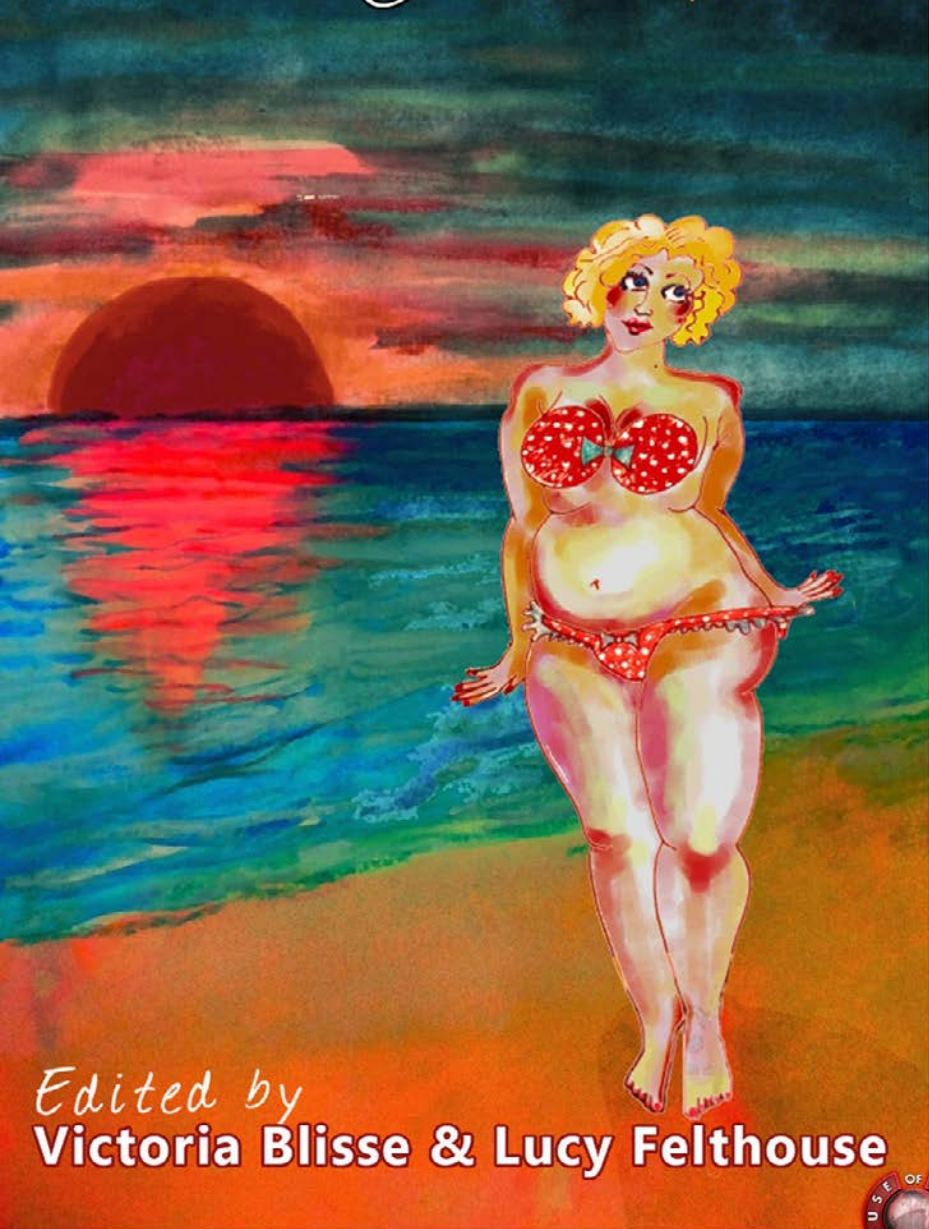


Smut by the Sea

Vol #1

Tales of Saucy Seaside Fun



Edited by

Victoria Blisse & Lucy Felthouse



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Smut by the Sea

**Edited by Victoria Blisse and Lucy
Felthouse**

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Introduction by Victoria Blisse

Why Smut?

Smut is a word with negative connotations to some. It can be seen as something insulting, creepy and seedy. I'd like to change that perception to the light-hearted definition myself and many Brits hold for smut. Have you ever watched a Carry On film? Well that's smutty. It's sexy, humourous and fun. How about the old cheeky seaside postcards of the fifties and sixties? They're smutty too and that's exactly the feel we wanted to evoke in our Smut by the Sea stories.

