

# Paris In The Spring

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**With the exception of Paris In The Spring, my stories are based on actual event, although some of the names have been changed. In all cases, the copyright remains mine.**

*A story written for a lover*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/paris-in-the-spring.aspx>

The story below is a fantasy written for my current girlfriend a couple of years ago.

She had to go for a 3-day business trip to Paris, we'd been together 3 months by then, and it was hot and it was rough and yet gentle, but there was one place I hadn't been allowed, and I was utterly gagging for her there! I thought a little story might help - the kind of thing she'd enjoyed me writing before, but with an added extra, with just enough detail missing so that her mind could wander wherever it wanted :)

So, I slipped this story onto her laptop before she left, and sent her a text telling her where to look just after the Eurostar set off. In case you're wondering, it worked!

(As far as the description of Paris went, she said it really was complete fantasy - it was a dump covered in litter!)

Anyway, he were go. This may be enjoyed more by a female reader, as it was written for a woman to read- either way, comments appreciated. This is my second submission to LushStories.

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The daffodils are still out as we walk hand in hand from the station to our Hotel for the start of our weekend. We dump our stuff and have a look round, take a trip on the Metro down to the Champs Elyse, doing all the touristy things. I hold your hand, sometimes putting my arm round you holding you close. I spot a sale on in a very exclusive looking shop...I'm not a rich man, but I love to get you things that make you smile, and when we spot the perfect purple evening dress I beg you to try it on. You look SO good in it...I buy it without hesitation...it's still expensive, but I let you know you're well worth it.

We'd planned to see a concert in the early evening, and we head back in plenty of time. We shower together, I rub your back, you rub mine. You tease me a little, giving me a hint of what a lucky boy I might be later. You're just about to start getting dressed when I hand you a present; yes, more underwear! It's the softest underwear you've ever felt; you slip the soft lace thong on, and it feels almost invisible. You glance at yourself in the mirror....pretty hot! You put the bra on and I help you with the clasp at the back of the dress. Not a single VPL or line in sight...just the dress clinging to your curves. By this time I'm ready too, and we head off to the concert.

I've managed to get us two good seats at the last minute, and when it finishes at 9, I tell you I have another surprise: a romantic evening cruise on a Bateau Mouche down the Seine . We board the boat with all the other couples and take a glass of champagne each. As the last of the evening light finally fades and the stars begin to twinkle like your eyes, the temperature begins to drop. You feel the cool air caressing your curves, just faintly aware of the soft lines of your thong defining the curves of your delectable derriere making you feel so sensual and womanly, and your nipples become sensitive and aroused as I kiss the back of your neck and put my jacket over your shoulders to keep you warm, letting my hands follow your curves as I wrap my arms around you.

We kiss for a while, and before we know it, it's midnight and we're back on land having been entertained by the music and each other.

We're quite near the hotel and we take a moonlit walk back. I hold the door open..."apres vous, mon

cherie!". It's nice and warm back in our room. You step out onto the balcony to watch the busy city below. I bring us another glass of champagne and run my fingers through your hair. You shiver with anticipation as I skilfully unclasp the back of your dress and it falls to the floor. I see you there in the moonlight, every tiny hair on the back of your neck standing on end; you are covered in goosepimples, not with cold but with anticipation. Your breathing is quivering slightly and we find each others mouths and kiss deeply but gently. For a while I just savour the taste of your soft lips, your warm mouth, our moist tongues caressing in each other's mouth. I don't know how long we are kissing for, it must be ages, but time means nothing now. Our balcony has one of those heated umbrellas and a big old candle in an ornate wine bottle, with wax forming contorted sculptures crafted by the tears of a melting candle. I light both, and sit back down facing you, when you unbutton my shirt, sit back in your chair and slowly stroke your feet up and down my torso. Not long before you let them drift down below my belt, and my state of arousal becomes very clear to you. You tease for a while, as I gaze into your eyes which reflect the dancing flames of the candle like diamonds.

I think how young and pretty you look, how bright your eyes are, and how lucky I am.

You grab the legs of my trousers and tug them in a "come hither" manner, and I draw the chair as close to yours as it will go. We kiss again, and you push me away so I am sitting back in my chair. I close my eyes as you unzip me, stroke me lovingly, and I feel your warm excited breath as you close your mouth around my manhood and start to caress it gently. This was something you'd not really done for your own pleasure before, but something about tonight is different...you are so sensitive and relaxed; you can almost feel the moonlight on your bare back. I run my fingers through your hair and you explore me, finding out what complete control you have over me like this.

For a short while, you're lost in your own little world, caught up in the intimacy. We kiss again and finish our champagne. You get up, and nibble my earlobe as you tell me "my turn now!". You feel good, knowing what you want, knowing that you can ask for what you want, knowing you'll get it.

