**My Boring Commute**

by richbigpenis

**MY BORING COMMUTE PT. 05**

*Brittney's bus plans are crazy.*

Back at home I told my parents about my new job. They were amazed. Upset at how I ended up cementing my future. But happy I had everything set out. Car, apartment, money, school paid for, and prestige. They talked about how stories like mine will get out. No matter what. Then partners, owners, and even judges will know my name.

"Being tricky is one thing. But having the vision to see a chess board and read what will come in 6 moves. That is what being a lawyer is about." My dad explained.

Almost all of his comparisons for the law have to do with chess. I have them all memorized. I wasn't even sure he knew how to play chess. But he always compared the two.

I ate dinner, ran upstairs, and got on my computer. I had decided with my first paycheck I would be getting a top-of-the-line computer with a giant monitor. One for me and one for my little brother.

I sent a text to Ms. Tuchson using my phone. It was a link for a Zoom meeting. She clicked on the link and was soon in a Zoom meeting with me in seconds. I saw she was at home as she set her phone down. She was still in her work attire.

'Tell me about yourself. The truth only. Why you style your hair that way, why you dress the way you do, everything. I want insider info too. Don't be shy. Now.' I stated.

For the next hour Ms. Tuchson walked around nervously, telling me about her childhood, her derelict father, her hardnosed mother, and how she was part Israeli. She talked about how it helped make her hard, secretive, and sneaky. She was very upset with herself for being outplayed by a 19-year-old with no college education. But she knew it was only a matter of time before it happened. She had not yet thought of what she would do when it happened.

She described what she liked, what she disliked, her hobbies, her favorite foods, places to vacation, men, women, dogs, friends, sports, and lastly. Sex or fetish. She talked about needing to be in control. She had to be dominated. She could not orgasm without yelling at someone, telling them what to do, and degrading them. The more they told her to stop. The more she got hot.

After she explained her fetish, I told her how wrong she was. The dominant one is not in control. The submissive is in total control. Even if I told her to do something. She was not required to do it. The whole decision to do it or not was not in the hands of the one demanding it. But the one who fulfills the demand.

Ms. Tuchson stood there, frozen, confused, and looking at me.

'For instance. Take off your blouse. I want to see your tits.' I told her.

Ms. Tuchson reached back, undid her blouse around her neck, and let if fall to her waist. Her large DD tits bounced free. She had dark brown areolas, dark brown thick nipples, and her skin was a much lighter shade. I took several pictures with my phone and saved them. She had great tits.

I told her to roll her nipples in her fingers, pull them, and not be gentle. Ms. Tuchson nodded, pulled on her nipples with her fingers, and moaned with her eyes closed. She lifted her large tits by her nipples only. They sagged a tiny bit. Maybe 2 or 3 pencils could fit under them. But no more.

'Squeeze your tits. Massage them, milk them.' I told her. And she complied.

'Pull one nipple to your mouth. Suck on it. Don't let go.' I told her. She complied. Her nipple was stretched, her head bowed, but she did it. Her other hand massaged her tit roughly. Her skin was turning pink. I could hear her moaning. I wondered if she was enjoying being told what to do.

'Stop.' I told her. Ms. Tuchson did not let her nipple go from her mouth. But she did stop.

'You will continue when I tell you. You will continue until you orgasm. But you are not allowed to touch anything but your boobs and nipples.' I stated.

'Now. Continue.' I told her firmly.

Ms. Tuchson continued. Faster, faster, and harder. She was sucking harder on her nipples. They were almost an inch long by now. Fat and swollen. They pointed out like tree branches. She was squeezing her tits so hard with her hands I saw they were bulging. I thought they would look great tied up, squeezed, and maybe hung from a door frame.

10 minutes went by, and Ms. Tuchson finally orgasmed. The look of shock on her face, her ragged breathing, her spit dripping from her tits.

'Told ya. Dominate doesn't always mean the one telling you what to do is in control. See you in the morning. We have errands to run.' I told her before logging off.

I slept instantly. I wanted Friday to be here.

The morning came as normal. Food, clothes, and off to the park and ride.

Brittney, Christina, and the girls were all very happy to see me. I believe they had exchanged phone numbers and had concocted some sort of plan. Not sure what that was yet. but I was sure they had. The look in their eyes, their smiling faces, all arranged.

I saw three women who's faces looked familiar. But I could not place them. Turns out. I had never met them. But it was the mothers of Tess, Cynthia, and Monica. They introduced themselves, told me to "not have any ideas as they were there as blockers only."

'Blockers?' I asked. Looking to Brittney and Christina for more information. They only looked away, whistling, and trying to wait patiently for the bus.

As soon as the bus stopped my group ran on. We took the rear 3rd of the bus alone. I sat in my normal seat, and I let Brittney put together her plan. Brittney of course had orgasmed first. But she was not a virgin. The moms stood up in the main part of the bus while Brittney pulled my pants and underwear to my ankles.

I was expecting this, so I was already hard. Brittney and Christina's phones were set up on a metal railing. Pointed right at me and my hard cock. Brittney turned around, faced the camera and stated, "High. I'm Brittney. And today. 4 virgins will be deflowered. Pussy and ass. Enjoy." As she slammed her wet pussy down on my cock hard, fast, and wet.

