

Come Home To Me, Honey

Hello, sweetheart...

Time for some instruction, and some hedonism. Let's have some fun... as much as you can take until I can take you.

Rough day, long day... /hard/ day for you to sit through...

Waiting to come to my arms, in my arms, between my legs...

One way or the other, I have somewhere to put you, and something you might like.

Close your eyes, let all your senses participate. If you need to make things more comfortable, more private, go ahead. I'm gonna have you sweating, have you cumming, have you feeling the same things I will when I touch myself along with you...

When we share in certain tastes, certain delights.

Habits, in need of forming.

Obedience in need of building.

A place for you to be.

The end of the day, you've done what you need to do, your work is done, and I'm waiting for you.

You walk in the door, set everything aside... you're taking your clothes off before you even cross the threshold, the door is locked, the shades are drawn, and you're already in the place we share.

Walking into the other room, opening the door, the place where I am waiting, a private study, a private place... and there is only one thing in the room which matters.

See me there... the smile on my lips... My hands on my thighs, elbows on the arms of the chair... Yes.

I'm seated on a comfortable chair, legs crossed, nude. My breasts bounce into your field of vision, but you know you're looking between my legs... trying to see past them to the honey painting my inner thighs, the welcoming sweetness you crave.

Lick your lips. Get that tongue ready. I will put it to use...

But first... the approach.

Standing up puts you a bit too high for what I have planned.

I want you to kneel.

This is just one more way for me to make you mine.

You're going to worship, and when I speak, you will listen.

Horny, turned on, aching for me.

For just one taste.

Texture, flavor, the way I get inside you.

This is home.

The place, the room, and my voice and body.

What you come home to.

We've barely gotten started...

You're going to use your tongue, I'm going to trap you between my legs, eating me out and trying to bring me close to how horny you feel seeing my smooth thighs and...

I uncross my legs.

But you're still standing in the doorway.

You can only come closer if you kneel. I'll only let you in here, between my legs, to do what you need to do, to get a taste of what you crave...

You'll have to crawl on hands and knees.

If you doubt it, if you question it, then that's alright, you can turn back...

But there is more waiting for you over here than just the chance to lick my pussy and maybe make me cum.

I'll train you, I'll help you feel like you're truly at home.

At home between my legs.

At home under my hands.

At home with my legs wrapped around your shoulders.

You are going to be mine, if you come over here.

And it starts with you on your knees with your tongue hanging out.

Either turn back, or kneel down and crawl over here, crawl to my perch, my throne, my seat, and offer your tongue up to my pussy.

It is waiting for you. You can see the inner lips pulsing, I'm horny and the way my pussy parts for you gives it away.

Then again, maybe I want you to know that.

Want you to know that when you crawl over here my juices will be drooling out onto your tongue, honey inside your head.

That's what I offer.

You can kiss between my thighs, you can reach under and squeeze my ass, you can gaze up at my tits bouncing above you, the nipples are pointed, telling you how horny I am...

And if that's how I am, you should be even moreso.

If I'm sitting, you should be kneeling. If I'm relaxing, you should be crawling.

If I'm horny, you should be desperate.

The natural hierarchy.

The natural progression.

You're a little more desperate...

See my dripping slit, see the wet pussy waiting for you.

Lap my lower lips, suck on my clit, make the knees I dangle over your shoulders shiver and squeeze.

More than just arousal... My honey is waiting to drip, sticky down your throat, flow down your chin, show you you're turning me on...

You're always a little lower down than me, always a little more horny, always a little more trained.

You come home, and because wherever I am is home for your body and mind... I will be there first.

Be there before you, filling that space.

Crawl over to me.

Crawl on hands and knees, crawling inch by inch, closer...

Your tongue out on display.

I'm showing you the soaked space between my legs, the puddle forming on the leather of the chair, waiting to drug your mind into addicted pussy worshipping frenzy...

All you have to do is crawl.

Be willing to crawl

Be ready to crawl to me on hands and knees then offer your tongue...

Yeah, you're ready now.

One step... and another.

Crawling on hands and knees.

Inch by inch, moving nearer. The sexual scent in the air, the desire for what is between my legs to become the only thing between your ears, an entire mind focused on my pussy.

Your whole brain an oral slave for my enjoyment.

Crawl... a third step...

And four...

Breathe deep, breathe me in, breathe everything about my wet dripping control flowing down your throat, into your head, into your senses, my voice too, dripping in...

Flooding you.

Like you'll feel the flood of my juices across your tongue, and my thoughts over your brain...

Five...

Deep breaths.

Six.

You get slower, crawling closer and slower...

You've waited long enough...

Seven...

