

Paul's Sexual Awakening

My husband David and I together with my 19 year old son Paul from a previous marriage, live in one of the many closed and gated communities in the southern part of Houston off the I-35 southwest freeway. Its an exclusive neighborhood bounded by guarded security gates, an exclusive clubhouse for residents only which provides most of the amenities of gracious living. Houses are surrounded by well kept lawns and the entire community complex with its concrete pathways and rolling greens give you a feeling of being in the country, safe even at night, a haven; all these however are merely illusory because once you get off the well manicured lawns and asphalt driveways and enter the main thoroughfare that leads to the city, you immediately see the disparity between the community that we live in and the stark reality of a city that assaults your senses with its smog and heat with the raw sensual vibration common to all big cities like Chicago, Los Angeles, New York or New Jersey.

Which is why I completely empathized with the stress my husband was feeling now after having arrived from work quite late this evening, all strung up, creases getting more and more prominent on his balding forehead as I gave him one of my "Mom's special massages" to allow him to air out not only his verbal complaints about his work and business but also to let him release his physical anxieties. We were just about ready to go to sleep and he was lying face down on our bed in his PJs when I gently straddled his back and started to caress both his shoulders while kneading the tight muscles gently. After a while, I asked him to turn over on his back so I could do the front part of his body.

Now my husband has dutifully maintained his sculptured physique as a result of our visits to the gym at our clubhouse and was slowly warming up to my massage while I knelt on our bed with his torso between my thighs. I felt a rising bulge push up on my crotch but as I looked at him he had his eyes closed so I thought he must be half asleep but nevertheless I still marveled at the fact that although resting, there was no mistaking his desire in the heat emanating from his growing shaft now slowly pushing into my pussy. I continued caressing his upper torso when he slowly lifted up both of his hands and placed them under my night dress slowly inching their way up to my soft breasts. I was totally naked under my night dress and all ready for him if he wanted something more.

I gasped as his hands found my nipples now growing hard at his touch, the bulge between my thighs now definitely pushing up against me and insistent in its desire.

"Honey, whats that bulge between my thighs?" I asked jokingly in a soft tone of voice,

"I dont know, but I think it wants to go inside you.." he replied half asleep.

"Inside where?" I laughed as I replied,

I gently got off him and placed my hand in the front opening of his jammies and took his hard and erect penis out...looking at it with a growing desire...staring at the veins as they pulsed and throbbed...and slowly drawing my mouth closer to it...I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue to lick the head which now had a drop of precum on its tip. I heard him moan and felt both his hands on the back of my head as I slowly lowered my open mouth into the entire length of him. He gave out a long sigh of pleasure as he pushed himself up, my mouth now sucking him slowly, my tongue slowly lapping up the hard flesh. His hands held my head steady while he pumped himself in and out of my mouth, my lips tightly enclosing the hard flesh as it jerked up and down. After a little while, he pushed himself up hard pushing my head down at the same time and coming inside me, I opened my mouth wider though with my lips still closed on his shaft to receive the rush of semen shooting up my throat and taking all of it in.

I have always loved the taste of semen and my taste buds now relished the hot salty delicious creamy texture of it as I felt his penis jerk up one final time inside my mouth.

As he slowly slipped out of my mouth and as I swallowed his hot semen, I looked up towards the door, now partly open and saw Paul staring at me, his eyes in a glaze, and his right hand touching the front part of his pants which was obviously bulging. As soon as our eyes met, he blinked and lowered his sight slowly closing the door as he backed away into the hallway.

I felt alarmed and wanted to get up and run after him but David still had his hands on my neck having fallen from the back of my head when I looked up towards the door and saw Paul. I slowly got up and saw David now fast asleep. He was always like that...after an ejaculation, he would roll on his side of our bed and fall asleep and this time was no exception...only this time, I had wanted so much to have sex with him...oh well....

I went to the bathroom and got a glass of cold water from the mini fridge to rinse and wash the after taste of semen from my mouth and throat and looked at myself in the mirror. I fixed myself cursorily then went back inside our room. Finding David out cold, I put off the nightstand lamp and slowly opened our door and slipped out the dark hallway closing the door silently behind me. I tiptoed to where Paul's bedroom was and seeing the light under the door, I knocked gently hoping he was in a mood to talk, then opened the door and entered his room.

