**Handy Man**

**by [Miss\_Amber](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1098183&page=submissions)**

Stepping out of the shower, I pushed the door to with a thud and picked up the towel. Wrapping myself in the fluffy cotton, I turned to the mirror and stared into it. Hmm, least the spots were gone and I was looking somewhat better after that bout of food poisoning I'd had a few days before.

That was the only reason I was home alone and my parents were at work. Still, it was nice to be knocking around such a huge house on my own without having to get up on order from the alarm clock. Dragging a brush though my wet hair, I tucked the towel tighter around my chest and pulled the bathroom door open. Padding across the carpet of my bedroom, I glanced at the clock and smiled as it stared at me, accusing my laziness with the time. Sod it, I'd caught food poisoning from the uni café, I deserved time out.

Walking over to the window, I pulled the curtains back with a flourish, intending to open the window for fresh air; the day was already feeling uncomfortably warm. Standing with my arms outstretched, I stared into the shocked face of the handyman, his hand raised to the glass with a soapy sponge and his other arm stretched out holding his balance as he stood on top of the bay window of the ground floor. I hadn't realised it was window cleaning day.

I was literally frozen to the spot, and so was he. Right then everything took on such amazing detail, the blueness of his eyes in the sun worn face, the trickle of water running down my spine from my wet hair. Everything was so intense.
He really did have stunning blue eyes; I'd never noticed them before.

I should shut the curtains. Those eyes were amazing; did he actually know how blue they were? Shut the curtains! He was actually quite cute; I'd never taken the time to look at him before. Hypnotising.

I risked a smile and was rewarded with one in return. Not perfect teeth, but still good. I relaxed a little and let go of the curtain in time to tuck my towel back in. A couple of seconds more and it would be on the floor. Looking up from that action, I saw his bright blue eyes on my hands as they tucked the cotton in around my breasts.

The tip of his tongue touched his lower lip for just a second as his eyes narrowed, and then he pulled himself together and took the sponge away from the glass.

What was he? Late 30's? I think that was right, he'd only been with us a few months and I'd never really met him, I was usually on my way out to uni as he was arriving. Thank god for food poisoning.

Those eyes were watching me through the glass now, and the heat of them was cutting into me and straight to my pit of my stomach. I couldn't, could I?

Glancing past him I took comfort in the fact the trees were now in full leaf and hiding the house front from the distant road. The neighbours were too far away to matter and I was starting to feel horny. The question was, just how horny?

Looking around, I pulled the dressing table chair over with my foot and tugged it in behind me. I looked up at him as he watched with a frown, then his eyes came back to my face and I felt heat flood my cheeks. I couldn't believe I was about to do this.

Biting my lower lip, I waited until I had his full attention, then I lowered my right hand to the towel and slowly started to pull the material lose. His eyes widened at that. Looking over his shoulder quickly, he checked the area around the house form where he could be seen, then he dropped the sponge on the top of the bay window and pressed both of his hands to the window frame as he leaned in close to watch.

Oh god this was making me feel so horny, but I wanted to prolong it as much as I could. Taking the towel in both hands, I let it slide enough to show the top of my thigh, and stepped back from him. He frowned and shook his head slightly, but I held a finger up to him and smiled slowly.

Nodding quickly, he settled down on his knees to watch the show.

The sun was coming in the window from the side now, highlighting him from for me. His face was weather warn and brown from the sun, but those eyes stood out clear and the wrinkles of laughter made him look sexy.

Stepping back a little further, I felt the chair press up against the back of my knees. Sitting down on the edge, I held the towel so it barely covered me. Letting my grip relax a little it slid lower, uncovering more of my breasts to him. His eyes flickered down to them, drinking in the curve and the promise of the hard nipples that were starting to stand out. God I was enjoying this so much.

Sliding back in the chair, I rested my arms up on the arms and relaxed in so my backside was nearer the edge than the back. He leaned forward, his elbows resting on the windowsill outside as his hands dangled down, the movement of his muscles telling me he was slowly stroking himself through his jeans. I wonder how long he was? Was he wide or slim? Average or different? I would have to find out now.

