Sexy Spelunking

By BrendaHapp1

Published on Lush Stories on 03 Mar 2013

All rights reserved. Property of Brenda Happ.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/sexy-spelunking.aspx

The weather was steaming hot, so hot you could see the heat waves rising off of the road. I was on holiday with a very special lover, so the heat for us was as hot sexually as it was physically. We'd just emerged from five solid days of self-inflicted confinement in a very comfortable cabin with a sturdy log bed. It had poles in just the right places for securing hands and feet – but that's another story.

We couldn't spend our entire sight-seeing holiday in bed, so decided to do a tour of the area. In particular, there were famous caves in the area that we really wanted to see. Leo and I eventually dragged ourselves away from our cabin and made the two hour journey. It did take a little longer than planned, but we managed to limit ourselves to just one fuck-stop on the way. With all the rubbing and dirty talking we were doing as we drove, that was quite a feat in self-control.

When we arrived at the caves we had to wait in a queue until we could eventually join one of the tour groups that departed every half an hour.

What a pleasure to feel the moderate temperatures inside the cave. Leo and I could cuddle into one another again – doing more than holding hands outside had just been too hot and sticky. We followed the tour, holding hands as we walked, but whenever the tour guide stopped, Leo would stand behind me, his arms around me, pressing me close to him. His one hand would trail enticingly under my loose shirt, rambling across my bare stomach. The other traced designs along my collar bone and neck. His breath as he whispered innocuous comments regarding what the tour guide was saying teased my sensitive ears.

He knew what he was doing – my nipples were even more erect than the cock he was lazily pressing into me. I don't know if it was lust or love that took that connection from his hand straight to my electrified pussy, but it felt like a physical connection.

I ground my ass against him, inappropriately eager for him. I had spent five days being primed as his sex toy, focussed exclusively on giving and receiving pleasure, and my body didn't understand the delicacy of having people around; didn't care that there was an audience. I was ready for him before

he had even pressed himself against me the first time.

Trusting that the attention of the other members of the tour group was focussed elsewhere he let his hands wander up to my breasts. He ignored my straining nipples He ignored my straining nipple, just liftedrs of the tour group was focussed elsewhere he let his hand wander up to my breast , just lifted the weight of my braless breasts in his hands and jiggled them teasingly.

I was so desperate for him; I couldn't believe he could be so casual. The more I pushed, the more involved I became, the more he seemed to retreat into mischievousness.

"Something you want, babe?" he taunted breathily, knowing it would drive me wild. My answering moan elicited a laugh.

"Don't tease," I begged. "I want you … I need you."

"Where? Where do you need me, babe? You're so hot. Where do you want me?" His voice was as breathy, but thankfully I could hear that he wasn't as unaffected as I thought. His fingers had slipped a little higher now and he was rhythmically pulling at my nipples in a hypnotic milking motion. Of god, if only he could suck them.

My hand slipped behind me, edging in between us so that I could mould and massage his twitching cock. Oh no, he wasn't unaffected! His cock was standing so stiff and straight that it would soon be jutting above the top of his low-riding shorts if it grew anymore. I ached to touch it without boundaries. To feel the sweet, viscous precum that I knew was there, begging to be massaged into his sensitive helmet. I ached, but it helped now to know that he ached too.

The guide led us a little deeper into the caves. When the tour guide stopped to point out the next stalactite or stalagmite of interest, Leo kept me back slightly so that we were right on the edge of the crowd. He slipped behind me again as he had before, but this time he lifted my light Indian skirt at the back and slid me down over his cotton covered cock – I swear he nearly managed to enter me with his own home-grown stalagmite fully clothed he was so hard.

"Feel that babe. Do you want that in you? I'm gonna fuck you right here. I'm going to push it into you right here in front of everyone. I'm gonna fuck you now .. fuck you … "

As he breathed his threats into my ear he was humping up against me, driving me wild, but also making me panicky. I never knew quite how far he would take our encounters, and I was scared he would carry out his threats here in public, but just as scared he wouldn't. God knows I needed him in me!

The tour guide was wrapping up and moving onto the next point of interest, but Leo stayed put a couple of seconds longer. He pushed a hand between us, under the crotch of my panties and slipped slickly right over my dripping entrance straight to my erectly begging clit. All it took was that hard pressure on my well-trained nerve endings combined with a vicious pinch to my nipples and I came so hard I screamed and collapsed against Leo, almost falling to the ground.

Of course, that focussed the tour leader's attention right on us.

"Are you okay darling? Was it your ankle again?" Leo asked innocently.

"I …" before I could speak Leo continued his lie fluently. "She's got a weak ankle. Maybe we could just wait here for you to return so that she can rest it?"

