

It was going to happen one day

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I wanted him more than I had ever wanted anyone. It ate away at me. Whilst I am not the sexiest, most attractive or desirable woman in the world I had never before been in the situation that I wanted someone for so long. Usually I had had them by now. It bugged me and niggled at me, and I knew that I would not rest until I had fucked him. It was all I wanted to do. It was mutual. It wasn't that I was having a problem convincing him. It was as much of an obsession for him as it was for me. It was the circumstances and the logistics that prevented it, not the lack of desire. It had been five years. We had met in a chat room five years previously; that's where the attraction began, innocently at first; shared laughs, plans, thoughts and dreams. His wit and intelligence sparked a reaction in me. He made me laugh, teased me, challenged my knowledge and his humour, his intellect and his eloquence turned me on. I did the same for him. Harmless flirting turned to words of arousal to cyber sex as we explored the sexual recesses of one another's minds. We liked what we found there and our regular online chats became more and more explicit and more sexually arousing than anything I was experiencing in real life. That was our barrier. He was married and I was in a long term relationship and we lived miles apart. I never believed that I was one in a succession and he certainly wasn't that for me. We never quite got around to meeting up, although we both suggested it often. I am not sure if we were scared. I think I was. I never really asked him. I knew one day it would happen. We would go through a few weeks of intense conversations, and hundreds of texts and then cool off for a few weeks. It would always start up again, we couldn't stop. It was always the same. "I can't wait to kiss you." "I can't wait to be naked with you." "I can't wait to fuck you." And I couldn't, it consummated my thoughts and in the dark, as my boyfriend was pounding desperately into me, all I wanted was for it to be Adam. I wasn't in love with him. I was desperately and urgently in lust with him and the only thing that could restrain it was to have him; just once. And then it happened. One day in a couple of weeks' time, I was due to be in his city, for just one night. I told him this and before I knew it we were arranging to meet. I had known it would happen sooner or later but that didn't stop me from being excited, nervous, and terrified all at once. The night before I was due to meet him we talked for hours. Reassuring each other, but both nervous, I explained that nothing must be taken for granted. We would have a drink and take it from there.,, but I knew, and so did he. That night as I performed

my usual ritual either during or following conversations with him, of slowly and deliberately stroking my slippery pussy to orgasm, I thought about what the next day might bring and surprisingly slipped into a calm sleep. The next day we were in constant contact and I was in such a rush to meet him on time that in the end I forgot to be nervous. As I walked towards him he stood and smiled. Although we had never met before I had seen him on a webcam and we had shared photos so I knew him instantly. He embraced me in an instant hug and I was immediately at ease. This was going to be fine. We had known each other for five years. There was no need for it to be uncomfortable. With me still in his arms he bent his head and brought his lips briefly to mine. It made me shiver. After a couple of glasses of wine and with conversation and laughter flowing, the conversation turned to our impressions of each other. "I have to be honest about this." He said and I instantly thought Oh no! He doesn't like me! He reached his hand forward and stroked my cheek. "I knew I would be attracted to you. I already was before we met." I smiled across the table, looking into his eyes. He leaned forward and touched his lips to mine again. This time I responded, kissing him back. I felt his tongue graze against my lips and a little gasp escaped him. "Whenever I get an email or a text from you or I see you online I get an erection." He confessed. "Can you imagine what is happening under this table sitting opposite you?" That made my pussy leap and contract and my clit throb. Leaning forward I kissed him, pressed my breasts against his chest and slid my warm tongue between his parted lips. As his hand came up to caress my bare arm I felt a trickle inside me. "My hotel is round the corner." I told him, and stood up. He smiled and said, "I thought you'd never ask." And followed me immediately. It wasn't far, that walk, just a couple of minutes. But I can't remember it. If there is such a thing as "my type", Adam wasn't particularly it. He was tall, and very slender, with striking cheek bones and slightly unkempt fair hair. There was something about his long fingers and the pout that the cheekbones created which was quite beautiful. His stature was quite different to mine. My dark hair, soft, round curves; bouncing breasts and squeezable bottom were in contrast to him and I liked the idea of the juxtaposition, how we would look naked together, how we would meld. In the hotel room he pulled me to him and pressed his lips down on mine. His breathing was already ragged and it was making me wet, the sound of his arousal. It enhanced mine. His tongue probed into my mouth and his hands grasped my full breasts making the nipples spring up immediately against his palms. I was fumbling with his shirt buttons. He pulled my top over my head and buried his face into my heaving cleavage, deftly unhooking my bra in what seemed to be one fluid movement. "God I've fantasised about these tits." He groaned as he twiddled one nipple in those long fingers and bent to suck the other one between his hot lips. He made me moan as he worked his nipple magic. I could feel it between my legs. Sliding his hands inside the back of my skirt he caressed my naked bottom pulling me closer to him, kissing my breasts and my neck and my lips. He slid my skirt and panties straight down and held my hand as I stepped out of it. I stood before him naked and he stood back and looked at me. He stroked his erection through his jeans for a moment and then undid them. "Look what you do to me." He whispered and pulled his jeans slightly over his hips so I could see a smattering of pubic hair and a bulge of flesh, then down swiftly, allowing his cock to spring out and up. I couldn't take my eyes off him as he stood there. A long, slender body, soft golden in colour and

