

# ICEBREAKER

By Hannah Grace

She moans and my dick twitches in my pants. ...“I want to watch you touch yourself.” ...Pulling her foot from my grip, she plants it on the bed, giving me the perfect view of her pink, wet pussy. ...I’m already rock hard; how could I not be after what she just said? ...She doesn’t know where to focus as her eyes bounce between my face, my flexing stomach, and the hand fisting my cock. ...Her hips squirm, looking for friction she isn’t going to find with her legs spread wide by my thighs, and she fidgets as her eyes follow my fist up and down. ...Reaching up with my free hand, I tweak her nipple between my fingers, and the moan she lets out is a mix of satisfaction and frustration. As I pump my hand faster, the pleasure begins to lick up my spine, tingling and building. ...“Open your mouth, baby.” ...I watch her, fucking mesmerized, as she licks and kisses from the base to just before the tip, pausing to watch me hold my breath, desperately wanting her to slip me into her hot, wet mouth. ...I feel her hot breath on the tip, she’s that fucking close, but she kisses and licks her way down to my balls, sucking on them softly. Letting the breath I’m holding go, I drag my hand through my hair when her tongue swirls around me. ...She carries on teasing me, touching everywhere but the tip that’s throbbing and glistening with precum. I know she’s going to keep going until I’m at the point where I’m ready to fucking beg her. ...She slowly—and I mean slowly—lowers her mouth onto me, and I can’t help but lift my hips to speed up the process. A satisfied mmmm vibrates against my dick, and she hollows out her cheeks and tries to

suck the soul from my body. ...Scooping her hair, I wrap it around my fist in a makeshift ponytail, holding it tight, moving with the controlled motion of her head as she bobs up and down. Her nails scrape down the inside of my thigh, causing me to flinch forward, hitting the back of her throat. For a split second I worry it might be too much for her, until her watery eyes watch me through thick, dark lashes, and even when she’s noisily gagging on my dick, she looks smug. So I keep thrusting, deep and precise, as she hums happily, meeting every movement perfectly. ...“Baby, I’m going to come.” Her moan of approval sends a jolt through my body and she speeds up, sloppy, crazed movements, until an intense fire ignites in my blood, disintegrating my entire body. “Fuckkkkk,” is the only word left in my vocabulary when I spill myself down her throat.

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I point the spray between her thighs, my own chest heaving with anticipation as her eyes roll back. “Oh.” She moans, her fingers sinking into my skin. It doesn’t take long because the pressure is so intense. Her back begins to arch and she grips me tighter; I know she’s there, so I move the showerhead away and watch her face drop as her orgasm dwindles away. ...so I put the showerhead back, a bit farther away this time, and move it in tiny circles. ...She’s almost there again, her leg is shaking against my chest, voice desperate. “Please let me come.” “Uh.” I move the showerhead away again. “No.” “You’re torturing

me,” she whines as I once again point the stream of water toward her clit and let her orgasm build. Finally tired of the anticipation, I let her leg drop to the floor and she whimpers. “Nate, please fuck me.” ...“Such a pretty pussy, Anastasia,” I praise, running my cock between her folds, watching the goose bumps spread across her back when the tip nudges her. “Hurry up and fuck it, then.” ...“So impatient,” I coo, holding on to her hips tightly as I plunge into her, gasping at how wet she is. ...She starts backing up on me, her plump ass slapping off my hips as she fucks herself, breathy moans as she cries out. ...I sit back onto the heels of my feet and pull her body flush against mine, letting her sink down onto every inch. “You’re too big.” ...I’m close. I’m so fucking close. The sound of her skin slapping against mine is second only to hearing her moan my name and seeing her play with her tits. I slip my hand between her legs and rub her swollen clit, using my other hand to tilt her head toward me. “Are you going to come for me?” “Ahh.” “Whose girl are you?” ...She must see it as a challenge, because her movements become sloppy and rough as she slams herself down hard over and over. ...Then every inch of her tightens and she practically screams, “Nathan, oh my, oh fuck—” That’s all I needed for her to tip me over the edge; my balls tighten and I fucking explode inside her, sweaty forehead falling to her shoulder.

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