I lead you by the hand into the bedroom, push you back onto the bed, pin your shoulders down and kiss you firmly - this is my domain now, I'm in charge. You want me to be firm, sure, dominant and in control and you feel completely helpless and at my mercy, but you feel safe and re-assured. You look so delicate in your lace thong, and by this time all I am wearing are a tight pair of boxer shorts. You wrap your legs round me, drawing me close to you. You feel my firmness right between your legs.

(As you read this, your legs part a little and your left hand finds its way down. You start to gently rub, as only you know how, imagining me there.)

I kiss your neck, whisper "I want you" and start my meandering journey down.

Now your fingers are running through my hair as I kiss your soft breasts, taking your sensitive nipples into my mouth. As I do so, you feel that tingling as if your nipples are connected in some way to another place, and you become aware of being so wet. As my mouth reaches the top edge of your thong, you feel me grasp it with my teeth and you shudder with anticipation and excitement as you become totally naked. You grab the pillow behind your head and grip it firmly. This is just perfect - your soft skin is being illuminated by the flickers of candle-light, and you succumb to the Parisienne "je ne c'est quoi". Finally, you are enjoying you, being you, enjoying me enjoying you. My lips and tongue touch you so delicately there, I take you right to the edge so many times. Like a lazy bumblebee in summer, I taste your nectar and kiss your rosebud. I am enjoying this so much, but you cannot bear it any more. Inside you a raging fire of passion is burning and only one thing can quench it.

I move back up to face you, and you gasp as I enter you. It feels like I will never stop; and then we start our gentle dance of love, moving rhythmically, sometimes together, sometime opposing. Our hands are caressing each other's bodies as we move, the soft sheets and mattress under you giving a little as my strokes increase. You grab the wrought iron header of the bed and feel the coldness on your hands as the sweat from our bodies glistens. I am finding places inside you you never knew existed and you feel the beginnings of an unstoppable moment welling up deep inside you. I sense your breathing get quicker and shallower and we move faster now; every single nerve of your body tingles, and you feel that my moment is drawing near too. This is our night, our moment. Nothing between us, just your body and mine. You feel amazing, and I start to feel you contract around me. I feel immense inside you, you want me, I want you. We are as one.

We come.

Together.

It's like nothing either of us have ever felt before. You feel me inside, wave after wave of gushing warmth. I give you every single drop of what I have and it seems like in that one moment our lives have become complete, collapsing together onto the bed for a long hug. No words are spoken, none need be. Your head on my chest, my fingers in your hair; this is contentment.

Strangely, we feel so alive, not tired at all. I have no idea of the time, it doesn't matter. We go to the bathroom and I fill the large marble bath with hot water and some luxurious bubble bath. I light a few candles and place them around and we wash each other and talk for a while.

You feel different tonight...something has changed. Your inhibitions have melted away and as you stroke me while I massage your back, you tell me that you're ready to be mine completely. I know you are ready too.

The bath is one of those big oyster shape sunken baths, and you move round so that you're now leaning on the side of the bath, your bottom just out of the water. I run my finger down from the nape of your neck and follow the contours of your body. Now there is only gentleness; there is no dominance or control - this is a time for learning from each other. I gently caress and stroke your bottom, washing bubbles over it, your sensitive skin feeling every single bubble bursting, the warm water washing down the contours. The musky scent of the candle and the invigorating vapours of the aromatherapy bath oils make you almost light-headed.

I kiss the back of your neck, and you feel me, hard and hot, brushing against the sensitive skin of your delightful derriere. Excuse me for calling it that again, but it is the very definition of perfection.

We dry off and I carry you to the bed, placing you on it so gently that it feels like you have hardly landed. Your head sinks into the pillow and you smile at me. You look deep into my dark, penetrating eyes looking for trust and love, and you find it endless quantity. I spent a moment preparing you for this, my hands soft and warm and gentle.

"I want you, I want to be yours completely".

"I want you so much too", I tell you. You lift your legs a little and place them on my shoulders. Our eyes never break contact.

You are so ready, so open to me, and it feels so natural as I enter your most secret, intimate place, effortlessly but slowly, very slowly and gently. We look for re-assurance in each others eyes, and as I reach the hilt of my stroke, you feel utterly fulfilled. Such a strange feeling, more spiritual than sexual. Utter and complete trust and intimacy. I put my arms under your bottom and raise you off the bed slightly, changing the angle of me inside you such that you feel as if I am everywhere. Just the gentlest of movements, rhythmic and repeated. Something deep inside you wells up quickly and washes over you like a wave of soft kisses, like a warm breeze through your very soul. Your body tenses momentarily as we reach our moment together once more; unable to explain the feeling to yourself, unable to understand how an emotion can be so deep. We hold each other and fall asleep in each others arms, in a restful and loving contended sleep. As you dream, you know I am the one.

