

Anticipation

Anticipation is expectation or hope of something pleasurable.

I had reconnected with a guy from the past. We'd dated before, but nothing serious. All I've been doing is anticipating his next move. The next time he'd call, next time we'd go on a date, the first time we have sex. He's not my "usual" type. He's really aggressive and a little rough, but it turns me on. So, he asked me out on a date. He said we would enjoy a quiet dinner and then go to a club. I spent all day primping. I wanted to look good for him. I even put on something short and tight. I figured I might as well live the fantasy; after all I'm very demure. I don't wear makeup or even heels, and I definitely don't date bad boys. I figure there is a first time for everything. He came to my house looking good enough to eat. I could've bypassed the whole dimmer and dancing altogether. I needed some attention. It had been too long. We went to a really romantic dinner. Candlelight and wine, dinner was great. I told him I wanted to go home. I sure hope he got the hint. Just as I was trying to devise a plan to get him in my house, he started rubbing my thigh. Just my thigh, but his touch was electrifying. I felt my pussy get wet and I was so ready for him to remind me what I had been missing. He moved higher up my leg, until he reached my Kitty. He began to stroke me with his middle finger as he rubbed my clit with his other finger. Just as I was close, he smirked and took his finger out. I couldn't wait to get him home. We pulled up to my driveway and I was praying that he planned to come inside and finish what he started. I reached for my door as he went to get out of his. The walk to my house took eternity. As soon as I put my key in the door, he was all over me from behind. He kissed all along my neck and my ears as he whispered all the things he wanted to do to me. He slammed me down onto the couch and began to take my clothes off. He was so rough and forceful and it was turning me on. My pussy was dripping and he knew it. He kissed, licked, and sucked his way up and down my body. He made sure to never touch my pussy, which was driving me crazy. I begged him to taste me as I pushed his head down. Finally! His lips touched my lips. He licked, probed, and sucked my lips and clit. He ate me like a starved man on his first meal. I was about to explode as he inserted a finger into my butt. I am freaky as hell, but he was definitely turning me out. He licked and pumped with his finger in unison until I erupted on his face. Satisfied. I had to taste his dick in my mouth. I undressed him and began to tease the tip and taste the precum as it oozed from his head. I then began to adjust my rhythm so I could take as much of his oversized member as possible. I bobbed my head up and down in his lap. I could tell he was enjoying himself because he grabbed a fist full of my hair and began to force my head lower and faster. I loved that shit. I got up and climbed on his lap so I could ride him like a stallion. I bounced my small frame up and down on his lap. I was losing control as I felt my second climax nearing. He must have sensed it too as he held me down and he began to furiously pump upward from underneath me. I collapsed on top of him, completely satisfied, but I knew he wasn't finished. He turned me over and started punishing me from behind. I could feel his balls slapping my ass as I pushed back to meet his rhythm. He was hitting all my spots. This sex was amazing. I could feel him stiffen as he erupted all over my ass and back. We collapsed on the floor, both immensely satisfied. We've been dating for six months now and things couldn't be better. He fulfilled all my expectations and definitely met my anticipation.

Cinnamon