

Eager To Please

by Erin Zulkoski

She looked up at him, eyes wide. His eyes were shut, so he could not see her, or the look of desperation in her eyes, wanting his approval.

Her head was buried between his thighs, his cock in her mouth. She was so eager to please him.

She guessed it was a good thing his eyes were shut. That meant he was enjoying what she was doing to him, right?

As if on cue, he opened his eyes and looked down at her, looked at her sucking him off. He reached forward with his right hand and lightly touched her hair, moving her errant bangs out of her eyes. He sighed as she continued sucking on him, and gave her a tired smile, the left corner of his mouth turning up. He closed his eyes again and inhaled sharply. He was going to come soon.

He was going to come in her mouth, and this would please her because it would please him.

She kept moving her head up and down on his cock, sucking away, until he finally released himself in her mouth, and he moaned loudly, his hand still on her hair, but this time, he had clutched a handful as he came. She didn't mind him tugging at her hair like that. It was a sign he was enjoying himself, was relishing letting loose his semen in her warm mouth.

She didn't care for the taste. Slightly salty and sweet at the same time, but she let him come in her mouth just the same. She used to spit it out discretely, as the first time she gave a guy a blow job, it nearly made her gag. But now, she held it in her mouth and swallowed, like a child receiving cough syrup--quick as to not let the taste linger in her mouth.

She took his cock out of her mouth, it still hard and rigid and glistening with her saliva. He was breathing hard from his orgasm, his mouth agape, head resting against the back of the couch. He opened his eyes again and looked at her.

"Damn, baby. That was intense."

"Did you like it?" she asked. "Did I do okay?"

He chuckled a bit and replied, "Yeah, you did more than okay."

His cock had started to return to its flaccid state, and was resting on the outside of his jeans. She looked at it and felt the urge to poke it, but refrained from doing so. She didn't want to make him mad.

He brought his hand from her hair and touched her face, his thumb caressing her cheek. She moved her head towards it, nuzzling it.

He finally tucked himself back into his pants and zipped up. She was still kneeling between his legs, but had rested her chin on his knee, and was gazing up at him again.

"So," he said, "want to get something to eat now?"

"Sure, that sounds fine," she replied.

She didn't care what they did.

She just wanted to please him.

