On Top Of A Mountain Ch. 3

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Will you marry me.

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“Will you marry me,” queried Gary. He sat beside her on the lounge, with his head turned towards her and his hand holding hers.

Marion looked at him in amazement. She hadn’t expected this so soon. They had only be seeing each other for six months since they were at the ski resort. Although she already knew what her answer would be, she made him wait for a few moments. She looked at him with love in her eyes and nodded.

“Of course I will, Darling, nothing could make me happier,” she eventually replied.

Gary took her in his arms and kissed her fiercely. They both felt the same. There couldn’t be any one else for either of them. They fitted together so perfectly.

Gary just held her in his arms and knew that this was going to be forever. Marion lay her head on his chest and whispered to him, “I love you so much.”

“As I love you, my darling," replied Gary, "and always will.”

They sat for the rest of the night, planning their wedding. Marion realised that she would have to invite her family and Gary would have to ask his. Then the question as to who would stand up for them both. Marion decided to call her best friend, Michelle, and see if she was willing. Gary also called his mate, Mick, from work and requested him to be his best man. Both parties agreed to the invitations and congratulated them on their engagement. They arranged to meet to work out strategies.

Marion and Gary then sat back and revelled in the knowledge that they wouldn’t have to be apart again. They arranged the wedding for three months time at the beginning of spring. What a wonderful season for a wonderful wedding. They were both so thrilled.

As the wedding day approached, things were working fine; until Gary’s boss asked him to travel to Europe for a buying trip. This was not in Gary’s usual line of work, and he queried it, stating that he was due to get married in two weeks time. His boss pointed out that it was necessary for someone in authority to do this particular trip as it was a very important one. One that the company had decided should be carried out by Gary. He asked how long it would take. His boss told him about ten days, no more.

When Gary told Marion about it, he assured her that he would be back in time for the wedding…. even if he had to walk home.

She drove him to the airport, telling him that she would wait to hear from him. He promised to contact her as soon as he settled in his hotel. He was heading to Milan first and then back to Paris and hoped to be coming home within the next nine days. It was two day when she received her first call from him, and told him how much she was missing him.

In the meantime, Marion continued arrangements for the wedding, meeting up with both Mick, Gary’s best man; and Michelle, her matron-of-honour. They were both of great support.

One evening Mick came by the condo to check on a couple of things that concerned him. Marion offered him a drink and they sat discussing the issues. As they sat there, Mick slid his arm around Marion and bent his head and kissed her on the mouth. She was startled! “What are you doing, Mick.”

“I have wanted you since you came into Gary’s life,” he replied.

“But we can’t….”

"Why not?" said Mick. "Gary will never know.”

“Of course he will, because I will be obliged to tell him. I don’t believe in secrets between partners.”

“Not about this,” said Mick.

He then turned her head and lifted her face to his and planted another strong kiss on her lips. This time staying mashed against them for a long time. His tongue worked its way into her mouth and duelled with hers.

She felt herself getting very wet in the groin area. Gary had been gone for 6 days and she was starved for his attentions. As Mick continued to kiss her and caress her, he slowly worked his way

down to her neck and parted the top of her frock. He put his hand beside her breasts and fiddled with the bodice of the dress. By this time, Marion was lost. She felt that she couldn't resist this man, even though he was Gary's best man.

He lay her down against the lounge, slowly pulling her dress off her shoulders. He bent his head and began to lick and lave her nipples, which by this time were ready and waiting for some action. He feasted on the nipples, one side then the other, never letting one feel left alone. They stood up and ached for the attention he was giving them. His tongue slid lower to her stomach muscles and tickled her. Then proceeded lower to the Mound of Venus. The tip of his tongue touched the tip of her clit. She jumped and then relented fully. She knew that she would give in to Mick.

She pushed him up and took his hand. "Let's take this somewhere more comfortable, maybe the bedroom. I know this is not right but you have invaded my feelings and I am so starved of sex because Gary is not here to keep me satisfied. But this has to be a one-off time. Once Gary is back, we have to stop this. OK."

Mick knew that it would not be the last time for them, but je said nothing, just grunted.

He took the hand she had offered and followed her to the second bedroom. Although it was a study, it also had a pull-out sofa in there. She wasn't going to commit this sin against Gary in their own bed.

Mick set about by divesting himself of his tie, shirt and his trousers. He stood in his boxers. His body was as strong as Gary's as he also worked out daily. He then helped Marion disrobe leaving her just with her pull-up stockings and high heels, along with a blue thong and blue lacy brassiere.

He realised that she was more beautiful than he had originally thought. She looked so vulnerable standing there in front of him.

Marion felt the same vulnerability that she had when facing Gary for the first time at the ski resort.

Mick walked over and ran his hands across her chest, feeling the bumps made by her nipples as they stood up. He lowered his head and licked her as she stood there. He then put his arm around her and lowered her to the bed, following her down. He continued to lick and suck at her nipples, they were so delicious. Like two ripe strawberries. After about ten minutes of breast feeding, or so he thought of it, he lowered his head further down her body. Her skin was so fair and soft. Not a mark on it anywhere.

He proceeded to run his tongue across her body and touched the tip of his tongue to her inner thighs. She shivered, and spread her legs wider to allow him full access. Mick was going to make her

wait a little longer though. He grabbed the waistband of the thong and drew it down her legs, with his teeth. He continued to lick and softly bite her inner thighs, never quite touching her velvet lips. He kept this up for at least ten minutes and then took a bite at her clit. Not a hard one, just a nip with his teeth. It sent Marion into orbit. It was so unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

Mick then sucked at her clit and tongued her vagina at the same time. It felt so good she was in heaven. Mick then rose above her and gently inserted himself into her vaginal cavity. Pushing himself in and out of that velvet cushion, he felt the surge come to his balls and knew that it would be a violent eruption.

At the same time, Marion also felt the emotions building inside her and knew that she would orgasm in a very short time.

At one time, they both felt that surge. A lava flow that could have come from Mt Etna flowed from them both.

Marion turned on her face and cried. “I am so sorry, Gary. I am so sorry. I never meant for this to happen.”

Mick looked down at her, wondering what she was apologising to Gary for. It was him that had just fucked her.

He asked her why? She said that she didn’t know how she was going to explain it to Gary. He was due home in a couple of days and they were to be married in three days. She didn’t feel that she was worthy of him any more.

Mick said, “Well don’t tell him then. As far as I am concerned, this is our secret and I will keep it so.”

Mick told her not to say anything to Gary. After all what he didn’t know, shouldn’t worry him.

Marion replied, “But I have to live with this knowledge for the rest of my life. How do I do that.”

“Well," said Mick, "now that we have done it once, I would love to carry on even after you are married.”