

The Meeting (it begins...)

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After a passionate online affair, two meet to see if real life can measure up...

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A Small Fantasy, now called "The Meeting" (This ended up being a story that sort of lead me along of its own accord - it wrote itself basically and I had not planned to write such a story YET!) We have been talking and enticing each other over our online chats and on the phone, for sometime; when we decide to meet for real. Oh, God, I am soooooo nervous; but nothing can stop me from going through with it! We are meeting at a small, but nice hotel that I had booked (who wants to pretend and have polite conversations over a polite meal when we KNOW why we are meeting). I notice you are here, waiting! I quietly knock on the door - I don't know why I am being so quiet about it. You answer almost as if you had been standing right by the door. We hesitate and look each other over - both of us smile because we are relieved that we find each other as attractive in person as we hoped we would be. I step in the door - our eyes are locked - the sexual tension is palpable. I set my bag down and say, "I am so glad that we could finally meet." I go to hug you, and you, of course, hug back and we hold each other for a minute. You can almost pinpoint the exact second that the hug changes from a greeting to a prelude to seduction. As I pull from the hug, you don't let me get too far from within your arms - you are overwhelmed by how delicious I smell which delights me - I love to smell good. The look in your eyes changes from friendly and expectant to wanting and craving - I can feel the change inside my body as my pulse quickens and my breathing becomes irregular - you pull me closer and whisper in my ear, "I have been waiting, imagining, fantasizing what it would be like to kiss you." I sigh back, "I want you to kiss me - I need you to kiss me - please don't wait any longer..." pressing a small kiss to the soft underside of your earlobe. You pull me away just enough for our lips to be as close as they can get without touching - we hesitate but a moment, and finally you softly kiss me - oh, your lips are heavenly - you hesitate and kiss me again at a slightly different angle and with a bit more pressure - a moan escapes my throat - the kiss immediately becomes passionate with tongues mingling in each other's mouths - we slightly smile as we realize both of us must have had a mint right before we saw each other. The kiss deepens and we only stop long enough to sink down onto the bed - I lay back with my legs hanging off the side and I raise my arms up to you as you hover over me and I pull you in, as I say, "Now, where were we?" I love kissing you - you are very good at it - you gently tug on my lower lip and I moan again - ever so softly. You pull back, and I look at you and pout a little - why have you pulled away - why have you stopped this kiss? You are looking me over and I

can tell you are pleased. "Well, I think we can be assured that we both know how to kiss - very well..." you say in that oh so sexy voice that always made me wet the minute I heard it on the phone. We both laugh probably because we are still slightly nervous but mostly because we are so excited about what is about to happen... I start to pull you back down to me, but you stop me, while looking into my eyes, you take your hand and caress my neck, my shoulders, down the side of one breast (teasing me) and down the rest of my side to my hips and to my derriere. You give it a gentle squeeze. I am getting so hot and wanting you so badly. I pull you to me and start to kiss you feverishly. Your hand remains and pulls my body into yours - I can feel your erection pressing against me - the sensation makes me wet. You feel incredible - my hand is running down the length of one side of your body - I want to feel this washboard stomach you told me about - so I slide my hand across your abdomen as well as I can given that we are pressed together. I very gently start to pull your shirt tail out of your pants - you suck in your breath and a slight moan escapes your lips into my mouth - this only serves to heat up the kiss further. I slide my hand under your shirt and firmly rub your abdomen - it is hard and so sexy to touch - I then pull the rest of your shirt from your pants and slide my arm up your back where I can caress your back and pull you closer to me and kiss you passionately. You break the kiss - we are both breathing very heavily. You are just looking at me. You are hovering above me on your arms, so that both of my hands are free to start to slowly unbutton your shirt - my eyes stay fixed on yours. You are still as I reach up with my hands to pull your shirt open and caress your chest and admire you more fully. You let one arm down so your body is right up against mine - your chest touching the side of my breast. You start to unbutton my blouse with one hand - the sensation it is causing against my skin is enough to drive me mad! I am yearning to feel skin against skin and to have your hands on my breasts. As the blouse opens, you see the pretty little peach-colored silky bra that has a touch of lace along the top edge. You continue to unbutton but your eyes are caressing my breasts - the rest of the unbuttoning is done in a rush so that your hand is free - free to touch each breast through the silky fabric - to feel my nipples strain hard against your touch. You, ever so gently, run your finger inside the top edge of each cup - I stop breathing as you do this - waiting to see what delight you would bring to my body next. You lean down and place another kiss on my lips as you firmly squeeze one of my breasts - I murmur sounds of pure pleasure as the kiss lingers and your fingers are caressing and squeezing my nipples. I am surprised that you aren't more rushed - more anxious - that you seem to be enjoying every moment of foreplay - your restraint (after 5 years of celibacy) is astounding to me - if I were you, I would be ripping our clothes off and plunging inside of me - for some sweet relief. I am not totally surprised though, because I have learned that you are a man that views sex as a delicious, decadent meal in which you want to savor each and every bite - get the pleasure from each and every taste combination. My body, like a magnet, turns toward you - pressing you close. Your lips start to roam across my face and along my jaw line placing little hot kisses as you go until you reach my neck. You hesitate, but only for a moment before you slowly and sensuously begin to ravish my neck, a particularly sensitive spot for me. My hand has traveled down to your hip and I grip the belt loop of your jeans urging you to come closer. My silk covered breasts touch your bare chest - my abdomen is touching your abdomen - skin against skin finally, I sigh

