A Night With Ritchie

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“Hello?” I shouted, hoping for no reply. I had two other flat mates and there was a rule about bringing men home.

To my disappointment, there was a “hello” thrown back to me. “We’re in the lounge” a voice popped up from

around the corner.

“Right, I’m off to bed, I’ve got a headache from drinking” I lied. Icouldn'tlet them see him and I was desperate to get him inside. His flat was being overrun with a lads night in; there was no way we were going back to his place. Earlier, I had been on a date set up by a friend of mine whocouldn'tbear to see me single any longer; it was with a man named Richard. He was gorgeous, lovely smoky brown hair, deep blue eyes and a short, tidy beard.
I stood in the doorway of the flat, taking my shoes off. I grabbed Richard’s hand and led him inside. Isignaledthat we had to be quiet as we crept up the stairs and into my bedroom. I quietly pushed the door shut as he placed his arms around my waist and began to kiss my neck. His breath was warm and made my skin tingle; each kiss was a small delight.

“I want you so bad” he whispered in my ear. I turned around to answer him but he kissed me again, this time on the lips. I grabbed him by his tie and led him onto my bed, he lay on top of me and I started unbuttoning his shirt between kisses.

I took off his tie and shirt, discarding them onto the floor; he got the idea and pulled my dress over my head. We kept kissing while I ran my hands up and down his body He began to moan lightly as I reached up and kissed his neck slowly.He began to pull down my panties, slowly and seductively he pulled them from around my ankles.

He lay down on the bed and began to let his fingers slip inside of me. I started to breath heavy, trying my best not to make too much noise. He was still kissing my neck and I could feel his breathing quicken, he was getting excited andcouldn'twait much longer. He started to trail his kisses from my neck down my chest and all the way down my body, adding to his two fingers, he gently massaged

my clit with his tongue, he was slow at first, but started getting faster and faster, harder and harder, my breathing was heavy as I arched my back in pleasure.

“R...Ritchie” escaped from my lips.

I was nearly done, but he stopped and looked up at me from the foot of the bed as I lay there panting. Hedidn'tsay anything as I sat up and started to undo his belt and unzip his trousers. He dragged them off from around his ankles and I pulled down his boxer shorts. I slowly traced his cock with my tongue before wrapping my lips around the whole thing. He let out a deep, loud moan that made me wetter than I already was. He kept moaning, at this time Ididn'tcare about the noise. Ididn'tcare if the girls downstairs heard, I just kept sucking until his hot cum filled my mouth. I swallowed and smiled up at him.

“That was great” he grinned. He pushed me back down on the bed and grabbed hold of his cock.

“You ready?” he asked, gently stroking my clit with the tip. He inserts himself into me with a small groan. It hurt, but not much, he made sure I was comfortable and started to thrust. He leaned over and began to moan deeply into my ear, each breath like warm whiskey on my neck. After a few thrusts he starts to hit harder and harder, I started to moan out loud. Icouldn'thelp myself; I grabbed the headboard and started screaming. His moans got louder as he got close to climax.

“Fuck...right there...yeah!” I shouted. There was no denying that my flatmates knew what was going on.
I shut my eyes and moaned as I tightened around his cock, a pleasure most memorable. Shortly after I felt his cock pulse as he came inside of me. He stayed on top of me as we panted. I could hear both of our hearts beating. He kissed my temple as he pulled out of me, rolled over and held me in his arms and quietly fell asleep