Giving You Pleasure

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You sit at the edge of the bed. I walk into the room and as I see you, I walk smiling thorwards you. You open your legs and your hands reach for me as I step between them. Your hands move around me as you pull me closer.

I take your face into my hands stroking softly over your cheeks. Lowering my head I meet you half way for a much wanted kiss.

I close my eyes and trail my lips along the hard bone of your jaw. Your skin feels hot and bristly under my mouth. Your smell makes my body burn. You stroke your hand around the back of my neck, your touch electric. As I kiss a trail up your throat to your ear your fingers tighten in response.
I press my thigh gently against the bulge between your legs, and your body jerks in response. The skin tightens over your cheekbones and your eyes absorb the light as you look up at me. You fist your hand in my hair and bring my mouth back down to yours. I'm pushing you onto your back so you lie on the bed. I flatten my body on top of yours, streching over you like a blanket. A low murmur ascapes you as you wrap your arm around me. One hand cups the back of my head as the other moves down to caress my bottom.

I love kissing you. Hot and slow. My breasts press against the hard plane of your chest, my nipples are hard and sensitive waiting for your touch. Both your hands move to meet at the hem of my top. Feeling the air cool my overheated skin as you push the fabric up my body and over my head.

I want to feel and see your bare chest the corded muscles of your upper body. Within minutes I have the shirt open and push it from your shoulders. I feel your fingers on the clasp of my bra and moving it away from the mounds of my swollen breast. You growl on the sight of my tight, hard nipples. Your head lowers as you feel my hands on your shoulders, my nails raking across your flesh. You rake your teeth over the upper curve of my breast as I lower a hand to your slacks. I release the belt and the closure to the pants quickly, drawing the material aside to release the heavy lenght of your cock. You grimace as my lips move from your neck to your shoulder, then your chest. All you feel is the heat, the caress of my fingers and lips against your chest, your abdomen. My nimble little tongue dip

into your belly button, then lick and stroke father down.

I’m on my knees next to you, one hand, cupping your balls, the other gripping the hard lenght of your cock. I lean forward and lick the dark, engorged crest with my heated tongue, and silken fingers stroking you combined, until you throw your head back and feel the throttled groan that escapes from your throat. My liquid, hot mouth enclose your engorged crest and I begin to suck at the throbbing heat with soul-destroying pleasure. Your hands are buried in my hair, clenching in the silken strands, as you pull, moving me, as your hips follow, fucking my lips as I see the pleasure swap over your face. You stare down at me, watching as I stroke the heavy veined flesh, watch as my mouth caress you and you have to fight back the need to come.

I can only imagine the wicked sentsations that travel through your body and tighten your balls. You tell me how much you love watching me while I suck you. I open my eyes and you can see the pleasure in my face. You tell me how mesmerized you feel by my face and as I stare up at you with desperate hunger, you lose it. While my eyes darken, dilating with hunger, my mouth sucking you with wicked innocence, my expression flushed and filled with need, you’re unable to hold back.

You try to pull back. Jerking a hand from my hair, gripping the rigid, pulsing stalk of your cock you try to pull it from my mouth. My hand tightens around your balls, the other wrapping over yours, and my whimper of need ripples over the swollen crest as the first desperate spurt of cum shots from your tip.

A growl leaves your throat as I take you. My mouth becomes hotter, snugger, the suckling cavern draws more and more from you, until you shudder in reaction, your knees weaken as you fill my mouth with your release.