Riding the waves

By Michael

Published on Lush Stories on 30 Dec 2011

A passionate day at the beach.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/riding-the-waves.aspx

I would lay beside you,
always touching you,
your hand in mine,
our shoulders touching.

Then you sit between my legs,
your back against my chest,
sharing the same view,
hearts mere inches from each other.

I am free to kiss your neck,
 and nibble your ear,
free to stroke your tummy,
 and to smell your hair.

And we savor each moment.
 So close, you arouse me,
and you feel my arousal,
 a hot shaft against your back.

The beach is not crowded,
but we are not alone.
Small drops of moisture,
slide down your breasts.

And so we rise,
 and run to the ocean,
quickly so as not to draw,
attention to my lust.

We splash into the surf,
the waves are not high,
 and each wave will pass,
 with only a small crest.

You come into my arms,
your legs wrap around me.
We kiss, just a quick kiss,
 not to draw too much attention.

Now you feel my lust,
is hard pressed against you,
pulsing against your rose of passion,
seeking entrance into your tunnel of lust.

You push my suit down,
and you take my shaft in your hand.
You stroke me, feeling my veins.
and the pulse of my manhood.

And you smile at me,
such a tease you are,
 my lust is for you,
and you alone.

You push your suit aside,
and guide me into you.
You are hot and excited;
 your moisture excludes the sea.

Our eyes remain on each other;
 we smile with our secret pleasure.
A wave passes by, and you rise to meet it,
and then settle down, me deeper within you.

Each passing wave feeds our passion,
drives our lust, pushing me deeper.
 Our lovemaking is one with the sea,

for we are slaves to the waves.

We let nature control us,
contain us, and keep our pace slow.
Seconds pass, minutes pass,
yet still we ride the passionate waves.

Time is suspended,
we cannot count the strokes,
we cannot remember before,
we only exist for the waves.

That is how I imagine our day at the beach.