

BLOWJOB TREATMENT

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A specialty described in lengthy detail. Feel free to utilize and adapt to your own desires or adjust for CLIT TREATMENT, as the case may be...

Published on
Booksie

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Fellatio...Phellacio as in phallic or Phat...Happy Fella-tio as in make you relationship with the best guy bulletproof... or give your best effort to ensure no prissy teen gets more than an appreciative glance for her pouty lips and tits!! Think CARWASH...in generous cycling wet treatments to a very grateful penis attached to a very very spoiled man. Apply at least weekly if not daily!

***** He was ready for me. Reclining on the bed naked and propped up against a pile of pillows. I kneel by his hip. Take his hand in one of mine connecting our fingers, entwined. I would hold his hand through the most glorious treatment i could supply him. Delay his climax until it backed up to his throat. My challenge, to read his physical response to the point of delightful torture. His natural tendency to bark orders and give directions was muted by a thick silk scarf gag. He could moan appreciatively, nothing more. I smile up at him with vixen lipstick and lean in to graze his stomach with my nipples. Dragging them back and forth across his skin. Squeezing his hand and then pressing harder until they were about to pop. Toss my head so my hair falls across him and drag that over his skin. I lift up enough to trail it softness further and lower. Stroking it over his thigh and across his semi hard cock. Replacing my tangled mane with skin as i stroked his now long and strong length. Using my cheek to press and stroke him and darting my tongue out to taste like a snake. i whisper as i rub it and warned of what i planned to do to it. Threats of being sucked dry, bounced around, and swallowed down in my sweetest whisper. "No more teasing Gregory," my last attention to the man reclined. I focused on knowing his handsome pole and its every nuance instead. Wet, that is how i want him. Slippery and glide enducing wet. I spit on the head softly and work the saliva over his shaft with my lips open, tongue sliding, and he moans. I know hes watching i ignore him and talk to his cock. His dick begs for more and i oblige.... Does it say my name? Hmm it would if it could. Instead it pleads by rising to my lips, begging to be swallowed deep. Twitches to my touch, and whines if i withdraw. Practically sending smoke signals. Winking with its admiring eye at my devotion. Oh it loves me back, perhaps more passionately than the man himself. And far more treacherously having abused every orifice i own. Shhhh be quiet and take everything i can dish out baby," cooing to the wet throbbing monster with long flat laps of my tongue. Flat pressed licks, not stoping at the hilt. I warn him with wet and grasp his balls with my other hand feeling their movement tighten at my touch. Im ready to eat meat. Beefstake to be exact. Sweat salted, lipstickstained, drenched in my attentions. Hands free, i suck in the tip. Tracing its head with my tongue before diving deeper. Relax my throat and kiss his hilt. Quite a trick with his length and i control my gag reflex expertly. Practice makes perfect. Wicked smile curves to my swallowing. Long slow strokes, humming to his taste. Tongue hard and flat beneath him. Stop. Hold. Squeeze the base. To soon haby. i shake my head and rest.

***** & A sigh from Gregory. Ohhhh he wants more, so much more. But im not here for him, no sir. I talk to his cocky prick kindly and tell it to just hold its horses. When it calms down, i return to my work which i adore. This time in buff cycle after wetting again thoroughly. The spin of my lips is lightning fast as i glide across the length. Back and forth, back and forth. Lighter and faster. Then i press down. Pushing him hard into his stomach. A growl from Gregory. I ignore it and run the length brutally with my soft lips. My tongue and his belly fill the empty space as i lash him with my open mouth. I feel him clench. Another orgasm on the verge of spilling. No. Stop. Relax. i rub my jaw and rest. ***** The final cycle. A combination stroke of depth and speed. Squeezing Gregorys hand without even realizing,how hard, i set about to free is climax. The treatment could go on longer but i hear him grunt impatiently. Alternating strokes, sliding the stiff beauty in my throat for several. Then a speed flush of gliding lips pressed hard against slick hot skin. Oh, he likes that, watching my head toss from right to left in a silent tennis match viewer. Thats if the players were using ignition balls like i am. Mmmm and i have not neglected his tennis set in my other hand. Juggling them gently the whole time and stroking the line of skin that trails to his asshole. Yes!! im gonna do it! Nodding to my captive cock. My fingers are soaked with spit rolling its excess from my lips. I twirl them and cross them. The hand becoming a natural anal probe. Push my self into his ass until he is rising up at the hip to buck my

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lip. Humming louder to the song "Jessies girl ," in my head and then the eruption. So strong im glad it didnt take off the mountain top. The wiggle in the ass on his Gspot soooo did Gregory in. Cock and ass putty in my grip. His cum slides down my throat like being fed to me by a twitching conveyer belt. I keep him shallow until the final drop. Milking his prostate and his glistening pole slowly to his own throbbing heartbeat. It comforts him. The man is mine, his cock whispers to me as i blow it dry and kiss it goodnight

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