



*Robin
Wild*

*Sweet
Deception*

Sweet Deception

By Robin Wild

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Dear James,

The weather's warm and dry and the cottage is flash all right with a verandah all around. You'll hear about the sightseeing by and by, so I'll get straight to the personal bits because I know you'll be breaking your neck to hear how it is with Silvia and me.

You made me promise, remember, down to the last moan, so strange as it comes to me writing at all let alone writing so matter of fact, write it I must.

And, James, I'm trusting you'll be as frank about Elsie and you.

I don't think Silvia's onto our game. Come to think of it, though, she has been looking at me queer now and then.

We got here too late last night for anything to happen. We were so tired out from the coach journey and the ride up from town, we just settled the horses and turned in.

This morning we trekked on foot up Mount Disappointment to Misery Bluff. For much of the way we had to go line astern following a crooked track. I took the lead mostly, but sometimes Silvy did so she'd see the bush creatures before they scampered off. Very glad I was too when she was in front. Her bum was a sight and no mistake, her white breeches showed it off handsome. Yes, she was wearing breeches and short ones at that, and a flimsy lemon vest, and boots. And so was

I! But my breeches was blue and my shirt white.

Blest if I know where they came from. The last holiday makers, I suppose, likely as not swells that made good on the gold fields by the looks of the clever tailoring. They were just hanging in the cupboard so we put them on for a lark. You've read yarns about Swiss mountain folk in the story books? Well, that's what they're like, but not leather, they're made from fine cotton. They must have been small enough, the coves that left them, because they fit pretty tight.

Anyway, just being near nature's enough to fire up my desire. And being desirous makes my whole body alert; the bush sounds sound clearer, the musty smells smell more musty, and even the flowers look prettier. Pretty soon, every breath of breeze and frond of fern's like fingers fondling.

"Oh, James, you can see to the end of the world," says Silvy, looking out over the valley, but still trudging on. "'Tis such a lovely sight."

"That it is," says I, appreciating her smooth, round rear and soft flanks.

By then of course my penis is stirring. It wants touching, so I touch it, rubbing it under my palm. It's not hard, just big and heavy and flexing about. It's folded over and straining to make room for itself.

Yes, my breeches was as tight and short as hers; barely worth wearing at all. But there was no other soul about and no risk of a constable springing out of the bushes. It felt queer, though, I tell you, going up the track half naked like that.

Well, on we trek and I know Silvy's feeling desirous, too, because when she turns to say something her nipples are standing out and every so often I see moist skin up the leg of her breeches. I'm picturing the skin between her cheeks and

wondering if her entire crotch feels slippery while she walks. I'm really warming to that edgy, expectant feeling. It makes me want to jump about like a billygoat, and sing, and screw of course - Whoah! I should stop saying that. It sounds too rough and gritty; fucking's better.

Anyway, I'm seeing Silvia's knickers in my mind. I'm wondering if they're working up and clinging. I glance down at my own crotch. Blimey! It looks like I've pissed myself. It's pleasant and annoying too. I reach in, meaning only to organise things more comfortable, but my hand decides to stay a while. It's a bit awkward when you're tripping over rocks and roots so I arrange everything to one side. It's better then, and the slippery patch's like a finger stroking.

After an hour or thereabouts we stop for a spell and Silvy asks, "Are you getting hungry yet?"

Was I hungry! We'd come upon a ferny little gully with a shallow creek and a good deal of shade. I swing the rucksack off my shoulders and flop down on the bank.

Silvy starts re-arranging things, clearing twigs and stones away from the softest patch of grass. You know how they are. But then she stops and looks at me while she fiddles with those blonde curls of hers. I've noticed she does that mostly when she's getting ready to say something important, so for a minute there I'm wondering if she's worked it out. Is the game up already?

It seems a good time to distract her by worrying over some burrs she's picked up. The wool stockings come near up to her knees. She looks queer, right enough, but lovely as a buttercup. I start plucking

them out, the burrs, and then I pretend I've only now noticed the damp groove along the middle of her breeches. "What have we here?" says me, touching her sticky thigh.

She smiles and gazes round about, parting her legs just a bit, very casual like. "Oh!" she says. "It is a perfect spot?"

"Truly is," says me, concentrating on sampling each plump pube between my fingers and thumb, real careful.