because that feel, to me, conjures images of our naked bodies touching all over. As best I can, my hand runs up the edge of our juncture where our two bodies meet. I want to touch your chest - I want to feel those small, hard nipples and run my fingertips across them. My hand continues my slow trip to the collar of your shirt which I push back further and lightly caress your neck and entwine my fingers in your hair, pulling your head closer - insuring that the pleasure I am getting from your mouth on my neck and collar bone and around my ears will continue. I can't wait to give you that same delight. You stop your journey down my body and slightly sit up and start yanking your shirt off - you can't get it off quick enough. Then you turn to me and take my empty hands and gently pull me up towards you. Starting at my shoulders, you slowly begin pushing the sleeves of my shirt down as your hands caress my arms. After you take it off - you fling it away - and we both laugh. I can't help myself - I want to kiss your chest - lick your nipples (I remember you saying you like that), so before you can lay us back down - I reach for you with both of my hands and I lean and pull you closer to me. My tongue caresses your ear, I nibble on your ear lobe, I can feel the vibrations of your sounds of solace - from years of very little if any physical affection. I plan to touch your entire body before I am through - I plan to make sure you release all of your pent-up passion, frustration and even pain from being denied the greatest of marital joys! My lips continue their exploration of your body - you smell heavenly which feeds my passion. I whisper to you, "Your body feels so tight and smooth, your scent drives me wild and your skin tastes so delicious - I don't know if I will be able to get enough of you." I lavish your neck with nuzzles and kisses and my tongue licks right where I can feel your pulse - a pulse that I imagine is a little more rapid than normal. I continue on - kissing along your collar bone - increasing my pace - craving to kiss your chest and run my tongue over your tight and hard nipples. I want to hear you moan when my tongue runs across their tips and around each one. I push you down on the bed, and you look at me with satisfaction that I have been enticed to take charge a bit. I so much want to worship your body - make up for lost time - fulfill your fantasies. I lean down over you and continue to kiss your chest while my hands are slightly tickling your sides with feather-like touches. And my mouth sighs as I reach my intended target and I hear you moan. I am pleased that I can give you such pleasure. After bathing your nipples with my tongue, I push myself up a little, and just look at you - wanting to see your expression but my view is quickly changed when you sit up and push me down with my back on the bed - you are urging our bodies to move up so that we are completely on the bed. You want to feel the length of our bodies fully touching each other. We turn toward each other and move close. I am going crazy wanting to feel your body pressed against mine. You pull me in and as you start to kiss me - I can tell that there has been a change in tempo and tone. Everything seems more sensual and sexual - your erection is pressing fully against my pubic bone and I can feel that my hips are slightly swaying back and forth as I thrust myself against your hard cock. Oh, it feels so good but it does nothing to assuage my craving for you to be inside me - it only makes me want you more. I run my right hand along your tight abs and across the waist of your jeans - running a finger inside the waist of your pants tantalizingly, then my hand continues its journey downward - wanting to feel your full desire for me. OMG, you are so hard as I run my fingers down both sides of your erection, you groan from the exquisite joy you feel as I press my hand into the

fabric of your jeans to get a better grasp on you. I can't move my hand away from your enticing cock that is yearning for me to touch it without the restraint of clothing. My touch is all you needed to bring your arousal to a frenzied pace. At the same time, you gently push me on my back, staring into my eyes with such unbridled lust – regretfully moving my hand away from the bliss of touching you. Your hands unclasp my bra freeing my breasts from the restraining garment. Your left hand caresses the soft orbs with your palm gliding across my nipples causing me to groan and to break our kiss and just relish in the feel of your touch on me. As you toss my bra across the room, you use your eyes to explore the shape of my breasts - to look at my hard nipples. Your hands are free to squeeze and caress my naked breasts - treating each with the equal pleasure of your touch. As your eyes are watching your hands. I am softly running the back of my left hand up and down your rib cage. I am helpless to do anything but watch you. You finally dip your mouth down to kiss my breasts - to take the nipples into your mouth and tease them with your tongue. I am in ecstasy and my fingers weave into your hair. You rest your leg in between mine and I feel that sweet piece of man flesh pushing into my leg. I want you pressing against my womanhood - I need to feel you - for you to give comfort to the aching at the juncture of my legs. I urge you to rest more of your lower body onto mine. When contact is finally made, I moan in pure joy and relief. I pull you into me with my hands on your fine and tight bum. As you are treating my breasts to your oral delights, your hand is sliding down my torso. You get to the waist of my pants and find them to be quite loose - loose enough for your hand to simply slide in. My breath catches in my throat and I freeze waiting for you to touch me. You slide your hand down and quickly realize I don't have any panties on. You stop and look into my eyes that have a devilish glint to them and a slight smile is on my lips. "Why you naughty little girl," you purr to me. Your hand resumes its quest and I can feel myself getting wetter and wetter as your fingers start to slide down my slit. You moan when you feel how wet I am. You slide your finger back toward my clit and my wetness makes it easy for you to massage it. I close my eyes and my breathing is slower but heavier - I groan - my clit is already hard and I feel like I could climax at any moment. I am so turned on by you - your voice, your touch, your mouth, your tongue, your hands. I have to touch you - feel the heat and silk of you. My hand reaches for the top button of your pants and you suck your stomach in as I start pulling on your zipper. As soon as your pants are loose enough, I slide my hand down into your boxers, getting to experience that first touch - my hand on your steely cock. (To be continued...)