

## The Back Nine

By Lizzy LaRose

Seventy-two and sunny. Couldn't really get much better of a day to be out on the green with my boys. A couple beers on the back nine on a Saturday, nothing could top that. Or so I thought. Around hole fourteen was when I saw this little cutie. He was in a group one hole ahead of me. Beautiful brunette hair shining in the sun as he was lining up a drive. I got caught gazing as he stroked his ball but was snapped out when my friend hit me on the arm.

"What are you droolin' at, bro?" He asked.

"Nothing, man. Am I up?"

"Yeah," he said. I grabbed my nine iron and teed up, still thinking about that young thing I saw a second ago. Fourteen wasn't a difficult hole. I had birdied it multiple times. Although clearly my head wasn't in the game this time, because I sliced this one hard into the pines on the right.

"Shit!" My friends laughed at me as we hopped in our carts. I stopped near the trees to go in and try to find my missing ball.

The woods were cool, and the shade was refreshing. A nice break from the sun. I searched around for a while to no avail. Then I heard a soft voice behind me, "Whatcha lookin' for?" I turned around. It was the cutie from the group in front of us.

"Oh, I was just looking for my ball. I fucked up my drive." I was a little surprised. What's he doing here in the woods, I wondered. He was even more stunning up close. He was wearing a cute little white skirt with a black Nike sports bra that complimented his toned body perfectly. His long hair pulled back in a ponytail behind a white visor.

"Can I help?" He replied coyly with his hands behind his back.

"Sure," I said, "but I'm not having any luck so far."

He walked past me headed towards a tree behind me. As he passed, I caught a whiff of his perfume. It was a rosy scent mixed with his natural aroma. The smell was sensuous, and it caused my heart rate to increase slightly. "Have you checked over here?" He asked.

When he got to the tree he bent over and was searching through the bushes below it. His shapely tush was visible as his skirt rode up from bending over.

“Um. I guess. Not yet.” I fumbled my words barely getting them out as I gaped at his perfect ass.

He knew what he was doing, and he could tell it was getting me going. He stood back up and came back over to me. He ran his hand slowly up my arm. “You are sounding a little baffled,” he said, “what’s up with that?”

“Sorry, I was just marveling at your body. It’s really something else.” I didn’t let on that I really wanted to take a run at him. “You’re from the group in front of mine, right? You caught my eye earlier when I saw you teeing off.”

“Yeah, I am,” he said, “but guess what. I saw you too. I noticed your fine ass a couple holes earlier.” I was shocked by this response, but it kind of turned me on.

“Is that so?” I replied, gazing into his glimmering blue eyes. Just about that time I felt him place his other hand on my stomach and slowly begin making his way down with it. Past my belt it went until it got to my crotch. “You’re pretty direct, huh?” I asked, not that I was opposed to his advances.

“You’re looking pretty good,” he said in a sensual voice, “plus, I haven’t had any good action in a while. What d’you say?” I was all for it, and I found his directness to be very tantalizing. I placed my hands on his waist as he began massaging my cock through my pants. His skin was so soft and delicate, even though his body was so toned. I glided my hands up his smooth skin all the way to his black top, anxious to get a look at what treasures lied beneath. I grabbed the bottom and peeled it up, reveling his beautiful petite breasts.

“Like what you see?” He asked in a lascivious tone. The curves of his breasts were delicate yet exquisite. I grasped one in each hand and felt their warmth. As I gently caressed them, I felt his hand on my stomach. He had untucked my shirt and slid his hand up it, running it across the bold ripples of my abs. “Because I like what I see,” he said. “But there is something else I’d like to get a look at.”

“Oh, yeah?” I replied, catching his drift. I reluctantly let go of my grasp on his breasts so I could undo my belt as he crouched down to his knees. I was eager to allow him to get a hold of my cock, and the look in his eyes told me that he shared the same passion. His

mouth seemed to water as I unzipped and pulled out my almost fully erect cock. No doubt it would be all the way there momentarily once he got ahold of it.

