

We make it out of the hotel room much later than planned, clean and glowing. We're so attractive together that we are stared at as we walk through the doors and head to Piazza San Marco, fingers entwined, obviously lovers. It's still light out, although it's darkening quickly. Hot and a bit muggy, with a curious breeze wafting in from the mouth of the Canal Grande, when we enter the Piazza.

The large area of floating stones is busy with commerce and conversation. I am excited to see and feel the rich, ancient history of such a famous city. You, always the gentleman teacher, answer all my ignorant foreigner questions patiently, teasingly and lovingly...

...also while swearing like a sailor, which makes me laugh and adore you even more. I'm getting horny again as I look deep into your face and admire the complexities of your obvious intellect and undeniable sex appeal. Fucking lucky girl, I am.

I lean into you as we walk around the Square, peering into merchant spaces, which are closing their doors for the night in rapid succession. We stop at a pub, where you have brown ale (carbonated) and I have bellini. We nibble on a variety of the cichetti displayed at the bar, my favorites being the rice stuffed tomatoes and deep-fried rice balls stuffed with olives. You enjoy feeding me, kissing my lips as I chew politely, daintily patting my lips. We're laughing at our ridiculousness.

We leave the Piazza behind, following the S-shaped canal as you and I wander around aimlessly. Stone buildings stand precariously on a hundred tiny islands, joined by bridges that we cross whenever it strikes our fancy. It's colder now and I lean into you more, your arm around me holding me close, hand brushing against my breast, innocently.

I put my arm across your waist, now and then daring to let my hand trail down to just above your cock for a few strokes, just to see the yearning flicker in your eyes. Your hands drift up and down my back, my ass, my neck. The sky is now part indigo, part summer sky. Pinpoint specks of bright starlight explode in the dark spaces, flashing once and then settling into place for the night.

My nipples are very hard under my thin cotton shirt, and you notice. I catch you noticing and lead you into a narrow alley. "We've been fucking a lot, aren't you sore?" you ask me, incredulously. I stare up at you, calling your bluff, unfastening your pants. No protests. I sloppily squeeze and pull at your balls like an inexperienced nymph. You still don't protest. No wonder, as I discover you're very hard and moist with pre-cum. I smile broadly and I wink at you, and then sink to my knees in this dark and secluded, yet very public pathway. We're in Venice, in the City of Love.

I take you all in my mouth, sucking slowly from the base to the tip of your cock. I suck alternately hard and soft, again and again, but always slowly. We hear voices, laughter. I keep going slowly as I blow you in slow motion. You're moaning already and you reach down to grab my hair gently, stroking my head and pulling, trying to be gentle but getting urgent. It starts to rain. I am touching myself, my clit swelling at your noises and the taste of you.

Cool, calm and fat drops of sky fall on us, and you pull me up by the arm. Your wet cock sticks to my wet shirt. You pull me into you, kissing and sucking the taste of yourself on me. "I love the way you kiss me," I say to you, locking eyes with you. You pinch and tug at my nipples, pressing into me hard, kissing me like you love me.

I feel your hands on my ass now, pulling and rubbing, fingers finding their way into my pussy under my short, wet skirt. Someone shouts out nearby. An answer is heard in the

distance. You tower over me, attempting to wrap yourself around and devour me. I rhythmically rub my clit against you, moaning and aching for your cock, shivering, wet and flushing with desire for you, lover.

Only you.

The rain turns nasty, cutting into our skin. Your fingers leave me and we run further up the pathway to someone's doorway. Cleanly carved into the stone, the door is shut tight with a small dark glass window near the top. The height is 5 inches less than you are. You are crouched over. In the little light we have I can see your cock throbbing. You're staring at my wet and now see-through skirt tucked into my half-pulled-down nude lace panties.

You reach for me, wanting to be inside me, but I am already on my knees again. It's your own fault for having a delicious cock. You're close to cumming, so I am gentle and lick your cock and suckle the head. I wet my fingers and find my clit, rubbing it circularly, lightly and it throbs with excitement. Your balls are tight inside your body and you feel me moaning against your cock as I lick you. You've had enough and need to fuck me.

You brashly pull me to my feet, turn me around and lean me forward. I place my forearms on the wall of the stone entry and arch my ass in the air. I look at you over my shoulder, breathing heavily with desire and sweet anticipation.

You run your hands down my back and you find your way into my body slowly, your cock hungrily swallowed by my cunt. I can't help but moan and shudder by this one simple act alone. I reach my wet hand between my legs and close it tightly around your cock, stroking you as I take you all in me at a painfully slow pace. I'm going out of my mind. "Please, faster, I need it..." I mumble incoherently as my pussy begins to purr.

That's all you needed to hear. You take my waist in your hands, pulling me into you faster and with urgency, breathing hard. "Your pussy feels so good, lover, so good..." you say to me, grunting, as you feel me vibrating against the veins in your cock. My clit is starting to pulsate, sending an orgasm throughout my body. You feel the contractions squeezing your cock as you thrust into me, gripping my waist tightly, fucking me hard and cumming inside me in an explosion of pure, white matter.

A light comes on in the small window of the door, but we're already gone.