

Leona in Brazil

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Mike travels to Brazil and encounters a sultry Latina by the name of Leona. For the illustrated version which includes a video at the end go to: <http://storiedporn.blogspot.com/2013/02/leona-in-brazil-story.html>

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Mike journeys to Brazil, and discovers a sultry Latina by the name of Leona.

Adults Only. All characters are 18+ Written by LoneGarif

Mike had never been to Brazil before. In fact what inspired him to take the plunge and journey to the South American country was precisely because of the tales of the visually stunning women of Brazil. It also helped that Mike has taken a liking to Latino women, having seen many in his lifetime who look like the same women from those infamously raunchy South American game shows, sporting half naked and sensuously dressed contestants. Short skirts, revealing clothing and thongs were the usual attire. He will never forget seeing the game show where the female contestants would compete in a bowling game, wearing dangerously short skirts, who would line up one by one, each dancing and twirling to a lively Latin beat, and a cheeky cameraman who would zoom in on each beauty as she bent over to bowl revealing a most glorious view of her thonged ass. Standard fare for a TV show, such was the sexy party culture of Latin America!

And so Mike journeys to the Country of Brazil, in search of a good time and debauchery.

The hotel resort was beaming with tourists from around the world. The usual imagery from any movie depicting exotic holiday scenes is enough to describe the collage of stereotypical looking tourists. But never mind the old couples, married folks, and holiday goers Mike has already seen a blur of exotic Brazilian beauties who scuttle left and right of his vision, all sporting rather non-conservative clothing, ranging from skimpy bikinis to short dresses that rather teasingly cut off close to their lovely behinds. And as if drawn by some invisible lovely scent, he drifts off in the direction of the wayward trail of Latin beauties, on their way to the pool side.

He stood at the entrance to the pool. Before his eyes were countless Latina angels dressed in tantalizingly sparse swimwear, glittering and sparkling with wet bodies, singing a chorus of care-free nymph-like laughter, prancing about as if Mike had stumbled upon a secret paradise hidden away from the world that he had discovered, for himself, a Latina heaven. A treat such as this, is surely a treat from heaven on earth.

But from across the pool he spied a particular specimen of Latin Beauty gazing straight at him. With shoulder length dark hair, lusciously coffee brown skin tone, a curvaceous physique and a pink bikini sporting butterfly designs, she sits gracefully perched upon a bench, as if she had been waiting all along for his arrival. Mike stood stunned. Amidst the frolicking poolside hotties lay a lone Latina who caught Mike's attention with her lustful gaze. And as if she could read his naughty thoughts, she looks in his direction with a sultry look that would stir the loins of any man caught in her stare of lust. With the parting of her legs she further teases him with the parting of her thong to the side revealing tan lines and her neatly shaven bush.

Mike was solid both in posture and in his shorts. He couldn't move. She had him in her grasp. The surrounding chirping of feminine laughter was drowned out by the sudden mental isolation of just Mike and her. Nothing else existed. There was only this erotic scene with a beckoning, sultry Latina and from a short distance away a man and his growing erection.

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Was this enough for her? No. The heat escalated with her sudden re-positioning as she was now sitting on all fours with her rear end pointed toward a frozen Mike. The tropical sunny day revealed an almost bizarre, but primal sight â that of a man in lust, and a woman presenting her delicious pussy topped off with a cheeky smile, as if to say; â *You are a man, and I am a woman. This is how we communicate our desires, and this is how I will lure you.*â

Mike could feel beads of sweat dripping slowly but surely off his brow. A gulp peeps from his mouth. With a throbbing cock pulsating embarrassingly clear in sight to the Latina, he would feel his arousal in the pit of his stomach. It was almost painful. And yet with a physical distance between them, somehow, he could feel her sexual energy close to his stiffy, a feeling that made him feel vulnerable. It was a feeling that only on rare occasions did he experience throughout his life. Not the usual boner, but a different kind of excitement that made his knees weak, with a growing sensation of sharpness in his loins and stomach.

She continued her lust inducing tease, by peeling off her thong and realigning herself so that she was now on her knees, presenting her round, sexy behind pointing achingly towards his member. She began a little dance, still on her knees, swinging her ass slowly and sensuously side to side, to which Mike could only imagine how his cock would feel against such a mass of fine female ass, hypnotized at the sight of such raw sexual signals that expressed the one universal language that man and woman understood. There was just something so primal and raw about a beautiful woman swaying her hips in the presence of a man.

Mike watches as she now heads towards a patch of grass with a blanket laying ready for her. She stands with her side toward Mike, falls sharply to her knees, looks at Mike, and then with a wink and a smile she lands her hands upon the blanket, once again assuming the on all fours position. She pokes her tongue out and upwards. Her way of saying; â *Come over here.*â

Mike approaches. Lands on his knees, just behind her, feels her rump with his sweaty hands, feeling the soft texture of fine ass. With a willing tongue he licks her hip sliding his way toward her rump. She moans â her nymph like voice adds another dimension of sensuality. Her smile turns devious as she peers behind her and looks intimately towards Mike. They lock eyes - a moment that lasts for a few seconds.

His face showed uncertainty. Her face showed naughty intent.....

Mike was in ecstasy. Her mouth felt like heaven. She would bob her head up and down in an arch-like manner, with lips that would grip and suckle his dick, a tongue that would flick and twirl the tip of his swollen penis. Such a naughty adventurous tongue, coaxing his knob with intimate flickering that dug deep into his helmet flesh, digging and twirling around his cock tip. She nursed his manhood with a loving pair of hands that cupped and supported the weight of his shaft, with her face close to his member, and a tongue that massaged up and down his cock. He was trapped in her penile embrace.

They began to ravage each other creating a scene that Mike had only hoped for. He journeyed to Brazil and found his Brazilian lover. Her name was Leona.

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