

Kate looked up through her long lashes at his face. A face all consumed with pleasure, head thrown back, eyes closed, teeth gripping his bottom lip tight, low sexy moans escaping from deep in his throat. God he looked fine.

He opened his eyes at that point, seeking hers, she gasped at the pure, unbridled desire she saw there. She knew he was close, recognised the tightening of his jaw, the lifting of his hips, the slight pleading desperation in his eyes, the engorged head of his cock.

Kate saw his eyes start to close again and knew he was about to cum and she wanted him to, oh how she wanted him to cum and cum hard, just.....not yet.

'Stop' she said, barely above a whisper. The blonde on her knees, in between his legs, took one last, long, lingering suck of his cock, sat back on her heels and awaited further instruction.

Vic's eyes flew open *Stop!?* had he heard her right!? As he felt the blissful feeling of euphoria slowly ebbing away and watched almost painfully as the taught lips that had expertly been working his cock slowly pull away, he realised with remorse that he had heard her right.

She'd stopped it, like he'd feared she would. He took a long, deep, calming breath, smiled gently at the attractive blonde, on her knees, topless before him and turned what he hoped was a reassuring look at Kate.

Damn that had felt good! He'd been on the very brink of shooting everything he had down the throat of a total stranger, but no amount of pleasure was worth causing this girl even an ounce of pain, he took another deep breath and began trying to blot out the pain of his raging hard cock.

Kate used every ounce of self control she possessed not to smirk at the expression that now marred Vic's handsome face. He had a look of patient acceptance, but his body betrayed his casual poker face. His cock was still rock hard and leaking pre cum, his fingers curled tightly into the arms of the chair where he sat. His breathing had slowed some, but was still prominent and if all that hadn't given him away then the look of sheer disappointment he had displayed, before he'd had a chance to mask it, had said it all.

He'd thought she'd lost her bottle and in true Vic fashion was willing to see to her happiness before his own. Kate had far from bottled it, in fact, quite the opposite. Watching the blonde.....Mandy she'd said her name was, working his cock over with such enthusiasm and seeing Vic's unreserved reaction to her had her aching and her juices coating her inner thighs, beneath her robe.

She kept her demeanour cool, kept her eyes directly on his and said 'I think it's my turn'.

Mandy began to rise, presuming her oral skills were required again, Vic's eyes were searching, questioning. Kate held up her hand, causing Mandy to pause. She gave Vic a reassuring smile and turned her gaze to the bed on the far side of the room, where Mandy's husband, Craig, sat watching, waiting.....