

Miki's Eyes

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

One of our favourites, she was on top of me. We'd been rolling on the bed, naked, and she pushed me to my back, impaling herself on me. So good!

After a few strokes, settling in, she stopped. Leaning forward, forearms on my shoulders, peering into my eyes.

How I love her eyes.

She moved her hips a bit, swirling, as she looked intently into my eyes.

She stopped again and I sighed.

She raised an eyebrow and smiled a bit more, the look of, "I knew I could get you to do that." Some times she makes fun of the way I sigh. But she's so good at getting me to do it -- holding me, squeezing me, or just letting me snuggle up at the end of a long day and relax holding her.

Doing something with her hips, slowly, peering so intently into my eyes, drawing me more and more into her beautiful brown eyes. When she does that, she opens her eyes more, the folds of her eyelids disappearing, inviting me, drawing me in.

I love looking into her eyes, falling into her eyes.

Putting my hands on her hips, I held her close, pulling us together. Her eyes fluttered a bit momentarily and she smiled more, putting more weight on my shoulders, moving more, smiling, watching me so intently. Pulling on her hips, her eyes waver again and a moan escapes her succulent lips. Her eyes bore into me, her breathing deepens as she moves with more intent.

Looking so deeply into her eyes, brown in brown, I feel her quiver a bit -- she's getting close. I smiled, holding her hips, and she nodded, acknowledging.

She smiled more and bore down, doing something new, so good. I moaned and picked up my knees a little, rocking my hips to help, her breath catching as she mumbled, "Uh huh... Like that..."

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All the encouragement I need, holding her and rocking, our eyes locked together.

She felt me tense up and smiled, moving her head closer, her eyes bigger, taking me in more.

I cheated -- squeezing and rolling her nipples. She moaned and her eyes closed halfway as she came, her lips pursing, a wonderful sound coming from her.

But only briefly as her eyes pop open and lock into mine again as she holds my head in her hands and rocks her hips with such intensity. I managed to get my hands back to her hips, holding her waist, letting go, letting it happen.

"Yes..." she hisses, feeling it almost before I do, as I join her in orgasm. I try to keep eye contact; I want to keep eye contact, to fall deeper into her beautiful brown eyes, to be held in her eyes.

She drains me, in more ways than one. She let go of my head, leaning forward, our foreheads touching, her eyes and face filling my vision, my soul. The roundness of her face, her eyelids, that cute nose, her delicious lips...

"I love your eyes," I whispered to her.

FIN

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By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>