# Kat and Cyrano - Chapter 8

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*We'd made love, now we took our first taste of each other.*

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Kat and Cyrano

Chapter 8: Tasting

It was now a few weeks after that very first time Eric entered me, cut short by my bleeding period and other assorted tortures my body chose to put me through.

It was a Friday, and my lover Eric and I skipped work for the day, to check into a motel for the afternoon and to play, play, play.

He always called me Kat, partly because my name is Kathy. But mostly because whenever he licked and nibbled on me, or lovingly stuffed all of his goodness into me, I could never stop purring! Or he called me Sweetness, after a romantic pet name he had heard in a move many years earlier and always hoped he would find a relationship where he would call his lover “Sweetness”…and I was thrilled that he finally found his Sweetness…in me!

And I called him my Cyrano, because like that famous fictional character, my lover’s “nose” was so enormous that it preceded him into a room by 15 minutes, and because, like Cyrano, he was such a skilled “swordsman,” always with “devastating” results. I was his soft, velvety, and fur-lined sheath, his favorite place to store his steel-hard sword and my sheath’s favorite sword to wrap itself around.

I also called him my Dear Heart, after one of my favorite song lyrics (by Andy Williams): “Dear heart, wish you were here to warm this night….”

Mixing metaphors, my Cyrano’s sword was my Excalibur, the most powerful sword in all the land. And I was his Lady of the Lake, the stone in which his Excalibur would plunge, and only he knew how to thrust his sword into and out of my stone in such a way as to surround Excalibur with a protective lake of moisture, keeping all others from “coming” between Excalibur and the Lady of the Lake.

That Friday, after breakfast together and window shopping at an antiques mall, hand-holding and flirting and kissing all morning, we checked into a motel for the rest of the day, as early as they would let us in. And we stayed until we had to return home to our loveless, sexless marriages. And that Friday, we spent five amazing hours in bed together, as we had done on several previous occasions (our record would be 7 hours).

After we stripped each other naked and made slow, sweet love for over an hour, I remembered that my Dear Heart had once told me his fantasy of seeing me wearing one of his shirts buttoned up on me, and nothing else! So when he wasn't looking, I picked up his shirt and disappeared into the motel bathroom.

I emerged from the bathroom wearing only his buttoned-up shirt and a smile. I'm 5'7" and blessed with nicely shaped and very long legs, which he kept looking up and down as I strolled slowly, seductively, one foot in front of the other, toward the bed where he was lying all deliciously naked and hard for me.

His shirt was way too tight on me, and my 34-C breasts were straining against his buttons and peeking through in several places, which made my Cyrano's smile – and his steel-hard sword – even bigger. Seeing my effect on him made my smile bigger, too.

I stood beside the bed as he sat up and unbuttoned my shirt – I mean his shirt – off of me, and pulled me down onto the bed with him. For the next glorious 4 hours, we made love in every possible way – missionary, me on top, 69, and finally doggie style. And his unbuttoned shirt remained on me the whole time, framing my breasts and the curve of my hips. I could tell he really liked how his open shirt looked on me, because to my total delight, he just couldn't stop ravishing me over and over in every possible position for four glorious hours, with hardly more than 10 minute breaks between rounds–making that Friday one the hottest sex sessions and one of the sweetest memories of my whole life!

Even more than four years later, I'm so happy to have had this experience with my Cyrano, but also sad that, because we broke up three years ago, I will never, ever, be loved this good again.

After I got home Friday night, I emailed my lover, "I've been searching for the words to tell you how amazing today was, how amazing *you* were, how wonderful I feel right now, how great I'm feeling about us (us, oh how that word brings a tingle all over!), and how much I love you, how much I appreciate and adore that so much of your goodness is still in me right now. Mmmmmm, !

"But then I realized, there are occasions when there is so much more to human expression than words can say, and this is one of them. We don't need words. What you did to me, how you made me

feel, how very good and powerfully intense it all was; mere words would only diminish the memory. This weekend is going to be hell for me, though, not being in your arms. I can't wait to see you again on Monday…and to give you even more of the love and kisses and licks I have for you, only for you! So….how are *you* doing? ….. Your Kat"

His sweet and sexy reply Friday night thrilled me right down to my toes. "I'm doing great. So many images from today fill my mind now. And most especially that final time, whenyou stretched out face down under me and simply and just about unintentionally and so effortlessly…..erotically yet almost innocently…. pulled me into you from behind. It was one of the most amazing experiences of my life.

