Tending The Gardens III

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Fertile gardens are prepared for planting

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/tending-the-gardens-iii.aspx

She tore her eyes away, much regretted, but it was the only way she could accomplish the original intent of her trip to the kitchen, and now the thought of a few glasses of wine seemed as much an imperative as a desire. In fact, as to desire, other needs seemed far more pressing. She collected her composure just enough to actually pour the Four Vines Zin (one of her current favorites) into the two glasses.

She liked the color and the way the soft light illuminated the velvet red within the glasses, the way the wine sheeted the sides. There was something nearly symbolic there, but she couldn't think clear enough to linger long on something this subtle, she had other sensibilities to focus on at the moment.

She allowed her satin lace bra to slip out from below her low cut sweater and placed it carefully on the counter. She was well aware of her high firm and perky breasts being on display now, nipples pressing hard against the soft flimsy material, obviously in a aroused state. She adjusted her black sheer panties, as they had been bunched up in her wet slit, as she administered loving nuanced attention to herself while she had watched his erotic display from the other room.

She wanted to appear extremely sultry on his first full view and needed this drama for full effect. She did not want to disappoint or lose this opportunity. First impressions, dear… first impressions, she kept thinking to herself.

She glanced one more time over the counter window to see him fully engaged in self manipulations and dreamily gazing at the fire still. His flush was in full bloom as was his engorgement. His hand was lightly and delicately taking his own measure, slow and unhurried. She took that as a most excellent

sign of his awareness and control. Mmmmm…. that's just too damn good she thought. I can't stand being this far away any longer. It's time to ramp this up to the next level, dearie, she said to herself.

She stepped from behind the kitchen entry and around the corner, and stood with her weight all upon one foot, with the other tipped up and leaning on the opposing ankle, knee crocked to a sensual bend, crotch better exposed this way, sweater short, with hips and belly exposed. She stood for dramatic effect until he slowly became aware of her presence and gradually averted his eyes from one fire to the next.

His eyes nearly popped out of his boyish noggin. He nearly lost control of his demeanor and fought hard against a sudden urge to ramp up his own administrations and grab a sturdy handful of cock, with an accelerated piston pumping greed, to guarantee the kind of conclusion he yearned desperately for at this moment.

She was stunning! She was absolutely unquestionably the most sexual woman he had ever laid eyes upon. That outfit only made his blood boil all the more, his eyes feasting over every inch of her, like some ravenous wolf eyeing some helpless yew.

His bulge, while certainly near maxed out, actually accepted a new round of blood flow, and the surge caused an obvious straining and pulsing, like some cobra fighting against the confines of it's basket, for liberation, eager to spit it's elixir venom.

She fully realized the extent of his need in that moment, as her eyes remained glued to his crotch and thigh. The massive bulge there, seeming so huge, and yet if she wasn't mistake, it actually grew even more as she stood there. She could see the pulsing and the movement, even without his touch, and she could see his glassy eyes and hear his heavy breathing from where she stood. She could hear his moans and groans too. This pleased her and caused her own flood of desire to increase even more, if possible. She set the glasses on a nearby decorative table, for a moment, because she wanted to prolong this "dance", this slow deliberate progression and tease.

She brought her head slightly down, and looked at him though the tops of her eyes, her eye lids slightly closed, looking very coy, very sultry and doe-like.

She moved one hand to one breast, on top of the material, and gave a slight squeeze, while her free hand, moved to her thigh and began to trace a finger there, moving along the inside slowly, inch-by-inch gracefully moving upwards.
She closed her eyes for effect and let out a soft mew-like moan, arched her back a little and allowed a fiery look his way.

He responded in kind and licked his lips, moved one hand to the bottom of his tank top and began to lift on the material. His other hand moved to his unbuttoned pantsand slipped them down his legs and completely off. He moved the tank top off and exposed his massive build, rippling muscles and tight abs. He was extremely tanned all over, obviously from his outside work, and he looked like Adonis to her.

He caressed the massive bulge under his sporty lycra shorts. The material hugging him so that she could see much in the way of detail, including his mushroom crown, and the seeping wetness near it's tip. He exercised restraint to some degree, so as not to allow himself to get too far along too fast. He allowed his fingers to caress that crimson satin crown through the material, and even lingered a moment on the wetness, the very tip. He then traced down the entire length, and cupped his balls, then moved his hand lower towards his ass.

He could see her intently watching his very detailed move. He wanted her to know his ways. He had much in mind, as to his plans for this vixen and knew this would be a long night, one to remember.

He kneaded his length expertly again, and followed her eyes for her approval. He groaned loud this time, overtly, making clear his need and his desire to turn her on.

She met his moan with her own, and allowed him to see a weakening of her knees, as she slightly dipped (this time more feigned than not). She wanted to appear vulnerable to his glowing hungry eyes, her hands busier than ever exploring her own form and curves, her ever wetter crevices and her swelling breasts, her hardening nipples. She pinched and pulled and finally put her hand under the sweater to perform just out of sight for his lusty eager eyes.

She trailed her hand and finger up to her moist labia and began to trace her mound on top of the silken panties, which were barely large enough to cover her silken patch of blondish hair. She moved with skill and self-knowledge, conveying to him her experience at self pleasuring and hoping he would take his cues from her demonstrations.

She mewed softly again, as the moisture continued to reveal her heightened sense of arousal and building need for his touch, his strong hand, his hungering lips and tongue. God but she wanted him now! She grabbed the glasses and approached, hips swaying, hungry smile and wild eyes locked on his own.