

Mischel Couple

by Pandoza

The air suddenly seemed to fall quiet. Of course dust and debris still slowly rained from the sky, clattering and settling on the buildings and streets of the city. The cries of the injured and anguished could still be heard drifting on the air, and sirens, car alarms, and all other manner of racket was all around, but the thunderous footsteps and the crash of body through building had stopped. I looked up, tentatively, and through the remains of a half demolished skyscraper I saw them. They were breathing deeply, looking calmly and attentively down at the city at their feet. Looking down at us. They were huge; skyscrapers scraped their knees. They were beautiful, and they were taking it all in. Taking in their power. She stood in front of him and he caressed her shoulders softly. She slowly lowered her hand to his cock, never taking her eyes of the streets at her feet. Grasping it she began to pump, and in a few moments he was as hard and erect as an office block. she began to cock her leg and he slowly lifted her knee up as she guided his cock into her awaiting pussy. Her eyes fluttered briefly as he entered her, but aside from that she maintained her gaze on the city. They were wordless as he pumped, slowly and rhythmically into her, standing over downtown. On the streets people were in shock, some wandered to get a better view of the unheard of spectacle happening above them. We could all see as her breath began to catch. His face was reddening. They were both close. She began to shudder, and grip him tighter, until she convulsed and her legs almost seemed to give way. He gasped and held her, planting a gentle kiss on her neck. She blinked hard several times and smiled, patting him on the cheek, before her attention turned back to the city and her feet, and the thousands of people filling the streets. She began to kneel down, and all around me the screaming and running began again.