Surrender by Surprise

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A self-contained introvert is encouraged to open up.

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Veronica sighed softly, admiring the slumbering figure in her bed. He was much younger than she, with less experience as well, but that lent to the sweet eroticism between them. A dim overlay of light shone softly on his face. Feathery breaths escaped parted lips; dewy and rich, capable of broad, curlicue smirks.

He wore a snowy shirt in bed, three buttons left unfastened at the hem. One of the tails had fallen aside and the other bunched shyly above the waistband of his trousers. With eager fingertips, Veronica lifted the shirt then smoothed down creamy bare skin; skating along his washboard belly to reach the closures of his slacks.

The waistband of his white shorts was just high enough to glow softly above his closed fly. Nestled in that tender center was a subtle but telltale bulge. She unfastened the simple closures and more of the snowy underwear was revealed. The slotted opening of his shorts pouted at the intrusion.

Veronica’s dark eyes lingered there, marveling at the gentle rise and fall of Allan’s stomach and the stiffening apparatus below. Then a manicured hand reached inside the pristine underwear — so white against Allan's peachy complexion — and robbed it of its treasure. Peeling back its unmarred sheath, she revealed the smooth expanse of his velvety cock.

A breathy moan escaped Allan’s mouth, his captured member twitching for more. Veronica smirked.

What was her shy lover dreaming about?

Allan had always been introverted, but even more-so when it came to sex. But his unsure kisses and fleeting caresses were painfully, blissfully sweet. Veronica had to remind herself that she couldn’t pounce on him and take him the moment he opened his mouth and welcomed her kiss.

Allan’s reluctance also frustrated her.

As she slowly pumped her fist up Allan’s cock—pulling along the foreskin—she was confident that she would have him: Tonight.

Shifting, she bowed her head and swept a kiss at the start of Allan’s shaft.

"Allan?" Her voice seemed louder than necessary in the deep quiet. "Wake up, love."
Whatever dream he was having, Allan didn’t want to leave it so soon. Clinging to sleep, which was quickly evaporating him, he frowned.

"Fine," Veronica muttered, opening her mouth to welcome the starved member inside, the hot silk of her glossed lips gliding slowly down the head until only the blushed crown was inside. Her tongue flickered against the sensitive underside.

And Allan finally awoke with a crisp gasp. He instinctively cocked his head to the side, to peer at the scene below. Veronica glanced up, looking into the surprised green eyes of her young lover.

Veronica pulled her mouth from Allan’s plush corona in favor of kissing a path up his stomach. When she reached the closed buttons of his shirt, she paused only to unfasten them, nibbling the fresh expanse of skin as she progressed upward. Allan sighed, his abandoned cock cooling in the bedroom air.

When Veronica undid the final button on his shirt collar, she brushed the airy fabric aside, pleased to see the rosy disks of his nipples tightly puckered in anticipation. She bent, drawing slick circles around one, and then the other, then drew the sensitive skin in her mouth, encouraged by Allan’s sharp gasp and the way he squirmed beneath her.

She released one nipple in favor of the other, gently sucking; her teeth scraping the delicate bud. All the while Allan writhed and moaned and bucked his hips, murmuring graces. Giving one last suckle, Veronica pulled away and moved upward to kiss Allan’s expressive mouth.

Allan met her lips with almost the same intensity as she, generously opening his mouth for her; moving his tongue against hers; elevating her craving. She bit his upper lip and then sucked on the pouty, lower one.

“Accept *all* the love I have to give to you tonight, Allan” Veronica whispered against his mouth, moving to straddle him; one of her bare legs between his, her knee pressing into his crotch. Surprisingly, he didn’t object. No complaints about having to head back home and finish work; no excuses at all about why he didn’t want to be sucked and fucked.

Growing bolder at Allan’s total surrender, Veronica turned her attentions back to his cock, which began to dribble. She made a throaty noise as she scooted down his body, grabbed the nimble base, and drew Allan’s entirety into her mouth with the enthusiasm of a hungry lioness.

Until now, he had always shied away from oral, much to Veronica’s confusion. As their relationship deepened, and as she began to understand him more, she’d discovered it was much to do with his need to be in control of himself, and of whatever situation he was in. She intended to break that habit.

Awash in hot, suckling pleasure, Allan threw his head back and arched his back, meeting Veronica’s slow rhythm. Unsure of what to do with himself, Allan grabbed at the sheets, twisting the handfuls. He bit his lip, groaned, and released small bleats of pleasure every time her tongue expertly swept the strip of flesh beneath the head of his cock.

It all seemed a little unreal to Allan; the night started out as an innocent dinner at her place. The food was excellent, as to be expected of a career chef, and the choice of wines were magnificently paired with the courses…and conveniently relaxing.

Yet here he was, enveloped inside Veronica’s smouldering mouth, receiving the first proper blowjob of his life. At first it felt odd; very wet, very strange...almost “ick.” But within seconds, he was overcome with pleasure.

“M’mmmm,” Veronica purred, letting Allan’s cock pop from her greedy mouth.

She raised herself onto her knees and grabbed Allan by the waistband of his black trousers, working them down his lean hips and then throwing them to the side of the bed. Impatiently, she removed his shorts, which soon joined the trousers.

Allan’s angry-red cock glistened wetly in the buttery lamplight, and Veronica eyed it hungrily. Her stare was laden with so much sexual interest that Allan practically glowed beneath the heat of it. The only garment he had left was his shirt, which lay open around him like white wings.

To Veronica, he looked like an angel; champagne-blond hair mussed, eyes the crisp color of spring, his quirky mouth flushed from thorough ravaging. She reached down and repositioned Allan’s legs, bending them at the knees and spreading them wide for her. Bending at the waist, positioning herself as some sort of exotic cat stretching her back above him, she took charge of his hands as well, drawing them above his head. She kept her gaze locked with his; his betraying his curiosity, hers adopting a mysterious twinkling Allan hadn’t seen before.

“There are no safe words,” Veronica murmured, her voice a different, authoritative quality.

Allan’s brows creased, his mouth working to form the word “what,” but the brisk click of metal handcuffs locking around his wrists clarified his situation.

To Be Continued…