Sexy Sunlight

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Oct 2012

Marco's morning gets a whole lot fucking better...

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

Marco was stalling now. He was early to work this morning, earlier than usual, to avoid the unexpected spring heat. It was mid-morning. He cast long looks back at the house hoping to catch a glimpse of her in one of her bright dresses, the wind making the light fabric dance around her knees. Maybe she'd wave, bring him some cold water.

He squinted at the house, wiping his face with his forearm, removing his hat. Marco sighed. He couldn't see much from this distance; the wide veranda drenches their windows in shadow. He thought of the old furniture in bare-boarded rooms and their ancient, saggy mattress. She was too good for out here. He was busting to buy them better things, a bed with all its springs or a new kitchen table so he needn't lean down to help prepare their dinner. It gave him backache right before mealtimes, a reminder of how much work he has yet to get done.

By next summer he hoped to buy all the comforts a young couple would want to turn the drafty old Queenslander into a cozy refuge. That's if he can keep her that long. Familiar doubt assailed him: his property is too remote, the work to constant. She was bright, young, stoic, cheerful, but delicate, not as foolhardy as he and the old man.

His entire lifetime, Marco's father wrestled his massive property, attempting year after year to make something of the red earth and abundant sunlight, attempts often doomed by unpredictable rain. For now they had a small income from the 2000 head of cattle and cane. It's not in Marco's nature to think on and on about things; he might fall to worrying what the future holds.

He's big and handsome, kissed bronze by the sun. Fine hair on his arms and legs has been bleached blonde by years of staying out-of-doors. He'll go on working the land with much the same love as his father did, now the old man is gone, recently bundling himself off to a much smaller urban property in town; his old rheumy eyes almost shot and his ability to rustle up a cup of tea, waning.

In the end, it seemed like the old man was almost glad to go, obviously relieved and openly curious about the young woman who joined his house. Reyna, having stumbled across Marco at a BnS Ball,

came to live with them. She smiled incessantly, as though her glowing, youthful face might float away at any moment. For his part Marco was as surprised as anyone when he proposed and she accepted.

The life of a bush wife promised to be a lonely, difficult pursuit, a challenge she'd accepted with alacrity at first but Marco nursed his growing reservations. She was too amazingly accommodating; she swanned around and she glowed. She kept the threadbare house shipshape and set up a veggie patch close by and rehoused the chicks from where they'd been for as long as he could remember. Their new coop was more secure and closer to the house. In fact, Reyna hadn't bothered him with details, had used her own money to pay for a handy man who came from town and built the new shelter. After he left, she even decorated the thing with tiny curtains and paint.

In the two months since his father had vacated, things had begun to settle. He loved her fiercely; she brought a new sense of hope to his life, a refreshing gust of change into the rusty old way-of-things that had beset the place for the last ten years with Dad in decline. Marco was only fearful that it was all too good to be true; boredom might set in, their lovemaking would cool off.

He shut his mind from the possibilities and forced himself to look away from the house and as he did caught a glimpse of colour over by the hills-hoist. His hand shot up and he grinned, she waved back at him, dropping the basket and running towards his fence mending. His heart melted like butter in his big chest and he fought to contain himself. His mates would call him soft and stupid but the farm hands weren't due to start at the property for another two weeks and at the moment, luxuriously, they had the place to themselves.

She wore a cheap, red cotton dress with buttons all down the front, it flapped as she bounded towards him, now and then he glimpsed creamy thighs. Marco put his hat back on, suddenly self-conscious, acutely aware that just as he had wished her to, she had simply appeared from out of nowhere.

His belly felt leaden, his head light. The big man plunged his hands into the pockets of his canvas work pants and shifted his boots around on the dirt. It never got easier; her presence reduced him to the quiet, over-awed awkwardness of adolescence. He jittered, his breath to fast in his chest. He knew he would have to kiss her, first up, to let her know he was pleased. Words were never his strong point.

She dropped to a brisk walk about ten paces from him, her pert breasts wobbling against the dress's fabric as she crossed the uneven ground. Marco was aware of the head of his cock waking up, fattening with delight. She was flushed and her blue eyes sparkled.

“Phoo!” she said, stopping just short of her towering, stocky husband. She reached up to place one warm palm on his bicep,“Good morning, Sexy.”

Marco swept her up in his embrace, lifting her high so that her face was above his, looking down at him as she locked her arms around his neck. His big hands slid from her rib cage to cradling her hips. He fit her much smaller body against his. Obligingly Reyna linked her ankles together and seemed at ease, astride him, mid-air.

Then he kissed her, pressing his firm mouth against her soft lips until she yielded and he slid inside her mouth. She tasted like butter and jam. Reyna squirmed against him, bumped his nose by mistake with hers and ripped off his hat. Surrounded by Reyna’s fresh smell, her soft legs clamped against him, their skin separated by the warm cotton of his shirt, he thought he might die of glee. She didn’t seem in a hurry to release him. She sucked on his bottom lip and probed with her tongue as their kiss deepened.

“Salty” she said softly into the heat of their communal breath, adding little kisses to his broad face and the curve of his jaw.

Still holding her astride him, Marco sank to his knees. Reyna greeted the feel of the scrub beneath the soles of her feet with enthusiasm and used her new advantage to roll her hips. Marco’s erection blossomed, his jeans suddenly too tight, her underwear too thin, the delicious heat of her sex pressing invitingly against him.

“You like that?” her voice was low.

Marco pulled away, letting her see his expression. Lust reflected in his dark eyes. He didn’t need to say anything; he wouldn’t have known what it was he should say. Reyna giggled and shivered, encouraging him to draw her down onto the ground. Marco shifted his weight and kept his hand at her back, easing her body beneath his.