Paul was sitting on his bed facing the door as I entered his room but he didnt look up at me as I approached him,

"Paul...Baby.....", my voice calling out his name gently,

"Mom.....", he replied, raising his eyes and meeting mine as I sat on the carpeted floor in front of him, my hands on his knees,

"I didnt want you to see that...", I said,

"I know Mom...but seeing you do it and looking at you swallow made me feel strange...",

"How long were you watching me Honey..?", I gently asked,

"A long time....", he replied hesitantly,

"Was this the only time you watched me Paul?", I gently asked, and after a long silence he replied,

"No....",

I didnt feel like pursuing the matter further but something inside me just had to know...so,

"No?...so then, since when have you been watching me Paul..?", my voice now sounding a little on the edge,

"Since that time when the first floor of the house got flooded and I had to move from the room downstairs to this room beside yours. Often I could hear you moaning late at night. I would go to you just to check up on you

and tried the door to see if it was locked and oftentimes it was not, and I would open it slightly and peep at what you were doing”, he replied hesitantly,

“ And what have you seen me doing...”, the tone of my voice now raised as I stood up in front of him with my hands on my waist,

“ Sometimes uh...you touching yourself but quite often with David on top of you fucking you and...I just find the look on your face when he does it to you incredibly exciting Mom”, he replied quietly,

“ Have you seen me naked then...”, I nervously asked, concerned but strangely excited that he might have, “ Yes...”, his voice low his eyes looking down,

“ And...and...did you like what you saw...”, I asked, my heart now pounding against my chest and getting excited since I was standing in front of him with only a flimsy nightdress that hardly concealed my nakedness, a garment meant for David’s eyes alone. Paul looked straight at me with obvious desire in his eyes and exhaled saying,

“ Yes.....”,

A knot seemed to have formed in my belly as I sat beside my son on his bed placing my right arm around his shoulders and drawing him closer to me, trying to comfort him, my left hand gently touching his face and feeling the warmth of his body underneath the cotton shirt he was wearing.

“ Paul...this time your Dad...”

“ He’s not my Dad” Paul interrupted,

“ Well...he needed it badly Honey and I wanted to do it for him so he could have a release and be able to sleep well...but from now on I dont want you peeping into my room to see what I am doing okay...please...”, I explained, looking directly at him and hugging him tighter to me.

I was startled when I slowly felt Paul’s hand reach out gently and touch my right breast over the fabric of my night dress causing a shiver to run through my body. I felt a chill on me since I realized too late that I was not wearing anything else under my flimsy nightdress having forgotten to put on my robe before going out of my room in my rush to talk to him about what he saw me doing. I didnt move but neither did I shake his hand away from me. We just sat there, looking directly into each other’s eyes breathing hard and not talking. I started feeling ambivalent about my physical reaction to his touch, because this was my son...Paul, touching me in a way a son is not supposed to touch his Mom. I shivered with a pleasure I could not understand as his hand continued to feel the soft flesh of my breast. Soon I began to feel a delicious dampness slowly creep between my thighs, something I was also not supposed to feel for my son.

“ Paul...Honey...oohhhhh”, my voice trailing off as he suddenly threw his arms tightly around me drawing and crushing my upper body against him, his lips finding the soft flesh of my neck and kissing me with an urgency I have learned to recognize from my experience with other men, as a need...a physical need for something sexual...but this was my son Paul I thought...how could he...how could WE? I asked myself silently as I felt his kiss in my throat, my head now thrown back, his hand slipping inside the fabric of my night dress and feeling the warm soft flesh of my bare breast.

I began to tremble with illicit desire as Paul suddenly kissed me on my lips...his hand still touching me, both of us sitting on his bed...in his room...with my husband sleeping in the other room just a couple of feet away, and Paul’s tongue pressing hard against my lips...my body suddenly feeling a warmth starting intensely between my thighs and creeping slowly into my whole body, making the hair of my skin stand on end as I realized this was Paul...my son Paul...who was kissing me and touching me...

