

French Vanilla and Moonlight
by Kristie Leigh Maguire

The moonlight streaming in through the partially opened blinds on the French doors and the light from the flickering candles burning on my desk as I worked was the only illumination in the room. The scent from the candles drifted in the air. French vanilla, soft and subtly sensuous.

You came up behind me and trailed soft little kisses down my neck. I turned to you and you kissed my lips; so soft and tender were your lips on mine. I stood and you took me into your arms and held me close, our bodies pressed together. The clothes were a barrier between us, one we did not want or need at this moment.

Slowly you undressed me. I stood naked before you and your eyes devoured my body. I unbuttoned your shirt and we removed your clothes together. I could feel your hard cock throbbing against my stomach and my muscles quivered in answer to your need.

You lifted me with your strong arms and I wrapped my legs around your waist as we leaned against the wall in my office. Your hands cupped my butt as I opened to you. You entered me, your hands holding me as we moved together.

You kissed me with a hunger that was so deep it was bottomless. I returned your kiss with all the bottled up passion within me. Our mouths were hot and humid, our breath mingled together. It was a kiss that was so passionate it made my inner muscles clench around your cock, that rock hard cock that was making me feel so good as you drove into me. We were burning hot and sloppy wet in our need for each other.

I could take it no longer. I exploded with my juices running down on you, scalding you, while remained within me. My muscles clenched around you almost drove you over the edge but you held back because you wanted it to last longer.

My climax was so intense I was limp in your arms. You brushed back my sweat-drenched hair, whispering love words in my ear, as you stroked my back, calming me. Still holding me in your arms, you took me to bed—that bed that had been so lonely for me lately. It was not lonely now. We were in it together.

You asked me to get on my hands and knees and I obeyed you. I raised my hips for you to enter. You slipped in easily and began moving within me. You were in control now. You leaned over and kissed my neck as we rocked together in a passionate rhythm. Goose bumps ran down my spine as you nibbled on that sensitive little spot on my neck.

I looked back through glazed eyes and saw you there behind me, holding me, controlling me, taming me with your passion. I wanted to be taken, fucked senseless, without thought or explanation. I was in intense need and you were giving me the release that I craved, had been craving for so long.

You kissed me as I had my head turned back looking at you; I bit your lip in my need and tasted the blood. I licked the blood away from your lip with my tongue. Suddenly I was exploding again in the mindless, wondrous, intense pleasure of an orgasm. I could no longer stay up on my hands and knees. I collapsed onto the bed with you still in me, on top of me, holding me. We were both drenched in sweat. I lay for a moment within your arms, catching my breath. My body was like a dishrag. You stroked me, giving me time to recover.

Then I heard you growling into my ear. It is my time now you said. I felt you still hard within me, throbbing, hot and wet from my juices. I smiled at you, and moved away.

You grabbed me and tried to bring me back. Patience my love, I whispered softly, I am not going anywhere.

I turned in the bed and there you were, right before my mouth, my mouth that longed to taste you. I licked the tip of your cock with my tongue and swirled it around as I held you in my hand. My other hand cupped your balls, squeezing them gently. I took you in my mouth. You tasted like me; my juices were all over you.

My lips were around you with my tongue licking you as I moved my mouth up and down. I heard you groan. I felt your hands on me, your mouth nuzzling me. Then I felt your tongue on me, on that little spot that was so sensitive. You nuzzled me, smelling me, embedding my smell into your brain so that you would never forget it.

I felt your finger enter as you licked me, driving me wild with your tongue. It was all I could do to keep from screaming out and biting you as I hold you within my mouth. I pulled you into me closer, taking you deeper into my mouth, driving you almost to the point of no return. You were thrusting into my mouth, while your mouth worked its magic on me at the same time. I could feel you getting tighter and tighter, ready to explode. I felt my own orgasm approaching.

I wanted us to come together this time. I wanted to give you pleasure that you would never forget.

I massaged your balls and they were tight. You were almost there; I was almost there. I took my hand and explored while my mouth was tight around you, hot and wet as you thrust into it. My finger found that forbidden little spot and I inserted my finger slightly. It went in easily; it was wet from our juices. I moved my finger slightly within you as I applied pressure with my mouth and my tongue.

You shuddered. Your juices exploded into my mouth and my body throbbed in response. We were flying off into outer space, lost in sensation as our bodies throbbed and jerked together. Your juices were so hot they scalded my mouth. Your orgasm was so intense I could not take it all into my mouth; it ran down onto my chin. I felt my juices flowing into your mouth.

We were holding onto each other tight, lost together in blackness, drenched in sweat and our juices. I still didn't know for sure what you tasted like as your taste was so mingled with mine that I couldn't tell one from the other. We were musky; we were salty; we were sweet.