Reyna kissed his neck, nipping the flesh here and there, licking behind his ear and snuffling delightedly, all the while unbuttoning his shirt. She pushed it from his shoulders and the straining armhole tore on his muscled bicep. Reyna didn’t mind, she reached up and kissed the spot then slid her hands beneath his singlet. The material clung damply to his torso and a part of him was ashamed.

“My working man” She panted breezily and her fingers kept right on gliding.

Marco’s head swam with relief.

In return, he undid the top few fastenings of her dress with fumbling fingers. He licked her collarbone (her hands roaming up his sides, pulling him closer, encouraging his caresses), planting deliberate kisses in a path from her neck to the taut skin between her breasts. When he ducked his head to suckle her nipple she stopped stroking his torso. Instead she arched her back a little and tucked her arm at her side making her pert breast rise to a little mound once more. He licked the entire orb and then his thumb.

Marco turned his attentions to her other breast, thumbing the pre-teased nipple with a wet digit. Reyna was rigid in his arms, pressing her hips against his cock, burning the flesh of her sex into his rod clamped against the fabric of his jeans.

“Ohhh” She said “I’m soaking.”

Marco’s stomach flip-flopped at her direct speech. Reyna forced a tiny, wicked grin, her expression opaque; lust overriding her senses.

“Can you take me here?”

She freed her legs; Marco put his shirt under her bum and rucked up her dress until her thighs were completely exposed. Her knickers had been white, now they were translucent at the cleft, beset with her juices. Ready for him. He leant his big body to one side of her, resting most of his weight on one arm and slid his hand inside the moist fabric, probing the source of her wet heat. Material clung to his digits, he pushed it to one side and she let out an airy moan.

Marco splayed her lips and bent to look at her beautiful, pearlescent sex. It glistened in the roaring daylight and he teased the tip with his thumb, lightly brushing the skin.

“MmmMm” she said, rapturous, mostly incoherent. Reyna spread her legs wider and pushed her hips towards his hand.

At first her pushed the moisture around with two digits, toying with her flesh, lightly delighting her. She closed her eyes and moments later opened them again, feasting her gaze on his face. He concentrated on his task, watching for signs he was really doing things right. She grew even wetter. Shielded from her supple body by material, his cock was so hard it ached.

Marco kissed her lips, swollen and pink with longing, his hot tongue probed her mouth and kept up his wicked work. Beneath his inquisitive hand the urgency of Reyna’s desire intensified and he chose that moment to push two fingers inside her, eliciting his favourite response. She gasped against his

mouth. His cock bucked in his too-tight pants.

“Ohh”

He butterflied his fingers at her g-spot and she pressed her thighs together, willing his closer. Flustered now, Marco wanted no more teasing, his whole body throbbed. He was butter and magnets, salt, leather and lust.

Withdrawing from his intimate hold gently, Marco’s shaking hands made short work of his jeans and boxers. Reyna lay looking up at him, panting. His engorged meat seemed faintly ludicrous to him in broad daylight but she didn’t seem to mind. Marco sat on his clothes; he pulled her gently up towards him.

A little dazed, Reyna complied. Her dress hung open to her waist and between her legs was drenched but still covered by lacy cloth. He didn’t care.

Deftly, he scooped up her tiny arse and put her onto his lap. He used one hand to move the material of her knickers to one side and the other to guide her hips ever-so-slightly into the air. Happy with the intended result Reyna wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and guided herself onto it. When she finally slid down the length of him that Marco had to pause to keep from cumming.

Grinning her naughty-grin, Reyna reached behind her hip until her hand cupped his balls, she shifted her weight and lifted all of him, cock and balls in one so he slid a fraction further inside her sweetness, impossibly deep. For a moment her eyes closed and she sucked in breath.

“So good,” she said, opening her eyes and biting her lips.

“You’ve never…?”

“I was on the internet this morning” she offered.

Marco clenched his cheeks and his cock flexed inside her little body. He kissed her nape, encouraging her not to talk, concentrating on the delicious task at hand. He leaned back and clenched his abs, he cupped her butt with his big calloused hands and directed their lovemaking, jiggling and dropping her so she enveloped him in a rhythm that suited them both.

Reyna held his hair, running her fingers through it, clasped his neck. Marco was lost in pleasure. The sun beat down, he sweated, his forehead glistening as he buried his cock again and again.

“Oh… I…”

Marco stopped, he opened his eyes and Reyna looked suggestively at him. She stretched out her legs and removed most of his length, tipping her body backwards. Marco obliged, tucking her under him, stroking so their bodies were completely touching. He stole a sloppy kiss and picked up the pace.

Reyna hummed, biting her lip, scrunching her eyes. He loved this part. Leaning away from her on his haunches, carefully, he placed her ankles on his shoulders, her toes touching his ear. He pushed into her; she quaked. As he repeated the movement she seemed to shatter beneath him. He thrust a little harder, watching the glistening meat of his cock disappear into her sex. Reyna screamed. Marco forced himself to slow down, delighted. His lover made thrashing, ecstatic noises of and her inner muscles spasmed, pushing him to spill his seed. It felt like gobs of it.

Marco moved much more gently in her slickness, she dropped her legs. He listened to the sounds of Reyna breathing hard, gradually returning to earth, swallowing, opening her eyes. He thought his body might burst from love, having fucked this firecracker of a woman in the dust of their property.

“I love you,” he said simply, collapsing into his elbows on top of her.

Reyna ran her hands over the back of his neck where it was damp and some of his dark hair was stuck against his skin in little-boy curls. She heaved a big, contented sigh and lifted her eyes to stare at the sky above them.

Relaxing, nuzzled against her, Marco felt her cheeks against his stretching into a smile.