

I Fall to my Knees

by Gilrabo

I hear the sound of his keys in the door, in walks a very unhappy looking man. Shirt rumpled, tie askew, face distinctly unhappy. Bad day, bad day, bad day his posture says. I walk up and kiss his lips, then pulling back to smile at him, and go back to kissing him. Soft light kisses are rained over his lips, my hands rub up and down his back. Opening my mouth, inviting his tongue to come play with me. Sucking the end of his tongue lightly, I begin to remove his tie. Pulling the silk thru my fingers while nibbling on his oh so soft bottom lip. Sucking his bottom lip into my mouth to lightly tease it with my teeth. Running fingers down his shirt undoing each button, rubbing his nipples thru his under shirt. Palms rise up his chest, down his arms, to his cuffs. Buttons undone, wrists, free. Pulling, his shirt out of his pants, pushing his shirt down his shoulders and off, kissing, kissing, kissing, him. Licking where his neck meets his shoulders, mouthing, sucking. Tasting his sweat, oh so sweet this flavor of him. Undershirt, pulled up and off. Palms stroking his back, up and down, up and down. Kissing his nipples, licking his nipples, teeth rasping his nipples. Sounds of pleasure leak from his lips. His sounds, spur me on. Fingers deep in his hair, pulling him into hard kisses. Lips mashed, tongues wrestling, I submit, letting him dominate the kiss. Wrapping his arms around me, he grinds his crotch into me. Standing, grinding, humping into each other, hands on hips keeping the contact tight, love the friction, more, oh more!

Remembering his sad unhappy come home face, I pull back, and let go. Wanting to see my man happy again, I know how to lift whatever burden he carries, off his shoulders, if only temporarily. Smiling at him, kissing his lips, his chin, nuzzling behind his ear, sucking that wonderful soft place at the base of his neck. Kissing my way back to his lips. Kissing him softly, warmly, lovingly. Building the intensity of the kisses, fueling the fire of our desires. His tongue invades my mouth, taking control. As he pumps his tongue into my mouth, I lightly graze his tongue with my teeth. Breaking our kiss, I pull away, only to zero back to his lips. Feeling drunk with passion, my thoughts fly away. Pushing away, abruptly, he looks lost, mouth still open, eyes glazed, not understanding why I quit kissing him. I lean into his chest, pinching his nipples as I kiss between his pecs, licking his wonderful sweat taste. If only I could lick every morsel of his chest, I rein my self in, and continue on. Kissing his lips again, smiling at him I fall to my knees before him, and start to suck his navel. Licking the hair that swirls around and around that sweet spot, I start to tongue it. He moves his hands to my head, urging me to go lower, and I comply.

Mouthing him through his trousers, while my busy fingers are undoing belt, and button. His hands are tight in my hair pushing me into his groin hard, hard. I moan, loving the contact with his cock. His aroma invades my senses, breathing in deeply, pulling him into my lungs. Slowly the zipper goes down, and I push his pants down. Pinching the back of his knee, to let him know I want him to lift his legs

one at a time to rid himself of those so in the way trousers. My hot mouth is on his cock, licking, sucking him through his boxers. Pulling his hands from my head, they move to the waist band of his boxers. Grabbing his hands, I put them firmly back on my head. Licking along the edge of his waist band, he moans, and humps into me.

Inching down the boxers, I lick and nibble at the newly exposed skin. Keeping his cock caught in the boxers, using the fabric to rub and torment him. Groaning, he pets my head, and I pull his boxers down, springing his cock free. Blowing air across the head of his cock, he groans, and jerks forward. Kissing and sucking his balls, lightly nibbling on his sack, taking swipes on his now weeping cock head. Tired of teasing him, I open my mouth and gently suck him in.

Ohh, I am on instant overload! Savoring the feel, the taste, the smell. Holding him in my mouth, warm and wet, beginning to lightly suck. Opening my mouth between sucks, inhaling bringing in a cooler rush of air, teasing his cock. Flicking his head with my tongue, drilling into his piss slit, tasting his pre-cum. Sucking harder, harder, harder. He is moaning nonstop, rubbing my head, he begins to fuck my face. I meet his thrusts, my nose tickled by his pubes. Swallowing when he is deep into my throat, he loses his rhythm and thrusts harder, groaning. Finding his rhythm again, he begins to fuck my face, not letting me take him down all the way, wanting to draw this out. Groaning, grunting, pumping his hips slowly, almost leisurely, lost in the warm wet mouth pleasuring him.

I begin to massage his balls, tickling his sack, pulling lightly down. Wetting my fingers with the saliva dripping from my chin, I reach back and begin to tease his pucker. He stutters in his rhythm, and I push into him, burying my finger deep inside of him, pulling almost out, adding another finger. He begins to thrust harder into my throat, building up speed, I follow his rhythm, finger fucking his ass, swallowing when his cock is buried deep in my throat. Faster, faster, faster, not able to keep up, I submit to his rhythms in my throat. Arching his back he floods my mouth with ropes of cum, shooting again and again, shuddering with the intensity of his climax. I hold his cum in my mouth, until it threatens to overflow, and I begin to swallow.

Pulling his now to sensitive cock from my mouth he pulls me to my feet, and clamps his mouth over mine, wanting me to share his cum. I open my mouth and allow him to suck what he wants from my mouth. When he lets go, I drop back to my knees to carefully clean his cock off. Getting the last traces of cum, I look up as he caresses my head. He gently nudges me up, and wraps his arms around me, hugging me, kissing my neck, throat, and kisses so warm and soft. Rocking me back and forth, feeling his love flowing into me, I sigh in happiness.

I whisper into his ear, "Welcome home honey."

raisedbybooks@yahoo.com