"Oh! Look up there!" says Silvy. "There's even a little waterfall."

She leans sideways for a better view. Naturally she needs to part her legs farther still to hold her balance. Next thing, my hand's up her breeches and inside her knickers. And right I was too; they're sticking like flypaper. I start massaging while she stands there hanging onto my hair and sighing at the feeling of her snatch slipping and sliding against itself - I should stop saying that too; it

sounds like something that'll bite your head off (or worse) but pussy's downright apologetic, and vagina sounds like some place in the Americas. So cunt it be. There's a juicy, spirited word if ever there was one. But don't be surprised if I fall back on bad habits. And don't turn sanctimonious; you need to hear this in the event it comes up later. And I don't know how to say it without saying it straight.

Right there and then Silvy could've had her pleasure over and done, but she pulls back with a gasp then kneels down, resting a hand on my flank and letting her hair tickle my knee.

By now the urchin in my pants is past the bounds of pleasant aching; it's well and truly on the scent. It's stiff enough all right and pining to get at her. If it has its way it'll be spent and mellow in a heartbeat. That's when she notices I've a wet spot too.

"Hm," she says, poking at it and squeezing firm. Her eyes have taken up that hungry, thick molasses look, but then she starts fussing about, unpacking our lunch. I pull her onto my lap, a bit too rough, and lie back in the grass. She squeals, but in no time's got her vest unlaced and her bosom swinging in the breeze. And fine breasts they are, my word!

"Bon aper-tit," she grins, leaning over me on hands and knees, letting them drag across my face. I start gobbling and sucking like judgement's nigh. Mind you, they were behaving quite enthusiastic too.

Next thing, she stays rock-still and kids straight-faced there's something wet nuzzling her thigh. "It feels like the nose of a puppy," says she.

"No hounds around here," jokes I, "just the odd wallaby."

She looks back at the culprit that's grown too big for its breeches and

escaped down the leg - Now what of penis? A bit posh perhaps, but prick's too angry, and willies and dicks sound as virile as soggy sausages. But cock I like, 'specially when women say it.

Well, it's poking out pleased as punch, with the skin pulled back and the head all sticky and proud, nudging at her insistent like.

"Oh!" says she. "Look what I've found," in a voice surprised and sweet, as if it really was a cuddly pet or such like.

She reaches back between her legs and pats it, but then of a sudden stops play-acting and sort of growls deep in her throat. Her fingers fold around and begin tantalising and kneading and working the skin.

You should've heard me moaning and hissing and sighing! Who says men have all the clout? I was bread dough in her hands. Our hearts was galloping. We were sucking air through clenched teeth. It was

like lightning, my excitement, crackling into her hand and down through her body. I could feel it crackling the other way, too, as if our genitals was vibrating in concert, saying, 'Don't wait for them. Let's get on with it.'

We're blazing like bushfires, both of us, and no mistake. I'm lapping and kissing at her breasts, and stroking her spine, her ribs, her hips. My fingernails start scraping the backs of her thighs and sneaking up her knickers to tickle her bum - There's another one. Only taking pen to paper shows how some words puts our bodies in a bad light. A bum deserves better - bottom or derrière, perhaps.

I spend a long time playing with her bottom and sucking her nipples; sucking hard and biting, giving each a good turn indeed. I have the pressure perfect,

holding the line between pleasure and pain. I can see it in the way she's staring at my mouth with her lips drawn back and flickering over her teeth. And I can feel it in her fingers; milking smooth one second, clutching tight the next.

I start saying, "Come on, Silvy! Come on!"

All she's got to do is pull her breeches aside and lower herself an inch or two, but she's saying, "Not yet, not yet."

My cheeks and ears and chest are flushed. Hers too. And I can tell every squeeze or suck or pull on her nipples is sending lightning sparks straight to her cunt.

She changes from kneeling to squatting, still massaging my cock while using the tip to please herself up the leg of her knickers. By and by she tries persuading it back into the leg of my breeches and out through my flies, but it keeps getting caught. Soon we're both

laughing. Truth is, Silvy's half giggling half grumbling, saying, "Stop wriggling. 'Tis not bless'd easy. I don't want to hurt it."