“God, it’s beautiful!” He remarked as I pushed my pants down all the way to around my ankles. He placed one hand on my outer thigh and gripped the base of my shaft with the other. With delicate strokes, he began running his hand the length of my cock. He looked up at me once again with that promiscuous grin, “How’s that feel?” He asked. It felt amazing. Never would I have imagined I would be in this position when I woke up this morning. My body heat was rising, and I could feel more blood pumping into my cock.

“That feels incredible. Keep doing that.” His hands were so delicate, the way they glid up and down my cock turned me on so much more.

“It’s still getting bigger!” He said, as it finally reached its full potential. “I can’t wait, I have to see how your cock tastes!” He let go with his hand and used it to pull off his visor before placing it on my other thigh. He bent in and opened his mouth. He wrapped his sweet lips around the head of my cock and began painting the tip of it with tender tongue strokes. The sensation was like no other, and it was very clear that he had good experience. I placed my left hand on his head and felt the silken feel of his brunette hair. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the moment, absorbed in a sensation that would make any man weak at the knees.

I was curious if the rest of his mouth felt as incredible as his tongue. “Can you take it down?” I asked, almost as if I was issuing him a challenge. Without a word, he pushed his head forward and my cock explored new parts of his jaws. The inside of his mouth was so warm and pleasant. My cock hit the back of his throat and he shifted the angle of his head to accommodate it. He proceeded to move his head back and forth, massaging the end of my shaft with his lips. “Oh, that’s good,” I barely uttered, bewitched by his skills and the sensations they created. Just when I thought I had delved as far as I could go, he moved his hands from my thighs and gripped the back of my legs. He adjusted his head again and with the support of his grip, he pressed his head further down, all the way to the base. His lips concealed the remainder of my shaft, and his petite nose touched my pelvis. My cock plunged down into his throat as he looked up and locked eyes with me. I twitched from the sensation of the warmth and the gentle pressure of the inside of his throat on my cock.

Losing air, he released his grip and withdrew back. I pulled out of his mouth, my cock receiving fresh air for the first time for a short while. Strings of saliva mixed with my

precum hung between it and his lips like vines in a jungle. He used his hand to break them as he asked me, "How was that?"

"Damn, you are something else! Not even gonna ask where you learned skills like that at." I was captivated by his abilities, as I had never had my cock sucked like that before. I was aching to find out what he was capable of with the rest of his body.

He stood up and pulled his top over his head and tossed it aside. "Do you want more?" He inquired, once again with that same naughty grin that made my heartbeat race faster. He stood there rocking his hips back and forth waiting for my reply.

"You know that's not even a question," I quipped. "How about you bend over and let me see that fine ass again?"

He did a half spin and bent over, lifting his skirt with one hand as he looked back. "This ass?" Lifting up his skirt had revealed his gorgeous little tail. I had seen it earlier, but it still mesmerized me the same. The thin strip of a white thong ran down between his cheeks, almost completely hidden.

"Yeah, that ass," I said as I kicked off my pants from around my ankles and crouched down next to it, marveling at it once again. I flipped his skirt all the way up and pushed it further up his waist, so it wouldn't hinder my view. With both hands, I grabbed a handful of each cushy cheek. It was remarkable how ample his tush was, with his frame being so small and body so toned.

"Whatcha plannin' on doing with that?" He asked. The look in his alluring blue eyes told me he'd be down for whatever. Since the start of our interaction, I had been wanting to have a go at this ass. My mind was going hazy finally being so close to it.

"You'll see," I answered. I could feel the body heat coming off him as I moved in and planted a few quick kisses on each cheek. I could taste his sweet aroma on my lips, and it raised my heart rate up to a heightened state. I couldn't wait. I grabbed the waistband of his thong and peeled it down carefully like I was opening a fragile package. It went past his ravishing asshole and when it was far enough down it relinquished its grip on his small bulge. As his cute little cock fell free, I could see a strand of precum running from the tip of it to a small splotch in his thong. Seeing that he had been this turned on got me going even more as well. "Cute cock." I said, as I dropped his underwear down to the ground and spread

his cheeks so I could get a better look at his marvelous asshole. I licked one of my fingers and used it to rub the rim of it.

