

# Fantasies and Surprises

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*A man is surprised by some very forward behavior from a long time crush.*

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I was riding the street car back home on a cold and rainy day, in the fall. I had been at work late, and felt very tired. I wanted to go home, fix some microwave food and go to sleep. Those were my thoughts as a voice caught my ear: "Eric?" I couldn't place it at first, and looked around to see something quite surprise: Heather, a girl I had known since junior high. I was in my late 20s now, and so was she. We had only seen a few times since we had graduated, for a few minutes at friend's parties. I had liked her a lot when I was a teenager, and still kept up with her sometimes online, but I certainly wasn't expecting to see her on the crowded street car. I would think that being an adult with adult problems would make me less interested in my junior high crush, but as I turned around and she smiled at me, my heart beat faster. She still had the same long, silky black hair. She still had the same smooth olive skin. She was a little bit fuller in figure, as we all are, but not more than normal. And her face was still round and sweet without being too cherubic. And she still had the same smile in her mouth and eyes. We inched closer to each other, and she started excitingly chatting about the weather. When it came time for her stop, she spontaneously grabbed my arm and said "I want to finish catching back to my place, we can have a quick cup of coffee" I actually had to get home, being tired, but...suddenly, I had all the energy of a lovesick 14 year old. She guided me back to her apartment, which of course was artistic and pretty, and sat down at her kitchen table. She brought me some coffee, which was flavored without being too fou-fou, and kept on talking about the last few years of her life, giggling and smiling. Was I being flirted with? The answer seemed to be yes, as one of her feet, slipped out of her high heels, started rubbing at my leg. And then...my face turned bright red. I could feel her toes through the nylon, as she rubbed it up further and further. By the time she got over my knee, I was on the way to hyperventilating. I am pretty experienced--- nothing too excellent, but I had a normal history. And yet this soft rubbing of her foot against me, especially seeing her smiling innocent face right across from me, made me feel as if I had just taken a shot or two of everclear. "Heather...? Uh..." I wasn't at my most articulate. "Shh..." she said, moved over to me, and kissed me. Her hand gripped mine, and in about two minutes, I was on her bed, with her kissing me. I was lost. When her hands reached down to feel my jeans, I was even more lost. And, a second later, when she unzipped me and took me in her mouth, I just had to stare at the ceiling to remind myself that it was real. I didn't even know if I liked what was happening. Of course, I am a

normal man with desires, and I had liked her for a long time. But even when I was a horny adolescent who masturbated twice a day, and thrice on weekends, my fantasies about her had always been romantic and innocent. To go from friendly coffee to a crazy blowjob in a few minutes was confusing to me. I stared around her room, wondering how to connect the soft, sweet decor with the vixen who was enthusiastically taking me as much as she could. When most guys talk about oral sex, especially in stories, they talk about great suction that drives them crazy within minutes. I don't think it is always that easy. Especially for me. It takes a long time for me to come from oral sex. I love the sensation...it gets me very excited...but the pressure is usually too "teasing" for me to finish. There are so many sensations that I can't concentrate on one of them. Right now, the sensation that was actually the best for me was the one of her long, silky hair, gently pooled across my thighs. But I felt that I would have to speed things up, that she would be offended if I failed to finish. So I said, in my first words since we had entered the room... "Scoot up". I barely recognized my own croak. She moved closer to me, and I fumbled at her zipper, taking her jeans down to midthigh. She was wearing a pair of white cotton panties. Nothing could have been sexier at the time. I pulled them down, revealing that she was (of course) very wet. Her mound was recently shaved, but was starting to grow in a little. For some reason, this small, intimate detail of her life made me feel so much closer to her. I could picture her shaving on weekends, when she had time and felt sexy, and then going back to being preoccupied with other things during the week. I fumbled to get my fingers into her, and with her wetness, it was easy to slide two fingers in. She gasped around my cock, and then she started to milk me with her fingers, squeezing hard. And then I came. Hard. I wasn't expecting too, but I did. I yowled. I moaned. She sloppily took most of me down her throat, although some ended up on her chin. She leaned back and looked up at me with a messy, flushed face and half-lidded eyes. I asked: "But what about you...do you want me to do something..." "Hush" she said, drew me down for a kiss, and then closed her eyes. "Heather, do you want...um...well, I could, um..." She smiled dreamily. "And..." reality started to intrude. Did this wild encounter mean something? Would it happen again. And I looked down at her, and realized that her dreamy eyes had gone to dreaming eyes. She was asleep. I thought of waking her. I looked at her for a long time, very confused. Finally, I let myself out, went home, and slept. The next day, I had to convince myself it wasn't a dream. I was torn between arousal, excitement and maybe a little confusion and guilt. Finally, I e-Mailed her. I was too delicate to say something like "GREAT BEEJ", but I said something about how I had always felt close to her, etcetera. Vague statements for a vague situation. A little while later, she wrote me back with a vague, yet happy e-Mail full of smileys that answered none of my questions. I was confused for the next few weeks. Honestly, I felt a bit used. And deceived. I was also hoping something would happen again. I had been casually interested in a few women, but I was less so now that I had seen my dreamgirl mostly naked. Finally, a resolution came. In an e-Mail from her. I won't quote the whole thing, but in the e-Mail she told me of getting arrested for shoplifting. Which was quite a surprise for her, and for me. She had been apprehended by security in a grocery store for walking around, opening up random packages, eating the food inside, and then throwing them down on the ground. When the police arrested her, she passed out. They took her to a hospital, who quickly recognized one of the

symptoms of taking Ambien like drugs, prescription sleep aids. Although uncommon, such effects aren't rare. All charges were dropped, and her physician found a medicine with less side effects. She ended the e-Mail by saying that she was happy that she hadn't done anything more dangerous under the influence. And that, I guess, explained that. It was some sort of resolution. Although I was curious if perhaps she did remember our encounter, at least as a dream. Or perhaps she suspected it. Maybe it was something that she did secretly desire. Maybe the entire sleeping-pill story was something she made up. I don't know, and I wish I did. But whether I know or not, I still have a great, if mixed memory, of a spontaneous and passionate sexual encounter with a girl who I had admired from afar for a long time.