

My Awakening

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A mature man in a largely sexless marriage has a surprise encounter

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Sometimes, things just happen. It's not something that you plan or even seriously think about. You find yourself in a situation in which you face a most unexpected choice - one that can have a profound effect on how you view yourself. This is a story about one of those times. It was one that saw my awakening as a much more complete and confident sensual being at a relatively late age. By way of background, I realized on reflection several months after my 51st birthday that the numbers and ranges of my experiences were such that, at least as a sensual being, I had lived a life unlived. I also realized then that things were unlikely to change materially for me in that way. This really bothered me, although I didn't actually have any intention of doing anything about it. My wife was a truly lovely woman and great mother. While her sex drive was always weak anyway and her tastes very, very conservative to say the least, her interest had basically disappeared in recent years. It was now basically once or twice a quarter if I were lucky. I'd chosen not to push the matter because the idea of "duty sex" didn't do much for me, and I didn't think it was respectful to her either. I'd been debating with myself for some time whether I should do anything about this, and concluded that I shouldn't. The potential benefits seemed to be more than offset with some significant potential costs. More importantly, it simply didn't seem, for lack of a better expression, "right", especially for someone who had spent his entire life "colouring between the lines". About six months after my birthday, I attended a weekend conference in another city. It was a very large conference, and I didn't see anyone there who I knew well. I noticed a really attractive, well dressed woman of about my age a few times during the first day. During some of the more boring portions of the presentations, I found myself glancing at her and thinking about her. It wasn't any particular physical attribute that had caught my attention. There was just something about the confident way in which she carried herself that I found very attractive. At one point during the day, she happened to turn towards me when I was looking at her. Our eyes met for just a second before I quickly averted my gaze- an awkward moment. I thought that I came out of it unscathed, though, and I was more careful for the rest of the day. In any event, she was a stranger, and it seemed very unlikely that our paths would actually cross at a large conference like this. I was invited to a supplier's reception that evening. It was a modestly sized event for about twenty people, with a cocktail and appetizers hour and then a meal. I was running a little late, so the other attendees were already there by the time I arrived. After being met by the host at

the door, I turned to move towards the bar and saw her there, just as she saw me. I put on my best "business as usual" face and continued to walk towards the bar. I hoped that I was masking the embarrassment that I was feeling. Much to my surprise, she approached me smiling with her hand extended. "I'm Susan," she said. "I noticed you today once looking over towards me like you recognized me and thought that we might have met at one of these a couple of years ago." She was even more attractive than I had first thought. She was about 5' 7" (closer to 5' 9" in her heels), had short blonde hair, sparkling blue eyes, a beautiful smile, was tanned and well toned. She looked gorgeous in her black skirt, black hose, high heels and crisp blue blouse. She oozed poise, class and confidence, and seemed like one of those women who could own a room without really trying. Put simply, she was the type of woman who had always brought out the inner seventeen year old in me in social situations. This was going to be a true test for me.... I told her that I didn't think so because it was my first conference of this type. I tried to cover my earlier glance by noting that from across a room she looked a lot like someone I knew a long time ago with whom I'd lost touch. I was relieved to see that it seemed like she believed that explanation. She smiled and proceeded to engage me in small talk about the conference and our line of work. She always made eye contact in our conversation, sometimes touching my arm for emphasis. I found myself speaking very comfortably with her. It was as if I'd somehow discovered a more confident, more charming, funnier me that I didn't know existed behind the mask that I've learned to wear professionally. Soon it was time to sit down at our tables. She noted that there were a couple of seats remaining at the table in the far corner if I hadn't planned on sitting with anyone else. As I was quite enjoying speaking with her, I gladly accepted her invitation. The dinner went by quickly. Not surprisingly, she kept the other five of us at the table engaged and entertained for the next ninety minutes before the attendees starting leaving. Soon, it was just the two of us at the table, and she suggested that we go for a drink in the hotel bar. Once we were seated at the bar, she leaned in and said, "I've been curious about something." Thinking it would be harmless, I told her to ask away. I wasn't prepared, though, for her to say, "Were you telling the truth when you told me why you were looking at me today?" Seeing me turn red, she smiled and told me, "It's OK", and quickly changed the topic. The next two hours at the hotel bar went by so quickly because of the intellectual and emotional connection. And somehow she steered the conversation in a way in which we found ourselves talking about our marriages. I found myself sharing things I had never shared with anyone, let alone a total stranger. She was able to relate, as her own marriage was similar-good in most ways, but leaving her feeling incomplete. I remember thinking to myself that the unveiling of these emotions and the resultant vulnerability surprisingly left me feeling much more alive than I had felt in a long time. While the conversation was actually not at all sexual, it was, if I'm to be honest about it, one of the most erotic emotional experiences of my life. It was late and time to go. We made our way to the elevator to go upstairs to our rooms, and we were alone on the elevator. She pushed the button for her floor. I reached for my button, and she stopped my hand. She rested her hand on it for just a moment before releasing it, giving me the choice of how to respond. I could have raised it again, but I didn't. I could say that the alcohol had reduced my inhibitions, but it wasn't true, as we hadn't had that much to drink. I could

