

# Summer of Love, ReLived

Elizabeth N. Spire

Unseen Words



<http://www.unseenwords.com/>

Published 2011 by Unseen Words.

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## In The Beginning...

Annette heaved a sigh of relief as college came to an end for another week, now for a quick dash to the washrooms to get herself ready for meeting Justin in town. Her heart raced and she blushed at the thought of him and what amazing feelings and possibilities he'd opened her eyes to just a few short weeks before.

She slipped into a cubical and removed her lacy panties, placing them at the bottom of her bag, so she didn't drop them on the floor as soon as she reached for her purse, like she had done the other week. Oh how she'd blushed with embarrassment, however Justin had found it a bit of a turn-on, confirming so openly that she was obeying his 'no panty rule', leaving her so vulnerable and available to him. It hadn't taken them long to find a nice secluded spot and for him to have her quivering and gasping for him to take her.

He certainly knew how to make her hot for him, his expert touch driving her to new heights of pleasure almost every time they were together now. If only they had more freedom to explore each other the way they wanted to, if only their meetings didn't have to be so clandestine. The thing was her family didn't approve of him and felt that not only was he the 'wrong sort of young man' for her, but that he was taking her mind off of her studies too. However in his arms these worries fled from her mind, to be replaced by an overwhelming and base need for him.

Checking her hair and make-up before leaving, Annette was so aware of how the air felt on her bare

pussy, of how her clit was throbbing ready for his touch and of how wet her sex was. Only the knowledge that in just a few minutes time she'd be his again stopped her from lingering there a bit longer to take the edge of her insatiable hunger for him.

Annette walked as swiftly as she could in her new heels, the first really sexy shoes she'd ever owned. She'd really fought for them, when her parents had told her they weren't practical for college, but she knew how she wanted to look from now on and also knew who she wanted to be with. So for her these shoes were one small victory, even if they slowed her walking, but she could see him now, his tall, lean form in the doorway of the café where they always met. How she wanted to run to him, throw herself into his arms and shower him in kisses, but she breathed deep and calmed herself wanting to show that other side of herself to him.

Her hips swayed provocatively, she ran her tongue over her lips to moisten them ready for his kiss, as she held his gaze and approached with a sort of mildly predatory confidence that hid her inner turmoil well.

Justin took it all in and a sort of half smile quirked the edge of his lip up a fraction, his blue eyes sparkled with mischief as he ran his hand over her backside.

"Mmm... Have you been a good little bad girl for me?" Justin murmured as he nuzzled her neck. "No panties, just a well shaven wet little cunt ripe and ready for me to fuck how and when I like?" He drew her closer now, rubbing his hardness against her belly, making sure she knew how much he wanted her too. "How late can you stay out tonight pet? The house will be empty for about an hour later, so we could sneak back there for a time."

“As long as I make the 9:45 train, I won’t get into any more trouble over you love. Wish I could give you more, but since Mum and Dad found out I lied about going to Jen’s house the other week, well it’s been hellish.” Annette sighed, but still figured it had been worth it to have most of the night with him, while his parents had been at some big function.

“Goodo, that gives me time to not only screw you up against the wall behind the café, but to take you back to my place and make sure you get a damn good seeing to so as to keep you going ’til tomorrow when I’ll be in town near yours and we can meet up there for a bit.” He smirked a little knowing she’d work the oracle to find a reason for getting out of the house and into town to be with him again the next day.

“I’ll be at Lisa’s for a bit on Sunday, Dad’s dropping me there, but if I take the train back on Sunday evening, I bet we could manage a few more hours than too?” She too knew he’d do anything to be with her.

“Too right love, wouldn’t want pussy to get all grumpy now would I?” He chuckled as he slipped his hand down the front of her skirt and delved his fingers between her moist folds, caressing her clit and making her gasp and cling to him. “Oh poor baby, seems pussy is a bit desperate for a good shafting, think we better deal with that before grabbing some chips and a can of something.”

Justin drew her back into the shadows and down the alleyway; here they were well hidden from view with the street’s noise covering their own gasps and moans as they found their bliss amongst the detritus of city life. Pushing her against the wall, he hitched her skirt up, her bare arse now against the cold brick, his hot

hands caressing her wanton wetness until she broke down and begged him to fuck her.

Rifling in his pocket for a condom, he tore the packet open and readied himself for her. Using his greater size and strength, he soon held her wrapped around his waist, back to the wall for additional support, his throbbing shaft buried deep in her delightfully tight, hot, wet cunt. So wet and yielding to him as he thrust deeper and harder, her gasps and moans of orgasm the greatest aphrodisiac ever.

How Annette loved his face as he neared bliss, the feel of tension building in him soon to release in hot spurts of salty cum. She kissed his neck and whispered in his ear, "Oooh yes, give it to me good and hard my love." Annette groaned with pleasure as he did just that, fucking her hard and deep. Soon another amazing orgasm was coursing through her, taking him over the edge with her spasming pussy.

They clung to each other for long minutes, as he waited for every last ripple of pleasure to ebb and leave her once more able to stand properly. He helped Annette smooth her skirt back into place, while telling her how much better it would soon be once they were back at his family's house and alone in his bedroom for an hour. Then Justin made sure he was tidy and disposed of the evidence of their lust in the café's rubbish bin.

Having fed their initial hunger for each other, they decided it was about time to satisfy the other hunger they both now felt, so they ordered a large portion of chips to go and a can of cola. Chips and drink in hand they sauntered off in the direction of Justin's house, knowing that the short walk could be dragged out for a

good 15-20 minutes if they chatted and munched chips on the way.

