

A morning in the park

# A morning in the park

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A new cure for jetlag

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Arriving in Paris, he was tired. As he had feared, not only was he not able to sleep on the plane, but the hotel wouldn't allow him to check in yet as it was only 9:00 AM Paris time. There would be no shower to help shake off the jet lag, so he checked his bag with the hotel and took a short stroll to a park not far from the hotel. Even though it was March, the sun felt very warm as he strolled along lost in his thoughts. Those thoughts were full of images of the attractive flight attendant that he'd unsuccessfully flirted with most of the 9 hour flight.

He found a bench and settled into it when a flash of yellow caught his eyes. He looked over and there was a woman walking through the park about a hundred meters from him. The flash of yellow was her bright yellow skirt and as his eyes surveyed her, he smiled at the sight of her white satin blouse. He wasn't sure why, but he thought those were so sexy. The light breeze seemed to be a friend of his as both her skirt and blouse were pushed tight against her curves and she was just the perfect amount of voluptuous. The warm sun was making him drowsy and he wasn't even aware that the woman had noticed his staring until she smiled at him. He smiled in return and made no attempt to conceal his continuing gaze.

She walked through the winding path, but her general direction was toward him. She stopped about fifty meters away and bent over giving him a tremendous view of her full bottom. He gazed with obvious interest at her and she seemed to pull her skirt even tighter against herself and that's when he took note of the visible bumps that he knew must be garter straps. His already overactive libido kicked in and he imagined how lovely she must look in her garter belt and stockings.

He wasn't even aware of it, but his hand was casually stroking his very hard cock through his slacks as he thought of this very sensuous woman. He watched as she sat on a bench no more than 20 meters from him and busied herself looking at a magazine. He smiled as he was glad she was actually reading a real magazine and not her iPad; it seemed better that way. He gazed at her face and he decided she was very French looking. He'd never been to France before, but there was something so regal looking about her and a moment later, she licked her lips and he thought that was incredibly sexy.

It got even better when she set the magazine down and applied new lipstick. It was such a sensuous sight and he, of course, imagined those lips on his throbbing cock. He still felt bone tired, but this fantastically sexy woman had awakened certain parts of his body and so he shook his head to try and shake off the fatigue. He noticed her smile and he wondered if she was laughing at him. He didn't really care as she had the most magnificent smile and he was so enjoying looking at her while his mind whirled. As she put her lipstick away, his eyes moved lower and he noticed that her skirt was a mess on her legs. He wasn't sure why it in such disarray, but he smiled at his luck when he saw her slip.

His fetish for lingerie made him greatly appreciate the beauty of the slip she was wearing. It was actually a gold color and had several inches of delicate black lace around the hem; the contrasting colors seemed to sear into his brain and he felt faint. She seemed oblivious to his eyes and a moment later she leaned over to look in her purse next to her left leg. As a result, her knees spread to a very unladylike width and he was in heaven. He could clearly see the darker bands of nylon at the top of her stockings attached to the matching gold garter straps, but unfortunately he couldn't see her panties. He was overcome with a desire to know if they matched the slip and so he moved in his seat to get a better angle.

She seemed to notice his movements and he told himself he should look away, but he couldn't. This was easily the most incredible voyeuristic experience of his life and he wasn't about to look away. He didn't care if she thought he was a pervert and he stared intently at her thighs hoping for some cosmic twist

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of fate that would get her to move to a different position. His breath caught in his throat as he watched her finally get done fussing in her purse. She sat back on the bench and he kept looking intently even though his view was mostly blocked with her knees back together. Seconds later, his eyes widened as she slowly scooted forward on the bench as she slid her skirt and slip nearly to her waist.

She slowly spread her legs and leaned over as her hands went to her ankle. He immediately realized that she was adjusting her stockings and although it was a sexy sight, with her bent so far over, he couldn't see her upper legs any longer. However, he waited and watched as her hands moved up her shin and then back to pull the nylon at her calves. As her hands reached her knee, he took notice that it didn't seem that the stockings were sagging at all, but his thought was lost as she sat upright and lifted her leg slightly to start pulling at the stockings above her knee. Not only did he see the creamy white skin of her upper thighs, but he also had a nearly unfettered view of her panties. They were the same silky gold color and had black lace across part of the front. Finally content that she had worked out all the wrinkles, she slowly undid and then reattached the stocking to the front garter. The resulting view he got made his cock try to lunge out of his pants. He got an unobstructed view of the silky fabric pulled snug against her pussy and although he was probably imagining it, the gold nylon looked darker than the rest and he hoped it was caused by her arousal.

He knew this was a dream as there was no way that this luscious woman was giving him such a wonderful view of herself. Since it was a dream, he wasn't surprised when he felt his hand moving lower, slowly unzipping his slacks and then hauling his throbbing cock out of his pants. His coat had been removed earlier as the warm sun had made it unnecessary, so he moved it onto his lap to cover his cock. He would have rather left it on the park bench next to him, but even in a dream, he figured he should show some restraint. His hand started slowly stroking his cock as he continued to watch as the beautiful woman fixed her other stocking. She seemed to take even longer with this leg and he watched as her panty crotch seemed to shimmer in the sunlight and they looked so sumptuously silky, that he was lost in the amazing scene. As she was reattaching her second stocking, her head suddenly came up and her eyes stared right at him.

