

# Yup

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3. Adjective
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# Yup

His plural clothing were off before I could blink, but he didn't bother with the shirt and left it on. His male body part was hard and Adjective...and so close...just on the other side of the tub's ledge and inches from my Adjective mouth. Inspired by the Adjective picture in the magazine, I wanted so badly to take his male body part into my mouth and suck it hard till warm Adjective cream filled the entire cavity of my mouth. But Coleman had other plans.

"I want you to sit in my chair," I was confused at first but Adverb realized that he meant the leather chair in his office.

"But I'm completely wet," I said.

He either didn't hear me or didn't care. He grabbed me by the Part of Body, pulled me out of the tub, and guided me in the direction of his office; my wet body leaving a trail of soapy mess on the floor as I we were making our way across the hall.

When we got there, his Adjective hands pushed me into the cushions of his office chair, quite Adverb I should add, his face dead serious. The leather fabric of the chair felt a little Adjective against my wet skin. Adjective and immobilizing. Stuck to the chair, I had a difficult time moving my body but found the "trapped" sensation to be a real turn on. Coleman knelt down in front of me.

"Come closer to me and spread your \_\_\_\_\_ plural body part \_\_\_\_\_. Spread them real wide," he said.

With quite a bit of effort, I un-peeled my body from the chair and moved my \_\_\_\_\_ plural body part \_\_\_\_\_ all the way down. Coleman grabbed me by my thighs and spread my legs as far as they would go. This made the lips of my \_\_\_\_\_ name for V \_\_\_\_\_ come wide apart exposing \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ flesh of my very h\*rny \_\_\_\_\_ name for V \_\_\_\_\_.

"Eat my \_\_\_\_\_ name for V \_\_\_\_\_, Daddy," I whispered to him. "Make me c\*m."

He dug in, using his tongue to pleasure my \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ v\*gina with unnecessary urgency, as if he was in some kind of a rush. "Slow down , let me enjoy it awhile," I told him, and he did.

Mentally, I was in some type of a sexual heaven. Pre-sex bubbles combined with the \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present ends in \_\_\_\_\_ ING \_\_\_\_\_ effects of the wine have reduced my sexual inhibitions to nil. I was screaming out \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ words of \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ pleasure in a way that was way too loud for the open windows. But I had no shame left in me at this point at all. Actually, the idea that Mr. Andrews next door was likely hearing my pre-orgasmic screams, only added to the intensity of my \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ morning. The big moment was almost here.

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