

# One Night Only

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*This is my first attempt at writing, and I wrote it with someone very special in mind.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/one-night-only.aspx>

We met on line in one of those forbidden place, both of us searching for more in life. Harold and I were both married to other people, but after years of staying committed to our spouses, we longed to experience passion again. Having virtually sexless marriages, we needed to feel that again. We both had families that we loved and neither of us wanted them hurt, but there was this unexplainable draw towards fulfillment that we couldn't resist.

We chatted on line for a time and shared some phone calls. That experience and having another human being completely understand you, caused our desire for each other to grow and grow, pulling us closer to the ultimate completion of our growing desire for one another.

We decided we would meet for one night only, and arranged to be together at the house of a friend of mine, who I had been house sitting for. When Harold arrived at my friends house, I was so nervous. Not sure he would desire me the same in person as he had in our chats and phone calls. But as we embraced and he took my face in his hands and looking into my eyes, said, "It's as if I have always known you." I knew that the connection we had felt was real, and I had nothing to fear.

We didn't have time for words only feelings. Our mouths came together, our tongues finding each other, our hands exploring each others bodies. Learning what only a lover knows. I felt the wall press against my back as we continued our exploration of each other. My leg coming up to wrap around his hips, feeling his hand slide up my thigh. We finally broke apart and taking his hand in mine we made our way to the bedroom. We quickly undressed, needing to feel our skin against each other.

He caressed me with his hands, learning every curve of me as a woman. While desire heated his blood and tightened his groin. His erection stiffening and pressing into my stomach. He began to discover the places- some of them unexpected- that drew soft purrs of pleasure, or slow gasps of desire from me. He began to know me as no other.

As he slipped his hand upward along my legs to the heart of me, I was hot and moist. I parted my

thighs and my hands fell still on his body, as his fingers explored my soft folds, sliding inside me. He hardened to almost unbearable arousal as my inner muscles clenched around his fingers. Then his thumb found the small part of me at the mouth of my opening and he rubbed lightly over it. He knew immediately that he had brought me intense pleasure and repeated the motion. I began to tremble out of control, my hands gripping his hair, my hips pressing into his hand, crying out his name. Shuddering from the first of many climaxes of the night.

He nuzzled his head into my neck, laughing softly after I had finally finished convulsing. "Either you were very ready, or I'm just that good. That was the quickest release I've ever seen."

I laughed with him, my voice breathless and shaky, "I think you must just be that good, and enormously modest." I said.

"Well, enormous anyway." he smiled down at me.

"I guess you are just going to have to show me." I said.

He looked at me with a mixture of laughter and lust in his eyes and said, "With pleasure."

He led me over to the bed, laying down on top of me. He raised himself up onto his forearms and looked into my eyes. Then he moved into me, settling much of his weight on me, working with slow deliberate strokes. His fingers entwined in my hair, stroking my scalp. I ran my hands up and down his back, bringing them to his firm butt, squeezing. He was working me with rhythmic strokes, enjoying the feel of each other, the smell of our union, the sounds of our bodies. Knowing the pleasure we were giving each other was only adding to their immense pleasure.

That was the key.

We were doing this together, for each other. United, as one. Our bodies joined in the deeply intimate, infinitely pleasurable dance of sex. And not just bodies. Not just any man with any woman.

"Alicia," he whispered against my ear.

"Yes!"

He kissed me deeply without breaking the rhythm of our bodies. I knew what he had said with that single word of my name, and I said it back to him.

"Harold."

"Yes!"

He buried his face in the hollow of my neck, and quickened and deepened his pace, my hips rising to meet each thrust. I felt myself tighten around him, every muscle strain closer to him, closer and closer until sweet release. Feeling his warm seed flowing into me, pulsing and throbbing.

As we lay there our bodies still joined, basking in the wonderful afterglow of our union, not wanting the moment to end. Our breathing slowly returning to normal and hearts beating as one. The realization of our completion still so fresh in our minds, as new thoughts try and invade. Will we ever share this passion again? and the knowledge of having to return to our real lives pressing in. I push those thoughts away, there will be time enough for that later. Right now all I want is in my arms.

You kiss my eyes, my cheeks, my lips, our tongues mating. Your hands running up and down my arms and over my shoulders, caressing my breast. You bend down, taking an already sensitive nipple into your mouth, gently tugging with your teeth, then swirling your tongue over and over. Your other hand rubbing my other nipple, rolling its tip between your thumb and finger. Your fingers brushing my skin feel like fire.

My hands reach out against your chest, running my fingers along muscles that ridge under them. Finally more slowly over your flat, hard belly, feeling you stiffen inside me, again growing hard. I catch my breath and hear you moan. Your tongue is tracing patterns over my flesh making it tingle.

Slowly you roll to your back taking me with you. As slow and smooth as our first coupling was, this one is fast and hard. The exquisite friction building and building. Your hands reach up to take my breast, kneading them. I rise up and then quickly lower myself on your shaft. Our juices flowing together, running down our thighs. I can hear our bodies joining. Taking you deeper with each trust. You reach down between us and rub my now swollen clit. Rolling it gently between your fingers. I gasp with pleasure, throwing my head back, increasing our speed. Your hips rising up to match each stroke. I feel myself start to spiral out of control, I'm on the edge. I look into your eyes, wanting to see the moment of our shared release. Feeling you tighten, grabbing my hips and thrusting me down on your throbbing shaft, holding me there. My pussy convulsing all around you, I feel you explode inside me again and again. Shuddering, heat flowing over us.

You pull my shoulders down, so I'm laying on your chest. Your hands stroking up and down my spine, and butt. I feel your warm breath in my ear, feel you kiss my neck. I am trying to remember every moment, every feeling, and I know that no matter where our futures take us, that we will always have this time. No one can take it from us. When something is this wonderful you shouldn't try to explain it, you should just hold it close to your heart and let its memory sustain you for as long as you

need.

We hold each other close, our bodies communicating with each other beyond the medium of words. We had just this night. There could be no others. There was no time for talk or sleep. We just lay quietly in each others arms until it was time to love again.

Through the night we shared our passion over and over, ( perhaps I'll write about that another time), as the sun began to come up over the horizon, we kissed unhurriedly.

"I want to tell you something before morning comes," you whispered. "After this we must recommit ourselves to our marriages and families. We have to hope we have the strength to live with that commitment for the rest of our lives, with no more lapses. For our families sake we must."

"Yes. I know what you are saying is right. We promised ourselves one night. Now we must live with our commitments." I said, chocking back a sob.

His finger traced over my lips as he gazed at me and said, "My marriage, as is yours, is a marriage in name only. You are more a wife and lover to me and I a husband and lover to you than they are. But for the sake of our children we must try and honor our vows. You will always be a part of me," and placing his hand over my heart said, "I will always be right here!"

"It has been a piece of eternity," I said, touching the side of his face with my fingertips. "It has been wonderful beyond words, and I would not exchange it for anything in this world."

I reached my arms up for him, as he rose over me , making me his one last time.