

Hilley's first! (pgs 423-425 Book 3)

*I said in Italian, "Lie down; there is something I want to do to you."*

*He lay down on his back looking at me with great anticipation. I began to play with his penis. It was huge and it very quickly became rock hard. I put my tongue on the side of it and began to run it up and down like licking a Popsicle. He groaned loudly. I began to jack it with my hand while looking at him with lust in my eyes, hoping I could hold him off this way long enough for my daddy to get to me. I was not worried about being fucked but I wanted it on my terms. If that was what it finally came down to than I would control the process. I was not going to be raped like some captive virgin. That is how my mother would handle a situation like this. He began to hump against my hand. I could feel the control of the situation slipping over to me. I took just the head of his penis in my mouth and circled it with my tongue. He groaned loudly again. Then I began to move my hand rapidly up and down while still circling it with my tongue. He shouted, I pulled my head back and something very sticky and hot shot into the air above both of our heads and landed mainly on him but partially on me.*

*I was hoping that would slow him down but instead he grabbed me and threw me flat on the bed. We were right back to where we were several minutes earlier. But this time I was in total control. I raised and spread my legs motioning for him to spend a little time down there. I knew in concept what I was asking him to do. But I had no idea what would happen. Or what it would feel like. He looked like a hungry dog offered a bone. He climbed between my legs and put his mouth on my vagina. The sensation of heat and wetness was so totally profound that I instantly had a huge orgasm. I wrapped my legs around his neck and squeezed hard enough to probably break his head off. I writhed and yelled and shrieked and he kept on lapping like a puppy. That set off a much more incredible earth shaking climax that almost drove me out of my mind. I bucked on him and would not release his head. He was looking a little distressed but I had a lot of business to get under control in my lady parts and frankly I didn't care whether I killed him or not at that point.*