pleasure. By this time, I could feel little beads of sweat on her skin, which is always a sure sign that I'm doing something right. After she relaxed from her orgasm, she turned me over and took my hard penis in her mouth. She gave me a slow-loving blow-job, from the tip of my penis to my pulsating balls. I was in heaven. She kept it slow and steady... it was the perfect blow-job, but she would not bring me to orgasm. She asked me: "Do you have condoms?" Hey, this was a hotel room shared by college buddies. If we didn't have anything else, we had condoms - somewhere! I started rummaging through their luggage and in the first bag, I found Mr. Trojans. This was consolation for the soap fiasco. She picked up on the blow-job where she left off because I had lost a little of the erection that I had, but two slurps brought me back to real-steel status. She slid the condom on me, and I slid her on top of my lap as we faced each other. I wrapped her legs around my waist, and she started the slow ride back and forth on my member. All the while I kissed her nipples on those grapefruit size breasts. That was plenty for me. I kissed her neck, ears, lips, cheeks.... I was intoxicated with passion. She rode my erection for a good thirty minutes, coming over and over again. Each time pausing to catch her breath with her arms around my neck. Then she looked at me and said: "I should have my feet up, remember my ankle?". I had totally forgotten that we were in my room because she had an ankle sprain. But she only mentioned it then, so I could get on top and get what I needed. After about twenty minutes of oral sex, and about a half hour of passionate intercourse, I knew I was ready to explode. I climbed on top in the missionary position, and held her legs up in a "V" position, and asked her if her feet were high enough like that. She smiled and said, yes and don't let them down until I give you permission. Now I had to manage my strokes carefully because she was in better physical shape than I was. But I held my own. I never was a "quickie" type, and I always take my time to please my partner. I would make my penis throb inside of her, and she would jump and tell me to stop. But I kept that up until she said, "Please cum before I pass out". That's when I started thrusting deeper and harder. The build-up was unbelievable. I kept thrusting harder and harder for another ten minutes or so, and then I could hold it no longer. I exploded, and I collapsed as I filled the condom with my juice. It was so damned good. We kind of chuckled as we were lying there all sweaty and exhausted. That's how love making should be. I took a shower, as she washed up at the sink because she did not want to take her bandage off without the trainer present to re-wrap it. We stepped off the elevator at 8:25 p.m. and her team members were walking in the front door. We never spoke another word to each other. She walked toward the team and turned to me and gave me a wink as she limped on her crutch. I think that went the way it was supposed to go, because back at my campus, I had a girlfriend, and I probably would not have done a good job of staying in touch with Sylvia anyway. I never told the guys what happened, but one of them knew something was up, because his condoms were missing. (I didn't put the remaining ones back.) And

he slept in the bed where I had the most passionate session of sex in all of my college days. I can only hope that Sylvia remembers me with half as much fondness and pleasure.