The Massage

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A man gives a beautiful woman a massage of pleasure

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He had promised that the massage would leave her completely relaxed and refreshed. She lay on the bed, her perfect figure rising and falling gently as she breathed. She was wearing nothing save for an eye cover that he had kept from his last flight home from Barbados.

He crouched beside her and silently started to massage each finger in turn of her right hand. Just this action was sufficient to make him hard in anticipation of what was to come. He slowly worked the warmed oil into her skin, working her fingers to flex the joints, sometimes squeezing to apply pressure to the small muscles and tendons, or applying an ever so light touch to sensitise the skin.

He looked up and saw her nipples were pert partly from the coolness of the room, partly the excitement of anticipation. Using all the will power he could find he did not rush but worked from her hand to her arm, he could feel her soft skin as he carefully smoothed sufficient oil to allow him to work the massage but not so much as to make it too wet and slippery.

He gripped her arm in both hands and carefully kneaded her flesh, stretching the skin, sometimes in long movements up and down her arm, or working around the arm. So excited he could feel his own juice oozing from the eye of his engorged dick which bounced as he worked at giving her the relaxing massage she wanted, he was scared that he wouldn't be able to hold on till the time was right.

He worked his way up to her shoulder, kissed her lightly on the lips and moved round to the other side of her and slowly massaged her other hand and arm. He was so excited that he was able to take his own juice and use it with the oil to lubricate her flesh. He was so tempted to use one hand on her and one on himself but knew that despite the ache in his balls he must leave his 8 inch erection for her.

When he reached her left should he again kissed her on the mouth, this time he kissed her longingly using his tongue and as she responded he gently sucked her tongue as if giving her the blow job that he intended her to give him.

He moved her arms up by her head and then got on the bed straddling her so that his legs were trapping her arms. He lent forward and started to massage her legs. He carefully worked her thighs massaging the skin and the underlying muscles relaxing her tired legs. Frequently having to wipe the juice from his dick to stop it dripping on her.

As he worked his way down her right leg he had to lean further and further forward; as he did so his rigid member got lower and closer to her lips. As he reached her knees his cock pushed gently at her lips which opened willingly, her tongue reaching out to taste him, her head craning forward from the pillow in an effort to take his glistening purple head into her mouth.

He moved his hands back up her thigh, raising his knob from her lips. She stopped straining to reach it and he let himself back down. Again as soon as she felt the bead of juice on the end of his cock touch her lips she licked it off and again raised her head in an attempt to draw on his thick glans. Using every last ounce of will power he again lifted out of reach.

As he lowered himself down again she had realised what he wanted. He worked his way down her leg so his rigid member sank slowly into the warm wet interior of her mouth. Little by little it entered until there was sufficient for her to be able to suck and start working on. He could feel her trying to free her arms, but his legs trapped them. She kept trying to draw more of him into her mouth but he would raise himself slightly to prevent her having control.

As he worked down her leg his cock sank deeper in to her mouth. Where she had been craving for more she now started to push her head back into the pillow as the end of his cock reached the back of her mouth and started to nudge at the entrance to her throat.

He paused to let her accommodate him and to let the gagging reflex wear off. As he worked his way down to her ankle, he relentlessly continued to push his cock into her throat so he could feel the tight constriction of her throat around the bulbous end of his knob. Every time she swallowed, which was often, he felt her throat tighten and then relax, milking his solid prick. He felt her lips around the root of his cock and knew he could go no further. He gently started fucking her throat without any assistance from her while he worked his way back up her leg, massaging as carefully on the way up as he had on the down way.

He reached the top of her leg and ever so gently brushed the ends of the hairs on her neatly trimmed bush. He felt her body react instantly and noticed the glistening between her legs showing she was as turned on as he was. Working his way up her leg had caused his prick to come up out of her throat. He leant forward to give her a quick kiss on the wet swollen lips of her mons. As he did so his prick went straight to the back of her mouth and down into her throat. As his lips touched her wet lips her body shuddered as if his touch had given her an electric shock. He raised up and drew his cock from

her throat but left it in her mouth where she sucked and licked it, trying to scoop more juice from him. He could feel her opening the eye of his knob by pushing the tip of her tongue into it.

As he carefully massaged her second leg he again lowered his pulsing member down into her throat. He reached her ankle and started to fuck her throat as he massaged her feet and toes. He had total control; she was unable to do anything other than let him do what he wanted. The moans emanating from her indicated that she was certainly not complaining.

He felt his balls swell and the ache became almost painful. He speeded up his assault on her throat and could feel his knob end swelling. He tensed as hard as he could to stem the flow. When he could hold on no longer he withdrew and pushed back so his turgid member was resting on her face pointing at her large tits.

He couldn't help the sound he made as he finally let himself shoot his hot spunk straight on to her tits. He hadn't seen himself spill that amount of cream in ages. When he had finished he raised up and pushed his softening cock into her mouth where she started to lick hungrily at it cleaning it off and drawing the remnants of his ejaculation from his tube.

He moved his attentions to her body. While the seed was still warm he massaged it into her ample breasts. The already pert nipples hardened under his fingers. As he massaged and tweaked them she moaned where they hurt, where they were so swollen with lust.

He calmed down sufficiently to be able to concentrate on the reason for her coming back to his flat; the massage. He carefully massaged around her tits taking care not to concentrate on the sexual areas but to ensure her whole body was massaged and relaxed.

Having stretched the skin and flesh of her belly and body he again concentrated on her tits. They were large enough for him to be able to use both hands on each one in turn. Whilst doing this his semi flaccid cock grew in her mouth where she was still working her tongue and sucking on him, drawing more of his pre cum into her hungry mouth. By the time he had finished the nipples were dark and swollen and clearly as sensitive as hell.