I could only imagine their plans. With good traffic we had an hour. Bad traffic, maybe 90 minutes. Christina wasted no time. She knelt down, sucked my cock in her mouth, tasting Brittney's juices, and moaning. She then turned around, hiked up her skirt, and stated, "High. I'm Christina. I'm a virgin in all three holes. But this stud will be taking two of them."

Christina then slammed her ass as hard as she could down. I felt her hymen rip. My cock plunged into her guts. Her legs shook, I held her hips, and she bounced up and down 10 or so more times.

Christina stood up on shaking legs as Tess jumped at my cock. Her mouth latched on, she sucked, licked, and removed all of Christina's blood and juices. She then stood up, looked at the camera, and stated, "Hi. I'm Tess. I have been waiting for marriage to loose my virginity. But instead, I found my love. He will pound my pussy until I am a virgin no more."

Tess had her skirt balled up in her hands. She slammed her fat pale ass down onto my cock. Her hymen gave way. My cock banged into her guts. She grunted, she cried, her legs shook. She bounced a couple more times until she stood up.

Monica dashed over. Her mouth to my cock. She sucked Tess's blood and juices from my cock. She smiled at me, stood up, turned around, and stated "I'm virgin Monica. I have been afraid of how much I love cock. I cannot wait anymore. Marriage is too far away. Today I start my slut phase."

Monica then smashed her ass against me. She grunted, it took two or three tries before her hymen tore. She cried, she whimpered, I held her waist as she bounced repeatedly. Her legs stopped shaking and she stood up. A trickle of blood down her leg.

Cynthia jumped in. Her mouth on my cock. I was lost. So much action. So much everything. The tightest pussy I had ever felt. One after the other. Cynthia cleaned my cock of blood and juice. She bit my cock head before standing up, turning around, and stating "He owns me now. I fuck only his cock. I'm his slave."

Cynthia was the craziest of all. She damn nearly jumped off the ground. Her ass slammed into my cock so hard I thought it would break off. She grunted, her breath ragged, she shook, and then twerked her ass on me. She looked back at me crying and smiling. Blood seeped around my shaft and onto my pubic hair. 10 more seconds and she stood up.

Christina was back, mouth on my cock, cleaning me while Brittney was working on Christina's ass. She turned around, holding my cock, and lowered herself down. Grunting and swearing. 'Very un-Christian of you to swear while getting a cock in your ass.' I told her.

Brittney held my cock as Christina forced herself down. Her hot tight asshole slid to the bottom. Nearly all of me in one push. Her legs shook, she turned to look at me, and we kissed. She bobbed her ass up and down for what felt like 10 seconds. She stood up.

Brittney was there with some cold wet wipes. Tess didn't care. She jumped on me, face to face, and Brittney guided my cock in her ass. She slammed her ass down hard. Grunting, kissing my neck, and fucking my cock. Much longer then 10 seconds. I felt her hot, tight, warm ass engulfing me. I didn't want her to stop.

We began kissing as Christina and Brittney pulled her off me. The cold wet wipes returned as Monica backed her ass up. Tessa guided me in as Monica had trouble sitting down. Her tiny ass hole would not accept me.

I pushed her away, then forward onto the bench, her ass turned up. I poured lube on my cock and her anus. 'Just relax. This will hurt. But you will love it.' I whispered in her ear.

I reached around, massaged her tits through her clothes, and pushed slowly. Some resistance but in 10 pushes I was now balls deep. She moaned while I let my cock soak. I felt hands on my balls and looked back to see Tess playing with them and smiling. I pulled back and watched Monica's butthole slowly close. A couple of drips of blood seeped out.

Cynthia was next. She too asked to be fucked anal doggystyle. I obliged. She must have been worried. I too had to whisper in her ear, massaged her tits, and push slowly. Another minute and she too was no longer an anal virgin. That was that. All 4 girls. Two holes.

I turned around, sat down, and caught my breath. I saw the three moms were looking at us stunned. I guessed they did not know what the girls had been planning. Tess's mom was built a lot like her. She bent over, pulled her panties down, and walked forwards. Without a word she climbed on and slid my cock in her ass.

She was by no means a virgin. But she was tight. She straddled me, whispered things in my ear, and I fucked her ass. Cynthia's mom was next. She too wanted her ass filled. I obliged. For the next few minutes, she rode me slowly. Getting used to the invasion. Lastly was Monica's mom. Long blonde hair, full blonde bush. She pulled down her jeans, backed her ass to me, and whispered, "I'm an anal virgin. My husband always said it was gross. Fuck my butt."

Monica watched me sink my cock into her mother's ass. Slowly at first, then deeper. Knowing this one was the last one I knew I had 10 minutes until the bus ride was over. After a minute she went to get up. Helped up by Brittney and Christina.

'No. This one stays. My cum will be deposited in her ass.' I told them as I grabbed her by the hair.

"No please. We planned on kneeling. You would jerk off on all our faces for a group facial. Please." Christina begged.