Well, she succeeds and she's squatting ready. She loosens her breeches, peels the wet cloth from her skin, and holds the crotch to one side. I love the feeling of expectation near as much as penetration. And for me, there's no grander feeling of expectation than watching a woman's nether lips all rufescent and slick and her entrance hungry and twitching.

Are you astonished? I know it's rough talk, but we pledged to tell each other all the ins and outs. (And James, I have to say I'm warming to this writing business.)

The thought of her plunging down makes me light-headed, but she's taking her time, panning it out. She's biting her lip, panting, shaking. Her pearl's protruding and sparkling, and so tight it looks pained. I know her insides are

palpitating. Her cunt's open wide and flowing like a spring. I can near feel the way her nectar's tickling the folds. It's dripping onto the tip of my cock and wetting it all the way down to my balls - Balls? Balls is good enough.

My cock feels enormous. It wants her sliding right down on it, sucking it in, ravishing it, squeezing, milking. But sometimes it's too greedy for its own good. So I force myself to lay quiet while she uses the tip to tease around her anus, around and around, and the dewy skin just in front, then she starts slipping it along between the lips.

Up-down, up-down, up-down.

She's moaning, "Oh-mm, oh-mm, oh-mm."

I'm groaning, "Ah-nn, ah-nn, ah-nn."

She feels soft and hot and velvet smooth. The head of my cock's burning. Her honey lips are melting around it, clinging to it, begging it inside. She stirs it

around the rim until I'm nothing but one desiring, scalding point. Around-and-around-and-around, then across her slippery mantle; the little shaft's as stiff as mine.

Across-across, across-across, across-across-

"Oh! You love this, don't you?" says she, without letting up, and talking as much to herself as to me.

"Uhn-un, uhn-un, uhn-un." moans I.

When we're both on the very precipice, she stops and waits for us to cool a bit, then she presses the head up under the hood and begins again - tiny circles, exquisite tiny. Burning tip polishing burning tip, fusing together, melting together.

Around-around-around -

She's shivering and gasping. I'm panting. Her mouth twists and trembles like she's in awful pain. She stops again in the nick of time.

When her face is calm she starts anew.
Around around-aroundarou -

I have to fuck! Silvy has the same notion an instant sooner.

There's a sharp "Ooh!" which I think comes from her, surprised by the reluctance; then, of a sudden her entrance yields, slips, and grabs tight behind the head. It squeezes of its own accord, once, twice, then relaxes, wanting it all. But Silvy wants to play 'til she can't bear playing, so she treats me to some deliberate squeezing, rhythmical and strong. I make throaty "Aah-ah-ah," noises but manage to stay still.

Her breeches are in the way, so she stands and slips them off, and her knickers and her vest. That's all there is save her boots and wool stockings. She sheds them, too, making a show of it by cocking each leg.

My eyes burn up inside her like nothing else exists. Hers burn down every bit as greedy.

Silvy helps me shed my clothes, too, keeping her eyes on my cock, watching it dying down in tiny jerks. She waits 'til it's soft, then her mouth snatches it all in. She growls like before and grins, and gives one long, strong and thirsty suck; then facing me, she squats atop again and begins rolling it betwixt her pubes and palm. In pretty good time it's hard and eager.

Aiming with one hand and balancing with the other, down she presses. There's no reluctance this time, yet still she keeps the torment going by staying shallow. She bounces on her haunches, fast, lifting right off and watching my face screw up each time she comes down. This forces wild, "Ungh, Ungh, Ungh," sounds from me. It drives her half insane, too. Together, we could be doing a native

chant. I can see the lips pulling such that they're tugging their apex to and fro. I can't bear it for long. Her neither. I can tell she's near surrendering to the nagging hunger, to the ravenous craving for deep fucking.

We watch each others eyes.

Slow - excruciating slow - relishing every yielding and moulding and sliding of luscious cunt onto smooth cock, she fills herself complete.

There's a deep and throaty moan. A guttural sigh of relief. It comes from me, I know, but seems far off, I suppose because at that moment all my senses are centred in one place. It comes from Silvy too, a long and wincing whimper, as her golden curls slide down to join my brown ones.

Silvy's eyes are closed. She's staying still, getting her bearings, letting our heartbeats settle. And she's whispering how grand it feels, how she adores the stretching fullness.