He raised himself up, her head arching up to try to maintain contact with his now rigid 8 inch cock. As he rose she moved an arm down and tried to close her fingers around the girth of his pulsing erection but was unable to maintain her grip as he pulled away.

He went and crouched between her legs and started to massage the inside of her thighs. He moved forward until he was brushing the hairs of her mons. She moaned and it seemed as if she had come just from that touch.

He started to massage her outer lips. She opened her legs wide and tried to shuffle down the bed trying to impale herself on his fingers. He gripped her to prevent her attempts and then teased the outer edges of the lips, sometimes running deeper into the groove. He could see her clit standing proud of its hood all on its own like a woman's erection.

She was so wet he could feel where her juices had been running down and pooling in her crinkly tight hole below. He gradually slipped two fingers of his hand into her causing her to arch her back. He searched for and found her electric spot and started to work it watching her face contort as her body release the sexual expectation that had built up whilst he had been massaging her. His other hand found her clit and carefully worked around it, eventually touching it, sending shivers racing through her body.

The sweat was evident on her face and body from the orgasms that he was causing to course through her body from the way he was massaging the inside of her wet pussy. Her juices were flowing so freely, what wasn't being absorbed into her bum flowed on to form a dark patch on the linen. He could smell her sex and could feel that he himself was again dripping his own pre cum from his exited knob.

He worked his way back down the bed and lowered his face to her mons where he licked at her out lips and at the river of juice emanating from her musky quim. He licked the area between her pussy and her arse dry then ran his tongue deep into the groove and up until he reached her rigid little clit. He drew the clit into his mouth and drew on it as she had to his dick. With his spare hand he reached down and found that her juices had prepared her arse beautifully and he was able to gently slide a finger into her tightest hole with ease and start working against the membrane separating it from her pussy. Her moans became louder as she accepted his attention to her anus.

He gently bit on her clit; immediately her body tensed, arched and then shuddered as a higher pitched exclamation came from her throat as she sank back onto the bed recovering from the most intense orgasm so far.

He played with her clit and then slipped his tongue deep into her pussy, lapping hungrily at her juices which continued to flow down to her arse. He carefully worked a second finger inter her tightest hole allowing her love juice to flow from her pussy down and back inside her anus.

He could hold on no longer, his cock and balls were so tight he knew he had to have her. He placed his solid fat cock at the entrance to her pussy and parted the lips further than they had been opened so far as he gently eased his staff into her warm soaking fanny. Her breath caught when he was two thirds of the way in but when he finally stopped with all eight inches inside her, her breathing resumed

the heavy regular pace that it had been before. He waited for her to expand to his size and let her insides move to accommodate his intrusion then he slowly started to fuck this beauty with the perfect figure.

He slowly withdrew and then even more slowly eased himself back inside to the hilt; it was as if every time he got to the end of his stroke she would orgasm. Occasionally he would withdraw so slowly and then drive his manhood home with sufficient force to drive the air from her lungs in a gasp.

He lowered his head and started to give her big tits a mouth massage. His dried semen was still on her breasts. The skin tightened by the drying spunk. As he kissed and licked her he gradually cleaned his semen from her. This clearly excited her but the taste of his own semen almost took him over the top.

He knew he wasn't going to last too long, as he had been so excited before he had entered her. She was writhing, her hair now bedraggled where it was wet with her own sweat. He increased his pace and knew that he was going to blow his wad. He rammed it home to the hilt and held it there as his cock pulsed and bounced within her jetting time and again as his body ejected his come deep inside her.

He lay with her until his dick had once more become flaccid and both had got they're breathing back to normal.

He turned her over and using some more oil started to massage her back. He gradually massaged the whole of her back shoulders and arms. At first he thought she was going to fall asleep but she rested then moaned gently to his attentions.

He turned himself round and massaged first one leg then the other taking time on each to ensure the muscles were kneaded and stretched to relax them.

When he got to her feet he turned round and gradually worked his way back up her legs. Sitting on her feet he reached forward gradually getting higher and higher up her legs until his fingers reached the honey pot between her legs. He kept going, gradually working his fingers deeper inside her pussy. He was pleased to see that he was once more rigid and had a bead of clear juice emerging from his eye.

When she was moaning and writhing once more he withdrew his fingers and worked them into her still wet tight little bottom. He added some more oil and worked it in with his fingers.

He withdrew his fingers and continued to massage her back, gradually working himself back up her

legs with every forward motion he made with his hands.

Eventually his rigid member was nudging at the crinkly entrance to her bottom. As he applied a little oil to himself and increased the pressure slightly he saw her anus opening for the tip of his manhood to enter. To his delight she pushed back on him causing his solid rod to disappear into her tightest channel.

He slowly eased the full eight inches into her stretching her sphincter to such an extent that he was scared she would split.

He could feel the heat of her stretched round his shaft for its whole length, it was almost too much. She started to move below him causing the end of his knob to rub and ping on something deep within her. Whatever it was she liked it; within seconds she was in the throws of an orgasm the likes of which he had not seen her have before. He started to move with her and could feel his bollocks swelling. His prick felt as if it was on fire and hurt where it was so engorged and rigid.

Finally he could hold on no more...

With a jolt he awoke to feel his prick pulsing and wet warmth around his balls and rapidly softening prick. He put his hands down and felt that his bed shorts were saturated in semen in one area and stiff with dry semen in another. Whatever the dream was it must have been good and lasted longer than he had!