"As I lie here naked tonight, writing my thoughts and my feelings to you, your sweetness still on my tongue and on my sword, I just keep remembering that final round from this afternoon. I keep replaying in my mind how I held onto and reveled in the feeling of being in you from behind, for what seemed forever. Just slow in and out, in and out, in and out, sharing the most exquisite pleasure for us both.

"I can't stop thinking about how I then savored and reveled in your endless orgasms onto me, all over my deeply-buried and steel-hard sword, savoring the sweet music of your happy purring, your loud and joyful moans, the beauty of your sweet round ass and your incredibly pretty sheath for my sword, so inviting and welcoming under me….both your ass and your sheath hungrily taking my sword all the way in, deeply and lovingly. Feeling so happy and so loving toward you, only you, so loved and so in love, as I was making you tremble in erotic ecstasy, felt how much you love me and only me, which only made me love you even more.

"Feeling myself to be so big, bigger than I've ever felt myself to be, compared to the tightness of your sweet little round ass and the narrowness of your amazing soft and velvety sheath clamped so tightly and so lovingly around my sword, the sweet tickle of your soft and gorgeous black bush against my aching hard cock and against my balls, swollen with what I knew you hungered for me to pour into you. The sweet oil from your soft velvety sheath, flowing freely and endlessly onto my sword, burnishing it to an ever increasing steel hardness.

"And then only when you said I could, when you asked me to, when you just about begged me to, only then did I finally let go, let go to the most amazing human connection ever, releasing into you a powerful physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual connection, such harmony, we two becoming one now and forever, melting together, as you drenched my sword and I filled you to overflowing …. and you so obviously feeling such intense pleasure from what I was doing to you, what I was doing for you, for us…..as you playfully half-moaned and half-cackled like the Wicked Witch of the West: 'I'm *melting*! Melting onto you! Melting with you! Melting! Oh, what a world! What a world!'

“No matter what else may happen in the rest of my life from this day forward, that moment will always be a high-point of my life. I'm so glad we had that moment, that magic……..So yes, I’m doing just fine, more than fine. I’ve never felt more joyous. Nor ever loved by anyone more than you love me and I love you. – Yours in an explosive celebration of our love and our passion. Your Cyrano the Swordsman.”

It took me over an hour to calm down enough from reading – and reacting hornily to – his loving and erotically charged words, before I replied, “Amazing, how that happened, you taking me from behind almost by accident and how amazing that felt …..for us both. The images and the magic from today are extremely vivid in my mind, as well. I'll see you Monday, my darling, my beloved…my friend….my lover!!! Yours, Kat”

On Sunday afternoon, with Friday still very much on my mind, I emailed my Cyrano again: “Good afternoon, sweet. I did some housework – the whole time wishing you were here – but then again, if you were here, I would be in a sheer teddy, not in my worn-out house-cleaning jeans and t-shirt, and we’d be doing something a whole lot more fun than housework.

“Then I went for a walk, the whole time the memory of how very good it felt on Friday, to feel you sliding into me and throbbing so hard in me, feeling how much you love me and want me…and how hungrily I wanted you. It’s all good…..so good! Purrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!!!!!!

“Even as I type this, all the sweet, precious images from Friday are very much on my mind. This was a very special occasion, and I will always hold it in my heart. You are very dear to me. See you tomorrow. Yours, body, soul and ‘sheath,’ all of me yours now, Kat”

My sexy Cyrano emailed me more words designed to thrill me through and through: “Good evening sweetness. As you know, I’ve been calling you Sweetness, as well as Kat, for some time now. But after Friday, that pet name, ‘Sweetness,’ means so much more to me …. now that I know first-hand – or first tongue? -- how truly sweet you really do taste!

“I smile every time I see a message from you. Mmmmm, the image of you in a sheer teddy running the vacuum cleaner….this image has me so hard right now, I wish you were here to see and enjoy how this hot image of you that your loving and erotic words have painted in my mind, is affecting me right now.

“But even in jeans and t-shirt, you’re so beautiful, so sexy. If I were there right now, you wouldn’t need a sheer teddy to get me peeling you naked; what you have on right now, would be off, and on the floor very fast! Then I would unplug the vacuum, lean you over the couch, and then plug *you*! I’d plug me into you! Just like I did that final round on Friday!