Biting my lip again, I watched his face carefully as I let go of the towel and it slipped down to reveal my breasts. My nipples were hard already, and the rush of fresh air on them made them even harder.

His eyes narrowed quickly and a flush of colour came into his cheeks. His arm muscles flexed several times, so the sight of my breasts must be good for him.

Leaning back, I rested my arms along the chair and let him stare at my breasts as they rose and fell with my breathing, the towel still wrapped around my lower half.

Looking up to my face, he raised a hand to his lips and blew me a gentle kiss in reward. Yes he'd do just nicely, he knew how to play.

Laughing softly, I stroked a finger over my right nipple, and his tongue licked out across his lips slowly, almost as if he was tasting my breast. That was an intriguing thought.

Pinching the nipple, I tugged gently and stretched my breast towards him a fraction. His hand flattened against the glass and then his fingers curled in as if to grab. He'd get his chance later if I had my way.

Raising my right foot, I stretched my leg out towards him, the towel slipping back from the calf and back over the knee. This teasing was fun! I had placed the chair just right for me. I rested my foot up on the internal window sill, my knee bent up just enough for comfort. Placing my left foot beside the right, I kept my knees together as the towel slipped back a bit more, revealing everything except what he wanted to see.

Curling my toes, I laughed as he tickled his fingers against the glass and I could hear his soft low laugh in return. He had a sexy laugh; I wonder if his voice matched?

Stroking my breasts a little more, I watched his face as his gaze roved over my exposed body, there was a definite sense of appreciation there, and a good deal of hunger, but he was playing by the rules.

Maybe now it was time to go a little further?

Pushing my feet apart on the sill, I watched his eyebrows raise and his eyes snapped down to the towel still about my waist. I moved my feet apart enough to be comfortable, then I parted my knees and rested them against the chair sides, but the towel still stayed in place over my pussy, and by the look of consternation he was getting impatient.

He looked up at me with a frown and mouthed for me to throw the towel away. I shook my head and wagged a finger at him. I smiled and told him to remove his shirt. I wanted a bit of flesh on show in return.

I just knew he was grumbling, but he quickly pulled his shirt over his head and dropped it by his side. Hmm very nice, muscled arms from hard work, flat stomach and a nice scattering of hair on his chest, just perfect. Nodding in approval, I slid the towel aside and let him stare down at my freshly shaven pussy.

His eyes really did widen at that and I started to laugh. Resting my hand on my stomach, I chuckled as he pressed his hand to the window again and made stroking motions I could feel the hot juices running out of me and was aware he could probably see them from just a couple of feet away. But I had no intention of being alone in masturbating, and I knew he was hard as hell.

Dropping my feet to the floor, I leaned forward and tapped on the window at his crotch. His jeans were definitely straining and he looked a good length under the denim. He shook his head at that, so I pouted and picked up the towel again. I may be horny but I was not playing alone in this game.

I heard the dull swear word through the window as he undid his belt and zipped his jeans open. The cotton of his boxers was instantly pushed out and I made stroking motions against the window. He crooked a smile at me and fumbled for a second with the material, then his cock was out in the open and his balls were resting on the material of his boxers.

God he looked so good, longer than normal but not wider, so he'd be comfortable to take inside. Was good enough to taste, but I'd wait for that.

Smiling in pleasure, I leaned back in the chair and rested my feet back up against the windowsill, giving him an uninterrupted view of my pussy. In turn he came up off his haunches and kneeled at the window so I could see his cock. He was already stroking it slowly, his strong fingers wrapped around the shaft and moving up and down softly. If he was that gentle on his cock then his fingers would be amazing in my hot pussy. A shiver ran up my spine at the thought and I closed my eyes for a second. This was going to be one of the best fucks I'd had.