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The next morning, you wake to the smell of breakfast, coffee and the fresh flowers I ordered room service to bring. I pass you your coffee and croissants and we sit in bed and eat them while we watch some nonsense on French TV. The sun is streaming in through the window, the sky is a perfect cloudless blue. This is bliss.

We talk about the day for a bit - some museums and galleries you wanted to see, and perhaps taking some pictures of each other, and some of us together, as we have done in cities around the world, falling in a love a little more with each place and each other. We're just laying back, looking at the patterns in the plaster on the ceiling, half a bottle of champagne and some orange juice left over from breakfast. I do some silly French accent and mention the scene from Team America, suggesting that we'd probably best get to the louvre before the twatting Americans mess it up!

You giggle and sigh, then our heads turn together, our eyes meet, and you kiss me, softly at first. After last night, after that thing we did for the first time, after the intensity of a closeness you never even believed possible, you feel totally mine. Every cell in your body wants to cry out 'I belong to you and I love it and I love you! - take me!'.

I am caught utterly by surprise as you pull my hair hard and climb on top of me.

'So? Are you just going to lie there or are you going to fucking fuck me, you cunt?'

As you say that last word, so slap me hard across the face, leaving my cheek stinging. I look stunned for a second, then I see a fire burning in your eyes that I've never felt before. The slap of your hand smarting on my cheek brings me into sharp focus.

'You want to play rough then? Is that what you fucking want?' I ask.

You've been sitting astride me, my cock flat against my chest, the tip rubbed against your clit as you moved. I grab your buttocks and roughly manhandle you and thrust myself hard and deep inside you. You gasp at how ready you were for that. But suddenly, I'm out of you, pushing you back. Suddenly, we both feel a primeval animal lust burst forth. It had been building over the last few months, and it came to a head with such intensity as you clawed my back. I pull your hair so hard it almost hurts, and yet it gives you a rush like a drug. We roll around the big bed making animalistic noises. I push your hands back, restraining you with such strength you could do nothing even if you wanted to. I take a big swig of the champagne, you open your mouth wide, and I trickle it into your mouth from mine. You feel fierce, your body burns and aches in frustration. You need a release.

'Fuck me. Please fuck me. Just....fuck....my....cunt...NOW!' you beg.

You look down at my raging hard cock. It's bigger than you've ever seen it. That's all you can think

about, the key to your release. The key that fits your lock so well.

Instead, I turn you over on your front and grasp your waist and pull it up so your face is flat in a soft pillow, your knees on the bed, but your bottom up in the air. You feel utterly exposed to me. My big hand rains down unexpectedly hard on one cheek. This is the first time anyone's ever slapped your bottom. You thoroughly deserve it, you know you do. It stings and you whimper as another blow rains down on your oily, shiny smooth cheeks.

'Is....that...what...you....like?' I ask, slapping hard with each blow. I grip your hair roughly, pulling your face up from the pillow, turning your face to me. Sweat is pouring down your face as you kiss me hard. I turn you to face the headboard. You raise yourself up on your hands as I push your legs wider apart. You are so open for me, so wet. For a moment, you are focussed on the adrenaline from being slapped so hard, having your hair pulled so hard. Right now, there is expectation for what seems an eternity. I'm not touching you, you wait, and then it comes.

I enter you so fast and hard. You hear a squelch and then a searing sensation as I almost tear you apart I'm so big. As I slam up against your cervix, making it hurt so fucking good, you bite your lip hard.

'Oh God, too much, too deep', you plead.

Staying firmly within you, I roll us over so I am on my back with your back against my manly chest. You feel me biting the back of your neck as you throw your head back as I thrust. You start to lose yourself, lose control of yourself. You hear yourself saying things, you feel the sweat between us, you smell the scent of our sex. You are on a high you've never felt before. And then the orgasm begins as I hit your g-spot. A climax building from so deep deep within you. Not just within your body, within your very soul. Tears of happiness run down your face, you sob uncontrollably as wave after wave of release gushes over you. I start to rub your clit hard.



You feel soaking wet, and suddenly you feel a trickling running down between our legs, the realisation that you have become such a sexual entity, so wrapped up with lust, with us, that your golden liquid, tasting of a mixture of champagne and you, is trickling from you. The thought of having lost control and peeing as you come is just too much. You cry out a long, guttural primeval scream as you feel me coming too. You feel endless waves of my come surging deep inside you as your body spasms. Your hands reach behind and you grip my hair as you turn your head back to kiss me, and I taste the salt from your tears and sweat.

You collapse.

I hold you close.

Wave after wave of aftershock ripples across you.

Today has just changed everything. We are animals that just mated for life.