

Lazing on a Sunday Afternoon

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A nice way to finish work...:)

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There was a slight pause, static and silence, and then Tarquin voice, pinched with a devil-may-care attitude, "Seriously? Yesssss !!!!!" He punched the air at the other end of the line and then, "Sorry for the discomfort" as a husky laugh followed.

"How can you be so cruel?" bleated Brandy.

"Awww, that wasn't my intention, I'm glad you're enjoying the start of the week either way"

"You don't seem sorry at all and no some unsuspecting patient is going to be sitting in this chair only to have a sex starved maniac woman jump him!" She retorted, with longing.

"I do a bit now !! I should be subject to that mania !" Came the quick reply.

"You should. Some random stranger will write you a nice thank you note once he regains the use of his body!" Brandy bounced back, beaming at the to and fro they did so well.

"Hahaha, steady yourself! your thoughts!... Slow breaths Brandy" He cooed at the wanton desire in her voice.

"And now my panties are wet and my muscles are clenching and my breasts hurt!" was the comeback, said with a grin.

Tarquin offered back, "I'll try and make it up to you best I can at some pointy, hey ?"

Her voice now a mew, "You are a cruel man Tarquin."

"Can you find it in yourself to forgive?"

"You are the worst fibber too!" Brandy interjected.

His voice came calm and soothing, "I guess it's too late now but I'd have waited 'til you had chance to steal yourself away for a while if I'd have known, ya know?"

"I am going to have to take these damn panties off. Now I have to work without any on! you so don't feel bad at all!" She said this with conviction, knowing it would get his mind racing.

"Partly, but I would've seriously waited until your dinner break." He licked his lips at the thought of her, but remained calm in his response.

"Really?"

"Yeh, totally."

"Did you enjoy it?" She said, hinting.

He laughed, "I thought it sounds like fun, yeh."

Her reply came quick, "How much fun? Those thoughts were too hot to be interrupted! I got so damn frustrated!"

All he could muster in return was a low "Mhmmmm".

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“ Seriously! Now I’ll be a panty-less dentist!” Brandy’s voice rose up once again in delight.

“ Dang, sorry about that. I think I need a check-up as it happens” He hinted.

Coy and sultry as ever, Brandy said, “ I hope your dentist is an old man and not some young hot babe” ; Hell no I couldn't concentrate. These appointments will take double the time now!”

Teasingly, Tarquin said, “ I don't want to go to my own dentist now dammit!”

Brandy offered, “ I won't ever let you go to anyone else now unless its a male.”

“ Deal!”

She giggled, “ I shouldn't laugh but damn I'm at work and sans panties” ;I often go without them but never at work,” was her reply, invitingly.

“ lol, oh my word!” He exclaimed, in mock-shock-horror, “ I'm glad to have brightened your day and put a spring in your step though.”

“ You certainly did! I'm not sharing. My next appointment is soon, I’ve gotta go for now,” Brandy said, with a disheartened tone.

“ Okidoke, I’ve got to get back to work too, hope the rest of the day goes well, later!”

“ Bye sweet heart!” Brandy said, finishing up the conversation.

Looking out across the parking lot she noticed the rain had begun to set in, so reached over and closed the blinds a little, blocking out the dreary Monday afternoon. It wasn't long before her mind went back to where it had found the most pleasure so far this day. She thought back to Tarquin's hand pushing those now-wet panties aside, and reached between her thighs, slowly caressing fingers against herself as she closed her eyes and smiled.

Brandy's panties were drenched now. She slid them down her toned legs and over each foot, walking over to her bag and stuffing them in the side pocket with a mixture of both 'damn you' and 'ah well' crossing her mind. Returning to her desk she sat back down, the feeling of contentment at her earlier shenanigans still fresh in her mind. As she crossed her legs and swayed her legs her mind slid back to earlier and her face glowed at the spontaneity and heat of it all.

