**A Walk By The Lake**

by[Murray](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=15221&page=submissions)©

By noon, the apartment became too hot for Khai and too hot for Alexis. The sun had heated it through the window to the temperature of a kiln and their skin glistened with sweat. With the open window came a little respite with the cool drafts, but the drafts didn't swirl across the napes of their necks often enough.

Brunch was half-eaten and left in the sink. They were on the floor, his back against the sofa, her back against his chest. She felt him growing through his khakis against the base of her spine, felt the twill fabric pull taut across him with miniature spasms. She helped it along, increasing the pressure from her waist against him until he broke the silence of the stuffy air.

"It's so hot in here," he said, "that I think I'd better take you for a walk." He moved his hands to the sides of her waist and anchored himself for leverage while he moved back and forth against her through his pants. His tongue began circles on the nape of her neck. She bowed her head in submission to the pleasure. She felt herself weakening and she knew she could only acquiesce.

"Where would you like to go?"

"To the Beaches. And please... you will change into something?" His tongue moved behind an earlobe and tickled her. It was not so much a question.

She broke out of his grasp, lightly stepped over his legs, and went into the bedroom. She knew which game this was. It took only a moment, letting her hair down, shimmying out of her pants, but keeping the clinging, midriff-baring top on. She slipped into her short, black, flippy skirt, the one with the flared hemline. Slipped into some heeled sandals - not too high - just enough to push out the hemline a bit more. A gold bracelet encircled her right ankle. A quick check in the mirror - it felt comfortable. It was pretty short, but not ridiculous, a little bending could be done. Then, of course, the beads.

She resisted the urge to gently tug against them as they went in, slowly, carefully, one at a time. There was no need to rush, no need to hurt herself. She could feel them work against her, against the wetness that began. Oh God, she thought, how long would he torture her today, how long would he let himself be trapped in his pants, slowly wetting himself with excitement, before they could finish? Two beads at the end discreetly dangled from her.

To stop some of the wetness she put on her panties, letting them slip up her cheeks and smoothing down the skirt before stepping out (quivering because the beads still felt freshly invasive inside her). He looked at her, his eyes wolfish. She could see the selfish lust in them, knew that he wouldn't care for whatever discomfort she might feel. The pleasure would be his to watch her squirm.

"If I might make a few adjustments," he said and stepped forward without waiting for an answer. His intrusive fingers found the panties under her skirt and rolled them slowly down to her knees. "Turn around for me and step out of those," he commanded.

"No," she said softly.

"Yes!" he said insistently, almost vehemently. Then he added pleadingly, "please?"

She hesitated. Then she did, and he watched intently as she turned from him, bent a little at the waist and slipped the panties over her ankles and off. "Yes, yes, like that," he whispered, and with impunity he tugged her skirt's belt further up her waist. The feeling of nothingness made her feel faint.

"Not that short," she said, "the way the skirt rides on me - it's too short. It comes out too far at the back. I feel so... exposed."

"I like you that way."

"It's too windy by the lake."

"I like you that way."

They stared at one another. Her gaze faltered and she reached for the door.

It was cooler by the lake where they strolled, along the boardwalk from the foot of Coxwell Street towards the water filtration plant. It was also windy, of course. So Khai held her hand and, if the wind fluttered her skirt's hem, held the other, too. The breeze was a welcome relief from the heat but the wetness between her thighs would evaporate whenever a stronger gust would swirl between her legs. She knew that roller bladers, joggers, hot dog vendors, men, women, were watching her as she passed. She felt their heads swivelling like owls as she walked by, their eyes on her bobbing hemline. Her face turned red, she felt the hot rush, and she felt the beads between her. She could not tell when she was showing and when she wasn't, or who specifically had found her out. Khai looked ahead stoically and merely said, "Gorgeous day."

Near the end of Kew Beach Alexis saw the old man, sitting on the picnic bench, feeding squirrels and pigeons. How sweet he looked, how well groomed, how grandfatherly - and how lonely. He was not decrepit or unkempt, but seemed very alone and perhaps for some time. She knew he must a widower - why else would he spend his time in the company of rodents and birds? They were the only creatures that would pay him any attention.

Then Khai saw the old man, too. "Stop - let's sit over there," he said.

"You wouldn't."

"Please do as I say - and I'll whisper what to do."