I slowly slid my hand down my stomach, my fingers gliding down and over my pussy where they rested for a few seconds. Slowly I used the first and third finger to open myself, his blue eyes riveted as I revealed my hot pink pussy, the juices now running freely in anticipation of being a whore for a near stranger. It was so damn sexy doing this, making me so horny I was sure to come hard.

His fingers clenched around his cock and I heard his gasp as he forced himself to relax the grip. He didn't want to come quickly either.

My clit was pulsing with blood as I touched my finger to it. With a sigh I began to circle it in rhythmic motions, my middle finger gliding over it every time as I built the feelings up to a level where I was panting. My breasts were shaking gently to the movement, the nipples standing hard as his gaze flickered between my circling finger and my shaking breasts.

Widening my legs, I stroked my finger down the length of my pussy to my hot juices. Stroking them back to my clit, I circled my finger quickly then rubbed hard, a loud gasp coming from me as my stomach muscles clenched in arousal. His mouth was open a little as he breathed heavily, his face flushed as he moved as close to the window as he could. The head of his cock was getting redder as he got harder, a couple of inches away from the cool glass between us. This was so damn sexy, each of us putting on a show for the others, acting as whores for near strangers. The risk of getting caught was near zero, but even so it still made me shiver in excitement.

I looked up at a sharp tap on the glass and he was pointing down at my pussy, an urgent stabbing motion of his finger. Nodding, I slipped my fingers lower and slowly inserted one into my opening, my horniness making it so easy to enter.

I was sure he was about to collapse against the window he pushed up that close to watch. All the time his fingers were working that hard cock of his, making it go redder and darker as the blood rushed to the arousal. His free hand was pressed against the stone frame of the window, balancing himself as he watched intently. Those blue eyes of his were sparkling with intense arousal and concentration, the pure colour of them making my clit throb even more as I watched his face. It was all about the face for me, that cock was gorgeous and I couldn't wait to play with it, but the face was where everything showed, and he showed complete and utter arousal, the muscles taught in his jaw and his eyes narrowed.

Pushing my finger in and out slowly, I felt my muscles clench gently around my finger the first level of my arousal. I needed something more, something deeper.

Looking around quickly, I reached back and grabbed a hairbrush from the dressing table. His eyebrows shot up at that; then he started to laugh as I smiled crookedly. Gingerly holding the bristles, I slowly slid the handle into my pussy, the hard wood handle cold against me as I took it ion. Wasn't quite as wide as I wanted right then, but it was long enough. Turning it slowly, the ridges of the hexagonal handle stimulated my pussy, sending shudders through my body. Arching up in the chair, I began to thrust it in and out of me, turning it a fraction each time.

At the window, he was gripping hic cock tighter, rubbing himself harder and faster as he watched that brush handle going in and out of my wet pussy. His cock was looking so hard and swollen now; I could just imagine it inside of me instead of the handle, it would go all the way in to my limit. Thrusting into me and making me gasp. Gasping, I arched up in the chair again and thrust the handle in harder and faster. Oh god I could feel it building fast. Ramming the brush in, I rubbed my clit hard and fast, inaccurate in my arousal but close enough to make the first of my come run down my pussy. Leaning my head back on the chair, I watched him press up against the window; his hand clenched around his cock as he rubbed it hard and watched my pussy. I was gasping and writhing in the chair, my whole body clenching as the orgasm built quickly. This was going to be a big one, and my god I was ready for it.

Ramming that handle into my hot pussy, I rubbed my clit as hard as I could and screamed, my orgasm slamming into me as I came hard against the window. Rubbing myself as quickly as I could, I continued to come, spattering the window as the orgasm clenched my muscles in hard waves as I shook.

Gasping in air, I relaxed down into the chair as I let my feet drop to the floor in exhaustion. Opening my eyes, I looked up at the handyman as he stared down in amazement at me. I guess he'd never seen a woman ejaculate before. But even though he was mesmerised by the sight his hand was jerking his cock off hard and fast. His fist was clenched hard around his shaft, the skin moving back and forth roughly as he worked himself to his orgasm. |Sitting forward, I pressed my hand to the window, then decided to be the complete whore and placed my tongue to the glass just in front of his cock. Licking slowly, I tasted my come in my mouth and found it strangely arousing. Hell I'd just brought myself to a mind blowing orgasm and I was getting ready for more!

