

Thinking back: A true story.

By Catnip

Published on Lush Stories on 07 Jun 2009

This is a 98% true story, it took place about 4-5 years ago. It's the naked truth.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/thinking-back-a-true-story.aspx>

The trip cost me money, it was one of those impulse trips. Decided late evening, put to reality early morning. For some reason it seemed like the last minute tickets were taken out of the system back in those days, I didn't get away cheap. As I sat on the train I wondered if this was really the right thing to do. Visit a stranger for one thing only; Lust. To visit him even though I knew he had three broken ribs. (Apparently you can cough your ribs off.) He said it would be fine. That he still could perform. The words he had written to me some days earlier kept on ticking in my head as I got closer to his home town. "You are too hooked on pleasing the other person, only. That's why you don't get an orgasm. You don't please yourself. You should please him by pleasing yourself. As it is now you only think about his pleasure. You need to change that." I thought about it, he might just have been right. Though I didn't find it fair that I could please someone, but the person couldn't please me fully, in return. I had no hopes for this guy, he was probably more talk than action, but he made some fair points and he looked at me with other eyes than most guys used to. We had met three times before.

He had sad eyes, filled with a deep loneliness. Chilling ice blue. We had just been standing watching each other for a while, when he was cleaning his air-soft gun off and put it in its cover. "You're not as innocent as you look," he said. "What do you mean?" "You have old eyes. Your mind is older than your actual age." I peered at him searchingly and tried to figure out what he meant. "You've seen things. experienced things and heard things, most girls your age haven't. You know, understand and realize much more." "Could be true..." I tried to realize the reason for his loneliness and sad expression of his eyes. Even when he smiled, they were filled with some distant sorrow. He looked away and said to not go there. We parted and met again after a week. Out in the forest with the air-soft guys.

I love green.

I love uniforms.

I love men.

What can I say; I was in heaven! Men jumping around in green camouflage uniforms with big guns. You saw them sneak, they were not men anymore, they were not humans. They were lost inside their dreams of war without death, or so I thought and pictured it. This time he spoke to me some more, asking if I was fucking Jens. I answered truthfully. He wondered if he was any good. I told him that I don't go tell peoples friends how they are in bed. it doesn't matter if they are good or bad. He had seemed pleased with the answer. "Would you fuck me?"

I felt slightly cornered, but I knew I wanted to get to know this man onto the bare skin, but couldn't go ahead and abandon my lover for his friend just like that.

"I have a boyfriend." I replied.

"Jens?!"

"Hell no!"

"What are you doing fucking Jens then?"

"I wanted to."

"I'm not enough?"

"I'm going home with the ones I came with, you could ask Jens if you can join." I blinked at him teasingly. He laughed at me, still not a pure happy laughter, even so he was beautiful in his melancholic way. Third time we met was out in the forest as well, he showed me how to shoot, telling me I leaned too much backwards. He taught me how to aim, he was standing close, but in a respectful way. For some reason it turned me on to feel the space between us.

In the evening I followed Jens to the air-soft group meeting.

He, Alexander, looked different. He wore glasses and a dark suit. He was going on a work related trip to London, straight after the meeting. I couldn't help but look at him, inspect him, undressing him in my mind. His hands were smooth and beautiful, like a doctors. He did help the red-cross with attending on football matches and the likes as a medic. Even out on the air-soft field he was a medic. When he was departing, I gave him my number and he smiled at me, asking what I thought about him. I went silent. I always do upon direct questions.

"I don't know."

"I look different?"

"You look hot..." No blushing. I don't blush.

He smiled at me, let his hand rest on my waist before he tucked me in to a hug.

"You are really good looking, even though I'm not much for "mohawks." That body of yours and the way you move and speak have hunted me since I saw you. Not emotionally, sexually."

I was about to push him away, he scared me with his direct words and the way my heart pumped out the blood to all my limbs. "Relax, I'll not eat you, unless you want me too. I have control over my body. Don't worry." Now months had passed. Me and my boyfriend had broken up, but still living together. I needed to get laid and he had talked to me about everything he couldn't talk to anyone else about. How bad he felt about every girl just wanted him as a friend. Once it came down to having a girl naked in his bed, it was just for her to get a massage and then say, "Oh sorry, I have to go." He hated it, I didn't understand it. If those hands had touched me in an intimate way, I was sure to be on fire. He knew about my fears and insecurities, about how I turned myself off, for, what I thought at that time, no reason. I was his last resort as a friend. I needed to get laid. Not sure I would recognize him I stepped off the train; In my short skirt and PVC corset, Dr. martens boots (that I had bought secondhand), my long black coat and top hat.

It was chilly outside, frost was still lingering on the ground. I saw him, he didn't look quite as I had remembered him, he wasn't wearing camouflage nor a suit for work. A shirt and a pair of chinos. I was shaking, for the first time we were one on one, I had no clue how to act. I was horny and scared. I was having big hopes and anticipations that I kept telling myself would only let me down. He had forgotten I was a vegetarian and cooked me a great meal that was waiting for us in the oven. He called in a pizza instead as he realized and cursed himself for forgetting. After we had eaten we sat down and talked. He served me tea and we listened to music in his couch.

As time slipped away I tried to think about a way to turn it into what we both was waiting for. I leaned in to kiss him. He welcomed my kiss, pulled me close and held me tight. He told me to relax, when he did I realized I was shaking like a leaf. I took some deep breaths and tried to relax.

"Nothing to be afraid of, if you don't want to go through with it we wont. It's not important if you come

or not, as long as you are feeling pleasure from what you are doing.”