"But he's a poor old man -"

"And you know you want to do this for him. Inside, you want to. It's a gift for him, a gift," he murmured. Alexis knew he was right, and she scrunched her eyes shut. She felt... evil. And horny.

They walked past the old man, hand in hand, she feeling so open in her short skirt, feeling the hem brushing one cheek and then the other as it was lifted by the wind. The beads dangled, the beads rubbed her, and the old man looked up and watched. Across from his bench was a picnic table. She was led by the hand, nonchalantly. Khai whispered in her ear, "Here."

Silence and a breeze. The skirt fluttered. An ambiguous hint of cheeks caught the old man's attention. More instructions.

"Let him watch you for a second."

She felt a throbbing in her throat. Her reflexes begged her to hold down the skirt, to show everyone she meant to be modest, but he held her hands to her sides while the breeze teased the hem.

"Please let me sit down," she moaned.

"Not until you slip off your shoes and let him see the bottoms of your feet."

She bent her left knee back, raising her leg up behind to meet her free hand and slipped off her shoe, arching her toes. She braced her bare left foot against her right shoe and slipped her right foot out, pointing it too, and rubbing it slowly against her left ankle.

"Now we can sit down," he said. "Sit facing him - sit up on the table and let only your toes rest on the bench."

She sat down, her short skirt pulling up at the back. She felt wood and paint against skin and knew that some of her bare seat was on the table. She pulled the hem down across the tops of her thighs reflexively, as if to make up for what she could feel happening underneath her. She looked up and her eyes met those of the old man. He flicked them away, back to the pigeons. He had stopped feeding them, and his knuckles whitened as he grasped a walking stick tightly. Then the insistent whisper again.

"Show him how beautiful your legs are," Khai murmured, "and show me too." So she began to casually extend her legs out parallel to the ground, first one and then the other, letting her feet arch, letting the sun reflect off her skin. She let the old man gaze at her, without meeting his gaze, so as not to scare him off. She let him stare up and down her legs while she leaned back to let her breasts form a taut outline through her top. Then Khai put his arm around her waist and slowly pulled her against him. Her weight shifted, her right hip came off the bench and she could feel cool air.

"He can see up my skirt!' she whispered fiercely.

"Good," said Khai, "Don't move. I said don't move." Her hips quivered. "I'm going to slowly pull them out of you now."

"Oh God, not now - not here," she protested, her eyes flitting back to the old man, who was now gently squeezing his thighs. "Please don't let him see, don't let him see- oh oh..." His fingers moved between her thighs deftly and found the end of the beads. A short, gentle tug and one had slipped out between her lips.

"Oh god."

Another gentle tug and two came, one right after the other - two electric jolts. Alexis suffocated a moan at the back of her throat. Another bead and another tingle. A pause. And another. Her hips drew up and she lifted a knee, arched the foot, reacting to the feel of the moistness and the friction of the bead.

Now the final four beads began to slip out between her lips, and she dipped her chin to her neck and brought her knees up slowly. The old man's eyes were fixed upon the spot under her skirt that slowly came into view as her bare legs drew up. A glint of the moisture, the winking, folding pinkness of her crease, the old man's eyes not knowing whether to look there or study how her mouth parted with no sound, her eyes squinted shut.

"I'm going to come," she squeaked.

"Do it quietly," Khai hissed and she turned her head into his shoulder and shuddered. Her crease was on fire, and when she tried to lower a knee, her wet inner thighs rubbed against each other and she came again, the bottoms of her feet prickling.

Now Alexis relaxed, feeling warm, evil and slutty. She got up off the table and stood facing Khai, encircling his waist with her arms and resting a pointed foot against the heel of her other. He opened his legs to allow her to lean in to him, her back to the old man.

First she kissed him lightly and then more insistently, forgetting how it might look to passers by. She pressed tightly against him and moved her hips in small, luxurious circles. Over her shoulder Khai could watch the old man stare at Alexis, stare at her legs, stare at her waist and stare at the dancing hemline. She could feel it rise and fall, with the breeze, with the gentle upward guidance of Khai's fingers. With each gust, a little or a lot of her exposed, bare behind would wink in and out of view under the black pleats.