By and by she moves a bit, stirs around, whispering sweet things all the while, and I'm whispering back while she explores the deeper pleasures, clenching her muscles, feeling the beat of my pulse inside her, enjoying the shades of bliss on my face. She can't take that for long, neither. She has to ride, to slide, to glide.

She wants to watch, so she gets up on her knees and parts the hair with her fingers. Still lying on my back with the rucksack for a pillow I hold my cock steady while she rides up and down real slow - exquisite slow, rising right off then on again and again, like before, but this time prizing every inch - all the way in, all the way out, all the way in, all the way out. We're hanging on the edge of ecstasy.

I'm bewitched by her fleecy pubes spreading and bulging, the golden hairs moist and sparkling, her slinky lips rippling along, full and red. Clinging-folding, clinging-folding -

She's describing a glorious shimmying inside, like the root of her pearl's being massaged. And she's using a wet finger for good measure, flipping from side to side. But I have to tell her I can't stand it no more.

She stops and leans back on her hands, bending my cock against its natural inclination. I feel it slacken until it's half hard and half inside. That quells the fire. It's a pretty view all right. I'm watching her thigh muscles straining and her lips stretching around with their apex arched up high. My finger fondles one side, hers the other.

After a time, she leans right back until she's lying in the grass, and stretches out her legs. That's how we stay for quite a

spell, watching the clouds and the trees, and listening to the bush, with no movement save both our fingers stroking and Silvy's muscles quivering and clenching. It's pleasant enough for me but keeps her hovering on the edge of paradise.

When she can't hover no longer she sits up. It takes every ounce of good manners not to ram up into her, but she's having it her way and I don't want to spoil it. After she climbs off I prop myself on one elbow and kid, "Ready to get going then, after a bite of lunch?"

She kneels down beside me, nips my ear and says, "When I'm ready, love, even this big old mountain will know it."

I get the fire lit but the billy's hardly even off the chill before I'm on my back again and she's working down my body with her fingertips and mouth.

She's holding her bottom high and her knees wide for the thrill of feeling the breeze teasing into her. We've been at it near an hour, and my word, it's exciting to see how open and wet that's made her.

Her nipples are brushing my skin, dragging down to tantalise my cock. It's soft, but stands up quick enough. She pushes her breasts together, stroking it between them. They feel good, too, my word! smooth and warm. Her mouth starts again, nipping my belly, swirling around my groin and into the hair. She buries her nose, sniffing her own juice, tasting, too.

Again she squats, this time facing my feet, and slides on all the way, quick, just once. She gets off and crawls in between my legs, pushing my knees up and apart to wash my buttocks and balls with long licks. I feel the skin tighten like leather.

"Now, now, now," begs me. But she keeps teasing, teasing, teasing, closer and

closer, letting me feel her moist breath, crave her hot mouth. She licks and bites around the root of my cock, but no more. It's glistening in the sunlight, slick all over from being inside her, flexing and twitching, putting on a grand show indeed. A clear droplet's sparkling at its tip. Her tongue flicks out and licks it off, and that starts a steady stream. Light as a feather, her fingertip smoothes it over the cheeks, over the top, around and around the ridge. I hold my breath and wince. The friction's excruciating. Her finger keeps circling, circling, circling until the tip's so excited it's attracted and repulsed - following her finger like a compass needle but jumping away when it touches. Her other hand strokes the underbelly up and down, tracing the full length, caressing real gentle.

"Mm...marvellous!" I gasp, and the word comes out a husky moan.

She's lapping from behind my balls, all the way along to the tip, lingering, licking around and around, studying the shape with her tongue. She stops and just looks, tilting her face here and there, and then looks at me in that same queer way I mentioned before. Does she know? Is the game up?

No. She wets her lips and slips them over the head, once, twice, again and again and again, then giggles, turns her mouth sideways and closes her teeth on the shaft. "Mmm!"

I tense and gasp from the sudden burning ache, the blissful surge, the small release trickling out. It's clear, then pearly white. A bubbling spring. Ever so carefully, she purses her lips and sips.

Shocked again, James? Silvy enjoys it, 'though she does study my eyes kind of strange while she does it, as if she expects me to stop her.

