

Yup

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6. Male Body Part
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Yup

His plural clothing were off before I could blink, but he didn't bother with the shirt and left it on. His male body part was hard and Adjective...and so close...just on the other side of the tub's ledge and inches from my Adjective mouth. Inspired by the Adjective picture in the magazine, I wanted so badly to take his male body part into my mouth and suck it hard till warm Adjective cream filled the entire cavity of my mouth. But Coleman had other plans.

"I want you to sit in my chair," I was confused at first but Adverb realized that he meant the leather chair in his office.

"But I'm completely wet," I said.

He either didn't hear me or didn't care. He grabbed me by the Part of Body, pulled me out of the tub, and guided me in the direction of his office; my wet body leaving a trail of soapy mess on the floor as I we were making our way across the hall.

When we got there, his Adjective hands pushed me into the cushions of his office chair, quite Adverb I should add, his face dead serious. The leather fabric of the chair felt a little Adjective against my wet skin. Adjective and immobilizing. Stuck to the chair, I had a difficult time moving my body but found the "trapped" sensation to be a real turn on. Coleman knelt down in front of me.

"Come closer to me and spread your plural body part. Spread them real wide," he said.

With quite a bit of effort, I un-peeled my body from the chair and moved my plural body part all the way down. Coleman grabbed me by my thighs and spread my legs as far as they would go. This made the lips of my name for V come wide apart exposing Adjective flesh of my very h*rny name for V.

"Eat my name for V, Daddy," I whispered to him. "Make me c*m."

He dug in, using his tongue to pleasure my Adjective v*gina with unnecessary urgency, as if he was in some kind of a rush. "Slow down , let me enjoy it awhile," I told him, and he did.

Mentally, I was in some type of a sexual heaven. Pre-sex bubbles combined with the Verb - Present ends in ING effects of the wine have reduced my sexual inhibitions to nil. I was screaming out Adjective words of Adjective pleasure in a way that was way too loud for the open windows. But I had no shame left in me at this point at all. Actually, the idea that Mr. Andrews next door was likely hearing my pre-orgasmic screams, only added to the intensity of my Adjective morning. The big moment was almost here.

I grabbed Coleman by his hair desperately needing to fine tune his movements at this point. He was Verb - Present ends in ING up and down my name for V which felt great, but I needed him to concentrate

on my cl*t right now. "Tightly around my cl*t Daddy yes... right there," I was yelling loud enough for Mr. Andrews to hear, and I pictured him name for male masturbation .

I finally felt it.

"Yes... exclamation ... yes..." I could only say as spasms of orgasmic pleasure travelled up and down my Part of Body. I felt it all over: my Part of Body, my anus, my nipples. I was in pure sexual ecstasy experiencing one of the best orgasms I had in quite a long time -- so Adjective and powerful that I felt drenched and Adjective as soon as it was over.

But Coleman wasn't finished yet. Close though. His eyes had that "out-of-this-world" gaze and his breathing was loud and Adjective. He pulled me a bit closer forward, stuck his Adjective name for male part in my juicy name for V, and started Verb - Present ends in ING into me like there was no tomorrow. F*cking me hard and Adjective while taking in the visual of my Adjective t*ts violently bouncing from the impact of his Adjective thrusts. He was clearly on a mission to empty his c*m-filled balls as soon as was humanly possible -- and I knew he was almost there.

And there it was.

"I'm c*mming babe...c*mming now...pulling out my c*ck and spraying my name for sperm all over your name for V!"

Coleman pulled out just in time. He was ejaculating with a Adjective force, whitish c*m Verb - Present ends in ING intensely all over my p*ssy. With quite a fascination, I watched Coleman's ejaculate make a sticky mess all over my crotch. I brought my hand to it and rubbed the creamy substance into my pubic hair.

Took him a good minute to come out of it, but he was in control once again, his eyes clearer and his breathing slower. "sexual exclamation," was the only thing he said.

Less than Number minutes later he was dressed, out the door, and gone. Back to work, I assumed.

"same sexual exclamation" was the understatement of the century, I thought. I slowly peeled myself off the leather backing of the chair and stood up. My plural body part were shaky as I was making my way back towards the bathroom. I still had some wine left in my wine glass and the bubbles were more inviting than ever -- I was going to finish my bubble bath.

Laundry wouldn't get done today but screw it, tomorrow was another day.