He let out a soft blushing moan as I kept up the caressing motion. His asshole puckered in response. “That feels so good! Oh my God!” He burst out. He closed his eyes and made an attempt to slow his breathing. “I might cum if you keep that up.” It was very satisfying to me knowing that I was getting him off. If that was pleasurable for him though, he was in for a treat once I actually got in there.

I stood back up and put one hand on his hip. I gripped my cock with the other, it was still wet from before. I guided the head to his asshole and pressed it against the rim causing it to twitch. “Please go slow,” He voiced, as he placed one hand on the ground for stability and used the other one to rub one of his breasts. It took more pressure than I thought to enter, so I could tell it was going to be tight. A feeling of ecstasy rushed over my body as my cock entered his snug anus. I could tell he was experiencing a healthy dose of pleasure mixed with pain as he winced and let out cute little moans. I let it sit where it was at for a few seconds to let him adjust to the feeling of my cock. I could feel his ass trying to push me out as it was tightening around me.

“Does that feel good?” I asked because it felt marvelous on my end.

“Yeah, it feels amazing. You can go farther,” he said in a soft ecstatic voice. I continued on, pressing in farther, trying to get to a depth where I could begin stroking. I didn’t want to go too fast and hurt him. The inside of his ass was so warm and inviting, and it hugged my cock firmly. I placed my hand on his other hip as I withdrew slightly and began short slow strokes. This caused him to start letting out gentle moans that led to my heart racing faster. “That’s good. Right there.” He affirmed, letting me know that my motions were satisfying him. As I increased the speed of my strokes, his moans followed suit, also getting louder. I had begun to work up a sweat and I could feel it starting to soak through my shirt. I noticed that he had as well. His hips were becoming wet to the touch, and I could see beads of sweat running down his back. As he relaxed more, he became more accommodating to my cock. With one good thrust I was finally able to slide the whole length in, all the way to the base. My hips contacted the smooth skin of his ass as I held the position to once again allow him to adjust. His whole body quivered, and his little cock twitched as he closed his eyes. “That’s deep,” he breathed, “It feels nice. I can feel your cock pulsing in my ass. Does my ass feel nice?”

“It feels amazing. It’s so warm and tight.” I pulled out a bit and started back up my motion once again, this time with grander strokes using the whole length of my shaft. When I went all the way in and my hips hit his ass, it would make a pleasant clapping sound that was also in tune with the newfound cheeping sounds he had begun making. The sounds he made just added to my ecstasy and made me want to pleasure him more. My body was in pure bliss from the combination of stimuli. My blood pumped faster as I attempted to control my breathing and enjoy the moment.

“That’s so good! I’m gonna cum if you keep that up!” He cried. This notion was so enticing, and it caused me to begin to crescendo my strokes. I clutched his hips hard and put my whole effort into getting this little cutie off.

“You gonna cum for me?” I challenged.

“I’m gonna cum! I’m gonna cum!” He repeated, as I kept my speed up trying to maximize the length of my thrusts. He gripped the ground with both hands, and I could feel his muscles tensing. His ass was tightening even more on my cock. He was moaning very rapidly and breathing incredibly hard. It wouldn’t be long before he came. “Right there!” Suddenly I felt his asshole tense the tightest it had been the whole time I was in it. “I’m cumming!” he moaned. “Aaagh..aagh!” he blurted, as his cute small cock twitched while showering the ground with dollops of his sweet cum. I stopped and rested for a moment. I could feel his supple body trembling as the rest of his cum dribbled out. “Wow! That was amazing!” He said.

“Yeah, that was pretty hot!” It was euphoric to get him off like that, and I craved his body even more.

“You’re still raring to go, huh?” He asked as he looked back.

“How could I not be?” I said. “With this cute body you got.” I withdrew my cock from him and started pulling my shirt over my head. When I got it off, I laid it on the ground. “Now you’ve seen what I can do. Why don’t you show me what you can do?” I said, as I laid down on my shirt.