Without being totally aware, with a moan, I felt my lips open to allow his tongue to enter my mouth...all of this was now making me feel intoxicated as I felt my head spinning around to the pleasure I was not supposed to feel and the intensity of desire in his hand which was now all over my upper thighs, my soft belly, my full breasts, his tongue seeking my own...that I fell weakly on his bed gasping for breath...our lips still joined as I began to kiss him back, sucking his tongue in, my growing pleasure undeniable in the heat between my open thighs, the fluids of desire within my body now profusely flowing out of my pussy..., I laid back weakly, breathing irregularly as Paul broke our kiss. I felt him rise from the bed and with his hands...and searching eyes...uncovering me, he slowly raised the short hem of my night dress to bare the full rounded flesh of my upper thighs...then the curve and flare of my wide hips...his eyes now staring at my shaved womanhood...my lower body now laid bare before his eyes...I closed my eyes and shivered as I saw him lower his head between my thighs, now quickly opening wider to receive him, each of his arms encircling one of my bare thighs. I felt his lips on me...his lips and tongue now desperately seeking the pearl of my shaved pussy, my clit, now throbbing and unsheathed in its urgent need...and slowly dripping its fluids of desire into the pits of my thighs and into his open mouth.

I stifled a deep moan, my hard breathing caught in my throat, his lips and tongue finding the core of my pussy flesh, his hands now urgently spreading my thighs much wider to get at me more deeply...my mind in shambles shouting NO...NO...NO...but my body, now trembling and sweating in depraved forbidden lust, cried out YES...YES...YES. I felt my hips and my thighs rising of their own accord as Paul’s tongue continued to lick me...and taste me...and suck me...and swallowing the fluids rushing out of me...making me insane with desire...my mind no longer in denial as I raised my hips to his face, my orgasm now almost imminent. I felt a sudden overpowering rush inside my pussy moving outward with so much force I came so hard, my orgasm so intense causing my whole body to stiffen as my thighs clamped tightly on my son’s face as he continued to lick my pussy even as I was now wildly thrashing on his bed in mindless orgasmic passion, my hand quickly grabbing a pillow and covering my mouth to stifle the intense scream coming out from my throat.

After a while I opened my eyes to look into the eyes of my son looking at me from below, his face between my thighs breathing deeply of my erotic scent as my pussy leaked my passion out into his face. He slowly got up and closed the light leaving only a nightlight to illuminate the room. In the dim light I heard rather than saw him take off his shirt and shorts and felt him slowly get back into bed. I felt his hands spread my thighs much wider and I thought he was going to kiss me down there again. I gasped as I felt him moving the head of his penis up and down the lips of my wet pussy...

“ Paul...dont...please dont do this...your father...no...Paul no...no...oohhhhh”, I started to struggle and plead but my voice got lost as I felt his hardness enter me slowly and gently, the heat of his penis making the inner

flesh of my pussy grip his rigidity more tightly, my body's lust no longer willing to be denied as he roughly pulled my night dress off, completely exposing my nakedness, my white soft flesh shimmering in the low light, my son's hard penis now slowly and completely filling me down below between my thighs as I sighed and finally surrendered willingly to the drowning sensation of the illicit lust my son had for my body and now my own forbidden incestuous desire for him.

I raised my arms up to him as he fell into my breasts, immediately taking one of my nipples in his mouth, his hips slowly moving up and down, his penis rubbing hard against my clit, my body sweating profusely, the hair of my skin standing up on end again while he began to push himself in and out of me at a regular pace...as I willingly offered myself to his lust raising my hips up to meet his every thrust down inside my body. His lips were on my own now, kissing me with a passion we both could not measure nor imagine possible as I hungrily kissed him back and held him tightly against my naked body. We began to move faster and harder, our bodies now roughly pushing and grinding against each other...my moans stifled by his lips as I began to feel him pushing relentlessly into me harder and faster, my hips now rising in rhythm to his, both of us lost in the madness and insanity of our own illicit sexual need for each other, the world around us now becoming totally nonexistent as we both gave ourselves completely to each other until...I felt him tense up and suddenly push himself hard into me in one stroke crying out silently in my ear...

" Mom...oh Mom...I'm coming.....", and upon hearing this, I raised and crossed my feet behind him drawing him tighter as I felt the scalding heat of his semen shoot inside me blinding me with uncontrollable passion as another one of my intensely powerful orgasms joined his in our lustful and incestuous union.

" Yes Baby...yes...come inside me....yes..." I was now moaning deliriously, the inner flesh of my pussy contracting convulsively to suck his semen as it spurted inside me, my mind silently screaming out my passion, my lust, my need and my anguished yet thrilling fear at what I have just done with Paul...my son...whose body was now shaking in spasms on top of me...his penis inside me...my body shaking uncontrollably like his own.... After a long while I began to gently and lovingly stroke his face, his head having fallen between the swell of my sweating breasts as I tearfully looked at him saying...breathlessly,

" Darling...I have to go back to my room now and you must promise me this will remain between us alone otherwise your father will kill us both."

