

a lovely night

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It could have been the island sunshine, or it could have been the excitement of knowing I was going to see him again... Either way, I was so excited, so horny, so hot, and so looking forward to our encounter. It had been about 5 years since the last time I had seen Rafael. That encounter, where we spent an hour sitting on those rocking chairs looking at each other, talking, wanting to kiss each other and touch each other, but knowing that we couldn't, left us, or at least me, hungry with desire. When we said good bye, he did give me a peck on the lips, and I reacted with surprise pulling away. Why? I should have wrapped my arms around the back of his neck and kissed him right there, in the middle of the terminal, overlooking the runways of the airport. Who cared about what his co-workers said. They all knew us. They all knew that we had been in love with each other since the day we met. Oh, the regret! But life had made it difficult for us to be together. We had had stolen moments, which I cherished. And now, thinking about meeting him again, I felt a trickle of something wet streaming down my pussy. This business trip to the Caribbean had given me the opportunity to meet up with him again. He was now living there, enjoying his new wealth, and prospering in his business. He deserved it!!!! He was a hard-working man who had married the wrong woman and spent many years just surviving... Now, as I stood on the balcony on this oceanfront suite that my employer paid for, I gazed at the beautiful beach water, so peaceful and inviting. Perhaps later. And I enjoyed the sight of the palm trees. Such a romantic setting... How I'd love to make love to Rafael under those palm trees, under the moon and the stars... A knock on the door brought me back to reality! Room service was here, with the chilled bottle of champagne and the two tall glasses. They were also going to bring complimentary strawberries and chocolates... As I opened the door, I saw him standing there. Tall. Proud. Handsome. Just as I remembered him. Time had not passed, it seemed... I felt another trickle of juice down my leg... My thong was, by now, completely wet. My pussy hadn't been able to control itself. All those feelings came back. They had never gone away... Before I could open my mouth to say anything, after the initial shock, since I wasn't expecting him yet, he came inside the suite and without saying a word, he kissed me. Hard at first. Like a hungry wolf. His hands were holding me so tight, onto his own body that I couldn't breathe. Between his mouth eating mine and his chest collapsing my lungs I felt no air... I returned the kiss, though. But I changed it to a softer tone. Women tend to be more sexually romantic, while men are more sexually physical. Most of the time... After a long, long, long play of the tongues, he finally pulled away, only a few inches, and looked at me, deep

into my eyes, able to see the essence of my very soul, and whispered, in a very hoarse, sexy and horny voice, "you look even more gorgeous and sexy than I remembered. I love you! I always have, and I always will." In spite of the thunder going on in my nether zone, down below my tummy, I felt an emotional tear come to my eye. I felt exactly the same way. I just hadn't realized it. Hadn't thought about him. Another knock at the door startled us. This time, it was room service with the champagne, strawberries and chocolates. We didn't have to open it, since it already was. Rafael hadn't closed it when he entered. Actually, we were just standing next to it, wide open. The young man with the delivery had probably just witnessed the whole kiss and the entire exchange, but might have been too shy, or too curious, to interrupt it. After tipping and thanking him, Rafael closed the door and smiled at me. "You are prepared!" I smiled back, a shy, sexy, sly smile. The sort of smile that tells you, "you have no idea how prepared I am!". He then looked into the room and saw the huge bed in the center and smiled with anticipation. He kissed me again, holding me tight around my waist. I returned the kiss. This time it was a soft, tender one. One that said, wow, I missed you, and I'm never going to let you go again. I wanted to strip off all my clothes, which weren't many, and just fuck right there....but I had been waiting for this moment since we had met and fallen in love, many moons before. I wanted it to be perfect! "How about we open the champagne?" I suggested. With a gorgeous smile that showed his beautiful perfect teeth, he nodded in agreement. He expertly opened it and poured it into the two glasses. I held his hand and pulled him along to the balcony. His hands were big and strong, just like I remembered them. The balcony was rather large and had a nice round table and some comfortable chairs to sit and relax. We didn't. We stood and toasted, and sipped the bubbly, meanwhile staring into each other's eyes. He then put his glass down on the table and took mine and placed it next to his. He looked into my eyes, the way you see in romantic movies, oh, how touching! And slowly wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me closer. Still looking into each other's eyes, I placed my own arms around his neck. He was so tall... I loved it! And in slow motion, our heads moved in closer to each other until our mouths met again and melted in another soft, romantic and passionate kiss. It seemed to go on forever. We didn't need air. Just kissing. I felt his hand rubbing my back softly and slowly work its way down into my buttocks. Meanwhile, I played with his hair. I loved his hair. It was so soft and playful... His hand found its way up to my belly, pretty flat in spite of the years, and up to my breasts. He cupped one of them into his big hand and I let a soft moan escape my mouth, even while still kissing him.... I was wearing a short wraparound silk skirt, perfect for tropical climates, very sensual to the touch. I loved it when it rubbed against my thighs... And a sexy low cut shirt, buttoned up with only two buttons and the bottom tied in a knot, revealing my belly button, which had a sexy piercing in it. That made him wild with pleasure... In what seemed like a motionless touch, he opened up the two buttons that held my shirt together, and left my breasts exposed. I felt his dick get a bit harder when he noticed I wasn't wearing a bra. Softly, slowly, he pushed my shirt back from my shoulders, and left it half hanging. We were on the balcony of the 18th floor, and it was unlikely that beach goers could see us making out up there. I didn't care!!!! He brought his face down, from the soft kiss to my tongue, to my breasts. He started licking and kissing them skillfully. My nipples were so hard... Meanwhile, his hand was now working on the knot of my

