

For Sybill

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This is my first attempt. If you would be so kind as to provide feedback, I would gladly appreciate it. The concept starts as this: It may be cold outside, but inside it is a whole different story.



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For Sybill

As cold as it was outside, there must have been something wrong with the heater, because it was sweltering in the house. Standing in front of the fridge in shorts and a t-shirt you were opening and shutting the refrigerator door hoping to get a breeze that was cool. I laughed when I saw you and asked why you didn't open the window. You turned and gave me that look.

Your hazel eyes sparkled with impish glee as you pulled a bottle of water out of the fridge. You opened your mouth and slowly poured the water. You didn't swallow so the water overflowed your lips and dribbled off your chin and down your slender throat and proceeded to drench your t-shirt.

Your shirt is drenched and there seems to be no end to the water. Those perky nipples are rising and the darkness of the areole around them starts to pucker as those hard gumdrops start to poke through your shirt. You know I can't resist your nipples and I look in your eyes and see the sultry look that starts my erection moving, as I begin to caress your breasts through your shirt.

Cupping my hands under your breasts I can feel the coolness of the wet shirt contrasted to the heat coming from your skin. My thumb moves up to move your nipples around and I gently roll them between my fingers as a small gasp comes from your mouth. You lean back and thrust your chest up as I bend my head to take them in my mouth.

Sucking on the aroused nipples and gently nibbling through the fabric I slowly move my hands under your shirt and run my hands over your stomach and around to your back. I pull you closer and your hands go to my head as if trying to force more of you in my mouth. I hungrily lick, kiss and bite and only stop as you lift your shirt off in order that I may fully swallow the marvelous breasts.

Tossing your shirt to the side you raise your arms and lean back again. I kiss your ear lobes and make my way down your neck, to your throat hollow where your sweat has pooled. I linger long enough to admire the fully erect nipples and return to them. I begin to roll them again flicking my tongue across the top. I press harder on them and feel your hips thrust and grind against my leg. I can feel your heat through the fabric of your shorts and my pants.

I can hear your breath quicken and your hands pushing the back of my head further onto your breasts. With nothing for my hands to do, I move them down your back and under the waistband of your shorts in search of your behind. When I get to the top of where your sumptuous cheeks meet, I run both hands down the cleft that separates your luscious cheeks and cup under them to lift you off your feet.

I kick the refrigerator shut as I multi-task with your nipple in my mouth, my fingers tickling your behind and my arms lifting you to the counter. Setting you down, I pull off your shorts while I make my way to your hungry mouth and gently bite your lips as you push my shirt off and my hands make their way back to your breasts.

Your nipples haven't lost their hardness and I roll them through my fingers as I kiss your mouth. I hear you moan as you kiss and bite my neck. You scoot forward on the counter and I start to kiss and lick down to your lovely mound. Your hands grab the back of my head and you guide me through the heat to your moist lower lips and guide my tongue in your soft insides.

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Ambrosia is often called âFood of the Godsâ, but it is nothing compared to the nectar that awaits me when I part your labia and thrust my tongue inside. Greedily lapping at the moisture, its spicy sweet flavor satisfies the thirst. Your hips begin to sway and move guiding my tongue in and out and around you, your hands press my head harder in the hopes of bringing me further inside. I find your clitoris wanting some extra attention, so I suck it between my lips.

Your hips close tightly and your hands hold my head in place as a wave of juices flow like a faucet into my mouth, and I drink. Your hips shake and although I canât hear much, I can hear your moan as you fully release.

I get up from my knees as you lift my head, I place a small kiss and bite on each nipple before your mouth envelops mine and we kiss. Our tongues intertwine and I feel you reach for my pants and push them down with your feet. I didnât get all of your juices, this causes you to slide off the counter and the momentum brings my pants to the floor.

Our kisses enflame our hunger and I feel my penis nestle between your legs and is anointed with your essence. The mixture of fluids and sweat sends an aroma in the air that stimulates my desire even further. You hug me closer, pressing your hard nipples into my chest while raising your leg to help fully coat my penis with your wetness.

While kissing and biting your neck you turn around and lean over to grab the counter top. Your behind firmly saddled my member and you proceed to move back and forth in a slow rhythmic way sliding me from one end of your saddle to the other. With every thrust in, the tip hits an enlarging clit and more and more moans can now be heard from us both.

I reach under and my hands find those marvelous nipples again. I squeeze them tight as you take your hand to guide me through your lips and inside you. Your lower lips part and I slowly move forward as you move backward, cupping my sac and rubbing it into your clit.

The velvety softness and the warm moistness of you begins to work its magic and I feel an explosion coming. I slow my motions and place my hands on your hips. Leaning back I admire your luscious behind. I pull myself out and bend to tongue your anus. The hands that were caressing my sac have now grabbed my hair and you are pushing my head and tongue inside your bung. Moving two fingers in and out I part your lips and coat them with your wetness. Your hips gyrate and I feel your hands pushing harder on my head.

I move my fingers up between your cheeks and rotate around your anus. The tip of my penis brushes your lower lips and it seems that they grab and stuff it back inside you. Our back and forth motion continues slower than before. You grab my hand and glide my finger in your anus. A soft guttural moan escaped as you push gently back grinding your hips at the same time.

The tempo of our movements increases. I pull completely out before you plunge back onto me. The watery sounds of flesh against flesh and the gasps and cries of pleasure reach a high pitch. I reach down to caress your clit between my fingers. Pinching it between them I feel your muscles squeeze along with your hand on my sac. I cannot hold back any more. The wave buckles our knees and we gasp as we sink to the floor in a heap of exhaustion.

We collapse cradling each other in our arms and gently kiss. Savoring the warmth and the passion, we sigh as we try to catch our breath.

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