

Making the most of the mishap

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An unsuccessful canoeing (mis)adventure has unexpected, steamy results.

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Adrian gave up and left the side of capsizing canoe, choosing instead to concentrate on getting them both to shore. Elena swam, feeling silly. Her retro, canvas pants filled with water and she had to kick free of her wellies to save herself from drowning. In a few minutes they'd made it to the safety of the mud on the riverbank, sprawling on the blackground to catch their breath. Adrian wiped his hippie locks out of his eyes, succeeding in dragging silt across his forehead. Elena laughed, tilting back her head as the absurdity of the whole, sorry situation caught up with her. Ripples of giggles came and went. Adrian eyed her suspiciously. He gathered her up in his arms, so close she could smell the mud on his face, it made her want to laugh more but she swallowed. He was looking at her wolfishly, like he wanted to inhale her, whole. "We're idiots". Elena said as she wriggled around, sodden and beginning to chill. "It could have been much, much worse." He pulled her to him and kissed her. Unlike the rest of her body, the inside of her mouth was hot and eager. She grasped his wet shirt and heaved herself over so she was lying on top of him. Adrian stopped kissing to tickle her underarms and she squealed. They rolled. He pinned her beneath his much larger form and from there, he began to disrobe her, wrestling determinedly with her heavy, wet clothes. The canvas pants almost tore at her skin as they slid off. It was a relief to be free of them. Adrian grabbed her little feet, squeezing her toes. "Your shoes?" "A sacrifice, to the River-God." She joked, wriggling. She held out her arms, grateful for the warmth of this body. Their clothing made soggy sounds as it fell away around them. Adrian's sodden hat went first, and then his vest, shirt and finally they succeeded wrestling him free of his jeans. Both were now muddy and breathing hard. Elena's nipples sat like cherries on the cupcakes of her delectable, small breasts. In the guise of warming her, Adrian filled his hands with her flesh, pinching and finally, taking one in his mouth, silt, grit and all. Elena sighed, pleased beyond measure. She grabbed his cock in her hands and massaged its head. He grunted onto her chest. Elena moved the foreskin back and felt around his helmet as he shifted to allow her better access. She made better use of the moment, cupping his balls. Her small, cold hands shocked his scrotum and he pulled away in surprise. Elena giggled and held on, rolling the egg-like toys around in her palm. Adrian stopped playing with her nipple and greased her mouth once more with his heated kisses. She again took his throbbing cock in her hands. "Don't stop." Adrian rubbed the length of her side with his big, warm hand. The little lady attending to his penis made him crazy. He