The appointments rolled by automated, drab and dreary like the weather outside, her focus flitting here and there from the task at hand. By 3pm they were done for the day and Brandy retired back to her office, ready to finish up and meet loverboy. Glancing across her desk she shook her head slightly. Paperwork. 'Darn paper work!' she said silently to herself as the words danced across the pages, she wasn't in the mood for it, it ain't gonna happen.

Tarquin arrived with a knock on the plate glass door at the front of the practice. Brandy bounded up and out of the office, keys jangled in lock and he took a step back as she put the day behind her. Spritely she span, and their faces met with eager smiles. Kissing Brandy firmly on the lips, she melted at the touch. Then gently up behind her ear, Tarquin made his way down along the neck near her jaw. Brandy shifted her neck to give him better access. He kissed her so slowly as she stroked the back of his neck.

“ This is bliss” she thought.

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Their arms slide around each other as their lips meet again, a kiss that stays with her. Her whole body wants to delve into him. Her lips are warm and feel good as she sucks on his bottom lip a little, hot breath showing up against the cool night air. Her hand on the back of his neck, fingers touching his hair, her other hand on his chest, feeling his heart beat. A beginning like they'd just met, but yet know each other oh so intimately well.

They look up and eyes meet, silence but for the wind blowing through the desolate parking lot, nudging at the arching silver birch lining the area.

She can't remember ever feeling so cherished. Then, another kiss. Tarquin could feel her lips part as her tongue began tracing his lips teasingly. He could feel his heart racing. He felt Brandy's desire as they kissed yet again, locked tightly together. They won't let go. She moans through the kiss and he catches her as their desire makes her a little weak. He slides his hand further around her back, she presses her body up close to his. Her hands find their way inside his jacket, under his shirt. The cool touch against his warm flesh makes him miss a breath and his heart jump.

A smile spreads across her face, she loves the effect she has on him.

She loves the effect he has on her more. Whenever he looks at her a certain way her heart flutters and then races. The warmth seeps into her body. She's had a vision of a face she has dreamt of for a long time. A face that without words, releases a longing from deep in her. A face so warm and caring, with eyes so rich with warmth she would drown in her desire to be deep within their soul. Their eyes continue to hold their gaze as time seems to slow. He brings his hand up and strokes the outline of Brandy's face, brushing aside the windswept strands of hair so he can take her all in. She's gorgeous he thinks to himself as their eager lips meet once again. They continue to grin between kisses as they remember her temporal escapade earlier which had brought them to this moment here. She grabbed his coat lapels, pulled in close and kissed him again, one more for the road.

The wind began to pick up, reaching a howl as it leaned hard into the trees, it was getting colder not matter how much they held tight to each other. Icily the air blew through the park, so the pair took the initiative and made their way back to the apartment, pep in their step against Autumn's crisp grasp. Once inside, they kicked off their shoes and the hearth was lit, small talk about the day was made as they took to the living room and curled up on the sofa together.

Jackets flung on the floor, cold hands made their way across warm bodies, purrs and sighs mingled with the crackle of kindling. Impatient as much as they were keen, Brandy slid one hand downwards and Tarquin let out a pinched moan as she felt him jerk a little and thicken up at her touch. His hand made its way up her back as she simpered and arched, the sound of a clasp popping between their giggles. He pulled off her shirt in fluid, precise motions as her long brown hair flowed freely over her face and shoulders.

She grinned wickedly, not wanting to be outdone and pulled at his trousers, buttons popping open. As her hands made their way down his legs, his did with hers. Tarquin's shirt the final item on the floor, they both writhed naked on the sofa, their bodies building up heat as hand and tongue explored curve and muscle alike.

Her legs curled up either side of him, their faces touching, the sofa creaking gently beneath the two. Tarquin cradled in between Brandy's thighs she slipped on her memory, lost in the hazel hue of Tarquin's eyes. Her breasts brushed against his chest, turning her on more and making him breathe deeply. She framed his face in her hands and brought it to hers, kissing his eyelids, the tip of his nose, his warm lips. Her mouth moves to towards his ear. She breathes hot heavy air as her tongue traced the outline. She nibbled the lobe and with panting breath whispered, "Tarquin I need you inside me now!"