Annette toyed with her chips, slowly drawing one particularly long one into her mouth, her eyes fixed on his, reminding him of how gorgeous she looked with a mouthful of cock. Her wicked murmur of “Mmm... salty goodness” just adding to his once more building need for her, and egging him on to more deliciously naughty ideas of what to do with her once they finally had the time to try them all. Justin sighed and realized it would probably take him a lifetime to test every idea he had about her.

As they neared the house, they dropped into a companionable and contemplative silence. Would his family be out as promised? Had they timed it right? Would they get caught? At least his family were cool about them dating and she was welcome to visit as often as she wanted, but they doubted they'd be too thrilled about the pair of them constantly at it like a pair of bunnies. However this wouldn't stop them, well not for long.

The coast was clear and as soon as Justin had the front door open, he pushed Annette through it, hardly able to stop himself ripping her clothes off as he was once more fired up with lust and desire for her. Those luscious breasts, that rounded and tempting arse, her slim waist and shapely legs, not forgetting those hypnotic eyes of hers.

They scrambled up the stairs and made for his bedroom, already undoing buttons as they went. Safe inside Justin stuck a chair against this door, so that no one could barge in on them even if they did come home earlier than planned. Soon she stood before him



in just her sexy heels and a lacy bra, her sweet puss still nicely shaven, he smiled as he remembered shaving her for the first time on her Birthday and boy what a birthday present that had been. One they had shared in together, one he loved reminding her of, in fact one he wanted to give her again now.

Licking her full lips as she gazed at his throbbing shaft, Annette knelt down before him and showered it in kisses and soft caresses, before taking him in her mouth slowly, so hot, so wet, her eyes taking in his every response to her. Justin caressed her face, pushing a bit of hair from her eyes, every movement an act of love that spoke volumes.

“Yer, baby that feels amazing”, he crooned to her as she sucked him and licked him, one hand cupping his balls, the other circling the base of his shaft. However Justin had more in mind than just an amazing blow job, having a bed they could share was such a rare and wonderful treat that it needed taking full advantage of, so he pulled her to her feet and pushed her onto the bed. Soon his face was buried between her legs, his tongue probing her throbbing love bud, deftly bringing her to climax over and over again. His fingers opening her sopping passage, filling her and making her writhe and scream out his name.

Justin moved one hand back to toy with her rose bud, adding tingles of new sensation to her already flooded senses, knowing all too well what he now intended. His juice slick finger slowly working its way inside, adding another and opening her, lubricating her as well as possible. Rolling her onto her belly and propping her hips up a little, then once she was in position he slowly pushed into her.

Their breathing came in gasps as he fought the urge to push in too quickly and she adjusted to his size. This was only the fourth time he'd managed to have her like this, he knew he still needed to take his time with her, make sure she had adjusted to him before he could drive himself deep inside, but boy was it worth the wait. That silken tightness was intoxicating as was the knowledge that he wouldn't get her pregnant this way, so it was soon becoming something they loved to share, something totally theirs in this word of teenage love, lust and compromise.

Reaching round he rubbed at her clit as their rhythm started to build, he thrusting deep and she pushing back onto him. His balls slapping against her dripping wet pussy as he pushed her from one climax to the next, it was at moments like this that he never ever wanted to stop fucking her. She was all he wanted in a woman, all he ever wanted in his bed, his darling bad girl, always hot, wet and ready for him. His head filled with thoughts of her, he drove into her once more hard and deep, that amazing tightness vanishing as an explosion of hot cum pumped out of him, flooding her sweet arse. Holding himself in deep until the moment passed.

They heard the crunch of gravel on the driveway, and bolted off the bed, swiftly grabbing their clothes up and dressing. Justin removed the chair from the door and ran down the stairs just in time to open the door to his slightly older brother. Blasted typical for Phil to turn up at the house when he had Annette alone here, oh well at least it wasn't his parents, or more to the point Annette's.

Annette came down the stairs with her bag in hand a few minutes later, hair and make-up perfect as ever, not

a hint of their recent frantic love making obvious to anyone else but him. That little extra wiggle to her walk, that slightly more confident bearing, did she really not know how that gorgeous body affected men?

Phil gaped at her and winked at Justin, he had a pretty good idea what they got up to, or at least what they wanted to get up to. Well he was only flesh and blood and Annette was a real stunner.

Taking advantage of Phil's distracted state, Justin asked for his car keys so he could run Annette home for a change. This seemed to snap Phil out of it for a moment, like he'd hand over the keys to his car to his crazy kid brother. He shrugged and sighed, then for the first time ever offered to give Annette a lift home, agreeing that Justin could come along too.

The trip home was far swifter than taking the train would have been, but still Annette was questioned as to her whereabouts after college. The litany of lies was wearing thin as was her ability to come up with believable cover stories, however this one worked well seeing as they didn't know Phil, or his car.

"Sorry, Mum and Dad. Went for a bite of something at the local café with friends straight after college, then I hitched a lift home with one of my friend's older brothers who was luckily coming in the right direction."

"Well it's good to know you've not lost all of your friends; you know you really neglected them when you were going out with that dreadful boy." Her mother's eyes rolled in a disapproving manner before going on about her college work no doubt suffering too.

Annette had heard it all before and at great length, so she made her excuses, skipped the offer of some left over dinner and made her way to her bedroom, her blessed sanctum and refuge, for an early night, full of dreams of hot sex and her even hotter Justin, in the firm knowledge that she'd be having a little more 'Justin time' the next day and the one after it too. He was her dirty little secret, her hot and horny one too; some things were special and worth taking a risk for she thought as she drifted off to sleep.

See what becomes of Annette and Justin 20 years later

in

*Summer of Love, ReLived*

by

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available from Unseen Words.

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