I'd Do Anything For Him

by twoworldsÂ©

I had closed all the curtains that day. No wonder he was a bit surprised when I

came in through the back door and found the house in relative darkness. Still it

was light enough to see me when he came in to the living room.

I walked up to him and kissed him, lovingly and deeply. Immediately his hands

went to my waist, but I stopped him. Told him to sit down on the couch. He

looked at me puzzled, but did as I asked.

I took a chair from the dining area and sat down on it opposite him. Just to get

him in the mood I placed my hands on his knees and moved them up, all over his

thighs. I could tell he was already getting into this.

Of course he was surprised. I'd never been like this, but no man turned me on

like he could. Just looking at him could get my juices flowing.

When I sat back up I could see his big blue eyes take in what I was wearing. No

shoes, a short skirt with buttons up front, a blouse of which I had opened one

button too many. If I bent over, he could look right in. And he did...

I bent over again, this time putting my hands on my feet. Slowly moving up, I

touched everything I could. Even pauzing at my breasts for a brief moment to

show him my nipples were already hard. He wanted to touch me, badly, but I told

him no. Touching was forbidden until I said otherwise.

Slowly I undid the lowest button of the skirt and opened my legs slightly. I

touched my inner thighs for as far as he could see. His breathing went a little

faster by now. How I love to see him turned on!

Another button came undone, and another...

Opening my legs with my hands on my knees I pushed my breasts forward. He hardly

knew where to look first. He wanted clothes to come off, and quickly, but I

wouldn't let him have it that easily.

I pushed the skirt up a little, turning sideways a bit, so he could get a full

view of the outside of my thigh. He held in his breath for a moment when I

pushed the skirt up so far he could actually see my buttock for a moment. Then I

turned to face him again.

The blouse was next. Keeping my legs open slightly I started unbuttoning the

blouse. When I finally took it off I revealed a very sexy lace bra. His hands

started moving towards his crotch, but he did look at me with a question in his

eyes. May he? Oh yes, please!

He started rubbing his dick through his trousers. Of course that wouldn't do for

me at all. This wasn't just about being seen! I got up and walked up to him, sat

on my knees on the floor and slowly moved myself over him as I got up. He was

very careful not to touch my with his hands. Good boy...

Those hands, how I longed for them. So warm and soft. And he knew how to use

them so well.

I straddled him and started undoing his shirt. He let me do it, still looking. I

kissed him again. I know I shouldn't have, but I couldn't resist. After all, I'm

only human and the man is a miracle to me. My hands went through his long blond

hair and down his chest. Then I pulled myself together and slid down again, back

to my chair. I could see the disappointment in his eyes.

I didn't sit down though. Instead I turned my back to him and bent over again,

showing him my behind. I moved the skirt up all the way and then got up and let

it fall down. Undoing the last button I let it drop to the floor, revealing a

matching thong. I could hear him hold his breath again. Another thing I usually

didn't wear.

When I turned around he already had his dick out and it was rock hard. He

couldn't handle teasing very well. This just made me smile.

I moved the chair up closer and placed my feet on either side of him. Without

thinking he placed his free hand on my leg and started rubbing it. This time I

let him. I really cannot resist those hands. Just had to allow myself to show

that little bit of weakness and lack of restraint.

He smiled, slowly. We both knew that we couldn't tell who was controlling who.

Again I moved my hands up to my breasts, rubbing and pulling softly. His eyes

grew bigger with anticipation as I pulled the straps from my shoulders...and

left them there.

Instead of taking the bra off I moved my hands down again, down to my cunt.

Rubbing myself through the thin fabric, feeling the heat and wetness. He knew,

he knew just what I was feeling. That smile again...that glint in his eyes.

My fingers slipped underneath the fabric and went for my clit. Oh, so good. I

envisioned his fingers instead. So warm, so soft, so lovingly, but also very

passionately.

His hand went up and down his dick a little faster. He was holding on tight. He

loves it tight.

The feel of his touch on my leg made me shiver. I stopped myself, I needed to

hold back. There's no reason to rush this. Back to the bra, lowering it just

enough, just not revealing the nipple. He can see them though, they're rock

hard. And I'm loving every second of it, as is he.

He didn't expect me to get up again. I moved over to him and took of his

trousers and underwear in one go. He certainly didn't expect to be naked before

I was!

I was looking him up and down with a hungry look, turning him on even more. How

beautiful he is to me.

Slowly I undid my bra and let it drop to the floor. His hand goes up and down

faster again. Ever so slowly I slid my thong down over my now closed legs. And

just as slowly I open them again, putting my feet next to him again. Immediately

that hand is back, making me shiver once more.

It was time to give him full view and I did.

One hand on a nipple, rubbing and pulling and twisting and the other...two

fingers in my mouth. Showing him how wet they became. Putting those fingers on

my other nipple, making it glisten. His hand goes faster, he was loving this.

I put the fingers in my mouth again, but this time put them on my clit. Using

both my hands I could show him everything I was doing. From my clit to my

cunthole. He took in a big breath when I plunged my two fingers inside. From

then on we started pumping in unison, exactly what we could do so well. Only we

were in such harmony.

Looking at each other, upping the pace bit by bit. Seeing the passion rise, the

lust, the wanting, the restraint which was so difficult on both of us.

But we never broke the connection, never. Seeing him like this turned me on so

much, I fucked myself hard. Moaning and grunting I fucked myself, turning him on

even more. His hand was slowing down, he was close, so close.

I opened my legs as far as I could and showed him all I had and everything I

did. I arched my back and pushed by breasts forward. I felt his hand hold on

tight to my leg. Just as I came I took out my fingers, so he could see the

muscle contract, the hole open and close. He didn't hold back one bit and

came...all over me. It was bliss to feel that warm sperm come down on me. His

lust was all of a sudden tangible.

After a few minutes we relaxed. He looked at me and said: "I need a shower. How

about you?" Oh yes, please...