" Oh Mom yes...I love you so much...so much. Can we do this again....please?", he whispered,

" Yes...if you want to...but I must go back to my room now. Your father might wake up and find me not at his side and look for me and find us here doing this"...I whispered back urgently,

And as I regretfully left, I felt my son's semen leaking out of my pussy and down into my thighs dripping slowly as I walked quietly back into my room. David, snoring loudly, was facing the edge of his side of the bed away from the door as I slowly moved into my place slipping under the covers...my body still shivering, my knees weak as I closed my eyes and tried to sleep....wondering what the next day would bring when David goes to work leaving Paul and me alone in the house...my mind filled with dread and...even also pleasure???..at the possible consequences...

But after thinking about it a long while, my heart...my body...no longer asked myself what I have just done with my son,...what we both have done and why...but rather...I was now beginning to wonder expectantly what would Paul do with me...when his stepfather leaves for work and be gone the whole day....,and with that thought, I finally drifted to the bliss of sleep...looking forward to tomorrow...

I could'nt really sleep well after my initial encounter with Paul that previous night and after what seemingly felt like just a few winks, it was already early morning as the alarm by the night table went off at its regular time of 5:30 a.m. waking up David.

It was still dark so I pretended I was still asleep and felt him slowly get up and go into the bathroom. I soon heard the steady stream of piss on the toilet bowl and his voice yawning then the sound of his footsteps walking towards me. I felt him sit beside me on our bed, his hands now gently caressing my bare shoulder. I was laying on my right side facing the edge of the bed where he was sitting so I turned, with my eyes still closed, and laid on my back so he could feel my body anywhere he wanted to.

I felt his hand slip under the covers and reach inside feeling the soft warm flesh of my upper thighs and slowly groping and inching in between them finally finding the soft mound of my pussy. I sighed, desire coming over me and slowly spread my thighs to allow him to feel the warmth and the slowly growing moisture between them. I reached out for him moving my hand in between the buttons of his jammies and found his erection, hard...and strong,

" Honey...you're hard again..." I sighed with a smile as my right hand began to stroke his huge hanging muscle more insistently.

He didnt reply, instead he got into bed with me and threw the covers away. I could hear his breathing...labored...excited...as he got in between my knees which suddenly opened wide as if of their own accord...as if from long time habit. He suddenly began rubbing the head of his penis up and down the length of my now drooling pussy and plunged inside with a grunt and immediately began moving in and out in a rush.

" Honey I want to come with you..." I moaned in his ear as I began to feel him moving faster in and out of me and increasing my desire.

I was just moving my feet around his back to hold him tighter to me when he suddenly groaned loudly in my ear as he came... " Oh Baby...cant hold it much longer...I'm coming..." he growled. I frantically moved against him harder trying to reach my own climax when he suddenly fell limp on my body with a loud sigh leaving me nowhere...my mind going on an inverted spin as it suddenly went blank asking myself...what the???, my need suddenly deserting my body as he suddenly got up leaving me and going to the bathroom to take a bath whistling a tune as he went on his way. Damn, I thought to myself. David was always like this...slam bam...whew that was good...thank you Ma'am kind of a man with no concern for me. As long as he got his squirts off and his semen inside me...well thats it for today folks...thank you Baby...better luck next time. The creep.....

I started to scream out inwardly cursing this undue deprivation and this lack of empathy and wanted to run after him and push him, if I only could, head first inside the toilet bowl and flush him down the drain. Justifiable

homicide I'd say. Oh well...then all of a sudden I thought about last night and remembered...my son Paul...oh my goodness....Paul....I suddenly got up from bed and put my robe on and went down, passing Paul's bedroom at the head of the stairs. I paused for a while to listen at the door but I could'nt hear anything so I proceeded down to the kitchen and made coffee. David doesn't take anything else for breakfast except black coffee so I poured a cup for him and set it on the warmer at the table.

Soon David came down looking good in his three piece suit all ready to go to work...

"Will you be coming home for lunch David?", I asked sweetly, concealing my resentment with a coat of honey at his early morning abandonment of me.