“But then again, knowing you, as I now do know you so well, knowing the endless hunger I seem to cause in you….well, more than likely, seeing me approach you while I’m wearing only my hard-on and a smile as you vacuum in your teddy, you would shut the vacuum off and shove me onto the floor and straddle me and have your way with me over and over again, until you completely satisfy your endless intense hunger for me. And of course you know me, you know I wouldn’t resist!

“Your *lover*! I love that title; I shall strive to always be deserving to have you call me your lover.

“Yes Friday was very special. The things you said to me then, calling me your ‘dear heart’and your Cyrano when we first got started, and then calling me ‘Oh baby YES!’ when I had slowly, patiently brought you to where I wanted you to be – where I knew you wanted and needed to be – and then your endless happy purring, your loud and endless ‘YES! YES! YES!’ – and then the various ways you touched me, touched my body while touching the depths of my soul, the way you so thoroughly coated my thrusting sword with your love and your intense passion…..I will never, ever forget any of it.

“I hope we'll have other opportunities to express our love in this special and wonderful and magical way again. But even if we somehow never do, Friday alone will always be a lifetime cherished memory for me. And I suspect Friday will always be a special and unforgettable memory for you, too! ….. Yes, you are very dear to me, too. – Love always, Your Dearheart, Your Cyrano, and now also your ‘Oh baby YES!’….and your lover!

We followed up this amazing and wonderful Friday on the following Monday afternoon, when we met up at the end of our workday.

Some weeks earlier, we had found this special little place for our hands to explore each other in privacy. It was a secluded emergency fire stairway between a two-story shopping mall and an adjoining four-story parking garage. Every time we went there, our hands were free to explore each other with the thrilling risk that we could be seen but the security of knowing nobody ever uses those completely closed-off stairs, since there’s an elevator right next to it.

So that Monday afternoon, after our amazing Friday, and after we both got off our respective jobs, we returned to that garage to kiss and hug and jam our hands down the front and the back of each other’s jeans for as long as we could, until we both had to get home to our respective spouses.

On Tuesday morning, we rode the trolley downtown together, as we did every weekday. When I got to the station, my Cyrano was already there waiting for me. I could see his adoring eyes watching me as I got out of my car, those penetrating big brown eyes that had looked through my eyes and into my

very soul as we had made love for five amazing hours on the previous Friday. And that final round, the hardened steel of his sword sliding and sliding effortlessly, completely, into my sheath from behind.

Tuesday I was in tight jeans and a very pretty green blouse that unbuttons down the front. The moment I saw him standing on the trolley platform with that hungry look in his eyes as he ran toward me, I rushed to him like a feather flying on a gentle wind, and I hugged him tight. I gratefully slid my tongue halfway down his throat. Grateful for the intense pleasure we had shared for hours in a motel only that previous Friday, grateful about the mutual masturbation in our special stairwell on the previous afternoon after work on Monday, grateful to be in his loving arms again this morning, Tuesday…..and most of all at that moment, grateful for what we were about to share before going to work that morning.

That Tuesday morning, as we hugged while awaiting our trolley to our downtown jobs, as we did every morning, I told him, “All that talk about me wearing my sheerest teddy for you has me so wet right now! I hunger for you, and I need you to take me back to our special stairwell this morning!”

Even though I was in his arms the whole way into downtown, the 20 minute trolley ride seemed interminable. I could hardly wait for him to slide his hand into my panties again, to feel him sliding one and then two fingers into my tight, trembling moistness. I hungered to unzip him again, to wrap my hand around all of his thick, hard goodness again. We hadn’t shown our love and appreciation and adoration for each other’s love orgasms for 14 hours, way too long of a wait for my horniness, and I sensed for his, too.

And finally we were back in that same four-story emergency stairwell in the mall again, where we had been only 14 or 15 hours earlier.

He gently pushed me flat against the back wall of the stairwell landing, and stepped in right against me. With his body tight against mine—and only my jeans ,and his, separating his sword from my sheath where he had stabbed so skillfully and repeatedly on Friday – we began kissing and hugging against the wall, with a hungry intensity.

As we kissed, my fingers unbuttoned his shirt, while his fingers made short work of opening my green blouse, to reveal a teeny tiny green lace bra, matching the color of my blouse, and allowing my long, hard nipples to flash him between gaps in the lace of my bra.

