

It All Started With An Ice Cream Cone

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Continuation of my Weekend Away series, thanks for reading.

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She still couldn't believe she was here, with him making all of the fantasies they'd chatted about online for months come true. After a night in a hotel room exploring and learning each others bodies, he surprised her with an announcement to pack and that they were heading to the Cape for the rest of their fantasy weekend together. They stopped in Wellfleet to stock up on supplies and she noticed a small ice cream shop along the beach. She was always a sucker for great ice cream, her face lit up like a little girls' as he handed her a cone. They found a bench along the beach and sat down to eat ice cream and watch the waves. He quickly finished his cone and turned to watch her. "Holy shit," he thought as he watched her eat the cone – her tongue delicately licking the circumference of the creamy cone. He instantly hardened as her lips went down on the top of the cone. He remembered those lips on his cock. She continued the torture, slowly alternating between long licks and short swallows of ice cream. Her steely blue eyes watched him with every lick, she knew exactly what she was doing to him and it made the entire experience all the more delicious for her. The thought of her lips on him had her nipples perking up through her t-shirt and sending a strong signal to her aching pussy. She made him want her in ways he had never thought possible. 'Two can play at this game,' he thought. As she took a break between licks, he sneaked in and kissed her hard. The taste of the cream mixed with her was almost unbearable for him, he wanted to take her right there. He reached his hand between her thighs and rubbed the spot he'd come to know so well in a short time, he felt her wetness and desire. She couldn't help but moan at his touch. Taking advantage of this distraction, he took the rest of the ice cream cone in his mouth and finished it in a single bite. She pouted briefly and said, 'You're going to pay for that.' "Oh I intended to very soon, but I think you're the one who will be paying, naughty girl." She gave him a punch on the shoulder and began to laugh. Soon they arrived at the beach house he had rented – it was perfect - with a welcoming wrap-around porch with a comfy chaise lounge made for two, nestled into a quiet section of the beach. She could understand why he called it his happy place. She knew no matter what happened the rest of the weekend, it would always be her 'happy place' too. They unpacked quickly, grabbed a couple of beers and headed on the porch to watch the sun set over the water. He pulled her onto his lap and kissed her deeply, her insides stirred. She loved it. She loved his lips on hers, making her feel so desired, sexy and a little playful. And just like that she broke the kiss and took off running towards the water. It

didn't take him long to catch up with her, he scooped her up and walked to the ocean's edge. She watched him as he carried them deeper into the water, she knew what he was up to and gave him her best 'don't you dare try it' teacher stare. Too bad he was a grown man and not one of her students, the look didn't phase him. As soon as they were waist deep, he dropped her into the water. She wanted to be furious with him for getting her all wet, but the desire was too great. She stood up and he pulled her into his arms. She could feel his hard cock against her body, he lifted her and she wrapped her legs around his body. He began to kiss her again as he carried them both back to the house. This kiss was different – harder with more urgency and hunger and she felt those needs replicated in her body. She whimpered at the promises that were behind the kiss. He gently lowered her onto the lounge. He laid her back, following her he braced his body just above hers and took her mouth in his for another voracious kiss. He lowered himself between her legs and continued the kiss down her body. He paused for a moment and narrowed his deep blue eyes on her. "No more games, you are all mine now. I am going to make you cum and when you do I want you to scream my name." She was so turned on she could only murmur her agreement. His hands brushed down over her wet shirt and when they reached the edge he slowly lifted it off her body. He raised her hips and yanked her shorts down. He couldn't believe how beautiful she looked naked in the moonlight. As he stared at her, she stared back and said, "Baby, I can't wait any longer – I need you now." That begging nearly undid him, but he remembered his promise of paybacks – he took his hard cock in his hand and used it to gently rub her pussy and said, "Tell me what you want?" And she responded, "I want you to fuck me with your hard cock." "Not good enough, I want you to beg for it." "God, please, baby – I need you to fuck me now... I need that hard cock inside me...please." He couldn't hold out any longer, he shoved his hard cock into her tight wet pussy. She cried out as he entered her – her pussy squeezing him in pleasure, taking him deeper inside. "More," she cried. He responded, thrusting deeper inside, pounding her pussy harder. Her pussy was clenching, tightening around his cock. She was so tight, it felt like a fist knotted around him. He loved the way she felt – flexing and milking. She wanted him so much. "Oh god, Robert! Don't fucking stop! I'm cumming!" He lost all control as he felt her pussy become even more wet, vibrating around his cock as her orgasm ripped through her. He pounded her harder, fucking her with everything he had left as he reached his own peak and collapsed on her. They laid together there – her pussy milking the last bits of cum from his cock, their breathing slowly coming back to normal, kissing gently and deeply. As he withdrew from her, she said, "You can pay me back like that anytime." "Oh, I'm not done with you yet." He pulled her up and laid her down on her stomach and gave her ass a swat. "We aren't even close to being done yet, get on all fours, I want to fuck that ass." She wasn't used to a man taking this much control. She nearly came in anticipation of what he would do next.