I looked up and found him staring down at me in fascination, his forehead resting against the cold glass as he watched me lick the glass as he worked his cock hard. I could hear him grunting in effort, he must be about to come. Placing my hands to my breasts, I squeezed and rolled them for him to see as I pressed up against the glass. It felt cold on my nipples, a sensation I enjoyed very much. Staring up at him, I opened my mouth as if to take him and pressed my tongue to my lower lip. That was enough; he jerked hard and fast and I watched him come all over the window pane, his come running down the freshly washed glass as he jerked more and more out. Slowly he released his grip on his cock and relaxed down onto his haunches opposite me. Resting his hands on his thighs, he lowered his head and closed his eyes as he caught his breath. His stomach muscles were still clenched, only relaxing as I watched closely. That was one of the horniest things I had ever seen, and I was ready for more.

Reaching up, I flicked the catch open and smiled as he looked up at the slight snick. Pushing the sash window up, I reached high and knew he was watching my breasts lift as I pushed the frame as high as it would go. Lowering my arms, I leaned my elbows on the windowsill and rested my chin on my hands as I watched him. Leaning forward, he rested his hands on the sill either side of my arms and smiled slowly.

It was one of the sexiest and laziest smiles I had ever seen, and he damn well knew it. Lowering his face to mine, he pressed a soft kiss to my lips, taking his time about deepening it as I closed my eyes and gave myself to the moment.

My eyes snapped open as his hands closed about my arms and began to pull. I quickly realised what he wanted and I complied by sliding one leg over the sill and joining him on top of the bay window in the full sun of the morning. Sitting back on the sill, I placed my hands on his waist and pulled him back in to a kiss that was long and deep and getting hotter by the second.

His hands were quickly around my waist and sliding down to my backside, his fingers curling in my flesh and massaging as I dragged him close to me and wrapped my legs around him to hold him tight.

That gorgeous cock of his had been slowly drooping, growing ever more flaccid after his initial excursions, but now it was quickly growing hard again, standing to attention like a good soldier should. Breaking the kiss I trailed my lips down his neck, kissing softly and slowly as I flicked my tongue over his warm skin. Reaching his shoulder, I pulled him close to me and gently bit, just enough to make him gasp softly in my ear.

Giggling, I ran my fingers up his spine and back down again, dragging my nails ever so softly over his skin and feeling the shivers run through him.

Laughing as he picked me up, he pulled me down into his lap, my knees tucking in beside his hips as he held me tightly to his body, my breasts crushed against his chest and my wet pussy rubbing against his hard cock.

His fingers dug into my backside, gripping me tight as he began to rock me against his groin, the cotton of his boxers and jeans rubbing me roughly. Bending my knees until I was kneeling astride him, I rocked my whole body on him, my breasts massaging him, my stomach against his and our most intimate areas stroking and teasing one another. Releasing a hand, he slid his fingers up my spine and curled his palm around the back of my head, cradling me as he kissed me deeply, his tongue twining around mine and drawing soft moans from us both. Dear god this was so arousing, in plain view of anyone coming up the drive, the sun on us as it rose over the trees. I was fully aware of the sensation of the rough denim on my inner thighs and pussy, the rough material caressing and tempting forth more of my juices. I was already slick from my first orgasm, my pussy ready to take anything that he wished to put in me.

