

# Imogen - Chapter One

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**Don't steal. It's not nice! :(**

*The temptation was too much for them to bare...*

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## Imogen – Chapter One

I needed her the moment I met her. Dark brunette hair, framing her lovely face. Her deep, large eyes and inquisitive eyebrows gave her an innocent presence. Her luscious, pouty lips were enough to send me over the edge. A cliché I know, but it's the truth. She walked tall - even though she, herself was not - swaying her hips gently, almost not at all. Her shoulders sloped gracefully into her back, and her bum: round and supple. Her skin looked smooth and sun-kissed in the lighting of the club. She had light freckles. She glowed. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. I couldn't look at any other women; they just paled in comparison to her. In other words, she was fucking beautiful. Her voice was quiet, almost nervous at first. Her flushed cheeks tended to redden further when I complimented her. I knew she liked it, though. In the space of twenty minutes, I already knew so much about her. She's a Cancer. Sweet, kind and generous. She has aviaphobia, which is fear of flying. She was single, and, she struggled to admit, lonely. She believes actions are just as strong as words. She told me about her family, her work and her cat, Kinky. I laughed, but not cruelly. Never would I laugh AT her.

I needed him the moment I met him. It was like a sudden urge took over me. I just had to get closer. His short yet floppy hair fell against his face and over his eyes, which were the most piercing blue. His face wasn't broad, but wasn't thin either. His eyebrows were neat, but not gaily so, and his smile could kill. I'm serious. He had pearly white teeth and evenly plumped lips. When he smiled, his cheeks squished up ever so slightly, and his eyes lit up. He had a lovely, cheeky look. He was tall. Very tall. And very well-built. I could see his muscles through his black shirt, needing to be released from their imprisonment. I almost immediately imagined him without a shirt. Perfect. His skin was slightly tanned, and blemish free. Our fingers brushed as he handed me my drink. His hands were

smooth. But the most stunning thing about him was his personality. He was so courteous. He listened intently to me, always looking me in the eye. He complimented me, and smiled in all the right places. I learned a lot about him. He lives away from his family, works as a public defender and is a Scorpio. He has no pets or siblings and has travelled around the globe, just for 'an adventure'. His hands punctuated his words, and his face lit up when he laughed. I was enjoying myself. But, suddenly, the sky seemed to fall. The earth seemed to stop spinning. "...and we're about to move in together." He finished. Him and his girlfriend. It wasn't just a casual relationship. They were a 'we'. Them. We... Them. I was disappointed, but I learned to accept it. So, never-the-less, I still continued seeing him. We went out for coffee, went to dinner, I even went home with him once. But nothing special could happen. Not with his girlfriend moving in.

Of course, my girlfriend was suspicious. But I reassured her she was the only woman for me. But, unlike before I met Imogen, my heart didn't mean it. Our relationship was growing. And it was strange. I had to hide from her a lot of things. Like the fact that every time I and my girlfriend had sex, it was Imogen I was thinking of. Like the fact that every time I touched myself, my thoughts flashed back to Imogen. Imogen, Imogen, Imogen. I saw her again at a club. The same club where we met. It was like a strange reunion. She was wearing a short, flattering black dress and heels and, by the looks of it, not much else. I felt myself start to harden. Her legs were astounding. Very well shaped, and as smooth as silk. She glowed. She saw me first. After a lot of conversation. There was a pause. She licked her lips. This one sensuous movement made me take the plunge. "You look beautiful." Her eyes widened, if that were even possible, and a deep blush crept up her elegant neck. But she didn't say anything. Thinking I was still on safe ground, I touched her cheek with my finger. She turned away, still red. "What is it?" I asked. "Y...you have a girlf...friend." She had tears in her eyes. Smiling at her, I shrugged. I wiped away a tear that was threatening to fall. She looked up at me and smiled softly. She put her hand on my chest, dragging her nails gently. I could feel myself harden once again. Standing square in front of her, I wrapped her up in my arms. My hardness pressed into her thigh, and she murmured something, and then giggled. "I want you" I told her.

"Mmmmm...we shouldn't be doing this" I whispered. Then giggled at myself. Did I really care? "I want you." He said. I felt lightheaded, almost faint. His hardness was pressing into me, his hands on the small of my back. I pulled slightly away from the hug, so I was looking him directly in the face. His hair had grown longer, and I moved my hand to brush a strand away from his face. He smiled his cheeky smile and kissed me. Ever so gently at first. I felt my whole body relax as his arms wound even further around me. I was in ecstasy. His tongue pushed softly against my lips, easing them open. I felt a sudden wetness. Curse myself for not wearing underwear. I couldn't believe he was having this

effect on me. I groaned into his mouth. He suddenly pulled away. "Shall we head off, then?" He asked, his eyes gleaming. I couldn't find the words to reply. So I just nodded. I gave him the directions and we drove off to my apartment. I knew why. Because of his girlfriend. I felt so dirty...yet, so excited. We drove in silence. Every now and then, Mitch would glance in my direction, his eyes dark and lusty. I just wanted him so badly.

