

Ten Years Gone

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The best night with the girl I love...

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I've been to Paris several times before this, but only now do I understand why it deserves to be called the City of Lights. Maybe it's the warmth of the gentle summer breeze, maybe it's the lingering darkness of the deep red wine on our tongues, but more likely it's the beauty of the girl on my arm who makes the Parisian night shine. As she turns to face me, I can see the flashes of the monuments going off reflected on her left eye, and the glow of Sacre-Coeur in her right. Raising her wine glass to me, Felicity speaks once again over the bustle of the city below. "To five years of us," she smiles, her ring reflecting the sparkle below, and I repeat: "Five wonderful years." The glasses chime, and the last of the wine makes its way down our throats. Gathering up the glasses, and the remains of our pastry dessert, we begin our descent into the warmly lit streets of Montmartre arm in arm. All the way back to our hotel, we talk excitedly of the next few days: the Musee d'Orsay and no more of the Louvre than we feel like, walks in the parks and the grounds of Versailles, strolling the Marais, and her long-anticipated tour of the Galeries Lafayette. We're so lost in the particulars of travel and ideas and planning, we only notice we've arrived when we've passed the door by ten meters. Laughing at ourselves, we pass into the lobby and, picking up the room key from the front desk, pass through, up a flight of stairs to room 27. As soon as we pass through the door, the wineglasses are set on the nearest table, and she's in my arms again, her body fitting into mine perfectly, all soft skin and sheer fabric and that entrancing, enticing scent I can never place, but always lets me know: she's here. It lightens my heart, excites and relaxes me all at once. Her lips rise as mine fall, and she meets me in the most natural, deep, hungering, loving kiss I've ever known. One of the last coherent thoughts in my mind as it flits away is that after these years, she can still surprise me, even as she's always delighted me. As my desire grows from tasting her, so does my heart, to a height of contented happiness, and the total reality of the moment quashes any thoughts that it could be a dream. Still ocnnected by the mouth, I feel her fingers at my tie, slipping the knot down until it comes undone and the silk drops to the door. Her small fingers make short work of my buttons, with the air of practice, and as my bare torso comes into the open air, she runs her hands down my chest before clasping my back and pulling me tight to her. The kiss this time is even longer, and as we finally pull apart, I whisper "I love you" into the open air. "I love you too," comes the reply, as my hands slip her black dress downward, and it lands on the floor with a hush. Bending down, I begin kissing and licking her

beautiful breasts, eliciting moans already. I pick her up and carry her like my bride again over to the bed, laying her softly down and slipping her lacy panties off. My first taste of her pussy shows me she's wet already, and I let my mouth descend a shade, rubbing her clit and making her moan even louder. It's not long before she can't take it any more, tugging at my hair and sitting up. She's soaked, and slides down the bed to undo my belt. As she slides my pants down, she sees I'm not fully hard yet, so she pushes me back onto the bed and takes me into her mouth, making me gasp. My world swims before my eyes briefly before coming into focus again, and I know I'm hard from that alone. Rubbing my cock a few more times, she kneels on the bed and straddles me, rubbing her clit for a moment before guiding me inside her. She's tight, tight as she ever was, and with every time she lowers herself farther and farther onto my cock, we each gasp. Finally, I'm all the way inside her, her clit resting against my skin, and she moans out long and hard. She's so tight and wet against my cock, and all I can whisper out is a hoarse "Fuck me!" She begins to ride me, growing even wetter as she slides up and down on my cock, sometimes rotating her ass as she grinds her clit against me. The spasming of her pussy clamping down on me tells me she's not going to last long, as we move faster and faster, until she screams out, her moans coming to that long, drawn-out peak, and rests her arms on my chest, leaning on me, her breath coming hard. Gently, I reach up and grasp her torso, swinging her down, and the air hits my cock again. Between her legs, I push inside her once again, and she moans through her post-orgasmic bliss. I know she's desirous of more; I can hear it in that long moan, that pleading. I push into her and pull out several more times, before settling into a rhythm, making love to her, each of our bodies growing more and more flushed as the minutes pass and our voices grow. "Oh, Sean!" she cries out, and I know she's as close as I am. "Oh, Felicity!" I moan, unable to keep it in, filled with ecstasy, on the edge of losing control. I can't take it anymore, and as she moans out her long, rolling orgasm, I cum deep inside her, feeling my body shudder in release. I can't hold myself up anymore; I let myself down onto her, and we lie there together, hot and flushed, with me still inside her. We pass out like that, feeling completely and totally loved, warm, safe.