It felt soothing to have someone not putting pressure on me to come, but to just feel what was there at the moment. We moved into his bedroom. I kissed him down his neck, unbuttoning his shirt. I let my teeth drag over his nipple before I sucked it in and circled it with my tongue. His hands moved over my body, exploring yet secure in their movements.

Not a single trace of hair. A bit surprised by the discovery as I closed in on his member with my mouth. He stopped me. I hungered for tasting him, but he stopped me. I urged to feel him grow in my mouth, but he just shook his head at me, brought me up to kiss his mouth instead.

I felt disappointed.

Confused.

Neglected.

I asked him:

"Why not?"

"Not yet."

His hands were smooth and strong as he moved them over my body. I remember me thinking about the funny part of us being opposites Me; dark haired. He; light haired. He was shaved, I was not. The contrast was frightening, what if he didn't like me as I was... What if he regretted having me there. At that moment, I wanted to get away.

"Natural beauty" he whispered in my ear as if he knew my thoughts.

It's a lie Amanda, he doesn't want you like this, he wants anything he can stick his dick into. You're a fool for thinking anyone would like a hairy person. Tried to ignore my mind. Succeeded when his hands showed me he meant what he said.

He stroke my pubic hair and played with it, dancing his fingers over my vulva. I realized I had stopped moving for a while. I went back to explore his body. As I stroke along his cock he adjusted my hand showing me how he wanted it. I was happy, it gave me more confidence, I'm a quick learner, I've always been. I moved my hips against his hands, but he moved with my movements instead of following my urge for pressure. Teasing me. Beckoning me to mount him. I didn't dare. I was scared.

Didn't dare to do what we had talked about; Pleasing me with his body. Taking control. "Do I have to be on top.." I asked a bit shy, looking into his eyes, the Ice blue was almost fully consumed by his enlarged pupils.

"I can't move very well with these ribs, sweetie." Insecure I sat up on him, my body responding too well to his smooth hands, for me to give in to my insecurity. I looked down at his member standing proud in-between my legs almost as if it was my own. I started giggling. He shook his head at me.

"What?" He asked, not really offended or even asking, just an attempt to calm me down.

I wanted to taste him even more by the thought of it being my own, but the fact that he had stopped me before, held me back. I let my hand stroke along his cock, leaning forward over him to kiss away the embarrassment. Slowly I lifted my rear from him, stroking the head of his cock against my lips, then in between them leaning back, sitting up slowly as I filled myself up with him. Not letting him hit the bottom. He laid still under me, his hands on my hips. Starting off slow, trying to read everything from his face and body language as I moved my body to give him pleasure. Increasing the pressure and the pace. I almost lost myself when I heard him moan. This was something new for me, I had heard men grunt and sigh before, but never really moan. "Amanda, please yourself, try out different things and go with what you like." I realized I had stopped for a while,, lost myself in the sound of how I made him feel. I pressed down over his cock and let my vulva grind his body, leaning back more. Feeling how he joined in and thrust himself up into me, causing friction along my walls as I kept leaning back more and more. He took my hand and moved it in between my legs, as he was about to move his hand away from mine I gripped it and held it against my cunt with my hand on top of it. It's a better feeling, when I don't get distracted by how I feel against my own skin. After a while he asked me to turn around instead, he thought his member would break if I leaned backwards any further. I started laughing as I tried to turn around without withdrawing him from me. I managed, but my legs ached slightly, not used to the training. I laid down on top of him, without thinking about his ribs I moved up and down his body. Feeling the skin of his chest against my back hearing his breaths close to my ear. After a while I felt his hands grip around my waist, pushing me up. I stiffened, he felt it.

"Relax Amanda, you just hurt my ribs in that position, but I'm strong enough to support your weight like this."

It felt even better with my back arched, his hands held me firm but not hard, allowed me to move pretty much freely, my head leaning against the pillow, my neck against his shoulder. He slammed up against me with his hips. Moving inside me, moving exactly right with me.

I felt like I was about to burst, my sight got blurred, my skin felt more sensitive, the pleasure building up inside me. His moans mixed with my own sent shivers all along my body. For a moment I was sure

I would come.

I didn't.

I stopped.

I sat up, turned around and faced him.

He was still hard on the verge of exploding inside me, I looked at him with tears in my eyes. He grunted as he sat up and looked at me, he embraced my face stroking my cheeks gently, then he held me close. "What's wrong?" "I can't...I lost it" "It's okay, sweetie." I held him close, and started moving against him once again. It felt good, really, really good. But I could feel how the illness started building up inside me. I wanted him to come before I felt ill. I wanted to feel pleased by him being satisfied. "Come inside me." "Are you sure?" I nodded as reply, moved more intense against him. As he came he pulled me really close holding me still as he let out a sigh of relief. We laid ourselves down, him still inside me. Me on top stretching out my legs along side his. When his breath had settled, he looked at me and asked me to roll over. I did as told. Gently he stroke my front. "Amanda, are you OK?" "I feel a bit ill. But I'll be fine." He went to take a shower then sent me away to have one. I fell asleep in my favorite position. My cheek against his stomach face down. I woke him up with what he referred to as the best blow job he had ever experienced. Why did I tell you this story? It's true, it's frank, it's not perfect or even close to it. But, it's the situation in my life I stopped faking. It's first time I ever dared to show my naked insecurity to anyone. It's the best invested money on an educational trip, ever. And it's because of this forum thread that Cq started.