Releasing his hold on my head, his hand slid down my shoulders, his fingers making little stroking motions on my hot skin as he slid it between our moving bodies and cupped a breast, his fingers closing around the soft flesh and a thumb running over the taught nipple. I broke the kiss and buried my face into the curve of his neck. Instantly his hand was cradling the back of my head again, his fingers stroking gently to ease me as he whispered softly in my ear, tender words that turned me molten to his touch. Trailing kisses down my neck, he carefully raised me with his hands on my hips, positioning me back up on my knees and holding me there. Running kisses over my throat, he struggled with one hand behind him for a few moments before he pulled a wallet from the back pocket of his crumpled jeans. Flicking it open with one hand, he dropped it on the lead of the roof as his fingers dug around urgently in the confines. Releasing a small silver packet, he ripped it in his teeth and took out a condom as I laughed softly. Taking it from between his teeth, I placed it to the head of his cock and slowly ran my fingers down his length as I unrolled the latex. His head tipped back and he squeezed his eyes shut as a long shudder ran through him from head to toe.

Catching me in a kiss, he came up on his knees and his hands went to my waist, gripping me firmly but gently. Easing me back, eh shuffled forward on his knees as I came up against the window sill. Twining my arms around his neck, I kissed him deeply, my eyes closing as I revelled in the feel of his hands all over my body, placing me where he wanted me as I rested my buttocks on the sill and waited patiently.

The fine tremors of excitement were coursing through me, running from head to toe and emanating out from wherever he touched me. My body was filled with electricity, an energy I felt passing between us as he moved in closer and wrapped my legs about his waist. His hands were sliding up and down my thighs slowly, easing me into the act we were about to undertake. Capturing his mouth in another kiss, I slid my hands down his body, stroking with my nails as a shiver passed from him to me.

Resting one hand on his hip, I let my other hand drop lower until my fingers found the hard length of his cock. Closing around him, I stroked slowly and then tugged gently. He grunted softly under his breath and shuffled closer on his knees. Bending my knees more I opened my pussy to him and placed the head to my opening, the wetness of my first orgasm coating him quickly. Pulling back with my legs, he took the order and began to push in. I looked down with him to watch him enter me, his long cock sinking in effortlessly as I swallowed him up.

Biting my lip, I pulled him close to me so our bodies touched everywhere they could. His arms went instantly around me, holding me close and cradling me as he ran kisses down my neck to my shoulder. Once there he began to lick and taste slowly, the roughness of his tongue sending little shivers through me and down into his cock. Moaning as he gasped softly into my ear, I giggled as he nipped with his teeth, and then began to move gently, barely anything at first as he made sure of his passage within me, then the strokes grew longer and more assured as I quickly adjusted to him. I had been right, his more barrow width made it so easy to take him.

He felt so good in me; filling me right to my deepest part, and the slow deep strokes he used was building my orgasm. With each stroke he placed another kiss to my neck and his hand ran down my spine and back up again. I didn't know which to concentrate on most, each was exquisite in itself, and combined they were blowing my mind.

Dragging my nail sup his back, the hard shiver that ran through him passed through his cock into me. I gasped at the sudden surge of electricity and involuntarily my inner muscles pressed down hard on his cock. He grunted and forced his way back inside me. Moaning in return, I pulled him close and crushed my breasts against his chest, the fine hair tickling my sensitive nipples.

Wrapping me tight in his arms, he increased the rhythm of his thrusts, a new sense of urgency in him as he pushed me back against the sill repeatedly. His hips flexed under my legs, muscles moving easily as he moved in and out with a steady pace that was perfectly timed to bring me to the point of climax in only a few minutes. I was doing my best to hold it back, trying to prevent my muscles from clenching tightly and forcing my come all over him. I wanted to scream for him, to pull him deeper into me with each pulse of my ejaculation.

Sliding my fingers into his hair, I pulled his head down sharply and forced a hard, hungry kiss onto him. He responded instantly, his fingers digging into my backside and partly lifting me from the sill as he rammed into me, his cock hitting against my pelvis in his urgency.

It was too much for me. I broke the kiss and growled, too far gone to scream. My body jerked and tensed around and against him as my muscles all contracted together. The come came in hard fast pulses, covering and soaking his cock and legs, running down his thighs and into his jeans as he pumped into me fast, his cock bringing forth more of my orgasm as I dug my nails hard into his shoulders and clawed my marks over his skin. My orgasm was still ripping through me when he tensed under my fingers, his body shuddering as he came inside me, his cock pulsing and throbbing in my pussy as it delivered its seed.