We alternated kisses on each other now, between mouth, neck, chest, and nipples.

When we finally broke our kiss, once again I could feel how very much he loved me, as he took half a

step back from me and eagerly unzipped my jeans. It filled my soul with joy and my heart with love and lust, to watch the astonished delight on his face when he saw what I had done for him, for us! You see, until now, I had always worn sexy little lace or satin panties for him, on our every sexual rendezvous…..and I think he was expecting wispy green lace panties to match my exposed bra ….. but this time, as he unzipped my tight jeans, there was nothing underneath to greet his adoring eyes, except my thick but tamed jungle of carefully groomed brown bush. Because my name is Kat, he had taken to calling my neat but wild bush “Kat fur.”

“So you like the ‘invisible panties’ I’m wearing for you this morning?”

“Hell yes!” he replied excitedly. I loved his never-waning enthusiasm to see and touch my nakedness every chance e he got, no matter how many times. Of course, I was always hungering for him just as intensely and just as endlessly as he hungered for me.

“I’m starting to really love Kat fur,” he continued. “My sweet Kat’s soft, pretty, glossy black fur,” as he began to stroke and pet my fur, causing me to squirm against the wall in erotic bliss.

“You already know what I’m starting to love,” I grinned at him, reaching both hands out to tug his fly open, even faster and more eagerly than he had just opened my jeans.

He stroked his hand even more lovingly on my thick patch of fur, and he began to so gently and so lovingly to slide a finger into my sheath, which was already wet. I smiled happily when he stated the obvious: “You’re so wet!”

“Of course I am,” I purred like the horny alley Kat he had turned me into, ever since the day we met on a commuter bus. “Ever since you made me orgasm in this very spot yesterday afternoon, being back here with you again has been the only thing on my mind! For me, these past 14 hours away from your sword has now become too long for us to be apart!”

He started to slide his finger in deeper. It was a good thing I had the support of the stairwell wall at my back, because my intense lust for him was starting to make my knees buckle.

I was loving where his fingers were exploring, on and under my fur. But I wanted, I needed, to be eaten. We’d done some sweet foreplay, he’s been I me, but somehow we’d never tasted each other yet. And I suddenly became determined to remedy that, right then and there.

So when his fingers started slipping deeper into me, I playfully whispered “No!”

He rubbed slow circles on my Kat fur, while he wriggled his finger right on my G-spot, until my G-spot

was just about screaming with lust.

“No,” I repeated, placing both of my hands on top of his head, and gently pushing downward.

He kissed my navel through my open green blouse, and then he began moving his kisses downward.

“No?” he asked

“YES!” I purred.

My sheath yielded, not to take in his sword like on Friday, but to welcome his approaching tongue.

“YES!” I repeated.

Kneeling before me, he slid his tongue very deep into my hunger.

“My Sweetness!” he whispered. Sweetness was one of his pet nicknames for me.

“YES!” I practically yelled.

“Shhhh!” he cautioned me. “Mall security might hear us.”

“Sorry,” I whispered contritely. “It’s just that I’ve been dreaming of this moment all last night and all this morning. I don’t think I can be quiet, when you’re being this good and loving to me!”

Then he lapped his tongue along my G-spot.

“YES!” I shouted again. Then softer, quieter, “I deliberately didn’t wear panties today, just so you could do this to me….so you could do this for me. And now here you are, taking me to paradise! I love you so much right now! You are loved beyond measure!”

His tongue continued to lovingly bathe my G-spot, while his lips kissed my frantically throbbing clit.

“YES!” I screamed joyously. “Oh, this is so much better than the fevered dream of you, of this moment, that kept me up all last night.”

His tongue left my G-spot to dance and swirl on my already intensely throbbing clit.

Al I could say now, over and over and over again, was “Purrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!”

After only five or six of his skillfully placed licks, I let out a long, loud, endless “Ohhhhhhhhhhhh” as I felt my juices pour and pour and pour out of me and onto his adoring tongue.

He backed his face out of my open jeans, and he looked up into my eyes. “So which is better,” he smiled, between big gobs of my juices now dotting his sweet face. “Your dream…or this?”

“So far, This is!” I moaned. Then whispering, “But there’s another half to what I dreamed of all night.” I smiled, kneeling in front of his unzipped slacks. I hungrily reached into his boxers and pulled his beautiful thick hardness out.