His heart was hammering in his chest and his mouth felt unreasonably dry, but he didn't look away. He held her gaze as he continued to lightly stroke his cock. On a whim, he moved the coat aside and her eyes moved down to his lap. As she realized what he was doing, her mouth opened in shock and all he could think about was how nice those ruby red lips would feel. He supposed he should be worried about her finding a policeman, but his mind wasn't in control and he closed his eyes and imagined those lips slowly wrapping around the head of his cock. His hand continued to move slowly up and down his shaft as he imagined himself in a variety of heart pounding scenarios with this dream woman until he became aware of a rhythmic clicking sound. His eyes opened just as she sat next to him. Even in his dream he found this change startling and he reached over to grab his coat to cover himself.

She said something in French that was as beautiful as it was unintelligible, but he completely understood when he suddenly felt her soft warm hand on the base of his cock. He gazed at her hand and was lost in trying to comprehend this. He finally glanced up and realized she was smiling and she was even more beautiful than before. She whispered something and then her hand moved higher and her thumb slowly rubbed his precum around his crown before gripping him just below the ridge near the top of his cock. His own hand moved tentatively out as if waiting for approval and finally his hand was tenderly caressing her breast through her satin blouse. He heard her sigh and his thumb immediately found her hardened nipple and he rolled it gently between his fingers. Her breasts were fuller than he expected and he pulled her nipple slightly and her resulting gasp was music to his ears. He did the same to her other breast, but he felt an overwhelming need to explore lower.

She shifted in her seat before his hand was on her knee providing him easier access and so his hand easily slid under skirt and up to her thigh. The touch of her silky slip was exhilarating, but he was incredibly distracted by her hand knowingly moving firmly up and down his upper shaft; squeezing just right as she moved up and

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down. It felt so good and he was already so aroused that he was at the edge almost immediately. As his hand finally reached the incredible softness of her bare upper thigh, it was too much. He moaned no and tried to stop her hand from stroking so he wouldn't explode, but she said something he didn't understand again, but he interpreted to mean that it was okay and quick as a flash, she was leaning over his lap and her soft lips took him in. She continued to stroke his cock while her tongue moved amazingly around his crown with a speed and a softness that was too much. He groaned and pushed his hips up and exploded. The sound of her swallowing his spend was thoroughly sexy and his cock seemed to spurt forever. He was about to instinctively motion for her to stop her stroking as he expected the normal soreness that came after his orgasm, but her other hand was doing something unusual with his balls and he smiled when he realized that he was still rock hard.

She finally sat up with a smile on her lips and wiped a bit of his cum from the corner of her mouth as she stood. He was filled with panic and uttered, "Wait", but his fears were quickly calmed when she slowly unzipped her skirt, carefully removed it, folded it and set it on the bench. He reached out and ran his hands up the length of her slip as she stepped to him and straddled him. He then lifted her slip up and out of the way and she reached down, pulled her panties to the side and then slowly rubbed the length of her slippery pussy lips against his cock. Her eyes closed in pleasure as she slowly impaled herself onto him until his balls were rubbing against her slit. Each inch of his cock slowly slid into her and he relished the growing sensations. Even though his crown wasn't as sensitive as it normally was after he had cum, it seemed like his shaft was more so than usual. As her slippery lips slowly engulfed him, it was like he could feel her wet honey slowly soaking his circumference as she controlled her gentle descent onto him. His eyes were locked on her face, but her eyes were closed tight as if opening them would ruin the moment for her. He desperately wanted to peer into her soul, but he contented himself to enjoy the moment.

His hands went to her hips as she started to ride him, but that was short-lived as he watched her hands slowly unbutton her satin blouse. When it was open well past her breasts, she pulled down on the bodice of the slip with one hand while simultaneously pulling his face to her heaving breasts. His mouth was instantly on one as his hand moved to its partner so she wasn't lonely. This seemed to meet her approval as she groaned and pushed him back against the bench as she guided his face with her hands.

When he lightly rolled one hard nipple in his teeth, he felt a surge of adrenaline when she gasped, "Fuck".

He was happy to know they could share the same language in some things. He moved to her other breast and repeated the same technique and he could feel her pussy contracting around his cock and it was his turn to gasp, "Fuck".

He pulled his face away and palmed both breasts in his hands and watched her riding his cock. Her face was tilted at an angle and he could see her teeth biting into her lower lip. He pulled on both nipples at the same time; firm at first, but then much harder. Her eyes finally flashed open and they were filled with such lust that he nearly moaned, "I love you." It would have been totally out of place, but he felt a strange and deep connection with this total stranger. She was gasping now and he enjoyed the sound of her repeatedly saying, "Oui" over and over again. He finally realized that she was no longer riding his cock and was instead grinding against him with his cock buried deeply inside her. He suspected that she was nearly there and so as she placed her hands on his thighs and leaned back, he moved his hand down between them and rubbed her clit through the front of her panties.

She shuddered and then he grabbed her silky panties and started pulling it slowly from side to side; caressing her clit with her silky panties with each sideways movement. He watched her eyes roll back just before they closed tightly and as he watched her cum, he knew he'd never see anything quite as beautiful as her face contorted with her pleasure. As her orgasms exploded inside her, she started riding him with long slow

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strokes and her pussy felt incredible against him. However, in spite of the wonderful feeling of her riding him, he was nowhere near another orgasm. She seemed to realize this and she slowed her motions and then she leaned forward and cuddled against him; with her face pressed against his neck. He felt an undeniable need to kiss her, so he softly pulled her head back and kissed her as tenderly as heâd ever kissed anyone. She responded in kind and for the next few moments, they kissed as if they were long time lovers.

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