What is Smut by the Sea?

It's that typically saucy seaside fun and carefree attitude, when you have an ice cream in hand, sand between your toes and an Adonis putting the suntan lotion on your back. It's those moments when you are sunning yourself unaware of the stranger watching you and just what they'd like to do. It's the romantic getaways, naughty weekends and those stolen moments of pleasure along the promenade. It's magical sea creatures, the lure of the ocean, fish, chips and a cock or two.

This anthology

The stories in this volume feature a wild, arrogant pirate, a selkie, fun with ice-cream when the parlour is shut, hot surfers, a balcony with a sea view, an open top bus, dodgems, fairground rides and much, much more.

Each story has been picked for its unique maritime feel. Each tale is filled with love for the ocean and the areas where the land borders the deep blue. The authors skilfully transport you to these special

places with their words. So find somewhere to recline and enjoy your read. It doesn't matter if it's raining, if you're on the bus, in your garden, kitchen or bedroom; be ready to be transported to the beach for some smutty seaside fun.

Last Chance Summer

By Lexie Bay

Do you remember how summers were back in the old days?

I remember them lasting for an eternity; the blistering sun was relentless and the days were never ending. Every day was infused with the heady scent of coconut sun lotion and hot sweaty bodies and wherever you looked there were guys wandering around with their tops off. Hours spent on the beach topping up your tan until you glowed, then long hot evenings in the pub garden, tops sticking to overheated bodies as you drank cold beer until it finally got dark late into the night. Somehow today's summers never seem to match up to the old days.

There's something magical, almost mythical, about summers past and my favourite one was no different. Of course there was a boy involved; all the best summers involve sultry nights of heated passion, the empty days stretching out before you, heavy and ripe with possibility. There is nothing more sensual than the feeling that you could do anything and be anyone, bathed in the searing hot rays of the sexy summer sunshine, bringing lust simmering to the surface of every encounter.

I'm sure you can remember your magical summer. Let me tell you how mine started....

18 July 1997

It's another gloriously hot day in the little seaside village where I live. You can smell the tourists as they walk up and down the high street; coconut sun cream and sweat. The pubs are heaving, people spilling outside into the sunshine, laughing, smoking and drinking cold beer. I'm waiting for my best friend Danni to finish her shift, perched on the wall outside the cafe with an ice lolly, watching a guy sticking up a poster on the bus stop. He finishes and I try to get a look at what he's put up, the vibrant colours of the poster catching my eye.

Butler's Funfair it says in bright yellow letters on a turquoise background. Thursday 19th to Sunday 22nd July. All rides half price on Thursday.

That's tomorrow! Thank God, at last something to do other than shopping and drinking. It will be the perfect antidote to lounging around trying to ignore the fact that I have a very responsible and grown up job in the city that begins as soon as the sun starts to drain out of the days. This is the last time I will ever have an empty summer to do whatever I want with and so far I feel like I'm wasting it. Something exciting needs to happen soon.

I jump down from the wall as I finish my lolly, chucking the stick in the nearby bin. The poster now has my full attention as I hungrily absorb the words. I'm obsessed with the funfair so this is the best thing that's happened in Pevensy Bay in ages. I can almost smell the candy floss and toffee apples, hear the loud music and the screams. I'm like a moth to the flame when the fair's in town. I reach out and touch the poster, letting my fingers slide over the letters. My heart's racing and a shiver runs through me.

The thing is, fairground boys are my weakness. There's something about their easy, laid back way that sends my body into overdrive. I'm a sucker for their wolf whistles and I flirt shamelessly with them, giggling at their cheeky comments. I can't stop watching as they move around the rides and the thought of snuggling up with one in his caravan makes me weak at the knees. My friends think I'm

insane but I don't care; there is nothing hotter than a big strong guy who can take care of anything and treats you like a princess. Of course in my dreams all fair boys are like this; romantic, sexy, tanned and gorgeous. I admit it's a bit stereotypical but it's a fantasy.

"Jessie! Don't tell me, we're going to the fair tomorrow?"

I jump. Danni's crept up on me while I'm daydreaming. "Of course we are," I say grinning at her, "there'll be hot boys there!"

"Well, there'll be boys there sure, but I don't understand what you see in them. They're all sexist and grubby and frankly weird."

