

# Cycling in Spain

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*How my trip round Spain got spiced up*

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Whilst cycling around the coast of Spain, not too long ago, I met a girl who obviously had a similar passion. Or at least who was going in the same direction! Every few hours I would stop for a break, to stretch and eat, she would fly past me on her bike, always with a big smile for me. Then, once I got going again, I would inevitably pass her taking a break. It took me a while to pluck up the courage to stop and say hello; let's face it, she was incredibly sexy! Long muscular legs clad in black cycling shorts, a short white t-shirt offering glimpses of her toned stomach and hinting at the outline of small but pert breasts, but to top off her look, just longer than shoulder length, wavy red hair that seemed to have a life of its own. She would have a braid each side of her face, to keep it out of her eyes, but otherwise, it seemed like wild fire in the wind. My broken Spanish and her few words of English coupled with lots of pointing at a map, had us agreeing we were both taking the same route for the next few days. So after our break, we set off again, this time together, but first, I noticed, she quickly adjusted her seat. It seemed I was used to cycling at a slightly faster pace, so I dropped back letting Teresa, as her name turned out to be, go in front. As it happened, this gave me an amazing sight of her round bum. Stretching at the thin fabric of her cycling shorts, her buttocks were mesmerising. The uphill climbs were torture for me, she would lift her bum from the saddle, powering the pedals harder, but this only served to allow me to glimpse the outline of her pussy lips from behind, her muscled buttocks swaying side to side with each pedal stroke. With the sun on our backs, I could make out her white and black spotted knickers hugging her mesmerizing buttocks. More than once I came close to crashing into her. She had me horny as hell, pre-cum making a mess in my shorts. The next break we took after a couple more hours in the saddle. We sat very close together, our bare legs touching each other as we tried to communicate. Teresa was very amicable; she liked to touch my arm as we talked, laughing heartily and smiling continuously. We managed to understand that we were both having a few months away from life, we liked music and films, and just being quiet, but that is as deep as it went. Personally I was here because I wanted time by myself, so it kind of worked out nice that I had company without the constant need for inane chatter. Ready to gear up for another few hours of cycling, I turned to find Teresa standing very close to me, smiling yet saying nothing. She simply kissed me full on the mouth, finishing with a little bite and suck of my bottom lip. I was stunned into silence, she simply laughed at my obviously shocked expression as she turned to her bike, briefly

adjusting the seat once more. We rode along side by side as much as possible from this point, pretending to swerve at each other and giggling like kids. The stretch of road we were on was quite deserted, bordered by unspoiled beaches and rolling sand dunes. We both were distracted by the beauty of it and agreed to stop somewhere very soon. We found the perfect spot, sheltered from the cool breeze by a small clump of trees, away from the road with a panoramic view of a secluded bay. I got my two-man tent out to make it easier to suggest I would camp here tonight and she should do likewise. After much head scratching and failed understanding, she showed me a bunch of hotel receipts, the towns I recognised as being about a day's ride apart; she was obviously working on a different sort of budget to me! I think I had managed to get her to agree that she could share the tent with me tonight; I had a few microfibre blankets to keep us both warm. Tent up, I got my cooking gear ready to get energy back for tomorrow. Teresa was admiring the view of the ocean, stretching her arms high above her head. Her short t-shirt lifted, revealing her back and allowing me a long lingering look at her round bum. I got up close behind her and slid my hands round onto her toned stomach. Teresa simply leaned back into me, her hands landing on top of mine. I kissed the soft skin of her neck, her curls caressing my cheek, causing her to let out appreciative moans. She lifted one of my hands high up under her t-shirt, my thumb touching the bottom of her bra, the other hand she slid slowly down, over her shorts to her pubic mound. I could feel her hairy bush through the fabrics, my cock already starting to grow. I have never known a girl to be so turned on so quickly, she rubbed her buttocks against my growing shaft, allowing me to slide my hand onto her breasts. I grabbed the soft flesh roughly through her bra, pinching her nipple between my thumb and finger making her gasp breathlessly. Her pert breast fit perfectly in my hand. I pulled her back against me, my cock fully hard and being expertly stroked by these Latin buttocks. I let my other hand slip lower, my fingertips already touching wetness. She was soaking already! She had soaked through her knickers and her shorts. I could not resist, I cupped her pussy fully, hooked a finger under to feel her slushy quim. She all but fell back against me, breathing heavy, and cumming quickly with a sensuous moan. Teresa grabbed my hands to stop me whilst she caught her breath, holding them immobile. I was wondering why she came so quickly when she reached behind and grabbed my cock, causing me to gasp this time. She held my hand tight against her soaking pussy as she rubbed me through my shorts, not allowing my fingers to move. I pulled her bra down so I could feel the soft flesh of her breast and tease her nipple properly. I rolled it between my fingers, so hard and small. Teresa continued to work my cock through my shorts, rubbing faster the more I pulled at her nipple under her t-shirt. Gradually releasing her grip on my other hand, I very slowly and lightly stroked a fingertip over the material, my finger sliding between her pussy lips. I had to taste her, she felt so wet it was unbelievable. I kissed behind her neck, under her wild hair, she simply tipped her head to the side to let me kiss further. Reluctantly, I stopped my fingers working slowly on her soaked crotch so I could pull down her t-shirt a little, wetly kissing down her spine. I could smell her juices on my fingers and allowed myself a quick lick – pure heaven. Crouching down slowly behind her, Teresa had to release her grip on my throbbing cock. My hands were all over her back and sides as I kissed my way round the dimples in small of her back. Now facing her beautiful buttocks, I tugged down her cycling shorts, her knickers

