One Rendezvous

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Arriving at your house, I quickly turn off the car and grab my purse to get changed. Shimmying into my shorts I quickly slip off my tank top and bra, then re-tie my cover up. Putting my coat on, I tie the belt and check my hair in the mirror, before heading to the front door. As I step in I'm greeted with a hug and smile before walking to the couch. Sitting down, I curl my legs up and wait for you to sit down. After you've taken your seat and started the television I reach for the belt of my coat and untie it with slightly trembling hands.

According to your instructions I'm to be the one who initiates tonight. While this is nothing new, I still get nervous every time. Looking over to see you watching, I can't help the smile that forms on my lips as I slip my coat off to reveal just my sheer cover up and shorts. Turning my attention to the television, I watch for a few minutes, letting you wonder what I have planned. Your movement grabs my attention as you stand up and move wordlessly to stand before me. A grasp escapes my lips as your hand slips under my cover up to fondle my breast, the shock of your cold hands against my warm skin only adding to the pleasure of your touch. Your hands leave a cool trail over my breast that brings goosebumps to my skin before you lean down and firmly bite my aching breasts. My back bows and you draw a deep moan from me as you pinch my nipples before taking a step back and walking down the hall.

Leaving me alone for a moment to recover, all I can do is revel in the pleasure you so easily brought me and wonder what to do next. Rejoining me, you retake your seat and watch TV as if you'd never moved. The slight tremble that started earlier is now a noticeable shake, fuelled my need to touch you. After some time I force my feet to slide onto the floor and stand up. Once I'm up, my nerves calm and I take a few steps to stand in front of you. Reaching down, I nudge your legs until there is a space big enough for me and kneeling down, I fold my legs under comfortably and slide my hand across your zipper, just teasing. Continuing my teasing, I watch a familiar bulge form against the fabric of your shorts. Rising up on my knees, I lean forward and lightly rake my teeth along the outline of your cock.

"Stand up," you growl.

Doing as you wish, I rise to stand before you, as your hands move to untie the knot of my cover up

before pushing it over my shoulders and down my arms to fall to the floor. Running your hands up my stomach to my breasts, your mouth replaces them and I am lost again in the feel of your mouth and hands. Roaming over my body, nails biting into my skin, squeezing my ass, teasingly slipping just past the waist of my thong. Pushing your shorts to the floor, I reach down grasping your cock hard and gently stroke before you pull away to sit down again. Pulling my nipples, you guide me down with you until my breasts surround your cock, stroking along the shaft.

Releasing me, one hand tangles in my hair, pushing down until your cock is completely taken to the base as your hot cum spills down my throat. Relaxing under your hold, I take everything you have to give me, sucking my way back up, not wanting to miss a drop. Settling back onto my knees, I slide one hand gently along your shaft while the other caresses your balls. Completely focused on my task, I stroke your shaft and feel it, once again, hard in my hand. Leaning forward, I run my tongue along your cock before slipping my lips over the head. Continuing to stroke you with my hand I swirl my tongue around your crown.

Glancing up, I take pride in the look of pleasure on your face as I drop my hand and take you deeper with each stroke of my lips. Resting my hand on your thigh, I can feel you tense and tremble each time I bring you close to cumming. Teasing you, I back off each time not wanting to finish yet, taking turns between using my hands and mouth teasing, until I can’t wait to taste you again. Taking your cock between my lips, I find a steady rhythm bracing one hand on the couch, listening to your breathing increase, I feel your leg shake and flex beneath my hand. Dropping my hands to rest on the floor as your hand in my hair pushes me until your cock touches the back of my throat and I relax as I taste you once again. Swallowing everything I gently suck my way back up before sitting back happily waiting for instructions.

“Get dressed,” a familiar command I’ve come to wait for. Standing up, I watch you walk down the hall as I slip my cover up back on. After making sure everything is as it was, I sit down on the couch again to watch TV as I wait for your return.

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