I laugh. "That's what makes them hot. They're real men that appreciate women! Just imagine how romantic it would be to travel around the country, sleeping under the stars, wrapped in their gorgeous strong arms..."

"Sleeping in a caravan, Jessie, you'd be sleeping in a hot, sweaty tin box. It's hardly under the stars is it?"

"Shut up! Sleeping under the stars with a guy who's crazy in love with you, his body tanned and toned from working outside every day." I sigh.

"You're an idiot," says Danni, "it would be horrible and hard work and they probably have a girl in every town they visit."

"Indulge me?" I plead, "Come with me tomorrow, you haven't got work until Sunday now. We can go every day."

Danni rolls her eyes and sighs. "I will come with you, but only because you know I love being spun through the air on the rides. Absolutely not to check out the boys. You can have them all to yourself, you sad girl!"

"Thanks babe, you're the best. Drink?" I suggest as we walk towards our parents' houses. Danni checks her watch and nods.

"Yeah, I don't fancy going home yet, my mum's on the warpath about paying rent or moving out. I envy you with your fancy new job in the city; I bet your mum isn't on your case 24/7."

"Don't believe it; she keeps on about getting a summer job. I've tried telling her that this is my last chance summer, that I need to be out there making the most of every minute of free time but she doesn't listen."

Danni laughs. "If you're supposed to be making the most of your summer how come we're going to spend the next few days hanging around the fair?"

I roll my eyes at her. "Flirting with hotties *is* making the most of my summer, duh!" We duck through the crowd that's partially blocking the door of the Beach Tavern. It's cooler inside and not as busy; everyone's outside trying to catch as much of the afternoon sun as they can.

"Hey ladies, long time no see," the landlord jokes, "how's your day been?"

"Hey Stephan," I say, "not bad, but we need a drink desperately. Can we get two vodka, lime and sodas please?"

Not far from the pub the fair is arriving, the steady stream of trucks, lorries and caravans making their presence felt throughout our little village. The grass of Pevensey Rec is soon covered and it doesn't take long for everyone to spill out and start putting up the rides and concession stands. A tall, dark guy is lounging against his caravan watching his older brothers unloading their ride from their father's truck. He lights a roll up cigarette and pushes his hair out of his eyes.

"Oy, Tommy, you lazy little bastard, get your arse over there and help your brothers," his dad growls, clipping him around the ear as he emerges from behind the van and walks past him.

"Jesus Dad, you scared the living shite out of me," Tommy moans, pushing himself off the caravan and heading to where his brothers are erecting the Waltzer. "I was just going to help."

"Were you fuck, you lazy shite."

"Will you leave him alone, Paddy; he's helping now isn't he?" Tommy's mum shouts out of the caravan door. "You're always on his case."

"Well if you didn't treat him like the fucking second coming, woman, I wouldn't have to be," Paddy grumbles.

His mum glares at him and disappears back inside to straighten out the van. Tommy chucks his cigarette onto the grass and grabs a spanner to help his brothers. He could pretty much assemble the ride in his sleep by now, but they had to make sure everything was exactly as it should be. All around them the fair is taking shape, the lads shouting to each other as they mark out the space for each of their rides, the ones with the bigger, faster rides teasing the ones with the smaller kid's rides, the good natured banter filling the early evening. Beers are passed around and nuts and bolts are checked and double checked long into the night.

Tommy is looking forward to tomorrow, the promise of a local girl falling for his charms as usual. Fuck he's already raging with lust, the scent of the sea in the air making him even more horny than usual. He can't stop thinking about them in their little shorts and crop tops, all tans and hair and long slim legs. Tommy loves his life, he truly does.

19 July 1997 - Daytime

I'm awake so early I watch the sunrise through the early morning mist on the beach. This is the first day of the holidays that I've actually been excited about getting up. My windows are open wide and although there's a slight chill in the air I can feel that the day is already heating up. This is perfect; I can flash as much skin as necessary to snag myself a sexy fairground boy. I close my eyes and imagine rough, calloused hands sliding over my skin. All I can think about is being pulled behind the ghost train and snogged to within an inch of my life. The next thing I know it's 7.30 and Danni has sent me a message.

Get your arse out of bed, Jessie. The sun's shining and today we're going to find you a grubby fair boy.

I giggle in anticipation.

Of course we arrive at the Rec way before the fair opens. Danni has brought snacks and we munch through a bar of chocolate and a bag of salt and vinegar crisps, watching as they carry out all the last minute checks.

