

Our Cottage

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The first night on our honeymoon and there is no time for sleep.

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The small cottage stands out as a silhouette against the dark night, only distinguishable because the building is darker than the landscape around it. The car turns the corner onto a dirt road, and the now jerky headlights illuminate the building. A wooden door and glinting window sit beside a net of vines that weaves its way up the side of the white house and onto its roof. I look over at you, sitting on the seat beside me, and whisper, "We're here." I keep the car running and climb out to unlock the door and quickly survey the house. The only electricity I utilize is the ancient air conditioner below the windows. Instead of flipping on the incandescent bulbs, I opt to employ candles as an alternative light source, and soon the orange glow can be seen through the windows. I retreat and turn off the car, rushing around to your side to open the door and let you carefully step out. I swoop you up in my arms and celebrate a small but significant success as I manage to maneuver you through the open doorway. The cottage's interior is small and appropriately decorated, mimicking the forest appeal of the outside world while still retaining the modern appeal. I kick the door shut behind us and quickly bring you through the quaint kitchen and living area. When we enter the bedroom, you giggle and wrap your arms around my neck in delight. A king size bed takes up most of the room's space and covering the bed and floor boards, at your request, are deep red rose petals. I lay you down gently on the comforter and step back to survey you. The top of your wedding dress clings to your breasts and waist, hinting at what lies beneath. The neck of the dress swoops gently, revealing your collar bone and a small bit of cleavage, exaggerated because you are on your back. In contrast, the bottom of your dress fans out and makes no attempt what so ever to conform to your body shape. I kick off my black dress shoes and socks and climb on top of you. Peering down, my gaze is returned by two round, green eyes staring up at me. The candle's glow slightly alters your appearance: I know how white your skin is, very fair like mine, but in this setting it looks a shade darker. The position of the candle on the bedside dresser sends shadows across your face, making your rosy lips and cute nose more prominent. "I love you," I say. You blush and the corners of your lips turn upwards. "I love you too." Except my feet, I am still in the full tuxedo from the wedding ceremony. You flirt with your eyes as your hands reach for my tie, and you pull my down into you. Our lips meet for a short, excited kiss. Your lips rise up to meet mine again; this time our lips fit together like puzzle pieces. My soft, moist tongue probes at your mouth, delving deeper into it once you open up to it. As our tongues dance

against each others, I can feel the bulge in my pants beginning to grow and press against you. You feel it too and smile, reaching down to rub it gently, causing the head to tingle and turning the bulge into a full blown erection. I return to kissing you for just a little while longer, and unabashedly begin grinding slowly against your body. I slide off and move to the end of the bed. I see your head poke up curiously as you watch me slide off your heels. You grin when I begin to massage the arch of your aching foot but your head drops to the pillow in relaxation when I move upward to the pad. I massage and tug on each toe, and do the same to the other, before sliding my hands upward and rubbing your knee. My lips meet with your thigh and my hand soon follows suit, molding, kneading, and spreading the skin beneath it. My teasing becomes simply too much for you and you spring into a standing position. Grabbing my tie once again you lift the skirt of your dress and yank my head down under it. When you release me and the dress, I am in world of snowy white with only your legs on either side of me. I start by finding the waistband of your pantyhose and rolling them down and off, exposing your smooth thighs and calves. My eyes dart upward to the sexy lingerie you put on for the occasion; your dampness is clearly evident through the material. I raise my head and caress the lacy crotch of your thong with my tongue. My hands grip the waistband and tug upward, dragging the material against your pussy lips and clitoris. Then, in a slow but deliberate motion, I pull them down and off. Your pussy lips are now exposed to the air and they look perfect: the skin is smooth and shaven down your mound, leading up to the soft flesh of your labia, separated by the cleft made by your hole. My lips mash against your labia, first playfully licking and kissing, tugging gently on your pussy lips with my teeth, teasing your clit by flicking it with the tip of my tongue. But as more and more of your juice floods my mouth my movements become more and more impassioned. Hungrily I lap at your pussy, shoving my tongue as far up into your hole as I can get it, which is unfortunately not far enough. My hands find your ass cheeks. I spread them, squeezing them as I do so, and then pull it towards my face to aid my efforts. I return to your clit, rolling it softly while I insert a finger up inside you. I plunge my digit in and out of you, then two fingers. This goes on for sometime before you pull away, leaving me out of breath. You help me to my feet, lifting my suit jacket off and unbuttoning my white shirt midway down my chest. You kneel on the ground in front of me and begin to unbuckle my belt. The pressure at my waist is suddenly relieved when you drop my pants and boxers to the ground, letting my seven inch penis bounce free, inches from your waiting face. Around it, what trimmed hair there is sticks close to my body while below my hanging balls do quite the opposite. You smile up at me and plant a delicate kiss against the flushed head. Your lips slowly encase it and I can feel you tongue probing at the sensitive skin, flicking the slit. You bend down lower and lick from the base to the tip then back again. Then you attempt to encompass the whole of my dick in your mouth, stopping and gagging just two inches from my stomach. Recovering, you slide your head back and forth on my shaft. I shut my eyes as your head bobs, and soon the pleasurable feeling leaves me grasping you by the hair for more. I thrust into your mouth and my balls repeatedly smack your chin until you gag again. Then without hesitation you wrap your lips over one of my balls and begin to suck on them until I tell you I have had enough. I help you to your feet then go down myself when you jump me and drag me down onto the bed. Giggling, you sink your teeth into my neck and excitedly remove my shirt. You

remain in your wedding dress however; I feel the lacy material scratch against my naked body. You raise the skirt of your dress and kneel over me, obscuring both of our crotches underneath it. I feel the lips of your pussy tease the top of my cock while you hover, and then slowly you lower yourself onto it, jaw dropping as my hard rod works its way into you. When you reach the base you lie down onto me and return your lips to my neck while you begin bobbing up and down on my dick. Your slippery pussy slides up and down, dripping juice down onto my balls. I whisper for you to go faster and you obey, speeding up and making the entire length of my cock pulse and tingle. I order you to continue again, and you complain that this is the fastest you can go. I remedy that by moving out from under you and bending you over doggy style, exposing your bald mound and ass cheeks for my viewing pleasure. Your dress flies up over your head and I help it along, pinning your head and arms immobile inside a world of white. Then I return to your vagina and without warning continue fucking it. As I pound away my hand reaches around to stimulate your starving clit, sending lightening all over your body and causing you to buck your hips. Your gasps tell me you're getting close and I fuck your brains out, suddenly feeling you tense beneath me. The soft walls on all sides of my dick contract and press inward in one long drawn out orgasm, until suddenly all pressure is released. I do not stop but slow, and then eventually pull out. Flipping your limp body over, I see you smile as content but encouraging me to continue. I once again kneel over you and this time pull down your dress, exposing your large, round breasts. I suck on them eagerly, running my tongue all up and down the soft skin, flicking the nipples with my tongue. Once sufficiently hard I nibble on them; your breathing quickens. I bite down; a soft gasp escapes your throat. My hands cup and rub them gently while my lips massage your nipples, waiting for your arousal to peak once more. Soon the familiar lubrication returns to your lower half. "I'm fully wet again," you smile slyly, reaching down to squeeze my throbbing member. "Let's finish you off." I don't hesitate to take you up on that offer, but first lift your dress completely off and throw it across the chair at the side of the bed. Finally, you are completely naked and I savor the view: your waist is smooth and lean, breasts falling away from you on either side, and legs crossed teasingly. I spread them gently and sink down to press into your soft skin. I feel your hard nipples press against my chest and my dick slides into your raised hips with ease, returning to the warm liquid. I begin to thrust into you again and feel you wrap your smooth legs around me, feet meeting atop my ass cheeks. I make out with you again, sliding my tongue against yours as I fuck you harder and harder, quickly approaching my goal. My rock hard cock is throbbing and I feel pressure building at the base. "I'm going to cum!" I moan into your mouth. You manage to get out a breathless, "no!" and coming to my senses I pull out, just in time to explode jets of milky white cum all over your breasts and stomach. You feel the warm liquid drip down and pool on your navel. I survey your beautiful, cum drenched body for only a few moments before I collapse down onto it in exhaustion. My breathing slows after a few minutes and you roll over on top of me. Your lips sink down into mine and between that, your hot naked body, and the cum plastered between our bodies I feel myself stiffen against your thigh. "I'm already getting hard again," I laugh. "I know", you smirk. "I can feel it. Good thing too, because you and I have a long night ahead of us still." Dedicated to my lover, she knows who she is.