The old man methodically rubbed himself through his pants, no longer caring whether he was seen, no longer caring whether the couple meant for him to see this or not. His tired mind, tortured and blessed simultaneously by the sight of it all, asked why this girl, so young, was doing this. Where was she finding it in herself to be so brazen, so shocking, so... sexy? And in that moment he wanted to be the young man he had been, and sit on the table like the young man over there, and have her - his long departed love - back with him again, doing that to him, too.

Then the bottom dropped out of him, he stopped his rubbing, relaxed his grip on the cane, and slumped down for a moment. He sighed, and began to quietly cry. His tears trickled into his thick, white beard, misted his spectacles.

"Something's not right," whispered Khai.

"What?" she asked, and then turned, as if sensing something. She stopped her slow, rhythmic rubbing when saw the old man, and her heart broke. And she felt horrible.

She turned back to Khai. "Will you wait here a moment?" she asked. He nodded, looked away, felt stupid, felt his hardness melt a little in his pants, felt how how wet he was making his briefs. Then he looked back and watched as she stepped into her shoes, saw from a distance how brief the skirt was and grew hard again as Alexis knelt in front of the old man. The pigeons skulked away like squeegee kids.

She looked up into his eyes and took his hands. "I'm sorry," she whispered, "We're both sorry."

There was a pause.

"You look like my..." he said. Another pause. "I'm sorry, too."

Nothing was said. She hesitated and thought and then tried something.

"Will this help?" she asked softly.

She moved his weathered hands and placed them on her knees, let him feel the cool kiss of her skin. She let them move to the sides of her legs, let him feel the curves they made as she knelt. Neither said anything. The wind rustled the branches of the trees behind them. The sun went behind a cloud and then came out again. She slowly reached up and brushed her fingers across his face. "You could be my grandpa," she whispered.

"You are so beautiful," he said sadly. His hands shook as he felt her curves.

She stood up and moved his knees apart and looked at him directly. Pressed herself into him and kissed him softly on the forehead and guided his shaky fingers upwards under her skirt. He closed his eyes and felt how exquisite she was underneath. She made the most beautiful, soft sounds as he felt the wetness, softness, skin. She kissed him again and then slowly moved back. It could not go on, not in public like this.

She drew her finger across his lips and smiled. He said, "Thank you. I love you."

"You're welcome," she said and turned and slowly walked back to Khai, the breeze lifting and dropping her skirt. Looking at him she said, "I want you to fuck me. I want you to fuck me hard and slow."

The walk back to the apartment was excruciating. Once there, the front door closed and in an instant Khai was around her from behind and pushing her up against the wall. Alexis braced against her forearms, felt his mouth on her neck, then her cheeks, devouring her, heard a buckle and a zipper, felt an intrusion under her skirt, and then he began to rub her with his swollen erection, back and forth across her wet slit. She arched her back, pushed against him, felt him resist and then give in and let it push inside her. Her head jerked back and her voice fluttered brokenly at how it felt sliding in.

Khai moved back and forth slowly, letting Alexis feel it, letting her hips bump into him. "You sexy little slut, you were a naughty girl today, weren't you?"

"Mmph," was all she moaned.

"Yessss, I know, I know, you've been waiting all afternoon for this," he hissed. He became shorter with his strokes, now. She focused on him inside her, filling her, and how warm it was. She tried pushing back faster, but was being pinned against the wall each time, his breath hot on her neck, and when she was about to come he stopped pushing. She sobbed in protest until she felt a new sensation.

He had stopped his stroking, and stayed perfectly still, his mouth fastened firmly on the nape of her neck, breathing hard through his nose, and letting himself just twitch inside her. Back and forth, ever so slightly. But she could feel it, feel every millimetre of movement as he flexed his muscles and let it twitch. So she began to grind over it, letting the momentum build, letting the wetness flow, feeling the pressure rise towards it. And then he began pushing again, hard and up into her and sent her over, squirting and clamping down on him and making him come, too. She didn't know where he ended and where she began inside, only that it was soaking everywhere and not an ounce of friction was left. The noises she let out made him come hard, and she felt it well up inside her.

Both of them slid down the wall, as though they'd been shot. He stayed inside her, and she stayed still, feeling his chest rise and fall heavily against her back. The carpet pressed into her cheek. His fingers pressed into her breast. All was quiet except for their breathing and the sound of the ceiling fan. Her skirt lay bunched around her waist, a breast spilling out her top, him trickling out of her, his khakis around his knees.

"I'm thirsty," she said.