But your body is slower, sluggish, all the energy diverted from the rest of your body to your tongue, waiting to paint your saliva across my pussy and make me feel the heat of your breath...

Eight...

Wet lips parted, the inner folds waiting for you, glistening, undeniably wet, humid sexual ache flowing. I have my legs spread very wide, the backs of my knees looped over the arms of my chair, so my pussy is pushed forward, right up against the edge of the seat...

Nine...

You're there, you're kneeling right in front of the chair, everything is out of the way, there is just my wet pussy right up against your face...

You deserve it. You worked for it. Don't you want it?

The soft lips, the parted recess, the way my clitoris is standing so big and proud of its hood because I'm horny from waiting too...

Lick me.

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Lick me.

Taste me.

The moment your tongue touches my honey, you are lost.

Lap it up, a greedy sweet honeyed taste, honey flowing on your tongue.

Taste me, go ahead, it sticks to your tongue, it pulls you in, it makes you taste me more...

You want it more.

Pleasure between your legs

Go ahead and masturbate, if you have to...

But do you really have to?

Your chin is against my pussy because your tongue is sliding up and down my lips and finding my clitoris.

Feel that hard nub, feel it babe, in your mouth, suck it in, capture it... mmmph...

Oh fuck, yeah, more of that.

More, press your face in, let me feel your breath.

I squeeze your head between my legs.

Lick it, lick my pussy...

Feel the shivers, the shivers of my inner thighs against your ears, keeping you locked in. You want to keep licking anyway...

I push my legs against your ears, let you hear me moan... hear how wet my pussy is as your lips and tongue smack against me... lick me, kiss me, taste me, my honey is filling you up to the brim.

Taste me until I'm all you can taste.

Breathe me in until I'm the only thing in your lungs, in your head.

Lavish attention because you know I'll feel it, you know I'll want it, enjoy it, almost as much as you do...

You can touch yourself if you want, but isn't the way my squeezing inner passage is grabbing your tongue enough? Pulling it in. Feel my muscles moving...

I want you lost in my pussy, worshipping my pussy, taste me.

The taste clings to your tongue and spreads out. The taste clings to you and spreads inside your head...

Thoughts floating on a cloud.

Only my pussy, wet, dripping.

It is relaxing... it is so difficult to hold back, so difficult to hold back from trapping you between my legs and riding your face into oblivious desire.

You want me. You kneel. You lick. You worship.

You want it deep inside your head, my honey, in your mouth, down into you, becoming part of you, drink me down, breathe me in.

Drink me down, feel me deep.

You're between my legs, and I still find a way to relax...

I was tense before but now my pussy is spreading open, letting more and more of my juices out and onto your tongue, down your throat.

I'm relaxing on purpose... and the relaxation spreads into you through my contact with you...

Relax... the rest of your body is able to relax...

Just keep your face between my legs, your tongue against my pussy. Lick deep. Feel me deep. Taste me.

You will keep licking me and I will get more and more relaxed... Using your tongue makes you relax...

Obsess over my pussy, taste me, honey.

Obsess, and worhsip.

Licking makes you sleepy, deep, relaxed.

Licking makes you blank and happy...

Licking me gets my honey into you. A spreading sweetness that makes you deeper under my control.

The wonderful reward of licking.

Licking me makes you deeper. Licking me makes you blank. Licking me makes you obedient.

Licking me... this is your reward.

You kneel, you get to lick.

You enjoy my taste, let it soak into you, and you get to lick.

You submit to my desire, and you get to lick....

Slowly move your tongue over my pussy, taste my lips, feel the texture, feel the squeezing around your tongue. I'm trying to relax, but I can't help it... because yes, fuck, that actually feels good... good enough it can be hard to get all my thoughts in a row. Hard to keep track...

I'm sure you feel the same.

Getting lost in the pleasure of licking, worshipping, submit to my pussy.

You kneel. You lick. You obey.

I feel you. I squeeze around you. I let you lose yourself in licking.

Take all the time you need.

It is making you closer, closer to cumming, just from licking...

Worship my pussy until YOU cum.

I'm relaxed, but you still see my thigh muscles twitching, feel my pussy squeeze now and then...

You lick me and I let you.

Lap me, taste me, feel me in your tongue and in your head and in your body and in the space between your legs...

Kneeling with your hands between your legs, licking my pussy.

Kneeling with your hands between your legs, masturbating to the taste of my pussy, feel my thighs wrap around your head, feel me squeeze you. I go from relaxed to tight, tense.

Waves of relaxation... become waves of tension. Happy pleasurable tension. In your back, between your legs, in your head, in your tongue. Going to cum while you lick my pussy, aren't you?