smooth like much younger man's. Long legs, with the definition of sinew and muscle making him look lean and fit. A flat hollow between his hips, from which jutted his cock, in a rigid, slightly glistening arc. Falling to my knees I caressed him, ran my tongue over his swollen cock. I could taste his excitement. He was panting already; his cock was beginning to drip. Looking up into his eyes I sucked him into my mouth. He gave a strangulated moan of pleasure as I slid him in and out. Sliding him right out, strings of his sweet and salty precum gathered between his cock and my lips and I licked and lapped at him. "Stop. I need you to cum first." He begged, but I wanted to feel his hot cum in my mouth so desperately. I wanted to cum, god I was close to it without my pussy even being touched, but I wanted his spunk. I carried on sucking that beautiful meaty cock, running my fingers down his slim torso and round to caress his pert bottom. I pulled him towards me, causing him to thrust deeper into my mouth and as an ecstatic groan escaped him, he emptied his hot load down my throat. I sucked every drop greedily from him and as I stood from my kneeling position my inner thighs were damp from my arousal. He pulled me towards him, kissing away the remnants of his orgasm and as his fingers probed against my velvety wetness I was already throbbing. His kisses were wet and probing, as were his long fingers. He had slipped two, then a third into me and I could feel them caressing my G spot. My legs were starting to shake and all it took was a little pressure from his thumb on my pounding clit to bring me to my first orgasm. The second came as he moved between my legs and licked my cunt until juices ran over his nose and chin, his fingers thrusting inside me squelched and slurped and my moans of passion became so loud I held my arm to my lips to stop the whole hotel from hearing. The third, as he knelt up between my legs and parting my swollen lips swirled his solid prick in my silky wetness. Dipping it slightly between the lips and then out again. Wet, slippery tip stroking and sliding against my pulsing clit. "Fuck me Adam." I begged, as I writhed on the bed, thighs and sheets damp, cunt yearning and aching for him. We both gasped with pleasure as he rammed his cock into my eager pussy. My tight walls gripped him as he thrust in and out of me. His moans of passion were increasing, I could barely contain myself. His cock fit me so perfectly. It filled me up and each stroke was an intense and wonderful sensation. Every nerve in my body felt the wave each thrust gave me and with his cock deep inside me, he pulled my legs over his shoulders and with his hands over my pubis he applied pressure to my clit as he fucked me hard. I came again and again gushing orgasmic juices over his driving cock and thighs. He could take no more and he let out a final moan as he shot his spunk deep into me. Within minutes as he held me to him, I could feel my pussy begin to pulse once more. How could it be that a man could satisfy me so well yet make me so insatiable? I knew that that ambition I had, to fuck him just once was way out of the window and as he crawled between my legs to rest his tired head on my mound and I listened as he inhaled the scent of our sex and watched as his deflated cock bounced back into life I knew that it was the same for him.