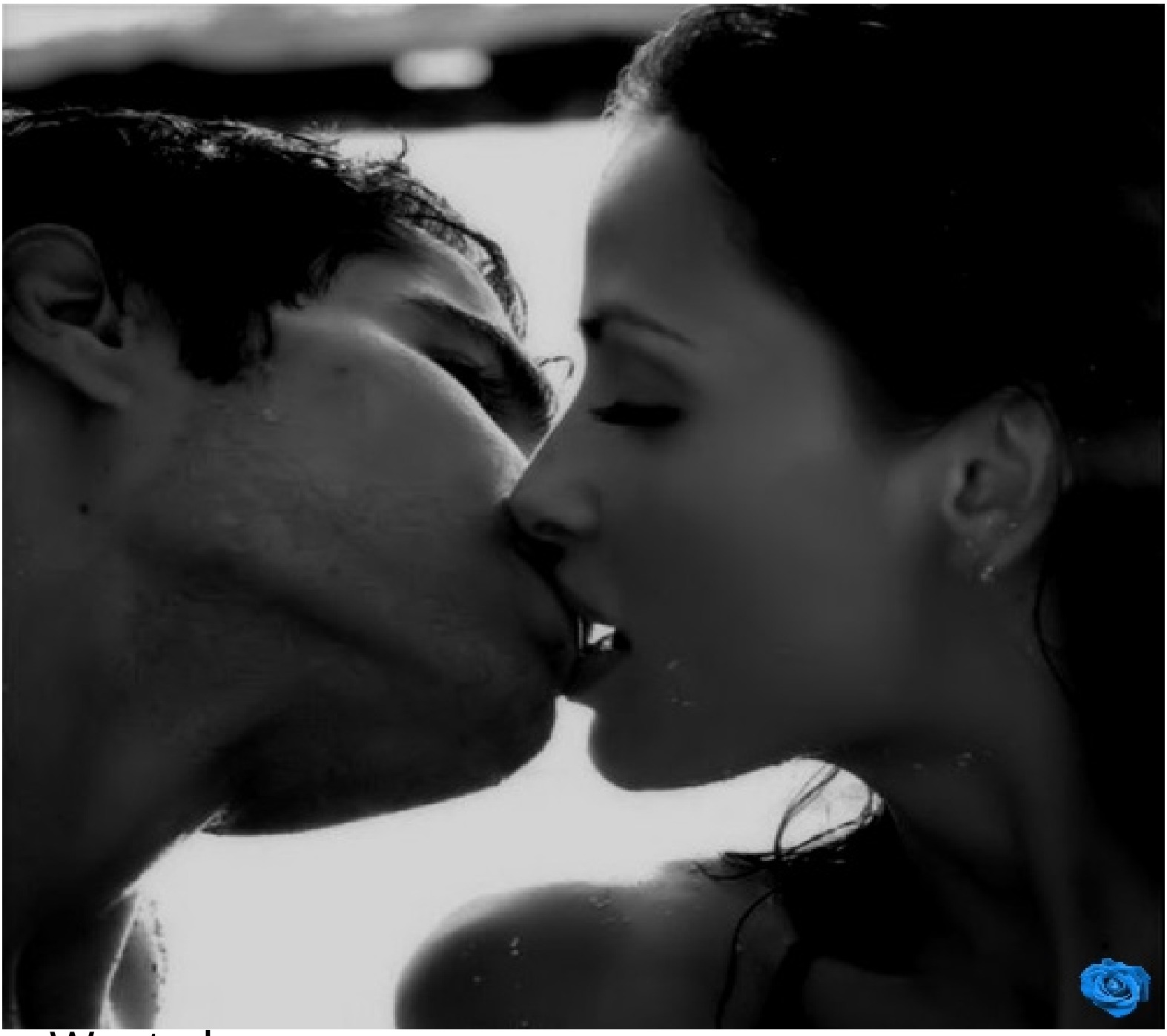

Wanted

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A slow smile spread across her face as she watched him over the rim of her glasses. She could hear his breathing as it changed. He was frustrated. She kept quiet, knowing that he wouldn't appreciate her talking to him just then. He was stuck. He'd been trying to write the same page for days, and he couldn't seem to get past it. She didn't have to look at him to know that he was getting upset. She could hear it in the way he was typing. The more frustrated he got, the angrier his writing got.