Holding on tight to one another, we stayed still, the sun warming us as it rose higher over the trees shielding us from the road. Slowly the tension drained away, taking the heat of the sex with it and leaving a deep warmth between us. Leaning back he smiled and brushed hair from my face, a tender finger tracing the line of my jaw as I smiled shakily. Damn, that had been the hardest orgasm I'd ever had.

Placing a gentle kiss on the end of my nose, he drew back and eased himself out of me, holding the condom and then removing it from his cock as it rapidly softened after our exertions.

Pressing my feet down to the lead, I winced as the first hint of soreness pinched me. But damn, it was worth it. Bending down, I scooped up his shirt and other kit and tossed it behind me into my room. He raised an eyebrow at that but merely followed on as I beckoned him to follow me inside. Picking up the towel, I scooped up his jeans as he dragged them off and kicked his shoes across the room. We had all day alone, and by the time he would have to leave his clothes would be washed and dried. He, on the other hand, would be kept busy with the many myriad plans that were forming in my head, and by the twinkle in his eyes he was thinking very much the same.

Scootling downstairs, I shoved everything into the washer-dryer and spun it on. Making sure it was going, I turned to the fridge and pulled it open, I needed a sugar boost. Picking out several strawberries, I popped the first into my mouth and barely tasted it as I swallowed it down quickly. Closing the fridge door, I bit into the second strawberry, the juice running over my bottom lip as I enjoyed the freshness. Turning around, he was standing there, leaning in the doorway as he watched me closely. Now I saw him stood up he was half a foot taller than me, and quite lean. Muscles were outlined on his arms and chest, but his stomach was smooth, only the hint of the muscles beneath as he breathed deeply. Unfolding his arms, he walked over to me and reached out to wipe the juice from my lip. Putting his thumb in his mouth, he sucked the juice from his finger as he watched me closely. Slowly he took his finger from his mouth, his full red lips lingering on the pad as he smiled slowly at me.

My lips parted a little as I almost tasted his lips on mine. I closed my eyes as he placed his thumb to my lips and I gently sucked it, my tongue stroking the pad as I caught the faint memory of strawberry on his skin. I opened my eyes as he pulled his hand free, then he wrapped his arms about me and indulged me with the longest, slowest kiss I'd ever had. Melting towards him, I moulded my soft body against his hardness and gave myself over to the sheer exhilaration he was creating.

His tongue was slow and gently, teasing mine with deft flicks and twists, his hands echoing its movements as he stroked and kneaded my backside and back. Flattening his palms to me, he stroked slowly up and down my spine, down over my buttocks and to my hip before stroking up my sides, brushing the edge of my breasts and around to my shoulder blades. Constant movement that sent little shivers through me. My breasts swelled and grew sensitive again, the nipples standing out hard and proud as he moved ever so slightly against me, using his body to massage mine as we stood on the cold tiles of the kitchen.

Twining my arms about his neck, I pressed up against him in invitation as we kissed softly. Almost instantly his hands wrapped about my waist and lifted me up. I gasped in surprise; then laughed as he quickly turned and sat me on the edge of the kitchen table, his hands spreading my knees as he stepped between them. This was something I had always wanted to do!

Clasping my hands behind his neck, I giggled as we kissed again, packing at each other lips, cheeks, brows, necks, shoulders; almost as bad as two teenagers on a first date. His chuckle was deep and very sexual, filled with warmth and promise. Sliding his hands to my shoulders, he stroked his thumbs over my neck and throat, the gentle rhythm moving with the motion of our kiss. Sliding his hands down, he placed his palms over my breasts and moved in gentle circles, massaging my nipples until they were dark and swollen, the peaks hard as stone as I panted softly in arousal. Breaking our kiss, he bent his head down and took a nipple in his mouth, his hot wet tongue swirling it and flicking it as he squeezed and rubbed the other breast. Leaning back on my hands, I tipped my head back and moaned softly each time his tongue flicked. I looked down at him as he looked up, his bright blue eyes filled with mischief, and he bit down. I shrieked in surprise, but it rapidly turned into a moan of ecstasy; the shock of it had gone right to my core and my pussy throbbed. That was amazing. He bit again as he tweaked the other nipple and I screamed out loud.

