

# Picture Perfect in Winter

By Hotfunpen

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*An offer accepted brings unexpected consequences.*

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Note: The description of the characters in this story have been altered to completely disguise their identity. You could have knocked me over with a feather when she said yes. I suppose it shouldn't have been a surprise. We had know each other for a couple of years and even though we had never met there was always an easy way that we spent our time together online. A little flirting I guess, but effortless and we seemed pillars of virtue in a sea of sex maniacs. Well, aside from the fact we agreed that we were both perverts and spent way too much time on story sites, we were fairly virtuous. I didn't ask what else she did online and she teased me about what I might or not not be doing. I've only had that kind of ease with one or two other people, so for me having her for company seemed like a great addition to what was already going to be a fantastic trip. God knows there is a ton of down time between and after the morning and evening landscape photo shoots. Her being away from work, as she had been for months, was the reason I'd asked if she wanted to come along on my photo trip in the first place. She could join me when I flew into Vancouver. I'd have a good car, a couple of nice hotels near Tofino on the Pacific coast of Vancouver Island and a knack for finding the best restaurants and wine bars. It would just be friends with a chance to get a change of scenery. But still, it was me asking so, for the record, I was shocked when she agreed. When I suggested a few ground rules she jumped at them. Separate beds, separate bills, no obligation to share time together and unless both agreed and we lost our minds at the same time, no sex. They weren't necessarily the rules I'd have imposed if left entirely to my own devices but I didn't want any pressure on either of us to make this trip into anything laden with expectations. I liked our relationship as it was and this confirmed that she did too. I had no doubt she feared the worst and while she didn't mention it, she must have had an escape plan. There is no way I would have signed on without one if I were her. But I guess once I described my wacky schedule of early morning and late afternoon shoots, she realized she would have a nice room to herself for hours at a time with her books and her laptop. And of course, beaches to wander and those imagined restaurants and wine bars. So here we were in a rental AMG C350 Mercedes sailing out the Trans Canada toward the Tsawwassen ferry. She looked great, very slim, short dark hair, black glasses, a lovely black skirt and shirt and sweater. She smelled even better. They say good company is the best shortcut and the ferry ride was over in the blink of an eye. The 4 hour drive up and across the island was the shortest I've ever had as well. It was like

traveling with one of my best buddies. Together we cursed drivers in other Mercedes who clearly didn't know how to drive, pondered the miracle of how Tennessee and the Giants were so high in the standings this season, agreed for over an hour, in detail, with examples, of why the CFL game is superior to the NFL game and laughed like hell at comedy on Sirius radio. Hell the only way I could tell I had a woman in the car was the three bathroom stops. One thing was clear, we both have elevated flirting to the status of an art form. Just like in our chats, we teased and flung innuendoes at each other to our hearts content. We set up in our hotel and then had a lovely late supper with too much wine in Tofino. Back in the room we fired up the gas fireplace and had a bit more wine and read by the fire. There was no awkwardness when we fell into our separate beds. At 5AM, head hammering from the wine, I dragged myself out of my bed and slipped out into the darkness to set up and wait for sunrise on the main beach. In the pattern I would have for the four days here in Tofino, I came back around 8:30 and quietly waited till she was up and around and we headed back into town for a late breakfast. I worked on my exposures from the morning most of the afternoon and she read and surfed on my iPad. She did spend a bit of time with me, watching how I teased detail and colour from the drab rainy morning's images. She looked beautiful leaning in looking over her glasses. I was back out shooting around the early winter sunset then picked her up for supper. No dressing up, a pretty good sign that she was comfortable with the activity and the ground rules. We did have a blast though. We met a bunch of people at the restaurant and went to a local wine bar with them. Again, time spent too easily with her and the evening ended with us sharing a couple of excellent single malt scotches. Day two went pretty much the same. She toyed with the idea of coming out with me for the evening shoot but I convinced her standing in one spot for two hours waiting for the clouds and sun to play nice was not high entertainment. She read. The third morning I slipped out onto the still dark landing at the top of the stairs that led down to the car and my breath was almost stopped by the cold. A wind had come up and it was a bit below freezing. I'd be dry in my rain kit but not very warm. I contemplated just going back in and slipping into bed but I had come a long way to be here for these mornings so I put my kit in the car and drove down to a high spot near Long Beach. As it brightened it was obvious things were not going to be great but I stuck it out. Between blowing on my fingers to keep them from freezing, keeping rain from running down my back and cleaning salt spray off my lens I got a couple of decent exposures. I fled back to the car and drove the few miles back to the hotel. The curtains were still closed when I got back so I took my rain gear off out on the deck and slipped into the room. She was still sleeping soundly. All I could see was a shock of short dark hair on the pillow above the comforter. I took my wet clothes off in my corner of the room and pulled on a robe to go into the bathroom and heat up in a hot bath. I was freezing. "Hey!" A heavy voice from her bed stopped me and turned me around. By the sliver of light coming in from the curtains I could see she was on her back in her bed completely covered up to her chin. But she had the comforter lifted and her leg was lain out on the sheet, cool looking, naked and so fucking inviting. A finger beckoned me and I walked over. Okay this is where I usually get completely stupid and entirely miss the intent of whatever is on offer. In this case I just stood frozen by indecision. She shook her head and said "Drop the robe and get in here Dummy, its getting cold" I slipped off the robe and dove under the comforter.

