

Daria was speechless. Finally she knew what she had missed out on in every previous relationship throughout the years. THAT. The rubbing against each other's bodies. The ecstatic cuddling. It felt wonderful and there were no worries at all that would have struck her mind. She wasn't afraid when suddenly his large hand was at her trousers, trying to open up the buttons. She lifted her bottom to make it easier for him. Skilfully, he pulled the denims down and off her long legs, only to immediately place himself above her again, proceeding to cover her body with his fluid of passion. He continued exploring her, slowly moving his body in a snake-like motion further down, stroking her tummy with his face, then her hips, her thighs. His warm breath blew a soft breeze over them, moving upwards again, hovering just a second over her vulva before pressing his face against her abdomen, continuing to rub his skin against hers – back and forth, up and down. A little perplexed about his technique, she stopped her movements and watched him closely and full of curiosity.

She was not surprised when he raised himself and grabbed her hips with a strong grip, only to turn her around to continue on her back in a similar style. Daria was melting away.

Just a few seconds later, she felt him kissing her back, then little tender bites, as his wet tongue was accompanied by the tingly sensation of his hair on her skin. At some point, he put his full weight on her, pressing his pelvis against her butt. Both moaned at the same time, aroused with erotic sensation. Then, all of the sudden, he was gone from her, lying beside her on his back. Daria moved herself up onto her elbows watching him closely. He had his arm over his head, covering his eyes, his nose was twitching, his wet lips vibrating, shimmering. His broad chest moved quickly up and down in a fast rhythm. She could see his small, hard nipples in the soft illumination of the room they were in. She licked her lips and got closer to him. She had to taste him. Slowly she closed her lips around his nipple and softly sucked on it. His entire body suddenly went into a rebellious state and he exhaled with a hoarse groan. Bad, bad girl! She carefully pulled on his nipple again with her teeth and licked over the sensitive spot. Then she turned to the other one. Again his torso moved upwards in desire and this time he grabbed the back of her neck, holding her in a position where he could run his hands through her hair. This time he could not stay still, his pelvis was moving up and down wildly. Daria moved her head towards it. The bump underneath his zipper was massive. Should she really? Yes, she wanted to. She drew small circles with her fingertips all the way down slowly towards his crotch.

“By the gods, woman. What are you doing to me?” he gasped. Why did this simple tenderness cause so much excitement in him? He moaned again when he felt her fingers making their way to the same destination. He knew at that stage that he could lose control if she so much as touched him, let alone what would happen if she really let go. Quickly, he grabbed her shoulders and rolled her to the side so that he could lie beside her on his side. He needed at least a little bit of a pressure release and moved his leg over hers, pushing his lap against hers. One arm wrapped around her shoulder, the other was stroking her hair out of her face.

When he saw a sign of disappointment in her face he couldn't help but kiss her passionately and with deep devotion. His hand let go of her hair and slipped down the strap of her bra, opening it slowly. He removed the cups from her soft breasts and placed his hands on them. Tenderly, he rubbed over her nipple with his thumb before he placed it between his fingers, squeezing it slightly. She moaned into his face, her back pressing forward, searching to get closer to him, his skin, his warmth. He continued kissing her and repeated his affection on her other breast. Slowly he rolled her onto her back, pressed his chest against hers, fully enjoying her femininity against his steeled warrior body.

More. His lips closed around one of her hard nipples, petting her, while his hand wandered over her tummy, downwards, then halting on top of her vulva. His fingers were exploring the area, the silky fabric drenched with wetness. Her arousal, her wetness, tasting, licking. The animal in him was starting to waken and his instinct trying to take control. For now, he still had the leash in his hands, but the question was: for how much longer?

He pushed the fabric to the side and dove into her sweet, warm wetness. First one finger, then two. By the Lhigs! She was tight! His body was reacting immediately. His veins were changing to streams of hot, molten lava flowing with the speed of a hurricane towards one direction, one centre. And with a deep guttural grunt he moved down, pulled her underwear to the side and started to lick her.