

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 masturbation .

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.