almost coming with them. The soft skin of these perfect peaches framed in white knickers with black skulls on them, they had come down enough to see the cleft between her buttocks, I could feel my cock dribbling pre-cum now. Teresa arched her back, causing her bum to angle more toward me; I kissed each cheek before biting playfully, Teresa giggling and gasping appreciatively. Kissing towards the middle, I moved her knickers slowly out of the way so I could lick the where her buttock met her thigh, smiling at the few hairs that I found there. She started to lean forward, obviously enjoying the attention her bum was getting. Her soaked gusset presented to me I buried my face between her buttocks, sucking and licking at her saturated knickers. She must have been horny all day! I had never tasted anything so divine. Pulling her knickers down slowly they stuck to her pussy, leaving sticky trails as I peeled them away. I left them so I could carry on licking, this time directly from her hairy-lipped snatch. I realised now my own shorts were close to soaking, I feared I may even cum just from the horniness of the situation. Teresa bent over in the open air, just twenty metres from the road, me kneeling behind her, face buried in a flooded paradise. I started on her clit, flicking my tongue roughly across it before licking back up to her opening, letting my tongue delve deep into the folds and wetness. Drawing back to take in the beautiful sight; her soggy knickers just under her bum, her hairy pussy a mess of her own juices and my saliva, I could feel my cock twitching. I went back to sucking her clit, catching it between my teeth, and letting it slip out. Sucking her hairy lips into my mouth, my tongue lapping up her juices then thrusting my thick tongue inside her, pushing more juices out, she started to shake slightly. Her reaction had me even hornier, my tongue working overtime, I lost myself and licked higher, up to her tight little bumhole, my hands gripping her buttocks securely. She let out a shout as she came, almost collapsing and squirting a tiny bit into my waiting mouth. This almost tipped me over the edge, I stood up quickly, pulling my shorts down, my dripping cock ready to explode. I pulled Teresa to me, thrusting my cock under her soaked pussy, I managed a few strokes against her burning lips until I exploded against her making even more mess as I shot burst after burst of thick cum into her knickers. I held her body to mine as we both caught our breath. Finally she pulled her knickers back up, the thought of the mess that had now developed there had my now flaccid cock twitching all over again. She took me by the hand as I struggled to pull my shorts back up and dragged me toward the tent, muttering something about a siesta. We crawled inside and collapsed on our backs in a post orgasmic haze. I may have dozed off briefly, only to awake to the sight of Teresa's crotch in those messy knickers as she straddled my face, and the feel of her hands and hot mouth around my cock... ..but that is too much to be carried on in one episode! I hope I have time to write what happened next, and to let you in on Teresa's naughty secret of why she was always so wet!