The Hike - part two

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Published on Lush Stories on 06 May 2011

In Part Two, Sam returns the favour with her lively mouth and they make love under the stars

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The Hike (Part 2)

Sam adjusted herself straddling the log as she rubbed her hands with a gentle grip and quickly up and down his shaft, rotating her wrist as she worked, the swirling motion over his swelling head giving Roy a little lift with each upward stroke.

Sam scooted down the log, hands on his muscled thighs, lightly circled his purple glans; licking his salty pre-cum and savouring it before engulfing his cock. Her tongue danced around his cockhead as Sam moved up and down his shaft taking more of him with each stroke.

Her hands rubbing up and down his thighs as her head bobbed… gently tweaking his balls with her fingernails at the upper end of her stroke. The sensation of Sam's beautiful lively mouth and having both thighs massaged was intensely sensual.

Sam quickened her stroke as she sensed his need then focused on his velvet glans – sucking hard and working her tongue. Roy felt that rush of warmth in his groin and thighs as he erupted, grunting in satisfaction, his spurts hitting the back of Sam's throat. As he came, Sam worked her mouth furiously down to his base and back up while sucking hard; giving him a vibrating feeling in his cock as she milked his cum.

Roy cupped Sams flushed face with both hands and brought her lips to meet his, a gentle lingering kiss … the kind you have just before drifting off to sleep. Roy pulled her up onto his lap and cuddled her on his shoulder for a few precious moments… both simply drinking in the atmosphere and company.

They shook the pine needles and ants out of their stuff and got dressed, stopping for a moment to enjoy the view back down the creek valley they had hiked up earlier.

Roy hoisted the pack onto his shoulders and gave Sam a peck on the top of her head as they headed

back to the trail.

The trail wound upward along the creek valley; their destination a flat grassy plateau; home for the night. Reaching the high meadow after two hours they set about making camp. Sam was pleased that Roy seemed to have thought of everything. They made a small fire using the dried remnants of ancient junipers… such a sweet distinctive smoke. After eating they settled back on the sleeping pads; Sam cuddled under his arm, her head on his chest. As the sun settled below the mountains to the west, they kissed a long and lingering kiss.

Sam pivoted, swinging her leg over his legs. Straddling him, she unbuttoned his shirt and slid it down his arms. She swayed her face back and forth across his broad naturally hairless chest, her lips, nose and tongue caressing him side to side. Working up his neck, she again joined his lips to hers. As she pressed her kiss more fervently, Sam wriggled her dampening crotch, grinding into his. Roy had been semi hard since they arrived at his grassy meadow and his cock immediately responded. Sam moaned as Roy's hands found her firm ass and pulled her into him.

Sam was seized with the need to have Roy deep inside her. She pushed off on his chest and quickly stripped down her jeans and panties. Kneeling, she undid Roy's hiking shorts and dispatched them quickly. Sam straddled Roy's belly; her wetness made unmistakable by the cool mountain air. Bending down she kissed Roy deeply, her tongue finding his. Roy's hands returned to her beautiful ass, and he slid her down his belly until Sam felt his hard cock pressing against her mound. Sam humped herself up and reached down to guide Roy. He pulled her back down, wanting instead for his hungry cock to find its path on its own. Holding her tensed ass tight, Roy pulled her up past the tip of his cock and then back down so that he could feel his cockhead slide past Sam's tiny landing strip; the roughness feeling so good.

Sam wriggled and thrust her pelvis in an effort to snare his cock. Roy smiled a deep, satisfied smile. The stars were coming out, the night was cooling and he had the most beautiful creature he could imagine in his hands. He did not want to rush this feeling.

Truth was… he needed to be inside of Sam at least as much as she needed him. He varied his pressure sliding her up and down rubbing his cock against her roughness then past her pubis to the contrast of her velvety folds. As Sam varied her angle they found the magic. He pulled her down onto his throbbing cock, doing a little wiggle of his own to be sure he was lodged as deeply as he could be. Roy held her there for a moment and just enjoyed her tight grip. Sam kissed him and told him to hold still. She massaged his cock with her pussy; squeezing, releasing, squeezing and releasing. Roy let her do the work for a time… but soon enough it was his turn to be seized with the need. Roy reached down behind her knees and pulled Sam's knees up beside his chest. He began to thrust upward slowly; increasing his pace and the strength of his thrusts. Sam groaned her approval and Roy held

her tightly to him with his large hand and rolled her onto her back.

He fucked her hard, his urgency growing with his need. He pulled his cock almost completely out of her on each stroke and then drove everything he had into her. Sam gripped his shoulders then his ass. She screamed out as her orgasm gripped her. Roy kept pounding, holding himself up with one arm and moving the other under her ass. His orgasm building, Sam grabbed his butt and held him firm, signaling him to stop. She milked him with her tight pussy. Roy’s orgasm came more slowly than usual --- and he loved this. It seemed he was coming for minutes, slowly being sucked dry with this magical pussy.

Roy pulled the camp blankets over them and they drifted off to sleep under the stars… his cock softening and slipping out of her, sometime after they were asleep.