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His eyes lit up as their bodies pressed closer, her knees curled as he slid inside her slightly. She moaned and her body tensed, more and more as he pushes a little deeper with every gaining motion. Their gazes locked, she whispered, "Welcome home". She loved the feel of him filling her, his skin so hot. She stroked his shoulders and kissed his neck. He smiled coyly as Brandy buried her head into his neck, her lips planting kisses there and along his shoulder.

Tarquin guided Brandy underneath him, throw cushions propped against her head as he took her all in. Her hands held along his forearms, him gliding in and out of her, gazing down at her heaving body and ecstatic look in her eyes she moans uncontrollably and gazed back at his handsome face. The feeling was so powerful she felt she was going to cum right away the first time. She couldn't stop touching his arms as she clenched her sheath around him and lifted her hips in perfect time to his thrusts.

Tarquin groaned with pleasure as her knees pushed tight against his flank. Grinding hard against Brandy, he pumped faster and faster moving his hands against her hips as he gained momentum. He couldn't believe his luck he thought as Brandy's hands ran across his chest, her moaning driving him wild as the settee creaked hard against the writhing pair. Her body stiffened and he could feel her warm pussy spasming around him. She screamed from the pleasure. Her nails lightly scraped his nipple and flick it. She broke their eye contact and lifted her head slightly to watch how beautiful his cock looked sliding in and out of her.

He's going to make her come again.

This turns him on so much. He loved how tight she felt against him and her inner tension made his body shudder. Between groans he managed to murmur, "Damn, your so good !" as she bit down hard, pushed up and gripped tight at the edge of the settee.

â You're driving me crazy!â came her voice, staggered and wanting.

Her ooh's came in quick and quicker succession as he ploughed between those strong thighs, her pussy wet and tightening hard against his cock. He arched upwards as he went along, her body tensing and relaxing as the pressure built up inside her. She locked her legs around his waist. His face held an intense expression. His groans were getting louder. The sound they made as he plunged into her made her more wet, his cock bathed and glistening. Her thighs tightened and she squeezed him so hard. So lost in the moment she could barely moan out "Oh! damn we are good together!" her giggle and sighs came out staccato and her knees dug hard, hard into his ribs as the pace reached fever pitch, both slick and hot as they clung to each other.

She grabbed his ass and helped pull him closer as he pounded into her. Brandy squealed with delight as he went so deep inside her, head snapping back, gasping as Tarquin's cock made her body quiver and legs jerk. Nothing and no one made her as hot and happy as Tarquin could, she felt a shock whenever he touched her. When he's inside her the pleasure is so intense, like an electrical shock, his cock branding her. His moans were driving her insane, the stoking getting deeper. His whole body ached, Brandy's driving him wild the way she wraps around him as he ploughed inside, her breasts dancing against the hearth light, nipples hard and erect as her worked his thumbs along them. Her tight pussy always feels so good to him, so hot and wet.

Finding it tougher to contain himself his hands took hold of her pelvis as he went harder and harder. She locked her legs around his waist. His face held an intense expression. His groans loudened. The sound the two made as he plunged into her made Brandy sopping wet. His cock bathed in her warm, sweet juices. Her thighs tightened and she squeezed him so hard he could feel her every undulation.

Tarquin lowered himself down onto his elbows as his head leant forward, his breath blowing through Brandy's hair, strands moist from the beads of sweat, dewy against the flickering of light. Her body began to shudder as his began to tense, he rose up again and slammed hard against Brandy's hot, tight pussy. They

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look into each other's eyes and she squealed so sexily through clenched teeth and bitten lip. His roar was guttural, she moaned and whimpered as her pussy clamped down against his throbbing cock. It was too much... he slammed deep inside Brandy and came, hard. It jerked over and over as he filled her. She shimmied her hips and flexing pussy ground into his groin as the sweet release shook both bodies. He breathed low and long as Brandy's legs urged him close, lips locked in a passionate embrace, body movements slowed as the embers of passion flicked between the two bodies. She held him close and still inside her as the hearth licked light at the darkening room, night creeping in.

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