"No Honey, I might be driving to the Capitol in Austin this morning to check the disbursement for the repair of that bridge we worked on last week. I'll give you a call though because I might have to stay there if the check voucher doesn't go through today...okay"

"Okay..." I smiled and quietly replied.

As David drove off for work, I slowly went back upstairs and tried Paul's bedroom door but finding it locked, I decided to go back to my room.

Laying down in bed I recalled Paul's sudden and unexpected demonstration of his sexual desire for me the previous night and my weak but ardent surrender to his kiss and his touch, recalling his face between my thighs and eating me so divinely...remembering the intensity of my orgasms...how much I came with the touch of his tongue upon me...and more so, the inexplicable thrill of holding him off for a while but finally in the end, surrendering to his penetration....

I found my hand going down between my thighs driven by the rush of memories from my intimate encounter with my son...my son Paul...and exhaled as my finger found the wetness of my need...I spread my thighs wider and touched my clit gently recalling with increasing desire the way he hungrily licked me imagining my finger to be his tongue...

I needed to come...the urgency of it all in the way my finger suddenly shook and rushed in and out of my pussy...my other hand going to the bare flesh of my soft breasts feeling my nipples harden as a shiver ran through my entire body. I began moving my hips up and down as my finger moved in and out of me...in rhythm...my finger playing the strings of my flesh and the button of my need so expertly...the way I did everytime David left me still in need...as I started to feel the familiar powerful rushing of my senses from deep within my cervix...then out of my pussy...making my thighs and hips shake...as an orgasm flowed strongly out of my being....into a muffled scream of unfulfilled frustration....

I sighed then got up from my bed and headed towards the bathroom. I took off my nightdress and turned the shower on feeling the droplets of water with my hand to feel if the temperature was right...then got in. I had just finished rinsing my whole body of soap when I felt a cold draft of air enter the warmth of the bathroom and a pair of arms encircle me...

"What...who...?" I wondered with a growing fear at who this intruder was...but I thought there was nobody else here at home except Paul, then I heard Paul's shaking voice,

"Gotcha Mom..." his arms quickly encircling my nakedness and his hand slowly feeling my breasts the other finding its way between my thighs...and as I turned around to face him, I saw him naked, his hard penis pushing against the fold of my closed thighs and slipping through them as I opened my thighs to him. I suddenly felt weak in my knees feeling his hardness between my thighs. In spite of the warm waters now cascading over both our nakedness, I felt a shiver run through my whole body as my urgent need came back...my need to be fucked...and fucked real hard.

I closed my eyes and called out his name softly, my mind now losing its coherence as I felt Paul, my son Paul...naked...and in the shower with me...hugging my naked body tightly...his penis now searching for the opening of my body that was now its own...as I opened my shaking thighs to him and felt him finding me...my wetness...my lower pussy lips now open and ready to receive him as I felt him enter me...with a slowness that I found so exquisitely consuming.

"Oh Paul..." I moaned out his name again as his penis began moving in and out of my body, my arms going around him and drawing him tighter to me, his lips with a hunger of its own kissing me everywhere...my neck, my breasts, my ears, my face...my throat...his voice a sound not unlike a hungry animal, grunting, snarling...feeding on my body seemingly with desperation...insatiable in its intensity as Paul drove his hard penis relentlessly in and out of me as my own body responded wildly to his passion, grinding hard and meeting his every thrust inside me...my voice a whining and moaning sound as I found myself coming again...and again...and again... making my head spin dizzily....until...

"Oh Mom...I'm coming...I'm coming Mom..."

"Yes Baby...come inside Mommy...yes...more... some more...oohhhhhh..." my need exploded like wildfire as another one of my huge orgasms blew my mind leaving me a shaking, jerking and trembling mass of soft flesh going down a dark sensual spiral of depravity and lust...as I felt his scalding seed fill me....my pussy closing in tight on him...not wanting to let go....

We fell down on the bathroom floor with the waters, both our bodies glued as one...my own still shivering in spasms as my orgasm continued again and again....Paul's penis still inside me.

After a while he stood and pulled me up taking the bar of soap in his hand and soaping my body all over. As soon as he was done, I took the bar of soap from him and began washing him...all of him...our eyes staring at each other...both our breathing getting harder again...as our insatiable lust for each other began to slowly creep back into every living cell of our being...