Helpless, kneeling, closer...

Going to cum for me, going to cum so hard. Taste me, honey.

This is home, between my legs.

This is hope, licking me as you slide into oblivion...

I became relaxed, because you came home. When you come home, you relax...

I relaxed and my pussy drooled its honey onto your tongue...

Taste me, feel me, obsess over me. The glistening vision of my ready sex, ready to suck your mind out through your licking tongue.

Keep going, worship with oral devotion... worship until I cum, until you cum, until those two things are indistinguishable.

When my pussy feels good, your whole body feels good...

When you taste my pussy, you get turned on.

When my pussy takes over, you get deep and relaxed.

When my pussy cums, your brain cums.

When your brain cums, your whole body gets lost in addictive devotion to my controlling pussy.

The taste stays with you... the control of my sex and my scent and my feeling wrapped around your head, and inside your head, twining over your tongue... honey and home and comfort and control.

You are home when you are kneeling between my legs.

The taste of my honey is the taste of peace, comfort, addiction, devotion, oral worship and your own arousal...

Eating me out turns your brain out like a light, you are here to give me oral pleasure.

Eating me out makes you deep and devoted...

Eating me out makes you lick and lap and get hotter and hornier...

Deeper, down, down under me. I'm above you, you are kneeling.

Licking, worshipping, bringing yourself into my control and comfort...

The comfort of home, the control of my cunt. Wet and dripping.

You are soaked and I am the cause...

Soaked with the dripping sticky honey of my horny clit and pussy lips occupying all of the attention all of the focus you have.

Your tongue begins its work... and it is stuck. Stuck in the sticky honey soaking my sex. You are stuck there, and if you want to go anywhere else, I will need to free you.

Your tongue stuck to my pussy. It can move freely up and down my pussy lips, over my clit, in and out of my soaked passage...

My pussy becomes your focus... my pussy takes over...

Oh... fuck, suck my clit. Too close. I need you to lick, you need to lick.

Deeper, push your face against me, let me feel your breath, your thoughts flowing out of your tongue, being replaced by my honey... yeah...

Hands and knees, licking your brains out, use that tongue, push it down flat and run it over the whole area... lap me up, try to lick your thoughts back up, they're drooling out of your mouth, everything you think, everything you want, all between my legs... try to lick it up, try to put your thoughts back in your head...

Mmm, mmm... but you're gonna get a lot of my honey, a lot of my sexual fluid, a lot of my juices into your brain and body too, watch out...

Makes you sweat and twitch. Makes you need it more. I'm close...

Close, and when I get close, you do too. Close to climax, close to escape, close to release, close to addiction, close to conditioning.

We're in this together, breathe deep, lick deep, push your tongue deep....

When I cum, you want to feel me squeeze around your tongue, you want to feel me cum.

My legs on either side of your head now squeezing around your ears, squeeze after squeeze, inescapable, unstoppable.

Squeeze, squeeze, my pussy squeezing, squeezing, your hands, squeezing, squeezing, trying to move your tongue away but it is stuck to my pussy, fastened to my clit, fuck, yeah, like that, suck deep, work your tongue, breathe over me, hot, humid, like the heat coming off my pussy. Squeeze me, lick me, drip your brain out and lick it all over my sex.

I'm going to ride your face...

Squeeze your head between my thighs, buck my hips up against your face, thrust my hips up against you so my pussy paints your chin and lips with juices, deep with my juices, controlled by my honey... you're at home between my legs and the taste of my honey makes you feel that way...

Drunk on my sex... gonna cum, and when I do my honey will flow down your throat. Drink it down. Lap it up... one taste of it is enough to make you deep down...

Relax, lick my pussy, let it become your whole world. The vision of my pussy, wet lips dappled with my honey, above you, you, kneeling, I above you...

All that is in your head is the vision of my wet pussy taking over...

When I cum, you remember...

You want to cum...

You want to come home...

You want my honey in your brain... on your tongue, down your throat, the desperate addiction of how relaxed and focused you feel when only my pussy exists for your weary happy horny mind.

Lick me, taste me... fuck... cumming, cumming hard, hot, cumming while riding your tongue, cumming while you push your face against me to breathe me in, drink down my juices, let your mind become stuck to my pussy just like your tongue is, let it be your obsession... let it be everything... let me cum, cum, clench around your tongue and cum and cum and ...fuck, cum for me, cum hot and horny and remember you're at home licking up my honey and dripping out your brains down the drain to make room...

For more of my hot cunt,

More of your empty head,

More kneeling,

More cumming...

More...

This is where you belong.

This is home.

With my honey on your mind, my pussy on your face, and your hands pumping between your legs...

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