rationalize that it was just going to be an innocent continuation of our conversation. I actually had no idea where this was going, though. What I did know at that particular moment in time was that I would never have forgiven myself if I didn't go back to her room to find out. We sat down on the couch in her suite, and she offered me half of a soft drink that she had in her refrigerator. The conversation picked up where it had left off, but went to yet a much deeper level for about another forty-five minutes. I had mixed emotions. On the one hand, I had never wanted anyone so badly in my life. On the other, I was now wondering what I was doing there and hoping that I'd be strong enough to walk away if something were to evolve. She then said something like, "Well, the first session starts at 8:30 and it's already late, so I guess we should call it a night." I nodded my agreement, in a way relieved. But neither of us were moving, other than for her leaning in toward me in what seemed like slow motion. I moved my face towards hers with our eyes meeting, and it just happened-a slow tentative kiss. It wasn't the kiss of lovers, but a kiss of shy anticipation. Each of us looked at the other for just a second for a reaction before our instincts took over. We began kissing much more passionately, each hungrily exploring the other. My hand quickly went to her inner right knee. Her legs opened for me as my hand made its way along her inner thigh to the bare skin at the top of her stocking-a feeling I will never forget that excites me to this day. My touch on her bare skin caused her to moan softly. I reached for her, and could feel her wetness through her panties. We stood up, each quickly undressing the other down to our underwear. She giggled when she saw the growing wet spot on my black briefs and suggested that I should take them off. I did as I was told. I watched for her reaction, worried that she might be disappointed. She giggled, saying that I had a "just right one, you know, not too big and (naughty smile) definitely not too small", and took my hand to lead me to the bed. I asked her to lie on her stomach and began to massage her, while buying myself some time to think and trying to stay composed. She was so beautiful and responding this way to me of all people - the guy whose self-image had always been of the "smart, shy, skinny kid" and who was always tongue tied around girls and women like this. She was extremely responsive to my touch on the upper inner thighs. She moved her hips to accommodate me as I dropped down to kiss her there. "I'm ready for you", she said, which I took to be a signal to slip off her panties and turn her on to her back. I reached down to feel her wetness. I took my fingers to my mouth. I licked them off one at a time while looking directly into her eyes. She opened her legs fully for me, as I dropped my face to her. I teased her by kissing and licking her upper inner thighs again before moving to her. I started with long licks from bottom to top, and moved to an exploration of each side of each lip, licking and nibbling. The mutual anticipation was building as her hands ran through my hair. She pulled my head closer to her when my mouth went to her clit. I started at a moderate speed and pressure given her arousal and her prompts, and soon increased the pressure and speed to her obvious pleasure. I could tell from the movement of her thighs, the subtle changes in her breathing and the way that she pulled my head even closer to her that my efforts were having the desired effect. I knew that she was getting really close when her thighs started to shake more and she told me that I was "right on it" and to go faster. I pushed my mouth even closer and applied more pressure at a faster speed. I felt her breathing quicken, hoping that her breathing would stop at any moment-my favourite time just before the