"Do ya wanna test some of the rides for us, ladies?" a big, Irish sounding guy shouts over to us. We look at him and then at each other. Danni mouths the word "hottie" at me and giggles.

"Ah, come on, it's perfectly safe and it's all for free. Sure, you'll be doing me a favour; me Da will be on me case if I don't get these going."

"C'mon," Danni hisses, "you won't get a better offer than that! Even I have to admit that one's cute."

We stand up and walk over to where he's grinning at us. I can't help but stare at him. He's even hotter than I hoped for. Think a young Gerard Butler with a hint of Brad Pitt in Snatch. His hair is dark and messy, long enough to touch the top of his sexy white t-shirt and his blue eyes are sparkling as he looks us up and down.

"I'm guessing you like the funfair?" he laughs. "You've been sitting waiting for ages and we've still got another 40 minutes til we open."

I nod, suddenly tongue-tied. He's gorgeous and I can feel myself blushing from my toes to my cheeks. His biceps are bulging out of his vest, his jeans slung low on his hips and oh my God he's wearing cowboy boots. I think I might come on the spot.

"Well come on pretty ladies, hop on and let's make sure all the nuts and bolts are tight before we open the gates."

He takes my hand as he helps us into the bucket seat of the Waltzer. "This is my ride," he grins, "I helped me brothers put it together yesterday so you're putting your lives into me hands here." I'm so busy enjoying the warmth of his grip that I forget to speak. Danni nudges me and frowns.

"Did it take you long?" I ask fluttering my eyelashes at him, squeezing his hand when I step into the car. I smile as he watches me, his eyes drawn to my boobs spilling out of my tight t-shirt and the way my hot pants tighten around my tanned thighs as I sit down.

"Not really," he shrugs, "we know what we're doing."

"I'll bet you do," I murmur, my gaze lingering on his full lips, imagining how they would feel all over my naked body.

He winks at me and drops the bar, moving round behind us. "I hope you like to spin, girls, I have a feeling this is going to be a wild ride."

I'm oblivious to anything but the smell of him as he stands behind us and the lights flash across the roof of the ride. "Remember babe; scream if you wanna go faster!" He winks at me again and I finally get my flirt on. I blow him a kiss and he starts up the ride. He says something but his words are lost in the heavy bass line starting up and the ride begins to move.

I can feel the adrenaline rush almost immediately. This is where I'm happiest, amongst the grease, the bright lights and the pounding music. It's such a turn on. Intermingled in all of the dirty, noisy chaos is the fresh scent of the sea, lending a magical twist to the whole thing, transporting us; reminding me of beach holidays abroad. I want to snog the face off this cute guy. I want to feel his

tongue in my mouth, his body pressing against mine while the adrenaline pumps through my body. He'd be wild and crazy, not caring who saw us, claiming me as his and ravaging my willing body at every opportunity. The heady rush of the spinning ride is making me giddy and the tantalising flashes of his incredible arms as he spins us are the ultimate turn on.

“Come on ladies, I wanna hear you scream.”

We squeal, almost unable to speak as he spins the car faster and faster.

“Ah come on now, is that it? I'm sure I can make you scream louder than that.”

I can hardly see him as we whirl past but I could swear he winks at me.

I would love for him to make me scream. I think he would make me moan and whimper too, his cock driving into me making every inch of my body calling for him. Fuck, my nipples are like bullets straining against my t-shirt as I imagine us together.

Danni screams as the music gets louder and he spins us even faster. She clutches my hand and I look over. She looks a bit green and I have to say I'm relieved when the ride finally slows and the music dies down. The Waltzer comes to a halt and he raises the bar.

“I think I'm gonna puke,” Danni mutters as he helps us out of the car, “back in a minute.”

She legs it over to the toilet block and disappears inside.

“Do ya think your mate's okay?” he asks and stares at me, his eyes dancing.

“Yeah, she'll be fine, she always thinks she's gonna throw up but she never does.”

We stand there, an awkward silence between us. I try desperately to think of something to say.

“Do you want - ”

“Are you - ”

We both start to speak at the same time and then laugh. The atmosphere between us is electric.

“I'm Tommy,” he says, sticking out his hand towards me.

“Jessie,” I reply, grabbing his hand.