I slid over as she rolled onto her side and put her arms around me. She pulled me against her and I gasped. With my cold wet skin it felt like she was on fire. She gasped and pulled me tighter. All she had on was a pair of panties and her slim body was pressed against mine from my shoulders to my toes. I moaned a little and she shivered with my coldness as my hand slid from her shoulders, down her back to the top of the panties, skipped over them and rubbed down her thigh. I had never in my life felt anything as good as that woman felt in my arms at that moment. I slid my hand back, this time skimming lightly over the panty and then I trailed my nails lightly up and down her back a few times. The last time I pushed the waist of the panty down just enough to find the top of the crack of her lovely ass but I quickly flattened my hand and felt around her slowly. Her breathing was steady and she let out a long deep sigh as my hand roamed her back and hips. I reached over her until I found the hardness of her thigh bone, dug there for a second and rubbed around her side and up under her arm. To this point I was just in awe at the heat and feel of her body but when my fingers detected the rise of the side of her breast just under her armpit, my cock jumped and began to pound its way up from tiny cold guy to fully hard ready for action guy. Truly embarrassed when she didn't move or make a sound at the feel of it as my cock lifted and pounded up her inner thigh with each beat of my heart, I pulled my hips away from her and gently raked my nails up and down her back again. Another big sigh, this time sounding a bit like she was saying: "Do I have to do this by myself?" and she put her hands on my chest, rubbed over it and my nipples a couple times and pushed me onto my back. I slid my hands up into her short dark hair as she leaned in and kissed my neck just in that spot that becomes chest. She kissed once a bit lower, nipped me with her teeth, then started a slow series of kisses, each separated by her sliding down a bit lower in the bed. My hands left her soft hair and went up the headboard as she licked and sucked on my tummy just below my belly button. My cock was jumping and bouncing and finally I felt her warm fingers wrap themselves around me. I moaned and my hips raised into her hand. There was a soft "mmmm" sound and suddenly the head of my cock was in a fiery hot wet mouth. "Oh fucking hell, yesssss!" I moaned as she sucked hard on me and her tongue rolled all over the head of my cock. She slid her hand up and down my shaft a couple of times before pressing my cock against my tummy and licking down the fat vein, sucking on it and then licking back up before settling in licking just below the head of my cock. She lifted her leg over mine and as her hot panty pressed against my leg, scalding it, she sucked the head back into her mouth. My back arched and I roared as my cum suddenly filled her mouth. I couldn't believe I was cumming already. It was as if she was somehow pulling it from me rather than me shooting. Maybe it was because it had been so cold just moments before but I've never had an orgasm like it before or since. I felt like my cock was burning as it oozed and oozed and she almost imperceptibly sucked it and let it slide down her throat. I almost tore off the headboard as I gripped it and arched my back through the entire orgasm. Finally it stopped and she slid her mouth up onto my tummy and let the last of my cum slide out onto my skin. Her head lay on my lower chest and she fingers slid around in the cum for minute or so. Then she slid up and kissed the side of my neck. "Oh my God Babe, that was un-be-fucking-leavable," I half laughed. She chuckled too and kissed my neck again. I realized it would be a few minutes before I was ready for any kind of action again but I wanted badly to make her feel as

good as she had just made me. I slid my hand down onto her ass and moved down in the bed. "No, no, no," she said softly and pulled her hips away while lifting me back up by the chin. She kissed me softly on the lips before turning away from me in the bed. I rolled on my side and she spooned back into me, pushing her cute little ass into my crotch. She made a soft sound, half sigh, half moan. I wrapped her in my arms and I felt her breathing, still as slow and steady as when I got into the bed with her. Once again I was as confused as I was when I was 16 years old. At the feel of her, my erection returned then went away, at least a couple of times. My racing heart slowed until it steadied into a normal beat and I nodded off a few minutes later.