panted in the breaks between their kisses, desperately diving for her tongue. He tasted of chocolate and aniseed. In one movement, Adrian clamped his hands on her small hips and bodily lifted her, rolling as he went. She sat on top of him. Her new vantage point brought a chill with it and her whole body broke into goose bumps. "Oh" She said in her best pitiful voice. Adrian shoved his thumb into her pussy and she grinned, the weather forgotten. Elena bucked her hips. "Do you think we'll get it back?" "What?" His voice was thick, his eyes unfocused. While he played with her nub, Elena rubbed the length of her wet pussy along his pole. "The canoe." "Forget it." Adrian sat forward, straining to meet her lips. He crunched his abs, bending, he was the picture of male perfection. Dark hairs on his chest accentuated the finely honed muscle. Elena took his tongue gratefully, accepting her cue to quit talking. Playfully, she hopped off him, her knees sinking into the river sand. She grabbed at her singlet, twisting its moisture onto his penis, stunning him with water and washing him, simultaneously. Before Adrian could react Elena dropped her head and started to suck on his man meat. "Ah" He strained towards her. She slurped with enthusiasm and wiggled her rear, encouraging him to touch her sweetness. Elena arched like a cat, part of her mind concentrating on pleasuring her lover, the other part intent on seducing him to plunge his fingers into her pussy. She licked and slurped. Finally Adrian obliged. He strummed her dripping passage and she purred. Elena ran her tongue along his cock. She licked his balls. After a time she popped the whole thing into her mouth and deep-throated like a tigress. When she looked up, all she saw was Adrian's chin. His head must be buried in the river sand as he arched under her caress. Elena ran her hands along his thighs, felt his dick jump and swell. She licked around his head and sat up. "Let's do doggy" She wriggled and Adrian watched her. He sat up on his elbows, the curly hair on his head now caked in sand; his green eyes almost closed in desire. She dropped her hands into the silt and prepared her lithe body. Adrian stared at the peach of her sex, glistening with pussy juice. Whenever he moved, dark sand followed. Now it stuck to his leg hairs. He was oblivious, seeing nothing beyond the fine, pink snatch opened to him, her sweet, puckered pussy weeping for his aching cock. Adrian pulled her hips towards him; Elena mewed, arranging her feet. "Mmmm" She added as encouragement. Adrian drove it home. Her flower opened all over him, the warmest part of her, enveloping him. He ran his hands up from her waist to collect her breasts in his palms. He pushed. She pushed back. He pulled his cock free and re entered. Elena groaned. He reached around and stroked her clit. Inside her, the tiny muscles massaged him, jumping as he fingered her pussy. Elena eyed the sand, with each thrust she tried to keep her eyes open. The way his impressive cock stretched her and the feeling of him moving in and out made her only dimly aware of everything else. At one point she noticed her nose almost touching the silt. Strands of her black hair were coated in river sand and she didn't care. Nothing mattered, except the man inside her and the exquisite sensation of being fucked and filled. "Go... Harder?" She bit out. Adrian, obligingly, stepped up the pace. He rammed his pole home, his tip touching her cervix. "Oh." He repeated the action. "Yes!" Elena moaned. "Oh..." Adrian added. Her sweetness was so slippery he thought he might die from it. "My..." Adrian thrust into her, hard. "God." He found his target once again. Elena curled her pelvis in appreciation, changing their angle. "Again." He growled and she obliged. He grabbed at the flesh on her hips as he slapped her arse. He reached around once more

and strummed on her clit. Elena burst open and came with the intensity of a land mine. Inside her body the ripples of ecstasy took their sweet time abating. She rocked and wailed. Adrian pushed home in amongst her earthquake and she thought she might split in half. Elena screamed. Adrian kept fucking her, shaking. He flipped her over and drove in once more. His long hair stuck to his forehead. His green eyes glittered with a singular intensity. She reached up and brought his head down, at the same time lifting her hips to allow his cock better access. She tingled where they joined, in the comedown from her orgasm. "Gentle" she whispered as she drew his head close. He turned his head and mashed his lips into hers. His kiss took away the last of her energy. She was pliable, sated. He slowed his pace and the sensations intensified ten fold, his whiskers catching on the sides of her smile and his massive pole gliding to and fro. Elena let herself go, cumming once again, on his cock. Adrian smiled down at her. Then his expression hardened and he spilled his seed. Elena whooped, elated. She wrapped her legs around his waist. He sank onto her, not wanting to roll off, into the cold sand. She pushed him, giggling as they came apart and he plopped back into the mud. "We have to put those mucky clothes back on." He spoke once they had caught their breath. "No god no" Elena grinned at her lover. She rolled onto her side to admire how the water made him beautiful; his eyelashes stuck together, his hair hung in tendrils. "I'm going back naked." She joked, attempting to stand. Heaven help them, they were miles from anywhere. At her side, still lying down, Adrian wiped a trail of black mud down one of her legs, from thigh to shin. "Let's not go back yet." He grinned up at her, his green eyes catching the light. "When it's dark, fewer people will notice." "We'll be cold and hungry by then." Elena peered at the opposite shore. "Hungry, yes." He attempted to draw her back down beside him. "Cold? I can think of great ways to keep warm." He tugged on her bodily and she capitulated, sinking her arse back onto the riverbank. He rolled her on top of him, kissing her nose. "It starts" Adrian began playfully, "once more, with a kiss..."