"I'm sorry Sir, but we don't return this way. Anyway, the lights are on timers, so they go off as we leave. And there are bats." Up until then he hadn't scared me, but I didn't like the sound of that.

"I .." I tried to interrupt again, but stopped as Leo pinched me quite viciously – that was going to bruise.

"I don't think she should walk. We'll be fine in the dark. She can rest her foot a little and I'll be with her." Then to me: "Don't worry babe, I won't leave you alone with the bats." Rat!!

I knew exactly what he had planned, and although he clearly had the tour guide fooled, quite a few members of the group were looking at us knowingly with differing degrees of approval and disapproval. We clearly hadn't been discreet. The tour guide fussed a little longer, getting me seated and as comfortable as possible, and with a final warning about the severity of the darkness, left.

Selfishly, I'd already had my satisfaction, so I wasn't that eager to stay. Call it survival instinct or plain being chicken, but I wasn't eager for what was to come – the dark or the bats.

Then the lights went out – no dimming, no warning, they were just gone.

Leo clearly felt differently to me.

"Oh yeah. I've never been in such pitch blackness in my life. It's perfect. " For what? Like I didn't know.

"Come here you gorgeous, horny woman," he said laughingly, pulling me closer. I wasn't eager –

there were funny rushing sounds around us and strange squealing noises. The bats were obviously checking out what was happening in their domain and passing on the news. It was just plain gross.

A few seconds later there wasn't a single thought in my head other than feeling. Leo had pulled up my shirt, and unerringly, as if he himself had the sensors of the bat, attached his lips to my right nipple and suckled greedily like a baby. He just went on and on, as if he was truly getting life-saving nutrition from my breast, until it was achingly sensitive, erect to the point of pain. Just as it was almost too much, with his infallible timing, he switched to the other breast. He had always been a breast man, but this was beyond what he had gifted me before. It was so intense in the pitch blackness, where all I could feel was his baby-suckling that it was like a Zen experience, and I came again right there without him touching me anywhere else.

Now it was my turn to please him. I'd had two spectacular climaxes, and it was time to treat Leo in return. I unbuttoned his shirt in the dark, kissing him wherever I could feel bare skin. I felt around for his nipples and rubbed over them roughly with the palm of my hand, then sucked onto first his left nipple then the right. Once they were good and damp, I blew on them. He sucked in his breath, hollowing his stomach enough to give my hand space to slip into his pants. Oh yes, I knew what he liked.

At last my hand settled over the velvety smooth cock I had been lusting after. I kept my hand in the confined space of his pants, not bothering to open them. I could smell his tangy arousal around me, heady as an old-fashioned rose. I slipped my thumb over the top – oh yes, the sticky wet fluid that I was longing for stuck to my thumb.

I withdrew my hand from his pants. Leo groaned in disappointment. "No, don't stop. I need that babe. Touch me. Wank me." But he understood when I brought up my thumb between our faces.

"Smell that, Leo baby. Smell how hot you are. I wanna drink you. I wanna suck and suck you until you cum, then I wanna drink your cum all up. Taste it, baby. Suck my thumb. Ooh yeah – that's so hot. Lick your cum baby."

Electrical pulses were shooting through my pussy. It was the most intense sexual experience I had ever had. The dark freed us from any constraints. But this was about Leo – it was all for him.

I slid sinuously along his body, slowly inching down onto my knees. I knelt, a supplicant on my knees in near-religious euphoria as he undid his pants and lowered them slightly.

I heard the whoosh of his cock popping out, smelt it strongly as the scent enveloped me. I took it in my hands enjoying the soft-hard texture of it, the ridges, the fertile strength. I eased back his wet

foreskin, smoothed the wetness around his dickhead and then bent forward to worship it with my mouth. My licking and slurping echoed through the caverns, returning to us until it sounded like a thousand supplicants sucking on Leo’s cock.

Pushed beyond his normal limits, Leo lost it. He grabbed my head and slammed his cock into me, pushing deep into my throat. I’d never managed to deep throat him before, but he was beyond thinking or caring, locked in the womb of the earth, fucking my face like he had never cum before and would never have the chance again.

I couldn’t breathe. Couldn’t come up for air, but I didn’t care. I wanted to drown in his cum. And then I did. He shot so much that I couldn’t swallow it all. I tried, but my mouth was still full of his cock. His cum slipped out the sides and dripped down my chin, anointing me.

We stayed in exactly that position for a few moments, and then we both started laughing as a release for the intensity of the moment. Leo knelt down with me and started licking my face in between his laughter, feeling for trails of cum and licking me clean.

You do realise that when the lights come on it will be because the next group is here,” he warned through his licking-laugh. “There’s no time then to clean you up babe. We’ll have to do what we can now.”

Oh god!!!!