

Love in Late Afternoon

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Published on Lush Stories on 09 Jun 2012



<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/love-in-late-afternoon.aspx>

As we walked in the partial shadow of the buildings, I strode, one foot in front of the other with my arms out, balancing on the wall while he walked on the flat ground beside me. "Hey, careful" he laughed, extending his fingertips to steady me by my hands. I jokingly retorted, turning my head toward him. "Oh, shut up! I'm perfectly capable of walking on a little wall like this." I slowed our pace, not looking away from him, and him not looking away from me. My heart skipped a beat, and I'm pretty sure his did too, as we froze time, gazing at each other up and down. Reality. Yeah, back to that: I shook my thoughts and began walking again, still feverishly distracted by his presence. I stumbled and fell into him, not noticing the wall had ended, and tumbled onto the bed of grass beneath. I remember his face, darkly lit against the afternoon sunlight and the warm look sitting in his gold-green eyes before he brushed the hair off of my face and kissed me; And I kissed him back, warm and content, here behind the bustle of civilization. Our lips parted for a moment as I smiled up at him. My next exhale had the subtle musicality of a laugh. "Sorry for not helping you up right away and pinning you to the ground and stuff." He joked. My next exhale was a laugh, but the one that followed was interrupted by another kiss. I leaned up into this kiss, the sweet warmth surrounding me in the scent of summer grass and bright amber shadows. I felt his fingers interlace with mine on the ground beside me, while the fingertips of his other hand made their way lightly through the long fields of my dark hair. I relaxed my head when we pulled away for another brief moment, Probably both trying to catch a breath or two. When his fingertips made their way back to my hairline, he curled them behind my ear, softly pausing at my jawbone for a moment to smile at me before he kissed me again. His hand continued down my neck to my collarbone, fondling a lock of hair for a moment before he traced over to my strap, slipping his thumb underneath and sliding it off of my shoulder. I welcomed the gesture, and, taking his hand, I placed it on my breast, under my top. He continued on, removing it with unusually easy gentleness. I drew a deep breath, back arching and legs opening ever so slightly. He leaned in forward, and slid his hand down my body, removing my bottoms. I sat up under him and removed his as he took off his shirt to reveal his perfect body. perfect skin. I sat up a bit, and moved my face closer to his body, tracing my hand down as well. Once he accepted the destination I had planned, I could see him get that much harder. Deciding to relieve him of his agony, I moved my face right into his cock. Still, I started teasingly with a light, sensual caress of my tongue. Quickly enough, but without rush, my tongue lured him between my lips, and into my mouth. I felt him squirm and tense with anticipation, as he grasped my hair away from my face. The soft pull worked in

sync with the rhythm of our bodies. The soft pull got stronger when he tensed harder, the squirming turning to trembling. I savored the hot gush in my mouth briefly before I pushed him further into my throat and let him enjoy the sensation of the contraction called swallowing. I swirled my tongue again. I rippled it, then transitioned to a roll with the application of rhythmic suction. Swallow again. One pulse out and one pulse back in, I half-swallowed and then swallowed fully before he came down my throat immediately after. I pulsed back out and breathed in warm air before sucking one last time. I felt him tense, and I strategically released back to the ground only to have my face and chest drizzled with the thick white fluid exploding from him. It trickled, sliding down my breasts, only leaving them gleaming wet in the late afternoon light despite the dappling shade, and exaggerating their shape more than ever. He looked at me- at them- in awe, a look that could almost look like horror. Perfect. I watched him tremble for a moment as he tried to contain himself; As he tried to control the throbbing of his penis. But I knew how to be twice as enticing. I began on my way into a kneeling position to kiss him, tickling his skin with mine as I initiated a crescendo of contact up his body. He came a little again, this time, wetting the rest of my body, now dripping to my thighs. I teased again once I had extended all the way up to his chest, this time, holding my lips close to where his ear, neck, and jaw met, and holding my body ever closer. I let out a light, hot breath, and ever so slightly flicked his ear with my tongue. He came harder, continuing the dribble of semen when my tongue lightly continued its path along his jaw to his mouth. As he was still hesitant, I thrust in, both with my tongue and body. I felt him relax as his eyes rolled back and he breathed out with our hands interlacing with each other. This time, I swooned, causing me to fall backward onto the grass once again. No more encouragement needed, his eager body plunged easily into mine. I felt the warmth of his skin on mine, gliding on the equally-warm translucent lubricant all over my body. All the way down, and all the way in, I felt the warmth, the wetness. I gasped to quench my lungs, which were thirsty for pleasure. And pleasure is what I received. The rhythm was not like a train's steady rhythm. It was broken, jagged, and all the better as it accelerated. Let's say we did 'zero to sixty' in 2.5. The speed of the friction was beautiful. free as he slid gorgeously in exploration of my body. faster and faster. The passion made me tear. Made me scream. I tried to stay quiet, knowing we were not in the safe privacy of a building. Then he came again, he as well not able to control himself. Out it gushed, running all around my thighs and tailbone and previously-scattered blades of grass. I lost it. I screamed. I laughed. I cried. I sighed. All at the same time in the same dragged out four seconds of the most intense pleasure I've ever experienced, that pulled-almost gliding, sweet and sultry like thick amber honey. Again. For the third time. He came all the while too, reciprocating just the same. Each pulse was twice as incredible, twice as full. I squirmed, becoming louder and higher in pitch as he touched me, held his gently strong hands to my chest. One last thrust in, and a wave; a second-wind as strong as a hurricane took me. I came everywhere, in orgasmic hysterics as I cried out, writhing in the incredible feeling. He came too, of course. He sighed a sharp, quick sigh of satisfaction, of pleasure, of exhaustion from being a little too in love. He pulled out, sliding out and collapsing down on the sweet grass next to me. we were both happily robbed of our breath, glad that it was held by the burglars who stole it. but still, I found the energy to roll to my side to kiss him once more before

breathing out I love you with that had the subtle musicality of a laugh, our fingers interlacing once again before we fell asleep to the warm breeze and the song of late afternoon in the summer.