“You wanna see how I ride, huh?” He said, standing up. He took his skirt that was around his waist and slid it all the way down his legs. He stepped out of it and walked over top of me.

“Yeah, I wanna see that ass bounce on my cock,” I replied.

He turned around and began squatting down. I grabbed my cock and held it upright to give him ease of access. His ass had already gotten used to my cock, so when he got down to it, he slid all the way down easily. He let out a soft, "Ooh," as it went in. His lush ass was so velvety and cozy as it rested on my hips. I put my hands on his hips and ran them up his sides, then back down again. His body was so smooth and with the help of his lather, my hands glid up and down with ease. I loved the feeling of his warm ass wrapped around my cock like a warm blanket. I could've sat there forever just fixed inside of him and been content. I didn't have control this time though, he was on top. He leaned back and placed his hands firmly on my solid chest. "Here I go," he said, as he commenced raising himself up slowly, then back down. He carefully made sure to go the full length of my cock, from head to base, with every bounce he took. I was pleased to see that he wasn't shortchanging himself. After he got acclimatized to the motion, he started to speed up, now going up and down at a decent pace.

"Ooh! Right there, that's good!" I told him, as I grabbed his wrist to help make sure his hands didn't slip of my chest, as it had become notably sweaty. It was mind-blowing how amazing his taut asshole felt sliding top to bottom on my cock.

"It feels so incredible!" He let out, in between the loud euphoric whimpers he had started making. He was also sweating a good amount now. It created a sheen on his skin that was so arousing. The combination of his looks, sounds, and smells was driving me crazy. My cock was getting even harder, which I didn't think was possible. When he would come down on me and his ass would hit my hips it would create a lovely slapping sound. His petite cock had begun fluttering up and down and was now tapping him on his lower stomach with every bounce. He was clearly still very turned on because it was also slinging more precum everywhere. "Now it's your turn. Give me your cum," he exclaimed.

His pace had reached its pinnacle. If he kept riding me like he was, it wouldn't be long before I erupted. "Keep it up, I'm almost there! I want you to have my cum!"

"Yes! I want your cum! Give it to me!" A massive wave of heat went over the entirety of my body. My muscles tensed. My blood was pumping astronomically fast. I was breathing heavy. I felt my cock starting to twitch.

"Here it comes! Aagh... Aaaaaaagh!" He slammed down on me and stayed there, not going back up this time. My cock, completely immersed in his glorious ass, spasmed as I unleashed my cum. He moaned in unison with me as I unloaded, my rigid cock still

pumping. The moment seemed to last forever, and I wished it would. He collapsed his arms and fell back onto my stern chest. I reached around and gently kneaded his breast, as we both lay there recuperating.

“That was great!” he said. “Bet you didn’t think you’d be doing all this when you came golfing this morning, huh?”

“Nope! But you’re right, that was amazing!” He pushed up off me and started standing up. My cock was softening, and it finally extricated from inside him. My cum trickled out of his ass onto my stomach as he stood up. “Hey, watch out! You’re spilling that all over me!” I joked. I was shocked at how much I had pumped into him.

“Let me help you with that,” he said. He bent over and lapped up a healthy portion of it. “Ooh, it tastes sweet.” It was a very ravishing display, but I was too spent to get worked back up. He stood back up, after slurping it up, and started getting dressed. My shirt was drenched beneath me, but I stood up and did the same. “You gonna be playing next weekend?” He inquired, with a provocative grin.

“Depends if you’re gonna be here.” I’d golf everyday if it went like this every time.

Before he turned to walk off, he handed me his thong, which he hadn’t put back on. “Keep this if you want,” he said with a wink. I put it in my pocket as he walked back out to the course. It was a nice memento of our rendezvous. It had been a while, I guess my boys had finished playing without me. I buckled my belt back up and headed back to my cart. I knew where I would be for sure next weekend. I couldn’t wait for the back nine again.

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