

The Dance of Two

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A dance of lovers

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Her heart racing along with her mind as his whispered words of wanting lust washes over her. She is lost in the caress of his loving hands as they roam her flesh invoking wanton ways from her. Seeking his mouth, wanting of his lips, she hungers to feel of their warmth. He teases with his teeth, nipping at her feeling her respond. Sensing her excitement, making his own known in return. He loves the fact that it is him and him alone that makes her feel as so, knowing she wants of him.

She does want of him; her body is humming from his caresses, his hands stroke and pull at her flesh. He has already felt her shuddering waves, her wetness soaking him as she cried out his name. His flesh marked by her nails as he rode together with her discharging all her cum. Feeling her nails dig in even harder, he drove himself deeper inside her.

Kissing her softly now, slow teasing kisses as his hands roam, feeling her move from his touch. Their bodies moving in a twisting turn, dancing like an erotic melody in tune with each other. Shared whispers of desire cried as they seek of each other. She moves beneath him in want, her body opening to his hands, as his fingers work their magic. He, drinking in her succulent warmth, becomes lost in pleasuring her, wanting her like this. His lustful words washing over her, causing her to arch her body and thrust rub up against him. He can feel her readiness, she is close to it.

His eyes dancing as he moves to take her, he answers her lusty cries with his own as he slips into her arched wet folds. Feeling her take him as he takes her, he begins deeply thrusting into her depths. Her hands on his backside, roaming as his manhood probes at her slick insides. He whispers urging her to take him deeper. Moaning in answer she moves, pressing up against him, meeting in a hip to hip grinding motion.

Her hands gripping his firm muscled ass, as he moves to hold himself above her, supporting his weight with his strong arms.

Beginning slowing himself wanting to tease her, he pulls back out of her wetness as she moves wanting him back inside her.

She begs and cries out as he thrusts full length back inside her, over and over he teases her.

Love's watching her, feeling her as she seeks to have him back inside.

Her wants pouring from her lips as she begins to pant.

He knows she is close, her nails digging in again, as she pulls him to her as he starts to withdraw; he aches in release but holds off.

Wanting her in that place, where she is flying before he joins her.

He leans down and begins licking at her breasts, first one, then the other, alternating back and forth.

Her nipples are hard, as he sucks and pulls at them, feeling her as she moves.

He continues working her breasts and holds himself now deep inside her.

Letting her use him, whispering to her to take him as she grips, pulls over and over until she tenses and bucks in release.

Her cries are mixing with his as he quickened his thrusts, his own heat erupting inside her wetness, feeding it to her in hot jerking spurts.

He sucks at her breasts in his release, feeling her milking him in return.

Both melding together, hands grasped, fingers locked, a mass of hot moving flesh fused together in lust, in the taking of each other.

Their bodies' slick with sweat, mixed with each other's essences as they share in coming back down.

That share of a slowdown in catching of their breath, soft kisses, slow slide of caress, whispered words murmured as they shift and settle.

Apart but not apart as sleep overtakes until they reawaken