Instead of shaking it he pulls me towards him and suddenly I’m pressed tight up against his chest. “That’s a very pretty name for a very pretty girl,” he murmurs, then without any warning his lips are pressed against mine. I gasp at his forwardness and he takes the opportunity to push his tongue into my open mouth. He tastes incredible and I wrap my arms around his neck and push myself against him. We nearly topple over until he leans back against the ride, pulling me into him. I can feel his cock stir in his jeans and I moan, wriggling against him as his tongue pushes deeper into my mouth.

Tommy pulls back reluctantly and looks at me, his heart beating hard so that I can feel it as I press against him. “You’re quite the little tease, Jessie,” he says grinning at me, “in your tight shorts and that sexy t-shirt of yours that shows off your tits.”

“I’m not teasing though,” I whisper, pressing my lips to his again. He growls and his hands are all over me, hot and rough. He pushes his thigh between my legs and rubs against my aching pussy. The thick denim of my shorts creates a beautiful friction against my clit and I moan again, my eyelids fluttering and I lose myself in the sensation.

He pushes me back a little and I open my eyes. “Your mate’s on her way back,” he grins, laughing as I pout at him for stopping what he’s doing, “What ya doing tonight?”

“Meeting you in the pub,” I say, “and I’ll prove to you that I don’t tease.”

“Christ you’re hot,” he grins pulling me back for one last kiss just before Danni comes back around the ride.

“Sorry,” she giggles, “thought I was gonna hurl for a minute there! Shit that Waltzer is fast! Love it!”

“Can I have your number?” Tommy asks me, pulling out the latest iPhone and looking expectantly at me. I take it off him and add myself to his phone book, not daring to look at him or Danni. My pussy is so wet my knickers are sticking to me and the seam of

my denim shorts is almost pushing me over the edge where his thigh has wedged them against me.

"I'll call you later, babe," he smiles. "Aw shite, there's me Da, you two had better disappear before he starts yelling at me."

He winks at us and heads towards the huge guy that's stomping about checking all the rides.

I grab Danni's hand and we jump back over the little fence, sitting down on the bench by the entrance. "You got your man, then?" Danni asks raising her eyebrows. "I can tell you've been snogging, you've got a very pretty beard rash."

"He's so hot," is all I can manage.

The rest of the day can't go quick enough. We hit the rides hard but when we head back to the Waltzer, Tommy's nowhere to be seen.

By mid-afternoon we're exhausted and head back towards the beach and our parents' houses.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Danni says. "Be careful and you'd better ring me in the morning, I want to know all the gory details!"

"I will I promise, but if he doesn't turn up I'll be ringing you tonight to come and rescue me."

"Jessie, of course he'll be there. Did you see the bulge he had in his jeans?" Danni giggles and hugs me. "I'll speak to you tomorrow."

I carry on along the beachfront to my house and sneak in, going straight up to my room. The last thing I need right now is another argument with my mum.

A couple of hours and one very hot phone call later, I walk into the Beach Tavern and thank God Tommy's already there. He's standing at the bar talking to Stephan. It doesn't surprise me; Stephan likes to make everyone welcome and a new face is a challenge for him. I just hope he hasn't told Tommy anything embarrassing about me!

"All right sweetheart," Stephan says as he sees me come in, "I was just talking to this lovely young man about you. He says he's here to meet you?"

"Yes he is," I reply, not giving away anything.

“Hi,” Tommy says and winks at me. I blush as I slip my arms around him and lift my face up for a kiss.

“Hi,” I whisper slightly breathlessly as he finally releases me from an incredible kiss. “I hope he hasn’t told you all my secrets, I like to have a slight air of mystery.”

We grin at each other and he shakes his head. “Nothing I couldn’t already guess,” he laughs. “Do you want a drink?”

Stephan puts a pint of shandy down in front of me. “Already done,” he smirks, “the usual, yes?” I nod and take a long drink. It’s cold and sweet and cools the flush in my cheeks. Tommy still has his arm around my waist and I can feel it like a brand on my skin. He chucks a fiver down on the bar before I get a chance to get my purse out.

“Thanks.”

“My pleasure darlin’,” he says, “c’mon let’s find a seat, Stephan says the band are going to be amazing.”

We squeeze into a little sofa which squashes us tight against each other. I’m ridiculously aware of his strong thigh jammed against mine and it reminds me of earlier in the day, pressed between him and his ride while he snogged the face off me.

