

Encounter: Emmy's Wish (Deleted Scene)

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Emmy's Wish (Deleted Scene)

Emmy dangled in Trey's hold, her breasts level with his tongue. He held her up so her pussy remained miles away from his lap, and she prayed he'd sit her right down on top of his to-die-for cock. She reached a hand behind her and couldn't even touch his leg. Damn. She needed to touch him, to run her fingers over his dark maleness and taste him. She'd probably even taste herself from where she'd moistened him moments before when she'd teased his length with her dampness.

"I want you in my mouth, Trey," she pleaded. He continued to suckle at her breasts so her previously cotton-candy colored areoles had turned a darker pink, almost to red. Her bell tinkled between her breasts as he shifted from one peak to the other, bumping the little bell intentionally as he passed.

He groaned when she tugged his snow white hair. "Emmy, here I am enjoying a delicious feast of your breasts and you tempt me like this." He sighed dramatically. "Today is your day, so how can I say no?"

When he set her down she scrambled off his lap and kneeled between his legs.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. This was the first time she'd been able to see him up close and personal. He was huge. She palmed the middle of his erection and her fingers couldn't touch. She'd never known an elf's parts could grow so thick. And long... she

gave his cock an experimental pump and even wrapped her second hand over her first, and there was still a bit of his shaft left uncovered.

“This is going to be so good,” she murmured.

He sucked in a breath. “Oh, yeah.”

“You make me think of a large peppermint stick.”

He laughed. “I don’t even want to ask why.”

“I love to suck peppermint sticks, and right now I really want to suck you.”

“Straight to the point. I like that. Please, don’t let me stop you.”

“Ah, I need to get something first.” She popped up and ran over to a cabinet. Shuffling through the bottles inside, she “Ah-ha’ed” again and pulled out a squat, dark bottle.

“Do you normally drink so early in the morning?”

“No,” she answered as she returned to her place between his knees. “But a few girlfriends and I had a party the other night and made Grasshoppers. One of them told us about a little trick.”

“Will I like it?” he asked cautiously.

“I’m sure you will.” She twisted the cap off her bottle of crème de menthe and put the opening straight to her lips. The heady drink slid warm and tingly over her tongue and notched up her excitement over what she was about to do. Parting her lips slightly, she inhaled and shivered at the icy sensation swirling down her throat.

She raised herself up to her knees and took another small swig of the crème de menthe, this time letting the drink stay in her mouth. She then set the bottle on the floor behind her, grasped his cock with both hands, leaned over and pushed the tip between her closed lips. Just as her mouth opened, some of the drink spilled out and dribbled down his shaft. She swallowed what was left in her mouth and used her tongue to quickly swipe and lick at the dribbles of liquor, smearing it over and around his cock.

Glancing up at him, she grinned and took him into her mouth to the back of her throat. His eyes were riveted to her and his breathing had quickened into short pants. She held up her hand, three fingers up, alerting him to a countdown, then she lowered

her fingers one at a time. Three, two, one, she pantomimed, and as she made a fist, she stretched her lips open and sucked in a deep breath. The air sweeping up his shaft and into her mouth had him bucking his hips against her and audibly trying to catch his breath.

“Holy Fuck, Emmy,” he gasped. The cool blast of air chilled the inside of her mouth and numbed her throat, and she could only imagine what it’d felt like for him. Emmy smiled as she pulled off with a wet “pop!” only to repeat the motion of going down on him, opening her lips slightly and sucking in air.

The sticky coating of the liquor chilled the inside of her hot mouth with every brush of fresh air. Better than sucking on a breath mint, the drink sent a tingling sensation throughout her body, making her quiver, and making him shiver and moan.

Emmy continued this cool air assault. She’d lower her mouth over him to play with the dual sensations for a minute, then take another sip and start all over again. After the third time she had to stop because the potent drink on her empty stomach made her head fuzzy. Then again, she mused, it could be the sheer enormity of the cock she tried to jam to the back of her throat.

Pulling away from him again, she sat back and used both hands to pump his shaft, her fingers as sticky as his flesh from all the drink. Looking up into his wintry eyes, she sighed.

“You are beautiful, Trey. I could stare at you all day.”

He was on edge with his breath coming quick and his hips undulating against her hands. She marveled that he was here, in her home, on her couch, naked just for her.

“As much as I like the compliment, Emmy, I wish you’d look later, okay? I’d really like you to continue what you’ve been doing.”

She leaned in to him. “With pleasure.” She licked hard up his shaft, nipped gently at the tip, slipped him into her mouth and proceeded to work his cock non-stop. Between her saliva and the crème de menthe he was wet and sticky and yummy. Her hands glided over him as she pumped with both hands at his base while bobbing her

head over him, doing her best to surround as much of his immense shaft with heat, moisture and a firm yet slippery grip.

He threaded his fingers through her short crop of dark hair. "Can I come in your mouth?" he asked.

She lifted her eyes to his, not stopping her full-on blow job, and flashed a thumbs up. Oh, how her mouth watered for him to come.

His hand tightened on the back of her head but he didn't push, he simply held on. Careful not to break her pace, she sucked hard on his satin soft skin and flicked her tongue over the rim of his flared head. He sucked in a breath, squeezed his hand against her head, lifted his hips off the couch and came hard and fast. She pulled back for more room so her mouth covered only the bulbous head as she accepted and swallowed every bit of pleasure he released in her.

Once he was empty she petted and kissed his cock, laying it back in its soft nest of snow white hair. As his body relaxed, she jumped up and hurried to the bathroom to wash off her hands and to get a warm cloth. When she returned, he hadn't moved an inch. The view astounded her and made her wiggle with excitement. This day was going to rock beyond anything else in her life.

With his legs splayed open, his arms lying limp and his head thrown back against her couch, he didn't move as she approached. Emmy dropped to her knees between his thighs again and carefully bathed his cock with the warm, damp towel, removing the sticky residue of the crème de menthe.

"You jingled a lot."

"Hmm?" she asked, finishing up her work.

"When you were going down on me. Whenever I hear bells, I'll always remember you kneeling between my legs and sucking me deep into your mouth." He raised his head and looked down at her. "Thank you, Emmy. This is supposed to be your day for presents, and you just gave me one of the best ever."

She blushed, not expecting such words from him. "You're welcome, but believe me when I tell you I enjoyed it immensely as well."

He nodded then lifted his gaze back to the ceiling. "I like the beams up there. Looks sturdy," he commented. "Do you have those in your bedroom?"

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