

Encounter: Grande: Refill

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Grande: Refill

Thorne followed the sway of Jazmine's swinging hips, as she marched up to the pretty boy barista. Lord Almighty. Jazmine was all sorts of woman. After one year of loving, he still couldn't get enough of her. He licked his lips.

"Hi Ethan." She gave the fair-haired man a cute little wave, and Ethan's gaze dropped to her jiggling breasts. "We'd like a Grande with a double shot of cream."

Ethan smiled. "One Grande, double cream, coming up in..." He checked his watch. "Two minutes. Miss Jessie's office should be open for you, Miss Jazmine, Mr. Thorne." He nodded.

"My friend." Thorne grinned, noting the desire in the young man's eyes. The coffee wouldn't be the only thing coming tonight. Thorne took Jazmine's hand, led her into the back rooms, and opened the office door for her. "I can't wait two minutes for you, love. I need you now."

He pulled her blouse over her head, tussling her black curls. "Wow." He stood back to admire her curves. "You have tits to kill for, Miss Jazmine."

Her beautiful face softened. "Awww... that's what you said when we first met."

He cupped her big breasts, squeezing and loving up on them. "I meant it then, and I mean it now." He dropped to his knees, and buried his face between her breasts.

Jazmine reached around her, and unclasped her black lace bra, freeing all that wonderful flesh. He showed his appreciation by suckling on first one breast and then the other.

She moaned, clutching him to her, and he fed on her hungrily, devouring her with big thirsty slurps. Jazmine was all soft skin and luscious curves, her big breasts and cushioned hips designed for a big man like him.

“Too many clothes.” She unzipped her skirt, and the fabric fell to the carpet with a swish. Thorne’s mouth dropped open. His impatient darling wasn’t wearing underwear, her neatly groomed mons bared to his eyes. He stripped off his clothes quickly, ripping seams and popping buttons, in a rush to return to loving his generous woman.

“So big.” Jazmine ran her palm over his chest. “So strong.”

“So horny.” Thorne chuckled, pushing his hips forward, his cock hard. “I need your lips around my cock, darling.” The door behind her opened. “And Ethan, we need your long, thin dick in Miss Jazmine’s sweet pussy, friend.”

“Yes, sir.” Ethan gave him a jaunty salute before removing his clothes with the enthusiasm of a man who loved fucking.

Jazmine lowered onto her hands and knees and nuzzled Thorne’s cock with her nose, playing with him, teasing him, his precum glistening over her dark skin. He wrapped his fingers around the base of his shaft, already worked up with anticipation.

Ethan rolled a condom over his cock and positioned himself behind Jazmine. He trembled with anticipation, and Thorne grinned, knowing the glorious view the young man had, all that lush ass tilted up toward him, her pussy lips wet with welcome.

As Ethan pushed into Jazmine, Jazmine took more and more of Thorne’s cock, swirling her tongue around his tip, flicking his rim, and sucking down his shaft, angling her head back so she took all of him.

“Fuck. She can suck cock.” Ethan’s eyes widened, his own cock buried in Jazmine’s pussy.

“Yes, sir.” Thorne beamed proudly, caressing his darling’s indented cheeks. “Only Miss Jazmine can handle me. Now the question is... can we handle her?”

He pulled back, mirroring Ethan’s withdraw, until only their tips remained inside their woman. Jazmine gazed up at Thorne, and he saw the excitement in her face.

“Take us, darling.” They rammed into her. Thorne’s tip tapped the back of her throat, and Ethan’s bony hips slapped her ass. They rode her with synchronized thrusts, contracting and expanding her glorious body, playing her like a sexual accordion, her moans and squeaks and squeals their music.

Jazmine sucked his cock faster and harder, her tugging pulling at his control. Thorne gritted his teeth. Ethan appeared as strained, the young man’s tanned face pink with effort. With each thrust, her body coiled around both of them, tighter and tighter until the pressure was unbearable.

“Clit,” Thorne barked.

Ethan reached around her glorious body, and rubbed. She bucked and screamed, her passionate sounds muffled by Thorne’s huge cock.

Thorne caught Ethan’s gaze, and nodded. The timing was perfect, both of them reaching release at the same time. He thrust and roared. Ethan thrust and groaned. Thorne pumped hot cum down Jazmine’s throat. Ethan filled his condom.

The dual climax set off after tremors in his woman. She sucked his cum down frantically, clinging to his hips, her body shaking. Thorne held her to him, murmuring comforting words into her heated skin.

Ethan dressed quickly and efficiently, discarding the condom, and tucking his spent cock into his khaki pants. “My break’s over, but anytime you wish to do this again...”

“We know where to find you, my friend.” Thorne kissed the top of Jazmine’s head, her face pressed against his stomach. She was too much woman to keep to himself.

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