Right there in our special stairwell, I then slowly but eagerly licked up and down his gorgeous and very thick shaft. And with each loving, adoring lick I gave him, he throbbed so good on my tongue, and I just purred and purred. “Mmmmmmmmmmm!”

“I’m so hungry!” I moaned. “I’ve hungered to taste you again, all last night!” I clasped his pulsing sword tight in my fist. And then I did what I’d been hungering to do all night: I guided the thick head into my mouth. Mmmmmmmmmmm!!!!!!! My hand finally let go of his sword….and in one big hungry gulp, he was all the way down my throat – exactly where he belonged – and his balls, swollen so full with his sweet goodness, were knocking hard against my hungry lips.

“You’re an amazing sword swallower!” he moaned.

I backed off of him just long enough to whisper “You taste amazing!” before I gobbled him down in one hungry gulp again.

His soft but strong hands squeezed my ass tightly, right through the denim of my still-unzipped jeans.

“Mmmmppph!” I purred approvingly at his loving hands back there, through my mouthful of his steel hard sword. He squeezed my ass even tighter and tight, every time I hollowed my cheeks and sucked him ever more hungrily.

My focus was mostly on watching his hardness slide so good into my ravenously hungry mouth. But I noticed him gazing soulfully into my eyes as he watched and felt and enjoyed my eager and passionate sword swallowing, happily watching his sword completely vanish down my throat.

“Nobody has ever sucked me so enthusiastically!” he groaned in intense pleasure, filling my heart with joy that I could and was making him feel as good as he had just made me feel. I loved him, and I wanted to do this for him….. for us!

As I sucked hungrily and he throbbed intensely in my mouth, and I kept my eyes wide open, he softly moaned pretty much what I was also thinking, but had too much of a mouthful to express: “We look so hot together, such a perfect sexual being, two become one.”

“Purrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!” I happily agreed, as I sucked and licked him and could not get enough of him!

He throbbed even harder. I very quickly backed off of him again, just long enough to practically yell “Come, my love….my love-ER!” before I voraciously gobbled him whole, yet again.

He throbbed so hard, making me purr ever more happily at his sweet, loving reaction to my intense hunger for him. His throbbing hardness in my throat was just what I had dreaming about and hoping for, this was another perfect shared moment!

When the vibration of my endless and joyous “Mmmmmmmmmm!” against his sword in my throat caused him to groaned very loudly, he whispered hotly, "How did I ever get so lucky?” Funny, that’s just what I was thinking at that moment….about him, about getting to enjoy so much of his thick, hard, throbbing goodness, so loving toward me in my mouth and down my throat!

He throbbed even harder, and I knew this was going to be it! What I wanted, what I needed, what I’d been hungering for and erotically dreaming about since last night.

I backed off for just a moment. “Come! “I purred. “Yes, yes, I want to taste your come again!” as I swallowed deeply yet again.

“I am!” he yelled. And with one last hard throb, he exploded onto my tongue and deep down my throat.

“Purrrrrrrrrrrr!” I purred as he emptied every last drop from his balls into my ravenously hungry mouth. “Purrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!”

When he had no more to feed my hunger, I finally backed off of him.

“You taste amazing!” I repeated. And I meant it! I’d never had a more amazing flavor in my mouth, the flavor of how much we loved each other.

A tiny stream of his come dribbled slowly out the corner of my mouth.

“Wow!” he moaned. “My come dribbling out of your mouth is just about the hottest, most erotic thing

I've ever seen!"

"My momma taught me never to waste delicious food," I grinned, licking up the stray drop oozing out of my mouth and down my chin. I slipped his still dribbling hardness back into my mouth, and I gulped hard to swallow down all the rest that he was still offering to my hunger.

"You taste amazing, dear heart!" I purred happily, contentedly.

"So do you, Sweetness. Your sheath-oil has an amazing flavor!"

I saucily wriggled my naked hips, to thrust my still-open zipper forward. "You want another taste?"

"You have to ask?" he knelt in front of me, sweetly kissed my clit, a kiss so full of his love for me. Then he sucked my pulsating love button entirely up into his mouth.

"YES!" I shouted joyously—I couldn't have controlled the volume of my joy now, if I'd wanted to. But I didn't want to be quiet; I wanted him to know how much I was loving what he was doing to me, how much I loved him. "Yes, yes, YESSSSSS!"

