

Sissy Victoria seduces the gardener

Description

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Victoria watched him from the French windows of the conservatory; The gardener.

My silk robe felt heavy, stifling even, paid for by a husband who was more often in Dubai than in my bed.

I walked down the beautiful marble staircase and stepped onto the gravel path, the stones crunching under my bare feet.

The gardener looked up

“The roses are magnificent this year,” I said, making small talk and letting the breeze catch my robe, letting it cling to the pronounced curve of my hip.

I reached out, not for him, but for a perfect, blooming rose on the bush he’d just trimmed.

My fingers brushed the petals, then, as if by accident, the taut muscle of his forearm.

A current shot through me. He was hard everywhere. Under that simple cotton shirt.

I let the facade of the elegant wife slip, just a fraction. A smile that was not polite, but knowing. “All this manual labor.. you must be exhausted; maybe you’d like to come inside for a lemonade?”

His gaze dropped again, but this time it traveled down the open collar of my robe, over the swell of my breasts.

I saw the conflict in him. Propriety versus the undeniable pull. The raw seductive pull of my feminine whiles.

I took the final step, My body almost touched his. The heat of him radiated through the thin barrier of my silk robe.

I looked at him coyly

“I’m bored,” I said

He looked up. His eyes locked with mine, the battle ending. Desire won.

I didn’t wait. My hand, found the worn fabric of his work pants. I traced the heavy line of the generous bulge straining beneath the heavy fabric .

“Oh,” I breathed, a sigh of genuine delight. “You’ve been hoping this would happen , haven’t you?”

His hands came up, unsure where to land on my silk-clad form. I guided one to my waist, letting him feel the firm silky curve.

The other, I left to wander

With my other hand, I worked his zipper down. Then, I pushed the fabric aside. His cock was a beautiful, a decedent and primal treat.

My mouth watered.

I sank to my knees The world narrowed. I looked up at him and didnâ??t speak. I just leaned forward, letting my lipsticked lips, parted and soft, brush the hot, velvety skin of his shaft.

I opened my mouth wider, taking the head of his cock inside. I moaned around him, the vibration making his thighs tremble.

Then I began to move. Slow, at first. A teasing glide of my tongue along the underside, a soft suck on the crown. I could taste my red lipstick on his cock as hands came up, one one holding the base, the other stroking the tight, soft skin of his balls.

His hips jerked. â??Victoriaâ??!â?• he moaned

I took him deeper. My head bobbed, rhythm building â??the expert swirl of my tongue over his most sensitive spot, the firm pressure of my lips as I drew him in, the deliberate, wet slide back out. I felt him swell and pulse against my palate. My own arousal was a fierce, between my legs, my own cock, ignored and untouched, throbbed in sympathetic need, but his pleasure was my focus.



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1. Uncategorized

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