

The Dance

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A visit to a fair turns into a romantic encounter for a couple

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This story is partly based on a real occurrence.

It is a hot day in August. We arrive at the medieval fantasy fair in the late afternoon. The sun is burning relentlessly from an azure blue sky as we enter the fair grounds. I am wearing a long red skirt, white ruffled blouse and black bodice, my curly red hair flowing down my back untamed. You look extremely sexy in your brown laced-up leather pants and a white pirate shirt.

Hand in hand we stroll through the stands and between the tents, stopping occasionally to kiss, sample some mead here or a nice sweet treat there, admiring the colorfully displayed merchandise. You buy me three beautiful peacock feathers which I attach to my hair. Then we head to one of the many tents to indulge in some tasteful medieval food and drink.

When the sun slowly sets candles and lanterns are lightened and incense is being burned giving the whole scenery a magical, otherworldly atmosphere. We stroll towards the stage where the main act of the evening has begun their performance. The music is exotic, slightly Arabian with bagpipes, flutes and drums. We sit down on one of the many straw bales in front of the stage, your arm around my waist, my head on your shoulder.

The music is intoxicating and after a few minutes I cannot sit still anymore and jump up, joining the dance going on around us. I'm a bit shy at first, not daring to let fully go. But soon the music and the sweet mead coursing through my veins take over and my hips move automatically. I lift my arms over my head. My hips sway and shake to the rhythm of the drums. My blood boils in my veins, my hips circle and my breasts jiggle. Shimmying I turn around looking at you. Our eyes meet, our gazes lock and the world around us fades. I am dancing for you – for you alone! My movements becoming more and more sensual and I pull you up begging you to join me. Your hands on my hips you turn me around, and draw me into your arms, my back against your chest, my butt wiggling and rubbing against your crotch. I can feel your body heat, your arousal pressing into the small of my back.

Gently you lead me away from the crowd into the shadows of a dark corner behind the tents. Pulling me into a tight embrace, your hand slips in my hair holding my head in place while your lips lock over mine, your tongue demanding entrance which I gladly allow, opening my mouth to welcome you.

Very gently you lower me down to the floor without breaking the kiss. You straddle my hips, pushing up my blouse, lifting it over my head, baring my naked breasts to your hungry gaze. Your mouth finds one nipple, licking, sucking and biting until it is perking up hard and sensitive, then moving to the other one, giving it the same sensual treatment. A soft whimper escapes my lips, my hands grip the grass below me, my back arches. You slide off of me for a moment, pulling down my skirt, baring my heated flesh to the cooling night air. Sprawled before you in all my naked glory, my pearly white skin glowing in the darkness you kiss and lick your way down my body, leaving a trail of moist heat where your mouth and tongue touches. My whimpers merge into moans, my back arches against your lips, my hands in your hair, gently pushing you towards my center, wordlessly begging you to go further. You smile against my belly, kissing your way down, nibbling here, sucking there, leaving small marks on the way.

When you finally find the treasure you have been seeking, you spread my legs further apart, gently caressing the inside of my thighs, licking the crease where thigh meets crotch. My back arches up again, my hips jerk involuntarily and the pressure on your head increases....*I want you there.....please, gods...please!*

Finally you have mercy and your tongue dives into my moist heat, licking along my lips swirling around my swollen clit. Moaning loudly, my hands clench in your hair and my hips quiver, your hands hold me immobile while you torture me with your tongue, licking and nibbling and sucking my clit, then stabbing my painfully swollen labia, tongue fucking my dripping hole. My moans turn into husky groans. I want you so bad...*please mo Chroi! I need you now!*

When you suddenly stand up I utter a soft sound of protest lifting my heavy lidded gaze to watch you strip off your ruffled shirt and push down your leather pants stepping out of them, fully naked now, your erect, rock hard penis bearing full evidence of your arousal.

Not capable of coherent speech anymore, I moan and softly whimper, whispering...*please my love...take me, make me yours!* Slowly....much too slowly, you go down on your knees, kneeling between my legs, crawling up searching my lips to take mine in a passionate toe curling kiss once more, while your hard shaft effortlessly slips into my warm moist center, enfolding you in heat! You take me up, settling me in your lap where we both enjoy our union for several long motionless moments, devouring each other with our mouths our tongues dancing a passionate dance.

The music from the stage rises in a frantic intoxicating rhythm and I start moving in your lap, undulating my hips in small circles, then moving up and down, your hands on my hips supporting me. Your hips rock into mine faster and faster with the rhythm of the music.

To the sound of the bagpipes and the feverish beating of the drums we lift each other higher and higher until we erupt into a mind shattering blinding climax our cries of passion being swallowed by the music and the noise of the crowd.

Panting we lay down on the grass embracing, kissing, cuddling and drifting off in a sated slumber under the star speckled sky.