

The Adviser, Part 2

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Gill and Steve continue.....

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Gill gently kissed Steve's chest and neck, straddling his thigh and feeling his hands stroking her skin as she did so. Still kissing his neck, Gill started to gently push her mound against his leg feeling her pussy respond as she kept the pressure on then relaxing a little, before starting over again. Steve's hands were cupping her buttocks, gently kneading them and Gill could feel the coolness of the air as he spread them wide, running his fingers up and down the crease. Their lips met and Gill felt his tongue slip between her teeth, running around licking and tasting her. After the strength of their orgasms, Gill's first thought was that she wanted to fuck; to feel Steve's hardness thrusting hard and fast into her body and enjoy the rush of sensations all over again. Now, she wasn't so sure, the gentle touches on her skin made her realise she needed to make love. She wanted to feel the warmth of two bodies joined in one goal, to savour the sensations as release swept over her, not just fuck together as hard as they both could. Gently sucking on his lips, Gill started to kiss him deep and slow. The urgency of Steve's kissing changed to complement hers and their mouths searched the other's, feeling the other respond as they did so. Gill's pussy had flared open, making a slick, wet trail on Steve's thigh and his fingers slipped down her buttocks, searching for and finding the slick flesh of her cunt. As they kissed, his fingers slid deep into Gill, the warm wetness of her coating his hand. Gill ground her mound deliberately against him, her clitoris scraping the point of his knee and she felt her whole body come alive again. Easing his fingers from her, Steve presented them to her and Gill hesitated for just a fraction, before accepting them into her mouth and tasting herself. Gill had never really tasted herself much, sex with Martin has been reasonably satisfactory but they certainly hadn't covered some of the things her friends suggested they ought to, although with some of her friends, who really knew what was fact and what was fiction! Now, though, she thought the juices on her tongue were sweet and eagerly sucked Steve's fingers clean, relishing the taste. Steve eased them both into a comfortable position and Gill felt his cock hardening, her fingers gently cupping his balls and squeezing the shaft, the heat of him transferring to her fingers. Pulling her towards him, Steve fastened his mouth on Gill's nipple, his teeth gently scraping across the hard nub, before sucking her breast into his mouth. Gill melted as his tongue deliberately flicked her nipple before transferring the other breast into her mouth and repeating the action. Easing up onto her knees, Gill positioned her wet slit against his cock, rubbing herself slowly along his length. As he was circumcised, she could

feel the firm ridge scrape against her clit, which released even more moisture from her, coating his shaft and sending little jolts of pleasure to her brain. Steve pulled her close to him and whispered in her ear, "I want you, now, Gill" and pushed the head of his cock into her as he said it. Gill moaned slightly as she felt the invasion of his penis push into her wet pussy lips, her body opening up to receive him, drawing him deep into her. Gill and Steve locked eyes as he continued the slow push into her liquid core, a flood of her wetness coating his shaft and balls, Gill's body adjusting to this sensation as she settled down onto his cock. Steve gripped her tight as he prevented her from rising up and down, as she was so desperate to do. "Use your muscles; squeeze me", said Steve in her ear and Gill fought to control the muscles of her liquid cunt to follow the instruction. Gill concentrated on squeezing the cock deeply embedded inside her and Steve's intake of breath told her she was succeeding. Redoubling her efforts, Gill continued to squeeze and relax her pussy and was unaware of Steve's fingers gripping her nipples. The sensation of his fingers squeezing and twisting her nipples made her gasp! The initial feeling of pain was immediately overtaken by the waves of pleasure sweeping through her body and as she relaxed her grip on Steve's cock, she felt him drive up, forcing the last of him into her. Gill didn't moan, she thought she heard herself scream! The fingers on her breasts and nipples were sending messages to her brain and her cunt so fast she could not process them. The cock inside her started to rise and fall as Steve's hands held her hips still. The fucking motion of his hips was slow, deep and relentless. The pleasure shooting through her body was constant and she fought to catch her breath as the nerve endings of her pussy went into overdrive. After some minutes of this, Steve slowed his thrusts and kissed her deeply. Gill responded to his kiss by squeezing his cock with her cunt, trying her best to milk his shaft. Steve's fingers played with her nipples, gently tugging them as Gill felt her orgasm build then he dropped one hand between them, using her streaming wetness to expose her clitoris and see-sawed between stimulating her nipple and her clit. Gill felt her insides melt as the twin assault on her ravaged nerve-endings drove her over the edge. Leaning back onto his cock, she bucked against his hands and surrendered herself to her orgasm, aware of a shrill sound coming from deep in her throat as it flooded through her. As she collapsed against his chest, Gill felt totally exhausted yet at the same time, wired and alive. Never had she had such an intense orgasm. The stimulation of her clit and nipple, coupled with the cock embedded high inside her had taken her to another place, entirely! Steve stroked her hair and back as she recovered her breath and Gill was aware of very little that wasn't in some way connected to her groin. Smiling at him, she kissed him and breathed her thanks into his mouth. "I can truly say that I have never felt so satisfied; thank you" she said. Steve smiled at her and she felt him start to gently thrust himself into her body again. Gill raised herself onto her hands and let him thrust into her slack body. She was aware of his cock gliding in and out effortlessly, its path smoothed by the juices that still leaked from her. Gathering herself together, Gill looked at the concentration on Steve's face and she guessed he was searching for his own release as she willed the walls of her pussy to grip the hot flesh in her. Looking directly at him, Gill hissed "This one is for you" and flicked her hips in time with the thrusts of his cock, very quickly developing a rhythm she sensed would tip him over the edge. Their harsh breathing complemented the wet slapping of their flesh, as both cock

and cunt strove to meet in the middle. Gill's mouth was twisted in concentration as Steve's hands gripped her buttocks, twisting them, squeezing them as he drove up into her. The walls of her cunt cried out as the sensitised nerves of her body screamed in both pleasure and pain before Steve's body went rigid and with one final thrust he groaned out his release and Gill felt the warmth of his cum splash high inside her. Several minutes passed as their breathing returned to normal before Gill felt his soft cock gently slip out of her body - after the pleasure she had received, this felt like a loss. Lying together, Gill was aware of the reek of sex in the air as they gently held each other and she idly surveyed the situation. She knew that between her legs, she was a mess; a mess of their combined juices leaking from her onto the sheet and a mess of shattered nerve-endings. Holding this thought, she gently let her fingers explore her sensitive pussy. In moments, she had gathered up the sticky remnants of their activities on her fingers and, almost without thinking, licked the cooling juices off her fingers, savouring the taste of them both before kissing Steve and sharing it with him. "That was so bloody good", she said, grinning at him. Steve grinned back, "I was about to say the same thing", he replied, "but I better warn you, now, that I never do one-night stands!" "You bloody well had better not", said Gill with mock severity, as she skipped out of bed and headed to the shower thinking that maybe, just maybe, things might be looking up!