skirt. How skillful... It suddenly dropped to the floor without prior notice and there I stood, in front of this gorgeous, sexy and horny man, totally naked, except for the hot pink thong I was wearing. It was very very tiny, with a little pendant hanging from the front. He took a step back to see me. I could tell he was admiring my body, which was exactly as beautiful as it was ten years before, the first time he had seen it. Of course, back then, he hadn't been able to make love to me. This was about to be our first time. Surely, we had kissed, we had touched each other, a stolen hug and a kiss here and there, but now, this was the real thing... That other time, we had been on the beach, with a group of friends, and we couldn't manage anything except many stolen glances and smiles!!!! Suddenly self-conscious of my nakedness, my hands went to his chest and began to unbutton his shirt. It was a beautiful mauve color which brought out the brown in his eyes. His beautiful, gorgeous eyes... I admired his broad, muscular chest with awe and pleasure. It didn't seem like the chest of a 40 something, but more the chest of a 20 something.... I softly rubbed my fingertips on his chest, drawing soft circles around his nipples. A soft moan came out of his mouth, which I soon joined with mine, and we got lost in another kiss. Heaven was nothing in comparison with this feeling of tenderness, of being together, in this beautiful tropical Caribbean paradise and gorgeous room with the splendid sights. The anticipation, the excitement, the hormones, everything was just tickling in the area around my vagina. I wanted him so badly... He took me by the hand softly and we walked back inside, into the room. We went directly to the bed. I had previously set the background with some soft, romantic music, to be played from the sound system with the touch of a button. As he gently moved me to the bed, I pressed the "play" button and the music began. He liked that! I sat there, on the bed, with Rafael straddling me. Slowly, I leaned back, in order to be more comfortable, and moved back into the middle of this large nest of love. He moved with me and placed himself on top of me, his pants still on, but the bulge of his manhood protruding violently. We kissed a little more, and he tickled me and turned me on to exasperating heights by rubbing his lips softly on my neck, on my shoulders, nibbling softly on my ears, and touching my most sensitive spots with his fingertips, before moving further down. I rolled over to place myself on the top, so I could unbutton his pants and remove them. He was smiling devilishly as I did this, anticipating more fun... As his pants hit the floor, my mouth moved down to his manhood. It was fully erect, so thick and large. A good 10 inches. I felt a thrust inside my pussy just imagining him pushing that dick in and out... Slowly, I licked it around the top, where the skin is tender and his breathing was interrupted momentarily by a gasping sound. He was enjoying this... In sensual movements, his dick started going in deeper and deeper into my mouth, with my lips applying a bit of pressure, to make his blood circulation more sensible... In and out his dick went for a few moments, deeper and deeper, until his balls were thrusting against my lips. Rafael's dick was difficult to suck at times due to its size. Not only was it the length, but also the girth. I tried not to gag, so we could both enjoy the experience.... Satisfied after a few minutes, and not wanting yet to ejaculate, he sat up and kissed me. I was on my knees on top of the bed, so I towered over him. His mouth reached my tits and he licked them and played with them softly. "I want to make you scream" he told me. I smiled, the anticipation of what was to come much too great! I felt his finger rubbing my vagina, the outer zone, as I continued standing on my knees in the middle of this

