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Our First Summer

The cruiser rocked gently at anchor under the hot yellow Mediterranean sun while we washed down the last of the roast chicken with an excellent Rioja. In the distance the tiled roofs of Mahon shimmered in the heat but there was little sound to disturb the calm of the afternoon except for the gentle liquid gurgles as the calm sea worried at the mooring lines.

Leaning over to kiss you I tasted the salt on your lips from your recent swim. The knot in my stomach tightened as your mouth flattened under mine, then my excitement surged as your tongue slipped out from between your parted lips and played softly against my own.

Wordlessly I stood, took your hand and led you out of the heat into the relative cool of the cabin. We fell on the bed, kissing and giggling like schoolchildren. Your yellow bikini top soon fell to the cabin floor and I buried my head between your small breasts with a groan, licking and kissing the nipples which stood erect like tiny sweet strawberries. My passion surged as you held my face to your bosom and I kissed and licked your lovely tanned breasts until they glistened wetly with my saliva.

My tongue trailed its way across your flat brown stomach until I encountered the waistband of your bikini bottom. It was held in place with two bows, one against each hip, and I slowly drew the cords apart with my teeth then slipped the scrap of material away from your pussy. Inhaling a lungful of your heady musk I laid my cheek against the wet pouting lips of your womanhood and paused a moment to savour the experience. I could feel your heartbeat pounding as I began to lick the nutty fluid from your pussy lips. Building a gentle but insistent rhythm moment I alternated between gently kissing your pussy lips and licking wetly at your clitoris.

Somewhere in the distance I heard you moan. You pulled at my hips to swivel them closer to your face until we lay half across the day bed half-entwined my lips throbbing against your clitoris while you rubbed your face against the bulge in my swimming trunks. With a shock I felt your tongue lap at the head of my cock, which had forced its way past my waistband.

"God, you're wet and dribbly," you giggled.

I pulled myself up on to one elbow and watched you wipe your lips with the back of your free hand.

"Not as wet as you!" I responded then began to lick you even harder, your sweet taste driving my lust.

Seconds later we were both naked and slowly writhing in each others arms. My tongue lapped against your clitoris as you drew my cock deeper and deeper into your warm wet mouth.

I knew I was about to come. The ache in my groin became sweeter and the pleasure centres at the base of my cock started to pulsate. Torn between the desire to make the moment last forever and the imperative need to climax, I gave in to the sensation. Lifting myself on one elbow, I looked down to see where my stiff cock vibrated between your lips. Your face was serene as I collapsed in ecstasy back across your stomach, my tongue still worrying at your clitoris as I felt the first spasm of my orgasm. As the first spurt left the tip of my cock you pulled away slightly as the flow peaked and surged then you pulled me deeper into your mouth making small, inarticulate wet noises of pleasure. As the major chords of my orgasm died to a minor key I felt your stomach tense and palpate. Slipping a finger into your soaking vagina I alternated gentle finger-thrusting with licks to your clitoris. You came with a huge gasp along the length of my cock, the warm exhalation rustling my pubic hair.

We lay wetly in each others groins for a few minutes then you slipped from my embrace and sat up, grinning. Your face and hair glistened with sweat and sperm.

"That was great - how soon can we do it again?" you asked impishly then squealed as I made to grab at you.

Laughing together we ran on deck and dived into the blue waters of the warm sea.



... - and here she is!

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