Hide and sex

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Charlie and Steve play naked hide and seek in a friends house

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Charlie and Steve were house sitting for their wealthy friends while they were on a cruise round the Caribbean. They had been there nearly a week and were enjoying the facilities that their own lifestyle could not provide. They had already swum naked together in the pool and had enjoyed bringing each other to climax in the adjoining Jacuzzi. Another evening Steve had been working out in the well-equipped home gym, whilst working on the bench press Charlie had slipped in and straddled him wearing only fine white panties. She soon slipped off his shorts, leaving him naked on the bench. Pulling aside the cloth from her pussy, she had moved up and down on his hard sex in time with his presses of the bar bell. She loved the feeling of his taut muscles straining to lift the bar and soon came after watching his face contort in ecstasy combined with the exertion of his workout.

Tonight they came up with 'hide and sex', as Charlie had named it. The rules were simple. She had a minute to hide somewhere inside the large house. If Steve found her in 10 minutes he would dictate the style and pace of their lovemaking. Otherwise he would call the shots. Although Steve was sexy, generous and loving he tended to take over in bed. Not that it really upset her. She enjoyed watching his muscular physique thrusting against her in her large wardrobe mirror, or in front of the mirror wall of his bathroom. But sometimes she wanted a free rein to play and dictate the tempo as she wanted.

They sat on the soft leather couch kissing gently and slowly, touching each other's faces and stroking each other's hair. Slowly undressing each other, their excitement increased. With their clothes gone, they savoured the sight of each other's bodies. Steve had a swimmer's body; he was almost hairless besides short brown curly pubes and closely shaved head. His chest and abs were defined and had strong muscular legs. Steve's body was tanned golden brown, whereas Charlie had smooth pale skin, like fine porcelain. Charlie, who met him at the university swimming club, was strong yet feminine. Her long brown hair spilled over her shoulders; the anticipation of what was to come made her breathe deeply, causing her firm breasts to rise and fall. Her tight, flat belly led to her closely trimmed brown pubic mound and long, firm thighs. Steve was already hard; she saw his piece slightly throb with his heartbeat. He could barely stop himself taking her then and there. Steve set his watch countdown timer for ten minutes. When the time was up he'd know if she would be his to play with. With a final long playful stoke of his hard member she quickly left the room.

"I'm going to get yer ya little minx. One minute till I hunt you down!" he growled playfully.

She loved the thrill of the chase. Running down the tiled hall, she stopped at the end and tiptoed back past the lounge door. Taking the wide central stair upstairs, she loved the feeling of the deep pile carpet on her bare feet. She darted in and out of rooms looking for a good place to hide. Then, taking a second smaller flight of steps, she entered a converted attic with a large bedroom and storeroom.

Steve's voice shouted out some distance away, "You'd better be ready, I'm coming for ya!"

Her heart beat fast as she looked for a hiding place. She spotted a set of slatted doors off the narrow hall. Within was a bedding closet. She quickly entered and closed the doors. Narrow streams light came through the slats, casting bright lines across her body that curved and weaved over her breasts and belly. She nestled into a pile of towels and waited.

One minute was up and Steve left the lounge drunken with lust and padded down the hall, his erect dick swinging side to side. He'd heard Charlie run down the hall, but he'd been in the house enough to know that way led only to the pool and garages. Dismissing these, thinking of Charlie's bare feet on the cold floors, he ran the other way checking the remainder of the ground floor. He was running out of time. His balls ached and jizz was starting to seep from the end of his erection. He wanted her so badly, to find her, spin her round and enter her from behind, then cum up her back in triumph. His breathing was coming fast from darting in and out of the many rooms. Sweat start to shine on his body. She must have gone to high ground - the attic. Running two steps at time up the long flight of stairs, he stopped, crouching down on one knee, like a hunter searching for tracks; he surveyed the long hall and the second flight of stairs.

"I am getting warmer!" he shouted. He was about to start down the hall, when he noticed indents in the thick pile stair carpet leading up to the attic. He grinned to himself and sprinted up the staircase.

Charlie heard Steve's heavy footfalls on the stairs. Her heart was pounding with excitement. He seemed to have taken a long time, maybe she would win. Charlie was highly aroused and her hand had slipped down between her legs. Her fingers traced through the wetness round her vulva and she almost purred; she stroked the sensitive skin just inside. Her other hand traced lazily round her breasts, briefly flicking her tender nipples. At that moment she didn't care if she won or not. She craved Steve's hot body. Charlie heard doors banging as Steve rushed to find her. Then he stopped outside her hiding place. He was panting now and she could just see him through the slats. Suddenly the doors opened and Steve's sturdy frame was silhouetted in the sudden flood of light. Seconds later the buzzer went off.

“Steve, take me now, I want to feel you in me!” she moaned.

He did not need to be prompted and pulled her into the adjoining bedroom. He quickly made a pile of pillows on the spacious bed within and laid her over it, facing her down on the bed. With her firm, round ass pointing up at him he quickly penetrated her sex with one long stroke, easily entering her moist tunnel.

Charlie gasped and softly moaned as he steadily pumped her. The bed head formed a mirrored wall and she could see Steve banging against her, his tight chest and abs flexing with each thrust. Her breasts rocked back and forth with the force of his thrusts and his thighs slapped against her ass. Steve quickly felt his seed start to rise and following his fantasy, pulled out and pumped his dick in his fist. Charlie almost cried with disappointment as he pulled out and watched and felt as his hot white seed sprayed over her back; small droplets splashed against the glass in front of her. Steve's gasps of pleasure echoed in the room as his climax hit him.

“Don't worry babe, I've not forgotten you!” he whispered breathlessly. Steve composed himself and beckoned Charlie to lie flat with her back on the bed. Twisting her around, he kneeled on the floor positioning his head between her thighs and lapped at her juice-covered labia. Her climax started to make its charge towards the finish line as Steve's mouth and tongue sucked and licked at her. Soon Steve's erection was back. “Care to ride Charlie, I'm back!” Steve teased.

“Mmmm, yes, I wanted that!” she moaned. Steve lay across the bed and Charlie straddled him, slowly taking his whole length into her. He squirmed under her as she ground her pubic bone against him, stimulating her swollen clit.

“Jeez, Charlie, careful!” he gasped in discomfort. But she was overcome with lust and need, intoxicated by the feeling of complete control over his body; despite his muscular body he was currently her slave. She looked in the mirror to her side and watched herself, almost in the third-person, like she was watching another women screw her boyfriend. She came suddenly and bright flashes of light danced in her eyes. She slumped on top of Steve panting. Charlie would finish Steve off, slowly and in her own time.

“I think I won after all,” she panted, smiling to herself.