

123 123- Mission

Phoenix: 1

A stunned disbelief flickered in his eyes. He wasn't expecting such bold words from me.

"Okay," he nodded with a sigh, and then very slowly his hand reached to the waistband of my sports tights.

I lifted my hips when he started pulling them down, without breaking eye contact. My breathing grew labored with each passing minute.

His eyes lingered on my pussy where the only barrier was now my skimpy panties.

"They are already wet," he breathed out the words and took them off slowly. I was expecting him to toss them aside, but he took his sweet time examining them.

My eyes widened in disbelief when he took them near his nose and took a long sniff, "It smells amazing!" he whispered, and I was sure I was blushing.

I didn't know what to do when a man was ready to lick your Vee-Jay. It was my first time without a vibrator, and my body was excited for that soft tongue instead of a buzzing machine inside it.

My heart skyrocketed in my chest when his muscular body leaned near my legs.

"You need to spread them, sweetheart," a low command slipped his mouth as his hands guided my legs apart.

I swallowed hard and then obeyed him.

His eyes kept looking at my most intimate part as if...

Like it was a fu*cking cake... Ha-ha. Sorry. I could only come up with this one.

"You smell so good down there," he mumbled, and before I could say something, his head disappeared between my legs.

I held my breath waiting for it. Waiting for his wet touch.

What was I supposed to do exactly?

Scream?

Moan his name?

Pull his head more into my pu*ssy so that he could start doing the job?

What was he even doing there? Regretting it already?

"Umm... is everything alright down there?" I asked him, trying to swallow my fear. Did it smell bad?

"Hey, honey. You're perfect!" his voice was low, and I instantly felt his hot breath there, "I'm... I'm just looking at you..."

Uh? Looking?

Isn't it the same? Like every woman might have a different face, but all had the same pus*sies. Maybe they were different in colors... or maybe sizes, or maybe...

"Holy cow!" I screamed at the top of my lungs when my core felt the tip of his wet tongue.

"Already liking it?" his amused voice asked me, but then he licked it again, and I gasped.

"Holy Goddess, Sebastian... what are you doing?"

My whole body was now on fire.

I realized he had stopped after licking me twice. What was the matter with him?

"Sebastian King..." my voice echoed in the room, "What is taking you so long?" I demanded an explanation, like I was the queen and he was my subject.

"I..." he raised his head, and I found a haunted look on his face, "I can't do it?"

"What?" I raised my face and then fell back on my pillow. Before his words could register in my

mind, he spoke again.

"I need to hold your bo*obs while doing it... I promise you'll enjoy..." Oh, Goddess.

My vibrator never told me that it wanted to hold my ...

Squeezing my eyes, I reached for the hem of my shirt, but he stopped me, "Let me, Emerald."

His long arms gently rolled up my shirt and then unclasped my bra from the front. I met his gaze, my breath coming uneven and shallow.

"I am not a saint, Emerald," he said through clenched teeth, "I need to kiss them and take them in my mouth," his words were enough to melt my insides into liquid. And now that liquid was coming out of my pus*sy, wetting the bed.

But deep down, there was also something else along with that liquid.

Panic.

It settled in the pit of my stomach.

Didn't he say he just wanted to lick me?

"Sebastian..."

"Don't worry," his hands held my bo*obs, gently at first until he gave them a little pressure and pressed them, kneaded them, "I respect your boundaries, love."

His rough hands on my mounds were enough to make me weak and lose myself. It might be just a licking session, but every fu*cking second felt like a promise.

On the exterior, it might seem soft, but deep down, it felt like something dangerously addictive.

One of his hands moved to my inner thigh. My body arched a little. It was supposed to be done with a tongue, but now he was using his hand.

It was slowly rubbing me there, and I was clamping my lips together to hold the scream.

"I can't wait to taste you, Phoenix..." he told me, and now I badly wanted him to touch me there. The area between my legs clenched painfully.

I was waiting excitedly for what was about to come. Once again, his head went between my legs, and then it started happening.

His tongue touched me there and started sliding and swirling inside my intimate folds. I felt a jolt. My body seemed to be on fire.

I gasped, throwing my head back on the pillow, and moaned loudly. He gripped my thighs tightly and pulled me more into his mouth. His tongue was dipping more into my core.

It was sheer torture. He was eating me like a

starved beast, and I couldn't believe it. I thought this kind of intimacy was only possible in novels or movies.

Just then, King Sebastian decided to groan against my folds, and the vibration made me cum.

"Shit! Yes!" I screamed, forgetting momentarily where I was.

He continued to suck me dry, not giving me time to recover or even catch my breath from my first climax.

"S... Sebatsian..." I screamed his name, and one of his hands came up to hold my boob. My head was turning side to side in ecstasy.

Right now, I wanted to throw away my mask.

His tongue seemed to be on a mission, not stopping the torture for a second. Was he actually enjoying tormenting me?