And then I poured and poured and poured…. out onto his lips, his tongue, and his nose. It seemed like it would never end…..and at that moment, as he ate me hungrily and I fed his hunger joyously, I fervently hoped that this wouldn't end….ever!

"Sweetness," he purred. "You're such Sweetness!"

His loving words made me tingle all over, and I trembled onto his tongue again, and I dribbled even more juice onto his happy, adoring face. Accompanied by another very loud "YES!"

And then we heard heavy footsteps in the stairwell. He stood up, lovingly patted the thoroughly matted-down hair of my orgasm-soaked bush. And he lovingly zipped up my jeans for me.

Then I knelt, gave his still hard sword one last adoring kiss, and tucked all of his beautiful and tasty goodness very carefully back into his boxers. I then zipped him back up, too.

He kissed the last few drops of his come off of my mouth, and I licked the last of my own juices off of his lips.

As the heavy clomp clomp clomp on the concrete steps grew louder, we scurried the flight and a half back down from the stairway landing, where we had just tasted the best of each other. We dashed

out hand in hand onto the street, laughing happily for having narrowly escaped getting caught.

Just as the stairway door was closing behind us, we heard a series of sniffs, a man heavily sniffing the air of the stairwell landing where we had just dined on each other. And then a deep, gruff male voice muttered, “Why the hell would anyway go to this stairwell just to eat a tuna sandwich?”

I turned to my Cyrano quizzically. “Do I really smell like tuna when I come?”

“Not to me you don’t. To me, that’s the sweetest perfume and the tastiest nectar.”

That answer was perfect, so full of his love and his lust for me. I kissed him. And kissed him again. Then smiling, we kissed each other goodbye one last time for that morning, and we walked in opposite directions to our respective jobs.

The moment I got to my office, I just had to call his cell phone, to hear his deep baritone voice, and to thank him for letting me suck so much out of him.

He answered his phone with a note of concern in his voice. “Are you OK, Kat?”

“I’m more than OK, I’m in love, I’m floating on a cloud, and I still have a sweet mouthful of you!”

“It’s just that I’m not even at my office yet, and already you’re calling. Is something wrong?” he asked again.

"No, no,” I reassured him. “I just had to hear your deep, dreamy voice one last time before I have to start working. And I needed to thank you for making me so happy this morning. Thank you, Dear Heart.”

“You eagerly sucked my cock until I’m drained; you fed me gallons of your delicious Kat juice….and now you’re the one thanking me?”

“No man has ever brought me this much pleasure,” I replied, purring so happily, feeling so much love toward this wonderful man. “Ever! So yes….thank you!”

“I’ve never been loved this good before, either, Sweetness.” Damn his deep voice was so sexy! “But I just arrived at my office, so I guess I’ll have to start my day’s work now. I’ll see you this afternoon. Prepare to be kissed and kissed and kissed!”

“Kissed where!” I laughed, letting out another of the happy little purrs he seemed to endlessly inspire

in me.

“You know where I’m going to kiss you, you naughty girl!”

“I want to hear you say it!”

“I’m going to pet your Kat fur …. and kiss you there, too. This afternoon, I’m again going to part your soft, thick fur with my fingers, with my tongue. And then I’m going to kiss under your fur, like you’ve never been kissed there before!”

“Mmmmmm!” I purred, his loving words sending sweet erotic shivers all up and down my spine. “I know where I want to kiss you, too!” I let out a very suggestive licking, slurping sound, followed by another of my very happy little purrs, causing him to moan and scold “You hot little vixen you! Just wait till I get my hands on you again! And my tongue!”

“Is that a promise?” I giggled.

“You can count on it!” he laughed

We said our goodbyes for now. I tried to focus on work, but all I could think of was the sight and sound and taste of his sword, of his powerful explosions on my tongue, on my teeth, and down my throat in that stairwell, a mere half hour earlier.

Later, my sexy Cyrano told me he hadn’t been able to concentrate at work all day either, remembering the taste and the feel of my trembling G-spot, my throbbing clit, and coming so hard and so endlessly on his tongue, his cheeks, his nose. He told me that he even enjoyed when I flowed into his eyes!“I love you and I just want you to enjoy as much great sex as I can give you!”

I wish we could have made it work between us, and I still miss Eric, I miss us. But I’m happy we had what we shared for just over a year. And I’ll tell you more of that year in the next few chapters.