He had a deadline to get the chapter finished. He usually didn't struggle like this, but for some reason this time, he kept saying he couldn't get it right. This was very out of character for him, and she wanted to help him. He was one of the most stubborn men she had ever met and he didn't ask for help lightly. She knew that offering any assistance would be tricky.

She had been patient, and stayed mostly silent, only speaking to him when absolutely necessary. She had given him the space he needed, but she was getting frustrated herself now, in more ways than one. The few times he had joined her in bed, it had been for deep, exhausted sleep, and her body was now craving his touch.

Her own laptop was resting on her knees, and she quietly folded it up and put it on the couch next to her. She sat there, just looking at him. About an hour ago, he had taken a break and had a shower. His hair was now dry, but it was a rugged mess from running his hands through it repeatedly. He had tossed on a pair of loose black pants and a grey tee that she'd laid out for him. His hand kept reaching for his coffee mug, bringing it to his lips. But it was empty, and it had been for a while. It was a subconscious habit, more than for the want of a drink.

She would get him a fresh cup soon, but for now, she had other plans.

She had climbed into the shower as he was getting out after his. He had given her an absent-minded kiss before drying himself off. She had watched him then, too. Her body always stirred when he was close to her, and she couldn't help it. All her love was wrapped up in him.

As she was watching him now, her body was reacting again. She had been turned on since she woke up this morning, and she wanted him. She knew that she could help him relax if he would only let her.

He had a way of getting himself too caught up inside his own head. She knew that when he got to this point, he would start over-thinking things and make it all worse. He needed to put his focus elsewhere for a while. And she knew just the way to make that happen.

She stood up, running her hands up her legs under the burgundy summer dress, the dress that he liked so much. She reached the lace band of her panties and started to pull them down over her thick thighs. She stepped out of them, reaching down to pick them up. Bringing them to her face, she inhaled her own scent, smelling her own arousal.

She dropped the panties onto the couch, and brought her hand up to remove the pins from her hair. She let her long, dark curls fall down her back. He loved her long hair, and she knew how much he enjoyed to just touch it, play with it, and smell it.

God, she really needed him. Just the thought of his touch on her skin was fueling her own desire.

Slowly, she started to walk towards him. He didn't hear her at first, but she felt him tense as she slid her hands up his back. She rested them gently on his shoulders as she leaned down to kiss the top of his head. Even his scent was making her shiver.

“Are you stuck, baby?” she whispered softly, resting her head on his shoulders.

All she got in response was a shrug, and she felt he was trying to push her away. But she wouldn't let him this time. She needed him, and she knew that he needed her. He just hadn't realized it yet.

She walked around until she was facing him, and placed her hands on his knees. She saw the annoyance flash in his eyes. He really was frustrated and cranky, but she just ignored it. It was time to push a little.

She saw him take a deep breath to control himself and his temper. Oh, he was full of raw emotions and anger, and it was time to put it to use.

“Let me help you,” she smiled gently at him, her eyes locking with his, making him focus on her, just her.

"You can’t, it’s all in here," he said, tapping his temple with his finger. "It’s all fucking stuck in here and it won’t come out."

She could hear it in his voice, the desperation.

"Baby, I know I can’t help you write,” she whispered, as she pressed her soft lips against his. "But I can help you relax..."

She let her words sink in as she kept kissing him. Her hands cupped his face as her tongue traced along his bottom lip, and she suddenly bit down on it. She heard his low growl.

She pulled away, just enough to look into his eyes again, as she smiled.

“Trust me, my love, I will take care of you,” she said, dropping to her knees. She could see the range of emotions tumbling in his eyes, and watched the struggle within him to let her take control.

He finally relaxed and shifted in his seat, brushing her lips with his thumb. He said nothing, and just kept looking at her.

She pressed her tongue though her parted lips. She saw him catch his breath as she circled her hands around his wrist. She started to lick the length of his thumb before sucking it into her mouth. She saw his jaw clench as he watched her full lips surround it.

Slowly, she pulled it out of her mouth. He did not move, and kept watching her.

