Caught in the Rain Part 2

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If you read “Caught in the Rain” first you will know what has happened so far….

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I went behind him down the stairs. He was naked and I was watching him as I followed, taking in his graceful walk, his broad shoulders and toned thighs. I pulled his robe tighter around me and smiled to myself. At the bottom of the stairs, he held out his hand and led me into the lounge.

The light was dim, coming only from a crackling fire in the grate. I surveyed my surroundings, the tasteful decoration, big comfortable furniture. He directed me to the fire and motioned for me to sit on the thick rug that lay in front of it whilst he busied himself at the drinks cabinet.

I sat on the rug, watching him coming back with two balloons of brandy, unashamed in his nakedness. He was well built, strong looking, and the heavy mass swinging between his legs as he walked towards me captivated me. I couldn’t quite believe I was in a room with this man, naked. This man who had just fucked me stupid.

He sat beside me handing me the warming Cognac and pulled a thick throw from the sofa to put over us.

He pulled at the robe tie. “You don’t need this on,” he said and I immediately shrugged out of it, so that like him I was naked under the throw.

We sipped our drinks for a moment in comfortable silence and I shivered a little when he reached and brushed my hair from my face with his hand.

“God, I fancy you,” he said which made me smile; it made him sound young and innocent. Neither of which he was.

“Sit between my legs Kate.” I obliged, sitting with my back to him, leaning against his hot body.

We were chatting. He told me how he had watched me during our meetings. How turned on I had made him without really trying.

“You did the same for me,” I confessed but he laughed.

“Ah, but I was trying!”

“What makes you think I wasn’t?”

He nuzzled into me, his arms around me. I could feel his breath on my neck. He was placing feather light kisses on my neck and shoulder, caressing my belly and nipples with his hands. I leaned into him, sighing as his hands cupped my ample breasts, my nipples sprang hard under his touch, and I felt him stiffening again against the small of my back.

His touch was exquisite. He circled my rock hard nipples with his finger tips and caressed them with the palms of his hands as he ran his tongue up the side of my neck. I was pushing back into him, the heat of his chest against my back, his excited penis rigid between us.

I was becoming wet again; his spunk that was still inside me from earlier was trickling out of me along with the juices of reignited desire. I moaned quietly and he snaked a hand down the front of me and parted my thighs.

He gasped as his hand found the wetness between my legs and I felt his cock twitch against my back. He grazed his fingers lightly over my pulsing clit and I spread my legs wider, lifting my bottom off the rug as I did so.

“Lay down for me, Baby,” he said and pushing back the throw I lay naked and exposed to him on the rug. Kneeling over me kissed me, tenderly at first, soft lips, gentle tongue. Before long, his tongue was probing my mouth as his hands roamed over my nakedness.

My body was quivering with desire as his mouth left mine and travelled down my body, lingering over my nipples with long, slow licks and wet sucking, so different from the earlier sucking and biting.

He worked his way down my body, until I was moaning with passion and until he had reached my pussy. My pussy was tender from the hard fuck he had given me earlier and aching to feel his touch. He buried his face and licked me long and slow. I knew he could taste his own semen on his tongue, mingled with my juices and it excited me. I was close to the edge, lifting myself from the floor to push

my vagina against his face. His tongue invaded my saturated slit.

“Cum for me Baby.” He groaned against my pussy and I felt the vibrations of his voice against my pounding clit. “Let me taste you.”

He slipped two fingers inside me as his focus on my clit intensified and I was cumming. Panting and moaning I creamed all over his fingers and tongue, his spunk and my cum juices dribbling onto his lips and chin. I could hear him talking. “Ohh yes, that’s it Baby, cum for me.”

My thighs were soaked and I knew the rug would be too. He slid his body up mine once more, kissing me again, his lips still wet with cum, his chest pressed against my breasts, the manly hairiness rubbing my sensitive nipples as his body moved against me. His hard cock was pressing against my pussy and although I was craving to feel him inside me again I wanted to show him what I could do for him.

Looking at him I told him, “Charlie, let me suck you.”

“Oh God. I want to be in your mouth so much, Sexy, but I am afraid you’ll make me cum and I badly want to make love to you.”

“And I badly want you in my mouth.”

Pushing him gently off me I gestured for him to sit on the sofa and crawling over to him I put my tongue into action on his body.

Trailing my tongue over each nipple I could hear him moaning in appreciation. Like he had done to me, I travelled down his body, kissing, licking and caressing. His hands were in my hair as my tongue ran to his navel, stroking his thighs with gentle fingers.

I stopped to look at his penis. Thick, dark and so stiff. I could see and smell the dried cum from earlier on his cock and in his pubes and the odour in my nostrils made my pussy contract. I stuck out my tongue and ran it from the base of his cock to the shiny, thick globule of precum oozing out of his little slit. I circled the end of his knob with my hot wet tongue as I gently massaged his heavy balls. He was groaning in ecstasy, raking his fingers through my hair. Curling my tongue around his shaft, I bobbed my head, licking the length of him and then slid him into my mouth. I heard him moan as I sucked him in.

Closing my mouth around him tight and wet and hot, I moved up and down. I could taste his arousal melting onto my tongue as his hard cock sank deeper into my mouth, my nose buried in his pubic

hair, inhaling the scent of our earlier passion. His chest was rising and falling as he panted with desire. My tender fingers teased his balls and traced deeper to stroke the tender skin behind them. He was groaning now, the sound of his passion filling my ears and making my cunt throb in anticipation again.

Like him, I wanted him to make love to me. I paused as I moved to my knees between his legs, my breasts resting on his thighs, licking him again I leaned forward and enveloped his pulsing cock between my generous breasts, sliding him between them and bending to lick the shiny wet knob as he slipped up and down, glistening in the firelight flanked by my full round tits.

I could feel the results of my excitement seeping from between my swollen pussy lips, wetting my thighs.

“I love your beautiful cock,” I told him, lapping greedily at his dripping cockhead, as I continued to wank him sandwiched between my breasts. “I want it inside me.”

In one fluid movement he slithered to the floor between me and the sofa, pushing me back onto the rug.

“Kate, I need to be inside you again.”

He was on top of me, holding my hands above my head as he was kissing me, his stiff penis nudging at my aching pussy. As he entered me we both moaned with pleasure, I was clawing at his back pulling him deeper into me. I was so wet. I was slippery with longing for him and as he drove in and out of my yearning cunt, his hard shaft stroking against my clit, my orgasm came over me, I was panting and moaning and as the engorged walls of my vagina gripped his thrusting cock with each orgasmic spasm, he started to moan as well. For the second time that afternoon I felt him erupt hot semen deep inside my quivering body.

Putting his arms around me, we lay together until his limp cock slipped out of me. He looked at me.

“I know you have to get your car sorted tonight and I will help you but you can’t leave this house until we’ve done that again.”

I smiled secretly into his shoulder.