

Encounter

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He fell to his knees in front of her, the softness of her belly touching his face, making each moment comforting. He could smell her already; he knew the fragrance well. His fingers touched her ankles; the smoothness of her skin invited him to touch her further. Upwards his hands crept, grazing the back of her knees with his palms. Rising higher, her thighs were firm and solid, though he noticed a trembling in them. His palms touched her buttocks, and he drew her onto his waiting tongue. Her legs faltered as he slithered into her, pushing the down-like hairs out of his path.

Raising one leg, she rested her thigh on his shoulder, opening the way even further. He paused for a second; admiring the gift she offered him, one that he would gladly receive. A rivulet burst forth from within her, and he watched as it crept slowly down her leg, pooling where his arm latched her to him. He lapped at the liquid, pleased that this was the true essence of desire, of lust, of need. His tongue followed it up her leg, back into the wet heat that burned his cheeks as he pushed his tongue into her.

His ears picked up a stirring rising in her throat, a deep-seated longing to be fulfilled. His fingers danced between her buttocks, gently lubricating and massaging her asshole, rotating in a circular fashion to acquaint it with him. Other fingers plied inward, evading the tongue that looped around the hardening and tremor filled clitoris. He stopped, watching as it beckoned to him, calling him back, calling him to make it cry out with joy. Obliging, he engulfed it with his own wetness, feeling it shake within his mouth. His fingers, embedded to the hilt, curled inward. Slowly and with great deliberation, they began move, nearly of their own volition. The shaking in her legs became more pronounced and he felt her hand grasp his head. Her heard her fall against the wall, her breaths coming out in panting gasps.

He looked upwards, seeing her eyes open, her head back and mouth wide. Her breasts stood upright, the nipples erect and demanding attention. He watched as her hand left his head, instead grasping both of her nipples, twisting and pulling them out from her body. A sharp shout uttered from her parted lips. His fingers were crushed within her as the spasms of the orgasm took control away from her. A new fluid wept from within her, not unlike the tears that now streamed down her cheeks. His hand was wet, her cum streaming down his forearm. Still his tongue did not falter, battering her clitoris over and over again, bring a second orgasm, then a third, then a fourth...