expulsion of breath at the point of orgasm. I was not to be disappointed. Her body began to convulse with her orgasm, and I stayed on her all the way through it. She tried to push my face away, but I held my mouth on her. The only movements were her own as her body writhed with pleasure. I finally moved my face away when I knew that she couldn't take this any more. I then began to tease her by kissing the inside of her upper thighs gently, knowing fully how sensitive she was to my touch then. At last, I allowed her to push my head away. I realized as I was kissing my way up her stomach to her chest that she was still wearing her bra. We laughed at this. She noted that she was beginning to get concerned that I didn't like her breasts because they were on the smaller side. Seeing her hard, disproportionately large nipples through the material of her bra, I told her that I would do my very best to make up for that oversight. I began to kiss her breasts while she was still wearing her bra. Then, I undid her bra and gave suitable attention to those perky B cup breasts looking back at me with their large brown nipples. "Your turn," she giggled after a few minutes of this, and rolled me playfully on to my back. She straddled me and began to kiss her way down my chest and stomach. All of the while, she looked into my eyes with a twinkle in her own. She began to tease me with her mouth, with small kisses and licks, before taking my head in her mouth and beginning to explore me in earnest. I noticed that she had moved her hand to begin to rub herself. I suggested that we should switch to a sixty-nine position, which she did eagerly. We were both really enjoying this when it was apparent that she would be having another orgasm soon. I told her not to worry about me and just to enjoy this for her. She started to lean back in to me and move her hips more as her breathing started to quicken. I could tell from her breathing and the way that her legs were beginning to shake that this wasn't going to take long. I pulled her as close to me as I could just before she came. Again, I kept her close as her body gyrated for as long as she could take it. She lay beside me with her head and hand on my chest as she recovered again. Soon her other hand made its way to my groin. She began to touch me and quickly took me back to a state of full arousal. She reached across me for her purse. She rummaged around in it for a moment before pulling out a gold foil wrapper, laughing that it was fortunate that she remembered she had this. She opened it, took me in her mouth again briefly then put the condom on me. It was like I was watching what happened next in slow motion. She squatted above me and lowered herself slowly down on me. She started to go up and down a bit faster as I alternated watching her take me and looking into her eyes. Soon, she switched to full cowgirl. She started to go faster, as her expression and breathing began to change and my hands went to her hips. The noises themselves were such a turn-on for me; the sound of our breathing, our prompts to each other, our bodies slapping together and the noises from inside her. She dropped down to me so that we could kiss while she was still on top, skillfully moving her hips on me. The mix of our tastes was such a turn on for both of us. She told me that she wanted me on top. She wrapped her legs around me as soon as we changed positions, and was thrusting to my movements. After a couple of minutes of this, she said that she wanted me to finish from behind. She positioned herself at the end of the bed so that I was standing behind her. She dropped her face low to the bed, raised her ass to me and began to rub her clit as I entered her. I began to thrust quickly, knowing that this position was allowing the best stimulation for her. Given the feelings I was having, the excitement of the moment,

the noises and the smells of sex, I knew that this wasn't going to take long. Sensing that I was getting ready to cum, she went back on to all fours. She starting thrusting against me and continued to do this after my orgasm until I couldn't take it any more and just collapsed on to her. We lay beside each other again. I looked at her and asked if I could tell her something... She nodded. "That was the first time in my life that I've ever felt truly fucked," I said. I realized immediately how incredibly stupid and crude that must have sounded, and felt embarrassed that I had said anything remotely like this at all. She could have reacted in any number of ways, some of which would have been fairly devastating given my vulnerability at that moment. She smiled sweetly and kissed me tenderly. She told me how happy she was that it was special for me and that knowing this would make it even more special for her when she remembered it. I could tell that she was sincere about this. But there was also a look of pity in her eyes that I had only then realized the degree to which I was actually much more of a sensual being than I had ever believed. I started to get up to clean up, but she put her hand on my chest and told me to stay there. She took off the condom and said that she'd be right back. A moment later she returned from the bathroom with a warm cloth that she used to clean me gently before positioning herself beside me again. We kissed gently, and we held each other with the affection of lovers. My hand reached for her and found that she was still very wet. "I know it's late, but you don't really want me to leave you like this, do you?" I said half jokingly. "I wonder what you might have in mind?" She laughed. I surprised even myself by adjusting the pillow under my head and motioning for her to come up to me, as if I had actually done this before. (Truth be known, I hadn't-blush!) "Well, that's an offer a girl can't refuse," she said noting that she hoped that I didn't mind if she "drove". (As if I was going to object!) She straddled my face and reached her hands out to the top of the headboard. Soon, she took control and was grinding herself into me. Her warm juices were soaking my face. Once more, I felt her legs begin to shake and her breathing change. I felt her thighs tighten against me at the point of orgasm that quickly followed. She rolled to the side. We stayed in each other's arms for another twenty minutes or so just talking, when she said that it now really was very late. I got up, rinsed my face, got dressed and made my way back to my room. On the way, I realized that I felt better about myself than I had in a very long time. This had been one of the greatest nights of my life, in part because I actually chose for once to live in the moment without another care in the world. The next day was the last day of the conference. We sat together in the sessions we had in common in a most professional way before going our separate ways at the end of the day. We stayed in touch periodically by e-mail. We met once more several months later for three hours in my hotel when I was away on business at the same time as she happened to be visiting her parents. While special, we both knew that we couldn't ever do this again. As her role changed with her employer, we haven't seen each other since, although we stay in touch by e-mail just to say hello at Christmas and Easter. I often think about my experiences with Susan. The memories of what we did continue to excite me, of course, often in, how shall I say, "private moments". Otherwise, though, I find the memories to be much more about who she was, who I was when I was with her and who we were together. It always brings a secret smile to think of her and know that she is part of who I am. I actually didn't set out to act on the void I was feeling in my life. As I noted at the start of this, though, sometimes things just

happen. Whatever others might think about me after reading this, I know that I am now a more complete and confident sensual being and man and a much less judgmental person. These feelings have actually coloured for the better the way that I look at the world. And knowing these things about myself makes me grateful that I met her and that we shared some moments that I will always treasure....