

# Let's Cut to the Chase (Part 1)

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As older players in the game of love - we skip the formalities and enjoy our lusty ways.

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Our eyes know each other through pictures, but they don't know us. We are old players to the lover's game. Let's cut to the chase and use our senses to learn one another's lay of the land. Encircle me with your arms - Within this hug let us discover our body heat and our scents.

I am very ticklish and nervous; therefore my laughter comes way too easy. So I ask you in this endeavor, please let me lead. Let me disrobe you and you, me. Now by candlelight - Lay down with me and let our bodies mingle.

I'll use the candlelight; to light my way. Let these seasoned hands soothe rough places with warm lotions. Let my hands untie knots along your hairline, across your shoulders, and down your back. Let my hands relax the weary muscles in your arms and legs. Let us massage each other's feet.

Lie down next to me and let my lips explore the skin hidden in shadows and let my kisses whisper sweet tidings across your bones. Let us exchange kisses, before you allow my kisses to stray. Kissing with our upper lips and lower lips and then with wrestling tongues. Playful and loving we'll bask in the glow of our energy as unseen hands stoke inner fires.

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I push off first, using tender kisses â I trail down your neck, stopping briefly to swirl around high points, before sweeping from rib to rib to hip. So close, am I. â Please may I?â My eyes plead, I moisten my lips â You nod.

Anticipation swells. I hunger and you long to feel the sensations youâ ve only read about. Opening a button and then the zipper â I inhale your scent. Feeling trapped â you shuck your jeans. Your freed cock swells even larger. I open my mouth and beg to be fed. You roll on your side and feed me your cock. We both moan in appreciation, as I suck-in the head of your cock. OMG â you taste so good.

Although I want to just devour you â I force myself to slow down and savor each taste. I swirl my tongue all over the head and feel the ridges with the tip of my tongue. Ummmm! Pure sexual torture â I continue my tongue sweeps under the head and around the rim. I change my angle to explore more of you. I stretch my lips to buffer my teeth and lightly chew along your shaft. Your moans excite me and help me know when linger and when to move on. I retrace my steps â using a flat stroke to lick from mid-shaft to the head and then back down againâ I descend ever lower.

Iâ m giddy with sexual fever. I fight my playful nature â which wants to play motorboat on the skin around your balls. We both laugh â when I give in to my urges. OMG â what ticklish balls you have! When I switch to humming, less chuckling and more satisfied moans can be heard. I move back up the shaft and settle into a rhythmic tongue dance with the head and top of the shaft. You clutch the covers and your breathing increases. Before long, you talk to me and tell me youâ re close â do I want watch? No, I want it â your nectar is mine! I tighten my lips. When I feel the first spurt, I swallow and take you a bit deeper. Your moans deepen in pitch and pleasure - as you realize your new depth. I pull back to taste the last of you and lick you clean. You remember from my writings â and quickly mumble several â At-a-Girl â s.â

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Turn-about is fair play, you say! But I cannot â Iâ m too wet down there. Will you help me play, instead â I plead. When you are hard again, weâ ll ride. You consent. You start over with more kisses. When you switch to some lip and tongue play, you discover a secret I keep â I have a highly sensitive lip. Kissing brings pleasure â but tonguing just my bottom lip sends an electrical signal straight to my pussy. You take several moments and exploit that kissing connection â my body reacts favorably. You ponder, â Are there other secret places â my Dear?â I signal my lips are sealed â but that just turns you on even more.

Your stomach grumbles â signaling your need for fuel. I seize the moment and twist away â free. Laughing and giggling, I grab the sheet and escape out the bedroom. My own hunger increases â as I forage through your cupboards and crispers for finger foods. You linger behind - Your hearty laughter fills the house. I hear you â thinking out loud, telling me all the delicious things you are going to do to my body. â Mark my words â woman!â Then your hunger speaks â â Please carve some cheese, too - my Dear.â

From the kitchen â I find enough fruits and veggies to make one big plate of finger foods â complete with pieces of cheese and little bowls of dipping sauces. I holler out â â Come eat â replenish your energy! So we can finish what we started!!!!

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