No more teasing

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I was reading...to suprise him...to join him

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It was cold and frosty outside that night, frost lay a blanket on the roads, on the trees,on the cars. I pulled up into the driveway and shivered as I stepped out of the toasty warm car. The wind slipped through the gap in my coat and brushed my nipples, teasingand taunting them.I was etching to get into that nice double shower. I got through the door, dropped my bags in relief and made my way upstairs to the bathroom. I took off my coat and lay it on the bed. Then I stopped. I heard something. The shower was already running..why? I looked aroundhis clothes lay, like a walkway, leading to the shower. He was in there, running his hands through his moist and soapy hair, water running reluctantly off his smooth silky skin. His whole presence suggested tangled white bed sheets and hot erotic afternoons. It was part of his hold over me, the ability and skill to create a myth, approachable sexuality without ever having to talk or touch anyone. I was powerless under his spell.
I sat on the edge of the bed and watched him for a few minutes, entranced; I could feel my nipples hardening and feel my pussy starting to moisten. I slowly undressed, not taking my eyes off him. I unbuttoned my shirt to expose my half cup bra, which came away with ease to expose my hard, erect nipples and soft supple large breasts. My skirt slipped down and I peeled my thong away from my throbbing pussy lips to reveal the shaven treasure underneath. I let my hair down from its hold and shook it out. Sitting on the edge of the bed in nothing but my killer heels from the meeting earlier, I spread my legs and with one hand teaseda tender breast, playfully flicking my nipple and with the otherhandrunning softly, over my enlarged pussy lips. I rubbed them, gently, softly, as if to tease them, entice them, to make them want himthat little bit more.I was ready..to surprise him...to join him.
I slowly walked over to the shower, he still hadn't noticed me. I opened the door slightly and the steam from the hot water rushed out and brushed my face and teased my nipples. I stepped in, behind him slowly and shut the door. He was still oblivious to my presence. I placed my hands on his shoulder blades gently and ran them down his back. He looked over his shoulder, saw it was me and smiled. He stayed looking at me, I continued. I very softly kissed his shoulder blade, my upper lip protruding over the lower, in a slope of subtle sexual invitation. Iran my hands slowly from his lower back, down to his ass. I started to crouch down, continuing to run my hands over him as I lower myself, running my fingertips down over his firm toned thighs. Then, I turned him.
He was stood to attention, so quickly too. I looked up at him, looking deep in his eyes I knew he was trying to control his urges, his desires but was becoming more and more powerless by the second.

He placed one hand on my cheek and stroked it gently. Still looking into his eyes I knelt, my face inches from his throbbing cock. I moved my lips closer and closer to it. I wanted to tease him, as he had been teasing me for such a long time. I kissed, just above his pubic line and placed one of my hands on the outside of his thigh. I continued to trail soft tender kisses, barely meeting his sily skin with my smooth tender lips, touching just enough to get his attention. I kissed, softly, subtely, over and over again, getting ever closer to his hard manhood. I placed both hands on his outer thighs and once again, looked him deep in the eyes.
I moved my pursed lips closer.
He knew.