She sat back against her heels as her hands travelled up his legs. She felt his muscles through his pants, and she wanted to feel his skin against hers. His legs were already spread wide, and she could see his cock straining against the soft fabric. She knew he was not wearing boxers, so it was just that thin barrier between them. She wanted him inside of her. She wanted him to fill her like no other man ever could, but for now, this was about him.

She ran her hands up the inside of his thighs. Her hands gently brushed along the shaft of his cock, and she felt him throb and grow even harder. Her hands reached the waist of his pants. She ran her finger along the edge, feeling his skin. She felt the heat radiating from his body.

She slowly started to pull down his pants. She lifted the waistband over his cock, releasing it. He was so hard that it was resting against his belly. The sight of him always made her crave him even more. She took her time admiring his fullness.

To her, he had the perfect cock. She whimpered at the curve of his erection, knowing how he would feel inside of her, knowing it would fill her and touch her core. She felt her wetness trickle down the inside of her thighs, and she had to struggle not to reach down to run her finger along her wet slit.

She grabbed his base firmly in her hand as her lips started licking his smooth balls. At first, she was gentle, and then she applied more pressure, sucking and kissing them. She loved the feel against her lips and tongue. All the while, her hand kept rotating around his base.

She moved her hand down and cupped his balls, slowly massaging them as she ran her tongue up the length of his hard shaft. She heard him moan as she gently licked his most sensitive spot. His hands went into her hair, quickly getting them tangled in a solid hold.

She looked up at him. His eyes were dark with need. She knew what he wanted; she knew what he needed. She wrapped her soft lips around the tip of his cock, and she could taste the pre-cum that had already started to ooze out of him. She loved the taste of him, so male and primal. She moaned as she slowly moved down his shaft, her tongue swirling as she took him deeper.

She relaxed her throat, allowing him to push further inside her hot, wet mouth. She started to move back up, taking her time until he popped out of her mouth, and she placed soft kisses on his tip. She felt him struggle to keep the hands in her hair gentle, but she could both feel and see the urgency in him. He needed the teasing to be done. He needed her, desperately.

She felt the grip in her hair tighten as he pushed her mouth over his cock again, making her take him deep. His hips started thrusting, fucking her mouth. She whimpered as she felt him pulsating and leaking more pre-cum against her tongue.

She heard his breath quicken as his moans intensified. She knew he was getting closer.

His moans changed to a low growl as he started whispering to her.

“God… Yes… Fuck… Baby, I need you.”

She kept a steady pace, with her lips tight around his throbbing cock, sucking him, loving him.
She heard him mumble something, but she couldn't make out what it was. Her focus was on making him cum hard into her wanting mouth.

She felt his hands let go of her hair, and he leaned forward. She did not stop.

All of a sudden, she heard his fingers dance quickly across the keyboard. It slowly registered that he was typing. She started to pull him out of her mouth, knowing that she should stop and let him get back to writing. She tried to push down the disappointment she was feeling. She was doing this to help him.

“No, baby, don’t you dare stop,” he grunted, still tapping away on his laptop.

She smiled, and went right back to devouring his glistening cock. She slowed down, taking her time to lick his shaft with her flattened tongue, giving him the incentive he needed to keep writing.

She knew that if she could make him stop thinking, and just feel for a while, he could get past whatever block he was facing. She seemed to have been right.

She heard his breathing increase, and she felt him grow even harder in her mouth. She knew he was getting to the point of no return. She closed her eyes and moaned in anticipation of his release.

He was typing fast and with urgency, until suddenly, she felt his hands back in her hair. He moaned her name, and then a string of unclear sentences, words of everlasting love and passion. They quickly turned into crude obscenities as he finally erupted in her mouth, and she took everything he had to give her, until he was empty.

She looked up at him as she slowly licked every inch of him clean. The look in his eyes made her heart skip a beat. She loved this man, her man. In his eyes, she could see the same love and desire that she felt in her own soul.

He leaned down to kiss her, tasting himself on her lips. He pulled her up into his lap and embraced her. He buried his face in her hair, inhaling.

"Thank you, my baby," he whispered.

She just smiled and closed her eyes. Her own lust was still burning hot. But for now, she needed this.

With him, she felt safe. She felt loved... and wanted.

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