She gave me the directions and we drove off to her apartment. I couldn't risk going to mine, just in case my girlfriend happened to pop in at the wrong moment. The car journey was silent, but my lusty thoughts were louder than any bomb attack. I just wanted her so badly. We kissed at the door, and again in the lounge. I only caught a glimpse of her apartment. Modern and sophisticated. I wonder if she drunk her coffee black. I expected so. She was such a fuck good kisser. Very experienced, obviously. Her tongue and teeth could do wonders to my mouth. She left me feeling numb. Eventually, we just collapsed onto the couch. This only excited me more. Since I got into the car, my cock had to be rock solid. I'm sure I was expecting too much, but I couldn't help it. She was incredible. She sucked on my top lip, then on my bottom lip. I mimicked her actions, relishing the taste. Her teeth scraped against my lips, nibbling lightly. I pushed my tongue past her lips and ran it along the roof of her mouth. She shuddered. She pulled back slightly, and just looked at me. She really did have the biggest, most gorgeous eyes I think I've ever seen. A deep hazel, with flecks of grey. But I noticed something else. Her eyes held sadness. She looked down at my hand. It was on her stomach, making light circles. "This is wrong..." she whispered. I didn't know what to say. The last thing I wanted was for her to not want this. But how was I to convince her that cheating on my girlfriend with her would be okay?

His hand was still stroking my belly, and I could feel my wetness growing. He was so cute. Not koala-bear cute. More, tie-him-to-the-bed cute. He pressed me further into the back of the couch. We were both lying down, so this was easy. I looked up at him. He smiled down and kissed me again. I didn't stop him. His tongue wound around mine, as we kissed. A fierce battle. A sensual battle. His lips started to move onto my jaw, then my neck, as he pulled my hair to one side to get better access. His tongue darted in my ear, then back down my neck. He nibbled on it. He moved, so he was on top of me. He kissed my shoulders. From then on, it was like a game of strip poker. We each took turns undressing. We started slowly, but he was urgent, I could see. Fully undressed, he just gazed at my breasts. They were large, supple and creamy. I think mother-nature had a soft spot for me. My nipples grew hard to the cold air. This was all happening so fast. Without warning, Mitch's tongue flicked against my breast. I gasped and he looked up at me. His eyes were dark. Continuing, he kissed around my breast, through the valley between them, and on each nipple. He had certainly

done this a lot before. His tongue kept darting out at my nipples, making them harder. He sucked on them gently. I whimpered at the contact. " God.. ." he whispered, his mouth still on my breast. "You're lovely." He stopped sucking for a while. His hand slid down to the top of my thigh. His kisses followed his hand. He stopped. He kissed the outer side of my thigh, stroking and squeezing gently. His fingers were stroking the lips of my pussy gently. I felt like I was going to explode.

She was so fucking beautiful. I was so hard, it hurt. Her breasts were firm, round and even. Her nipples were darker and harder. And her cunt! Oh! How gorgeous. Pink, hair-less. Perfect. She shuddered against my touch, as I slid one finger inside her. I wasn't in the mood for teasing. I just wanted her. I kept looking up to see if she was okay, and every time she had her eyes closed, panting. I knew she was ready for this. I went down on her. Slow and sensual was my plan. My tongue circled inside of her, as my teeth took the tiniest nibbles. I never realised I was this hungry. Plunging deeper now, and using my fingers inside her, I flicked her g-spot with my tongue, and she shuddered. I places my tongue flat against her clit, and the slid it down. I took my tongue out and just used my fingers. Slowly sliding one, then two fingers inside her, I stroked her gently. She was so close now, it was unbearable. I stopped my exploration, and rose up, planting small longing kisses on her lips. "I need you. Now. " She just panted. My cock was in a perfect position, and I slowly nudged it inside her.

I could feel I had tears in my eyes. Even through past experience, I had never realised sex could feel like this. I wound my legs round his waist as he rotated his hips, easing himself into me. He wasn't close enough. I wrapped my arms around him, dragging my nails down his back. There was no mad thrashing, or painful pumping. It was slow, and it was sensual. I loved it. He pushed himself further and further into me, panting and groaning in my ear. I thrived on that sound. I could feel him body heating up, every moment. My breathing was rapid, yet shallow. We were both ready, and I felt myself clamp down on him. My body arched sharply. We came together. We finished. He had stayed inside me through 3 orgasms. My juices had slipped onto the couch, probably staining it. But I didn't mind, it was a wonderful memory after all. We lay together on the couch, whispering like lovers. He pulled the blanket from the back of the coach on top of us. He kissed away my tears and reassured me that 'everything was going to be okay, now'. But every kiss he gave me, only reminded me of his girlfriend. I didn't know her, or like her for that matter. But I felt bad. Dirty. I guess only time will tell...

Thankyou for reading. Please comment. Don't steal. Chapter Two coming really soon. I hope :)

Oh, and please vote if you read it!