oversized bed. Then playfully, his fingers moved to the labia and his thumb softly rubbed my clitoris. Ohhhhhh!!!!!!! Gosh, I could come right there, just with that one touch.... A soft moan was uttered by my half open and semi dried lips. I leaned backwards so I could lie on my back, and I felt his middle finger softly running up and down the outside labia of my pussy, occasionally moving in a little deeper, without actually entering me. That was a well calculated move. It was turning me on beyond belief. Meanwhile, his thumb continued teasing my throbbing clitoris. Without warning, I softly felt his middle finger sliding inside my pussy. The moan was loud this time. I definitely was ready to fuck him to death! Slowly at first, but increasing the rhythm, he finger fucked me, gently, wildly, passionately, and with skill that I didn't even imagine he possessed. What a waste, all those years that we could have been fucking! He felt my body tensing up, ready to come, so he slowed down and switched tactics. Kissed me on the mouth again, his tongue seeking mine. I arched my back as my pussy throbbed with pleasure, and wanted more... He tortured me slowly, making me crazy with desire. "Fuck me, Rafael! Fuck me, baby, please, now!" I implored. "No, mi reina! I'm going to make love to you. The way you deserve. The way I wanted to make it these past ten years..." Those words, uttered by his sexy lips, in that sensual voice, raspy with excitement made me want to explode. His hands caressed and rubbed and touched every little inch of my body, and his lips kissed every single inch of my being. When I wanted to roll over to straddle him and fuck him cowgirl style, he stopped me, by moving his mouth into my pussy. Oh, my God! That was too much to handle. He was going to eat my pussy!!!! Could I take it? I had fantasized about this for years, and now, as it was happening, it all seemed so real, so natural, so normal.... The first lick of his tongue on my clitoris sent shivers up my spine and a loud gasp out of my mouth. With expertise, he continued licking up and down, softly, gently, without pressing hard, paying especial attention to my clitoris. I was gasping, panting and moaning, begging for mercy, screaming, and my throat was dry. The pleasure was extreme. I was on the verge of coming a couple of times, but he prevented me from orgasming by changing pace for a few seconds, therefore prolonging the pleasure (or the torture). Suddenly, a finger went inside my pussy softly, applying just the perfect pressure and finding my G-spot. The combination of pleasure from the G-spot with the amazing vibrations of eating my pussy sent my juices splurging everywhere in an incredible explosion of pleasure. The orgasm was so intense that my body shook, contorted and kept shaking for several minutes. I couldn't catch my breath, and my throat was dry in a continued session of screaming, panting and heavy breathing. What an orgasm! Oh, goodness.... Finally, I lay still, spent, next to his naked body, so muscular and masculine. His manhood fully erect, still, waiting... I managed a big smile of gratitude and love, which he returned with a big wet kiss on the lips at the time that he crawled on top of me. Playfully, he rubbed the tip of his dick against my anus, now aflame with spent passion... He teased me a few times, while kissing me, rubbing his dick, up and down my pussy and into my anus, and finally making his grand entrance in one soft thrust deep into my expectant pussy... Feeling the full of his manhood inside the inner of my womanhood, I let out a "ah" of pleasure... Rafael lovingly pushed his dick in and out of my wet cave of love, softly and slowly at first, teasingly, rubbing his balls against my clitoris for added pleasure.... Gradually, the movements increased in speed and rhythm until both our breathings became one confused harsh

moan and he started pushing harder and faster, and suddenly, one deep, fast thrust and the explosion of warm man milk painted the inside of my uterus....and he fell spent on my body, careful not to let his weight hurt my tender body. We lay there spent for a few minutes, his dick still inside my pussy, and still unbelievably erect and hard and full of cockiness, in spite of the massive ejaculation.... We began kissing again, softly, touching our bodies, still inside each other, feeling his hands caress the side of my body, tickling me, sensing wonderful sensations into every nerve ending of my body. And as his hands cupped my breasts, he started thrusting in and out again, in an insatiable attempt to never let go of me, to love me forever. In an attempt to make love one more time, one of the many more to come that day!