

# Yup

1. Plural Clothing
2. Male Body Part
3. Adjective
4. Adjective
5. Adjective
6. Male Body Part
7. Adjective
8. Adverb
9. Part Of Body
10. Adjective
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13. Adjective
14. Plural Body Part
15. Plural 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\*rnny \_\_\_\_\_ 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.

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