“Did you enjoy your day?” he asks, “I hope I didn’t make your mate too ill?”

“She was fine, don’t worry, she loves it really.”

The band is sound checking and we have to shout to talk to each other. Tommy’s arm is around my shoulders, his hand absently stroking my shoulder. We drink in comfortable silence, watching the band play through a couple of songs. Tommy finishes his pint and turns to look at me. I know that look and it turns my stomach and my pussy to liquid. Then his mouth is on mine, his tongue possessing my mouth fiercely and my fingers reach up to tangle in the soft curls of his hair. He smells fresh, some kind of masculine shower gel and a hint of aftershave and my stomach is doing flips. I love kissing him, our lips crushed together, tongues dancing as the heat rises in my body. I love the way he closes his eyes, little moans letting me know that I’m turning him on. I have this big, strong,

incredibly sexy boy aching for me. I want to see him fall apart when I make him come, want to know that I've made him lose control. He's already pushing the limits of what's acceptable in public as his hand roams across my stomach, threatening to disappear under my top and it's really turning me on.

A couple of beers later there's a break in the set and Tommy goes to the loo. I need to get him alone and soon. I think I know just the place. He slides back into his seat, his gaze all over me, the twinkle in his eyes making me blush. He kisses me again, unleashing all the pent up sexual tension that's been building. I gasp as he slides his hand between my legs and presses against my aching pussy.

I pull back and look into his eyes. They're dark pools of lust and I shiver. "Let's get out of here," I say, "I know somewhere quieter we can go to talk."

"Talking wasn't what I had in mind," he growls as we get up.

"Me neither," I grin taking his hand and leading him out the back door.

19 July 1997 - Night time

Within a few minutes we're on the beach. It's deserted and we crunch over the stones holding hands. "We better be going somewhere private," he says stopping me for another kiss. I slide my hands up inside his tight t-shirt and sigh when I encounter his rock hard abs. He pulls me up against him and I can feel that his cock is just as hard as his stomach and I slide my hand over the bulge, making him moan.

"We're nearly there," I murmur, pulling away from him and running the last few feet to where I'm taking him. He chases me, laughing and pushing me against the wooden hull of the boat.

"Fuck Jessie, I need to get you naked, baby. You promised you wouldn't tease me but the whole time we were in the pub you were driving me crazy."

"You should have made your move earlier," I say grinning, "now give me a leg up." I point to the boat we're standing next to.

I give him his due, he doesn't even look surprised and within a few seconds we're both standing on the deck of the beached fishing boat.

I lift the lid from a box and pull out a long cushion, several smaller ones and a big blanket.

"How did you know those would be in there?" Tommy asks grabbing them. He chucks them on the floor and pushes me down onto them. I'm so desperate to get him naked I can barely think.

"This is Scratcher, she's my parents' boat."

Tommy's on top of me and his lips chase over my collar bone and down my chest making me moan loudly. The noise echoes in the still night and we look at each other grinning.

"Very posh," he laughs looking up from my stomach, "your own boat."

I shrug, "It doesn't go out anymore, she's just part of the scenery really."

He slides back up my body, taking my t-shirt with him and peeling it off over my head. Then he silences me with his mouth.

Above his head I can see the Big Dipper and Saturn. It's a clear night with a slight breeze that carries the scent of the sea across the beach. It mingles with the smell of our lust, the sour heat of our sex, which only heightens the sensations burning through my body. He's spread my legs with his, the rough denim of his jeans chafing my thighs where my skirt has ridden up, exposing my soaking pants. I feel wanton and naughty lying there under the stars. I want his hands all over me and I guide his fingers down over my breasts, arching towards him as he shoves my bra under my breast, tweaking and rolling my nipple then sucking it gently into his mouth, squeezing it between his lips. I gasp as it hotwires my slickening pussy, pushing myself against his cock, squirming beneath him. We've been building up to this all day and now it's so close I can barely wait another second.

Tommy has other ideas and he slowly traces a finger from my jaw to my throat. Following it with tiny kisses he circles my nipples, one then the other, with his tongue. He blows on my wet skin and goose bumps appear as I shiver at his touch. Then he disappears further down, his tongue leaving a wet trail around my belly button until he reaches the top of my shorts. I lift my bum off the cushions to give him better access and he slowly unbuttons them and eases them down my thighs, tossing them across the deck. The cushions are grainy with dry sand from the last time they were used and it scratches across my overheated skin making me more sensitive to his touch. Tommy kneels up and looks down at me. I lie there brazenly in nothing but my bright pink knickers which are sticking to my every curve, outlining my swollen lips and giving him a view I hope he never forgets.