After we were all done bathing, we each took a towel from the rack and dried each other all over...not a word between us...just the silent acknowledgement of our mutual need in each others eyes...as Paul took me into his arms, a towel wrapped around my body and carried me into the bedroom laying me gently on my bed...the bed David and I share...

I knew what else we both wanted...as he took off the towel he had wrapped around me and laid me completely naked down on the bed...

I slowly opened my thighs exposing my shaved pussy to him...my desire growing stronger as I saw his eyes staring at my pussy...I called out his name in a trembling voice...my arms now outstretched, mutely calling out

for him...as he fell down between my breasts and kissed me hard on my lips...our tongues quickly joining...his hands all over my nakedness, our naked bodies grinding hard against each other.

He went down and quickly spread my thighs wider as I placed my feet on his shoulders, his face immediately seeking the erotic scent of my pussy and then finding it...breathing in my scent..smelling me deeply...the warmth of his exhaled breath quickly raising my clit from its fleshy enclosure...and making me gush forth the fluids of my need now being met by his open mouth as my wetness flowed from my pussy into his face... his tongue licking me...tasting me...sucking me...feeding on me...as he began eating me...hungrily...and in a voice I didnt recognize as my own, I heard myself say...

" Paul...let me have your penis Baby...I want to kiss you and suck you..."and as he obeyed and changed position, my hand immediately took hold of this hard muscle hanging between his thighs and opened my mouth to take him in...my tongue relishing the feel of his heat...his hardness and the precum at its tip...

I wanted to taste him...I wanted so urgently to feel his semen in my taste buds...as my hands went to the side of his hips and guided him to move up and down on me as I sucked him, my mouth ready to receive his incestuous seed. I lost the feel of his tongue upon me as I heard him cry out...

" Oh Mom...I'm almost coming..."his warm breathing on my drenched pussy making me lift my hips up to him needing the touch of his tongue on me. I felt both his hands on my butt as they pulled me roughly into his face and open mouth as I closed my lips tightly on the circle of his flesh and felt the sudden rush of semen into the back of my throat...my tongue savoring its tasty hot creamy flavor and swallowing it all...as he came inside my mouth making my whole body shiver as I came hard...his mouth sucking my clit and his tongue flipping it up and down...making me orgasm continuously...my thighs tight on his face as I sucked on his jerking penis hard until I released him and moaned...

" Paul...honey...stop...please...I can't take it anymore...Paul...noooooooo...oooohhhhhh", I pleaded uselessly as he continued eating me and pushing me beyond the edge of my endurance....

Later that evening, David called me up late to tell me the check voucher didnt go out so he had to wait for it to be issued the following day. I did not completely understand why he had to handle this collection himself...did he have someone else with him?...I wondered, hearing a female voice in the background....

Paul was laying beside me on my bed when the call came and as he heard me asking David where he was checked in, he looked at me becoming aware that David was'nt coming home that night...the hunger and desire now again present in his eyes...looking at me....

" Paul, I need to rest. You have exhausted me so much today that my pussy is raw from your pounding and my mouth sore from sucking you. Lets just rest. You can sleep with me here tonight if you want...okay?", I gently sighed and told my son lovingly. I thought to myself I was not really exhausted. I was just trying to find out how far he was willing to go to have me again.

" But Mom...I cant have enough of you. Look at me...I'm hard again just being with you..." and as I looked at the huge bulge on his boxer shorts I felt awed at his youthful virility and staying power really quite pleased that he still wanted me inspite of the countless number of times we had been together the whole day...

" Paul, you can have me anytime you want to but this time, please let me rest for a little while..." I pleaded, " Okay Mom..." he reluctantly replied, but as I looked at him, I smiled because I knew he was not going to give me a whole nights sleep...and I exactly wanted just that to happen.

Later...it was dark and I didnt know what time it was as I felt the bedcovers slowly being drawn from me...I felt a warmth between my bare thighs as I felt the hem of my brief nightie being slowly lifted up exposing my complete nakedness underneath. I opened my eyes slightly and in the dim light saw my son Paul...hunched by my side and slowly lowering his face into the pit of my closed thighs to smell me...again breathing in deeply of the scent emanating from my pussy...now slowly getting wet...

I slowly opened my thighs wide...showing more of myself to his hungry gaze...giving my body to him...my desire for him now growing as I began to moan...his tongue finding me...and his mouth now sucking the fluids of my need...as he started feeding on me hungrily once more...