As soon as my breathing settles she turns to straddle my face, and fills her mouth, too. It all fits now. She suckles soft and slow until it doesn't.

"There," she says, testing between her fingers and thumb. Quite pleased with herself she is, too.

Well, my heart's beating steady again and I'm kissing the backs of her thighs and biting her bottom. It's a lovely sight to behold; the lips are parted and ruffled, their apex pert and full. I massage it between my fingers real gentle, then peel back the mantle.

My lips enclose the jewel direct. Her body springs from my mouth. I pull her down and dart my tongue in and out. She rolls onto her back to get her legs wider. I follow and turn my mouth sideways,

munching, sucking and slashing my tongue from hole to hood.

Silvy's groaning, "Mm, mm, mmm. Mmmm!"

I fit my mouth between her pubes, sucking everything in, stretching, sucking, sucking, stretching - releasing with a hearty smack! She's smacking her other lips, sucking my cock, lifting her hips, squeezing her breasts, pulling and pinching her nipples, groaning, hissing. My fingers take over. Three slide inside and another starts strumming.

Her body's trembling like fever's set in. Her pelvis's shaking and bucking. She's yelping and squealing. She rolls over taking me with her, turning and kneeling upright with her back to my feet and my head still between her legs. Her knees are spread wide, breasts heaving, face to the sky. She can't wait no longer. She can't stop squashing down on my face - wiping, stirring, sliding, grinding. She can't help

fucking my mouth 'til her cunt's one burning, churning, squirming mass of pleasure, every vein straining, every nerve howling. (She told me later.) The mountain does know it, too, and no mistake. Her screams fill the air. (Yes James, screammms) They echo along the valley making the birds squawk and take flight.

Her body falls. It curls foetal and rigid yet jolted by spasms. Later, she told me it was like a flock of birds flapping inside, fanning the fire into a frenzy, flinging the white-hot embers to every corner of her pelvis and down into her thighs, beating with the searing contractions, then beating the fire out. (Makes you wonder about them coves that swear women feel nothing, and them women that say they'd rather a nice cuppa, doesn't it?)

She's on her side in the grass all sweaty and limp and still moaning. I've rolled with her and turned around. My head's

still between her thighs and her cunt's making wet circles on my face. The head of my cock's between her lips. Somehow it's made its own way there, and she's suckling like a nursing babe.

I keep up the sucking and licking and chewing, soothing and soaking up the last little sparks and quivers, then I come up grinning and kiss her mouth. She sighs and hugs me and smiles all mellow. "Now you, love," she says. "Take me as you please."

Well - I don't need no persuading! I roll her onto her other side and she props one leg over mine to let me fuck her from behind. After a bit I stop and put her on her back. Kneeling between her thighs, with a hand under each buttock, I lift her pelvis so only her shoulders are in the grass. Silvy guides my cock with her fingertips while I ease it in slow, then of a sudden, plough home.

She locks her legs about my waist while I crush my groin against hers, stirring around, losing myself in her burning depths; then with a couple of hard shoves, I'm shuddering and growling. My final pleasure's like she described hers. I make near as much noise too, I tell you.

We eat lunch and start making ready to leave. We're still naked but feeling comfortable enough and even more daring now. And the trail from here on's wide and grassy, so we put our clothes in the rucksack.

I stand up and pat my belly. "Nice lunch, Silvy," says I. "That surely filled a hole."

She leans back in the grass, then pats her sticky pubes and grins. "Surely did, James."

And so we set off for Misery Bluff.

Well, James, as you can see, Silvia and me are making a grand time of it. How is it with you and Elsie? I'm dying to hear. It's not as if we're being completely underhanded; we did kid them we'd swap places one day, us being identical twins and all. How they scoffed and laughed and vowed we'd never pull it off! May God help us if ever they find out.

Affectionately,
Michael.

My Dear Elsie,
Just a few lines while I've a minute alone to
let you know all is well.

Yesterday we visited Misery Bluff and today
we're riding into town then out to the lake for
a swim. We're having a wonderful time and I
trust that you and my dear James are too.

Once or twice I've nearly slipped up and
called him Michael, but I'm sure he doesn't
suspect anything. What a grand and bold idea
of ours for a bit of variety and spice! Men!
How easily they succumb to a dare.

All my love,
Silvia.

End.



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