"Oh, Jessie, baby," he moans, "look what you do to me." He takes my hand and presses it against his impressive cock which is straining against the tight denim of his jeans, barely contained by them. I scrabble at the zip wanting to feel the weight of him in my hand. I shove them over his hips and oh yes, thank you God, he's not wearing anything underneath. I wrap my fingers around the velvet smooth skin of his cock and watch his face. He sucks in

his breath, stifling a groan as he bucks into my fingers, fucking my hand. “Jesus, you’re gonna make me come before I even start on you,” he grins and pulls away from me.

With one swift move he’s slid down the cushion and spread my legs so wide it almost hurts. One thick calloused finger hooks into my dripping knickers and with a quick flick of his wrist they’re gone. I nearly come there and then as my favourite fantasy plays out in front of me. He actually tore my knickers off my body, he was so desperate to get to me. Then any thoughts are gone and I’m rendered incoherent as his tongue slips between my soaking folds and finds his target. My clit’s so swollen it’s like a marble and he gently nips and licks as my pussy gushes all over his face. I slide my fingers into his soft hair, tangling them in his curls, begging him to fuck me.

“Hush, baby,” he grins looking up at me from between my legs, “I don’t want your Ma and Da coming out here to investigate the noise and catching me giving their little girl the best time of her life.”

I start to speak but he pushes two fingers into me and I gasp, his thumb grazing my clit. Oh God he knows just where to find my g-spot and the way he gently rubs nearly sends me over the edge. “Tommy, I want to come with you inside me,” I plead.

“Who am I to refuse a lady,” he grins. He pulls a foil packet out of his jeans, rolls the condom over his straining dick and moves back up to kiss me on the lips. I wrap my arms around him and push up against him. “Please Tommy,” I moan.

“You want me inside you?” he asks, his breath whisper soft against my ear and I nod.

“Yes baby, please,” I whimper but I don’t need to ask him again. He pushes my thighs wide, positioning his thick shaft against the dark pink pout of my pussy and slowly eases into me. Fuck, he’s big, I’m stretched wider than I thought possible. It’s almost uncomfortable but he’s so gentle it takes away the pain. Gazing into his eyes, his pupils dilated, it feels just like in my fantasies. Then he slams the final inches inside me and grunts his desire against my neck.

“Oh fuck, you’re so tight, Jessie. You’re sure you’re not a virgin, baby?”

I look up at him giggling, rendered almost breathless by the onslaught of his body inside mine and shake my head. “No, you’re just so fucking big, Tommy,” I whisper against his lips and he makes a cute whining noise, biting my lip. I have him completely under my spell; I can see it in his eyes. It does something to me when a guy loses himself in me and I arch up to meet him, matching his pace, squeezing him with every thrust until he’s muttering random filth, slamming into me hard. He’s holding me against him, lifting me off the cushion and the angle is creating an exquisite friction against my clit. I don’t think I can last much longer.

“I’m gonna come, Tommy,” I gasp, “I want to feel you come with me.”

“Oh baby,” he moans, and holding my face with one hand, his mouth crushing mine he fucks me hard, his hips pushing me into the deck. I gasp and shudder beneath him, the pressure on my clit leaving me unable to wait another second as my release crashes through me. My pussy clenches around him, milking his cock and he fucks me until we slide off the cushion. My name is on his lips as he stiffens and I feel the pulse of his dick as he unloads his spunk inside me.

Tommy rests his head on my chest and I let my fingers wander over the muscles in his back. I can barely catch my breath, the intensity of my orgasm still making me weak. He pushes into me again and I whimper as I nearly come a second time. He smiles down at me, still hard and thrusts again. Holy hell he’s got the stamina of a horse. He slowly, gently slides into me again and again, all the while watching my face. It’s so intense and I come a second time, losing myself in the sensation of his cock buried deep inside me.

“Wow, baby.” He smiles a cute lop-sided smile and nuzzles my hair, dropping kisses across my face. “You’re so beautiful when you come. I love that I do that to you.”

“Me too,” I shiver and he grabs the blanket. He reluctantly pulls out of me and wraps us both up in the fluffy warmth. I’m wrapped