Burning Passion, Secret Love

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Secret lovers meet in a park to explore their lust, only to discover something deeper.

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A gentle spring breeze rustling through the tree tops was the only sound as they walked quickly down the path. They paused, looking around for other people. Time was short on these lunchtime meetings, but caution was always a concern. Seeing no one, he squeezed her hand and smiled as she met his gaze. With one last glance around, they left the main path, heading down a narrow trail. He held branches aside for her as their pace quickened. With a few more steps, they entered a clearing. Only a few yards across with a giant log lying across the middle, this small bit of solitude was their entire world. They paused, taking a moment to revel in the beauty of the space mother nature had provided them.

Without a word, they turned to each other, his arms circling her as she placed her hands on his chest. his lips found hers as the hunger overwhelmed them both. These meetings were too rare, too far between for any time to be wasted. his hand slid up her back to tangle in her hair as their tongues danced. He was still shy about asking for what he wanted, but she knew how to make him quiver. She bit at his bottom lip as her hands worked eagerly at his belt.

He moved his hand down her side, making her shiver as his fingers found the exposed skin under her shirt. He lifted the hem, sliding his palm up and over the mound of her breast. He felt his pants loosen and fall around his ankles as her own hand quested to touch the flesh of his quickly stiffening cock. He slid his fingers into the lacy border of her bra, finding her nipple and giving it a gentle pinch. A quiet moan escaped her lips, match by growl from his throat as she stroked him to full hardness.

He pushed her away slightly, looking deeply into her eyes, falling... falling..... He needed her for hours, for ever actually, but time was running out for this moment. He kissed her deeply for just a moment more before grabbing her by the shoulders and turning her around. He pressed her forward, leaning her against the log as he reached down to lift the hem of her skirt over her hips. She wasn’t wearing any panties, and the sight of her already wet and glistening pussy drove him mad with desire. He gently slid a finger into her, spreading her juices across her lips, then brought the swollen head of

his cock to press against her, pushing it slowly into her hot, welcoming pussy. Before he was all the way in she came for the first time, releasing a stream of wetness down her thighs. As her pussy contracted around his shaft, he held still, his throbbing manhood bouncing against her g-spot, sending her into a second orgasm.

He began to thrust, slowly at first, then picking up speed. Their breathing ragged, she began to moan as his hips drove into hers, his balls bouncing on her clit. he reached a hand around and covered her mouth. They were not that far from the park path, and could not chance being caught. Her fingers dug into the rotting wood of the log as she matched his rhythm, their flesh slapping raucously together as she bit hard on his hand. Faster and deeper he thrusted as he began to feel his own body betray him, the spark of his own orgasm beginning to burn. He wanted to pleasure her for hours, to explore her every desire, but they only had a few more minutes.

She came again, controlling her need to call his name. Feeling the energy of her climax ripple through his own body, he grabbed her hips and pulled her back into him with every thrust, holding on tightly to her, to his own control... but it was no use. He groaned as his body betrayed his need to wait, every muscle taught, his cock pulsing again and again as thick streams of cum filled her pussy. As she felt his cum join her own wetness, she came again, joining him in the leap from the peaks of pleasure.

Breathing still ragged, he leaned forward, pressing his softening member into her, leaning his chest against her back, his arms holding her tightly. Slowly, he pushed himself back up, turning her around so he could look again into those bewitching eyes, pools of moonstone in which he loved to drown. He placed one hand over her heart. He knew it was against the rules, but he couldn’t keep it to himself. “I love you,” he whispered.

“You know we can’t,” she reminded him, then leaned forward to whisper so quietly he almost missed it...”yet.”

He smiled, pulling up his pants. He knew better than to say any more. He watched as she wiped herself clean, his cock beginning to stir again as he looked upon her. She glanced his way, feeling his eyes on her. Smiling, she blew him a kiss. “I have to go or I’ll be late.” She finished adjusting her clothing then moved against him for a final kiss. “Wait five minutes after I leave.”

“Tomorrow?” he begged.

“Oh, yes, and tomorrow it’s my turn to take control!”

Leaving him speechless she began to walk back down the path, watching, ever vigilant for any one

who might betray their secret. And as she lost sight of him, she dared to think to herself, “And I love you, too.”