

Vagary - His perspective

By Mistress

Published on Lush Stories on 30 Nov 2010



Giving her a little extra....

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In his perspective : Continuing what I've stated previously, how I would like to write in different styles, different perspectives. I will write fantasy, memories, and delusion. The delusion I'm writing is a rather large story; that will take some time. Lightly, my hand cupping her face, my thumb traces her cheekbones. Kissing her, feeling her full lips on mine, her tongue darts every so often to taste my own, meeting in between our lips to caress each other. She tastes of strawberry lip balm, not too strong, but almost as if she applied it to her lips slowly with an index finger, right before I had came home. My other hand runs through her thick, curly shoulder length hair, I can feel her bangs teasing my cheeks. As we kiss, our noses sometimes get in the way, making us smile sweetly at each other through heavy veils of lust. She kisses me with burning desire, slow, hot and heavy. Her hands are clasped behind my head, scratching the stubble of my scalp. Her nails are long; the scratches send shivers down my spine. She molds her body up against my own in the bed. She's already nude, I stripped her before letting her enter the bed. I slowly removed each piece of clothing; she wore layers to combat the winter cold. It's a little chilly, but her nipples are erect and teasing my own as she pulls closer to me, trying to wrap her legs around my waist. I won't let her. Keeping the hand to trace her face, still kissing her, I trail my other hand down her body, running my hand across her breasts, teasing each nipple with the palm of my hand. I leave my hand over her sternum, then trail it down toward her pubic hair. When my wrists settles on curls, I rub her hips, trace her thighs into my memory. I lean my head down, take a nipple into my mouth, keep the hands where they lie. She takes my index finger into her mouth, and I hear her breath catch in her throat as I tongue a nipple, then breathe on the other. This making it stiffen, she moans. She starts to buck her hips more toward me, as if she wants me to explore some more. Keeping the nipple in my mouth, I continue to play with her as I lead my way to her slit. Still kissing her, I guide myself by memory. Placing a finger at the top of her slit, I trace it with a finger, watching her tremble, hear her ask me for more. She's already wet, she's so hot and slick. I flick her nipple once more, then lick my finger. She has a prominent taste; one I crave. Closing my eyes, I moan at the taste, my erection lengthening at the memory of her taste. Rising to all fours, I place my body directly over hers, kissing my way down, pausing at each nipple before continuing. Taking a few minutes to swirl the tip of my tongue over her aureoles, kissing and nibbling my way first across her chest then down her side to cross to the middle. Parting her legs,

I can smell her, feel her heat. She's so dripping wet, her juice is leaking out of her slit. Gingerly, I begin to first lap up her juice, then once again trace her lips. Bringing myself back up to the top of her slit, I part her lips slightly to tease her with my tongue. Whimpering, she grinds her hips against my face, wanting to feel me deeper, wanting to rub my tongue up against her swollen clit. I giggle, slip my arms under myself, placing my hands on the cheeks of her ass. Holding tight, I am swiveling and moving her hips as I please, allowing her movement when I feel its needed. I have control tonight. Flicking her clit with my tongue, I can taste her sweeter juices. Dragging my tongue down to her entrance, peaking inside, then returning to base. Tracing circles with just my tongue, I haven't spread her enough to really feast on her. I continue to tease her, I can feel her bunching up the sheets underneath her. Raising my eyes as she bucks underneath my face, seeing a mounting of erect nipples, seeing her face contort into this mash of agonizing pleasure, so unbelievably hot. I'm starting to leak myself. She's begging, she doesn't want to be teased. It makes me so hot to hear her scream, hear her beg and whimper and my hands. Feeling her become more and more wet as I delve deeper makes me almost want to blow. Taking a deep breath, I tilt her hips up with my hands, squeezing her cheeks, and dive into her. Using my lips and tongue on her clit, licking and sucking, turning my head left then right to change pressure and position, she screams. She no longer crumples the sheets in her hands, she brings them over to my head to squeeze my skull, using her nails and making me shudder. Almost using chewing motions, I feel her buck, scream out one last time as more and more of her juice exploded into my mouth. Sweet, tangy, so good. Gasping, she told me she had finished, but as I got up to lay on the bed next to her, I started to strum her nipples again. I, smiling, motioned for her to sit on my face. Positioning herself so my nose was almost entering her, I used my hands to knead and strum her while I feasted on her some more. Gyrating her hips, her hands in her hair, creaming, she came again, several times, all over my face. Eventually, she brought herself down to use her mouth on me while I enjoyed the taste of her juices.