Laughing as he turned his attention to my other breast, he gripped my hips tightly to stop me from falling off the table as I wriggled around, trying to encourage him to move on before I exploded in excitement.

Biting the other nipple, he acquiesced to my urgent demands to move lower as I put my hands on his head and pushed him down. Lying back on the table, I spread my legs for him and closed my eyes as his first questing touch on my inner thighs rippled a thrill through me. I could feel the rough skin of his hands on me; coarse from hard work, but his touch was soft and gentle, finding its way and arousing me with each minute contact.

I was on the verge of screaming in frustration when a soft kiss was placed to the top of my mound, and I nearly fainted in relief. His fingers trailed soft little circles over my inner thighs, each pass bringing them closer to my wet core as my juices seeped out. A further series of kisses were placed carefully down the slit of my pussy, touching the lips feather light as he concentrated so hard on what he was doing. This was the most erotic thing, so slow and precise and controlled, and driving me mad with desire.

A line of soft butterfly kisses was placed down one lip, and then trailed back up the other, a quick flick of the tongue after each kiss bringing forth more of my honey as he aroused me quickly. This was building so quickly in me, my body sensitised by the two previous orgasms and ready for one last show. Curling my fingers in his hair, I forced his mouth down onto me and laughed in ecstasy as his tongue plunged in between the lips and started to lick me quickly. His tongue was hot and precise in me, swirling around the engorged clit and down to lap up the juices running freely, then he returned to the clit again. He teased and tempted me with quick swirls and slow licks over the head of it, heavy shudders running through me each time he did so.

Gripping the edges of the table, I bit down on my lip and squeezed my eyes shut as the first wave f my orgasm rippled through my stomach and into the clit he was toying with. Taking several deep breaths, I almost had control of myself when he slid two fingers inside me and curled them upwards the caress my G-spot. I screamed out long and loud as my orgasm shattered me, arching up off the table and gasping as it took my breath from me. It went on for longer than any I had ever had before, wracking my body in huge convulsions as he continued to lick and caress, his busy tongue lapping up my come as I spent myself.

Collapsing onto the kitchen table slowly, I draped an arm over my stomach and tried to control my breathing as I recovered slowly. I slowly became aware he was stood beside me, looking down with those blue eyes that had hypnotised me earlier. There was a gentle smile on his face, crinkling the corners of his eyes as he helped me to sit up. Leaning against his chest as he wrapped his arms about me, I rested my head on his shoulder and felt safe for the first time in a long time. His hand ran up and down my spine slowly, a gently protective gesture as he cuddled me close. Wrapping my arms about him, I giggled as he pulled me closer, then he scooped me off the table and up into his arms.

I watched in interest as he carried me out of the kitchen and back upstairs, his bare feet padding softly on the carpet of the landing. Pushing open the door to my room, he put me down on the bed and then pulled the sheet over me in a caring way. Walking over tot eh window, he closed it and flicked the catch across. Pulling the curtains to, he turned around and watched me. There was a serious look on his face as he looked at me sat in the bed, the sheet wrapped around my chest as I watched him in return.

Making a decision, he walked across and lifted the sheet. Sliding in beside me, he reached across and wrapped an arm about my waist. Pulling me into his side, he pulled the sheet around us and settled down into the pillows.

Reaching across shim, I managed to catch the bedside clock and set it for a few hours time. I was exhausted and ready to sleep for a long time, but I had to be up and about, and he had to be busy by the time my parents got home.

I laughed softly as he placed a soft kiss to my forehead, then he closed his eyes and his body slowly relaxed against mine. Yes, he'd do very nicely.