

MMMM

1. Verb - Present Ends In Ing

MMMM

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 mastrbation .

I finally felt it.

"Yes... exclamtion... 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 myslef 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.

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