

HIM

By Sarina Bowen and Elle Kennedy

Forty minutes later I have Jamie's dick in my mouth and I'm stroking his prostate like a champion. He's writhing and begging. "Give me more," he pants. "Give me the D. You know you want to." I release him with a pop, and practically swallow my own tongue. ...Don't get me wrong—I want inside that fine ass of his more than I want my next breath. ...And while he waits he's gently jacking himself and staring into my eyes. ...I take my time with him, more generous than usual with the lube. ..."One finger won't be enough this time." ...Now he snickers, but the sound dies when the tip of my finger circles his hole. His ass cheeks instantly clench. ...My other hand grips his erection. I'm selfish, but I don't want him to come until I'm buried inside him, so I don't take him in my mouth or jerk him as hard as I know he wants. Slow, featherlight strokes are all he gets as I work my finger into his tight hole. When a second finger joins the party, his brows draw together. ...Stroking, teasing, twisting, getting him ready for me. At three fingers, he moans loud enough to wake the dead, and I release his erection to press my palm to his mouth. ..."Wes..." He's squirming now, pushing his ass against my probing fingers. Every time I connect with his prostate, he pants out a breath. "I need more." ...And I'm so hard it hurts. ...I cover myself with one hand, then pour lube on the condom to get the latex even slicker. My fingers continue to torment Jamie's ass. "You ready for it?" I rasp. ...Gripping my shaft, I position myself between his big thighs. ...Hell, my hand is trembling around my cock as if I've never done this before. ...The head of my cock nudges his hole. ...I find his erection and stroke my fist up its length. ...I push forward again, and this time I'm able to ease in. Just the tip, but holy hell, the pressure is incredible. He's hot and tight, squeezing me into oblivion. "Ohfuckohfuckohfuck." It's all he seems capable of saying as my cock tunnels deeper. ...If I last more than five strokes, it'll be a miracle. ...His erection pulsates in my fist, but I don't stroke it. ...I'm all the way in now, and my dick is in heaven. ...I lean forward and cover his torso with mine, my elbows on either side

of his head as I bend down to kiss him. Then I start to move. ...I fuck him slowly, letting him get used to the sensation, but Jamie Canning is a master at adapting. It's him who wraps his arms around me, who hooks his legs around my ass. It's him who starts rocking up to meet my every thrust, and him who says, "Faster, Wes" as I desperately try to go slow. ..."Wanna come," he mumbles back. I smile when he snakes one hand between the tight seal of our bodies, trying to find his cock. ...When he bears down on my ass and groans in frustration, I take pity on my man and rise to my knees again, yanking his hips to pull him closer. The new angle makes him curse. His fingers seek out his erection, but I gently bat them away. "My job, baby. I make you come." I withdraw until just my cockhead remains inside him. ...Then I jack his dick in a long, hard pump at the same time I slam back in. ...He's close. I can see it in his eyes, feel it in the urgency with which he grinds his ass against my groin. ...My own release is imminent and I want so badly to prolong it, but that's like passing the puck to Gretzky and asking him not to take a shot. There's no stopping the orgasm. It sizzles in my balls and ripples through my shaft, and I come while still jacking Jamie's cock. ...I nearly act out a scene right out of a chick flick and shout "I love you!" while I shudder in release. But I fight the temptation and focus on getting Jamie where he needs to go. My dick remains rock-hard despite the mind-blowing climax. I keep fucking him, keep thrusting forward as my hand works his erection. "Oh... yessss..." Sheer bliss rolls through me when his release soaks my fingertips. He comes on a strangled cry. And keeps coming. And then comes some more. I guess nobody can say he didn't enjoy himself. When he finally goes still, I collapse on his sticky chest and growl in his ear.

-Page 173-176

5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating