home alone

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girl love her self

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Her white sheets are draped slightly over her thigh, contrasting with her light brown skin, covering her womanhood. Her tanned skin, trembling slightly, is covered in sweat as her delicate hand moves something down her firm body. She gets small goose-bumps as the object traces the curves of her body, sometimes barely touching the bare skin. She eventually slips it below the sheets and between her thighs, pausing slightly while relishing the feeling of it brushing her skin before moving between her legs. She slips it into her body, pushing it in slowly as her head rolls back at the moment of penetration and a small gasp, barely audible, escapes her lips. She closes her eyes to the sensation emanating from her groin as the object is pushed deeper.

She withdraws the extremely hard object, before thrusting it back in with slightly more vigour, sighing and relaxing slightly with the movement. It starts to pump away within her as her breathing becomes ragged and soft, her body tightening as the intruder continues its work. It moves within her, in and out of her body and each thrust encouraging small whimpers to escape from her lips as the waves of pleasure each thrust brings begins to swell in size. She enjoys this for some time, her eyes closed and her head pulled back as the hard object continues to move in and out, in and out of her young body, between her legs.

After a while, she starts to moan, softly at first but beginning to grow louder as the object between her legs penetrating her womanhood starts to increase its pace. Her moans grow louder, she enjoys the pleasure and she has not a care in the world.

Her firm, curvy, gorgeous figure contorts with her face as she feels the sensations of penetration causing her whole body to shiver, interspersed with gasps, growing louder and louder. She begins to forget where she is, but she doesn't care. She is in a world of her own, and with this, she starts to cry out. Small cries at first but growing louder in volume as the hard penetrating object continues to increase its pace, building the tension within as it penetrates her.

Her cries begin to fill the room, her motions jerking on her bed, her skin covered in sweat from the

exertion as she feels the pleasure building within. As her pleasure continues to build, she begins to grasp at nearby objects, her sheets, the bedside, anything on her bedside table as she feels the pleasure increasing and she needs relief, is desperate for relief as her cries of pleasure continue to grow louder and louder, escaping her open door and into the house, filling the house with the sounds of her pleasure. This continues for a while, as she gets closer and closer to the edge, her cries getting louder, her movements becoming desperate, her eyes screwed tight, shut from the outside world and any world, the sensations of the hard object penetrating her, moving within her. She gets to the edge, and the object stops. She relaxes slightly but wants the movement to continue. She starts to move her hips, she rocks up against the object, wishing for the sensations to continue unabated, and they do, from her own doing, as she grinds herself against the solid penetrator. After a while, the object starts to move within her again, deeper and deeper, faster and faster. She moans and cries without restraint and doesn't care -- she could be anywhere, she could be within a stadium full of people and she would not care. She bucks her hips against the object, allowing it within her, her legs splayed wide, accepting the intruder within her body. It delves deeper within her in reply. Her cries reach a peak and then, silence.

She freezes, her body still, but her eyes and mouth open, as if in shock. Then, her head rocks right back, her eyes shut tight again, her face is covered with a grimace. Her back arches and she shakes. Her fingers thrust the object as deep within her as her young body will allow and holds it there, her stomach muscles twitching and convulsing, her whole body shuddering as the pleasure that had been building within her explodes within, her body moving of its own accord, wracked with spasms as she rides the object for all its worth. Her muscles in her stomach, tighten around the object, drawing it still deeper within her.

The object then starts moving again. This time encouraging a bigger response, her body shakes, she cannot take too much more. Her muscles convulse once more, her toes curl as the waves of pleasure reach her extremities. She cries out in a low, guttural groan that fills the house. Her stomach muscles pull the object in once more, where it pauses for a second, before moving again.

She is hit by a third wave of intense energy that courses through her body. She shudders, her fingers trembling, her muscles tightening under the strain. It draws to a close, her entire body goes limp as her blue eyes open, her face serene and peaceful.

Her hand between her legs relaxes as she recovers from the intense ride. She purrs slightly as she recounts the events of her wild journey. She dreams. She pulls the object out of herself and places the tip of it on her lips. Her tongue darts out, meeting the object and tastes, before she pushes it between her quivering lips, giving in to a temptation. She sucks on it, licking it with her tongue, licking it clean of her pleasure. She then places the object next to herself on her bedside. It has served its purpose, it has served her well.

She lies back again, deeply content and only then does she realise that you have been watching her the entire time. Your own hands, drawn irresistibly by a deep desire, move between your legs as you approach your own breaking point. She watches, spellbound, as the waves of pleasure that have just coursed their way through her body, make their way through yours. She grunts, as she is hit by another intense wave simply by watching your convulsions. As you struggle to constrain yourself, you resist the urge to call out, to cry out as she leaves her legs spread wide, all the time, watching you come down from your high place. She smiles at you, and you blush before returning the smile and walking away