

Can't Hold Back

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When the Gardian Angel steps over the line

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It was one of those spring days when you just want to pack up a picnic basket, find a quiet spot, open a bottle of wine, settle down with a good book and enjoy the sun. Your body soaks up the glow and warmth of the sun. You move and change position, your hair falls in front of your eyes and you lift your hand to brush it aside. I watch you, knowing you're unable to see me standing nearby. I want to reach out and brush the hair from your eyes and run my hand down your cheek. I cannot! No, you can't know I am here. Ever since I was assigned to you, I have not left your side. Every minute has filled me with joy. I have watched you, protected you and stayed with you. I watched you fall in and out of love. It has ripped my heart each time yet it gave me hope that maybe . . . we As I watch you fall asleep, your head slumps forward, and your book slips out of your hand. I lean down and pick it up and place a book mark between the pages. I gently set you back down; one hand lingers on your chest. My eyes taking in all of you as my heart beats so hard my chest might explode. I feel your heart beating under my hand. You are so close, my body aches, for your touch. Your scent intoxicates me, fills my lungs and my body yearns for you. It has been years and I have tried to keep my distance and do what is right. But you are in my arms and so close now. I kiss your neck and you moan. You taste so good. I cannot stop and have gone too far and cannot turn back. I kiss your neck again, you murmur. I pick you up in my arms and take you somewhere special in my realm. I lay you on my stone altar; my most sacred place. I lie next to you, my hand on your chest. I kiss your neck and your mouth opens, a deep breath bursts from it as if you had been holding it in. I open your shirt and run my hand across your chest and you sigh. I can't hold back any more! I kiss your chest and lick your nipples, your body yearns for more. I want to please you so bad. I remove your shirt and move down your body. You moan as I kiss you everywhere. As I slowly undo your pants, your member grows hard and as I free it from the prison of your pants I want it more. I kiss the tip and you moan. I graze my lips down your large cock to your balls. I kiss each one and then draw one into my mouth and suck hard. I move to the other one and then take both in my mouth and suck harder.

You're moaning louder now, I pause. For a few moments, I let your body relax back into sleep, the warmth of my breath keeping you hard. I gently nibble my way up your cock. When I reach your head and lick, it twitches with pleasure and your body shudders. I blow gently on your wet cock head and your body convulses. Leaning back, I admire it with my lust filled eyes. I place my lips back on your cock, my tongue flicks out and licks the engorged, purple head. I open my mouth and take all of it deep down my throat; it slides in like it was meant to be there. Your eyes open and you moan. I freeze on your cock. You're looking up at the sky; a metallic blue sky with wisps of white fluffy cloud like on top of a mountain. Then you blink twice and look down. You don't believe what you see, my dark eyes looking up at you, my lips around your cock, the beautiful big white wings attached to my naked back. You stare at me not able to take your eyes off of me. With a groan I resume plunging up and down your cock. You moan; the pleasure overtaking you. I suck you deeper into my throat and cup your balls in my hand. I move up and down your big hard shaft faster and faster, tighter and tighter I squeeze your balls. Your body starts convulsing from the pleasure, as I suck harder and faster. You thrust your hips up forcing your cock deeper into my throat. I groan in pleasure and you scream as your cock explodes in my throat. I continue to suck your cock swallowing all of your sweet tasting juice. I lick you clean. Then I climb up your body and kiss your neck. You keep staring at me, awed with utter amazement. Your cock is between us, up against my clit. My breasts are pressed up against your nipples. Our eyes locked together and you lean up and place your hands on the side of my face and pull me down. Our lips meet and a moan escapes me. I feel your cock growing between us, so I begin sliding my clit along its length, my eyes rolling back. You reach out and touch my wings and I arch my back and groan in ecstasy as you find one of my more sensitive spots, my breasts thrust out. You lean up and attach your hot lip to one of my breasts. I scream your name as I cum on your cock. Never stopping, your hands explore my body and wings. I'm moaning even louder and louder. You place your hands on my ass, lifting me and gently bringing me down onto your hard cock. I ease down, sighing as each inch fills my pussy. You fill me like I've never been filled before. Taking a minute I enjoy your hot rod deep inside me. Then I take a deep breath and slowly slide up and down your cock. Your lips are still on my breast and I look down. We look deep into each other's eyes. Your hands continue to explore my body. I want you so much. I need you more and start to ride you faster. You lean back and watch my body rise and fall as I glide up and down your cock. I am screaming your name in my native angelic language, everything else forgotten. I ride harder and faster than anyone ever has. Your body starts to spasm as my body quivers. My wings stretch out to their full length as if I'm about to take flight. I arch my back and we scream together as one. You thrust up and explode in my pussy as I come down and drench your cock in a flood of my angelic fluid, both our bodies quaking together, the waves coming one after the other, orgasm after orgasm. You lay back and pass out from exhaustion and pleasure. I lie next to you and recover quicker than you. I take you back to the picnic spot, your body fully dressed, on your picnic blanket and I disappear back to the role I have as your protector and watcher, till next time as I cannot stay away. You awake on your blanket, a puzzled look on your face. Was it a dream or did it really happen . . . ?