"Just get close. Use my hole. Then give them their facial." The tall blonde stated with a smile.

I began pumping my cock. It didn't take long. Maybe 5 minutes. I was so turned on. Monica's mom stood up, the women were on their knees, their faces huddled around. I jerked my cock and sprayed their faces with my load. More and more. Spray after spray. I was truly impressed by my capabilities. Christina, Tess, Monica, and Cynthia. Their faces had my semen on them. They rubbed it in. Not wiping it away. Christina even massaged it in her hair. Smiling.

I looked up to see the moms had not been blocking at all. The whole bus was staring at us. Open mouths, laughing, and chanting. "Whores. Whores. Whores." The women got dressed, we pulled down the two cameras, the bus came to a stop, and we all got off.

The bus driver grabbed me, held me for a second, and handed me a business card. He told me there are security cameras. He would make a copy, get it for me, then delete the original. I thanked him and handed him $100 in cash.

I had to jog to catch up to the group. They were all giggling, chatting, and cheering. They had pulled off their "reverse gangbang" as they were calling it.

I learned this was Christina and Brittney's idea. I had thought a gangbang was where a central person would get fucked. That central person would have tons of orgasms as they wanted. This scenario only got me closer and closer to an orgasm. A single one.

"Yeah. But it was a good one. And you deflowered 4 virgins. In front of their mothers. And one mother in front of their daughter. How crazy!" Christina stated.

Shaking my head, I hit the elevator and made my way to my office. Stacks of new documents were waiting for me. Ms. Tuchson brought me coffee. I noticed she was not wearing a vest or coat over her blouse. A thin smooth blouse, her nipples poking through. Her large tits swayed as she walked. I told her we would be leaving in two hours. We would be using her car. And I would be driving. She stated she understood and left.

Two hours were up, and Ms. Tuchson returned. Still no coat or vest to cover her hard nipples. She stood up straight as I she walked into my office. We left and she made no mention of needing a coat. Even though it was a cold rainy day.

Her large breasts jiggled as she walked with me. Her head was up, her shoulders back, and I would say she looked proud. In the elevator she asked, "Where are we going?"

'First, I am piercing your clit. Then I am buying two new computers.' I told her calmly.

Ms. Tuchson's hand grabbed mine as the elevator door opened for the parking garage. She held my hand firmly as we walked to her car. The car ride was short. I looked up the parlor previously and knew it wasn't far away.

We walked in and found the place nearly deserted. A cute blonde girl, barely 19 years old, covered in tattoos and piercings welcomed us.

I explained Ms. Tuchson was my first slave. She needed a 6-gauge gold ring horizontally pierced through her hood. The ring needed to be at least an inch wide and soldered closed.

The cute blonde girl stated, "Easy peesy. I'm Kaylee. Follow me."

Ms. Tuchson's hand was holding mine firmly. Shaking gently, she climbed into the chair.

Kaylee took each of Ms. Tuchson's legs, pulled them to the locking stirrups, and then spread her legs.

"OH MY! THAT IS SOMETHING I HAVE NEVER SEEN!" Kaylee nearly shouted.

Every person in the shop, whether an employee or customer walked over to see. Ms. Tuchson's huge overgrown black bush entirely blocked her pussy from view.

Kaylee looked at me quizzically.

'Don't worry. She does have a pussy. I have seen it.' I told her. Smiling.

The crowd of people giggled but did not leave.

Kaylee found a spray bottle and began to spray Ms. Tuchson's pussy hair. Like a barber she parted it, flattened it, and pressed it out of the way. Her clit was found, a large metal clamp was placed on it. Ms. Tuchson jumped at the setting of the clamp. Kaylee's assistant handed her the needle.

Much larger then I expected. But I was not about to change my mind now. Kaylee lifted the clamp, pierced the hood, and Ms. Tuchson's hips thrust into the air. Her legs quivered before settling back on the chair. And air returned to her lungs. The ring went in quickly and was soldered closed. As Ms. Tuchson recovered, I walked around the store.

I found a gold bell. Something that likely belonged on Santa Clause's sleigh. An inch wide, with small slits on the side. I picked it up and it rang gently.

'Attach a 12-inch-long gold chain. 6 gauge. I will buy this bell for when she is healed. She will sound beautiful as she walks.' I told Kaylee as I rang the bell softly in my hands. Ms. Tuchson looked at me bewildered. The chain was attached and, to my luck, when Ms. Tuchson stood up, it hung barely half an inch past her skirt.

Ms. Tuchson walked around the shop, her legs bowed, waddling like a penguin. It took nearly and hour for her to get used to the new feeling. We were discussing tattoos. The walls were covered with ideas.

I paid Kaylee, tipped her nicely, and we left.

Next stop was the mall. I made sure to park on the opposite side of the mall. We walked slowly, hand in hand, taking our time, and perusing the store fronts. We actually needed to go slow due to the overwhelming new sensation between Ms. Tuchson's legs. She could not describe the sensation as the ring would glance off her clit. The chain would swing and bounce. The ring would then glance off her clit. Every other step or so and her foot would slip a bit. A hesitant step due to her clit being touched gently.

It took nearly an hour to get to the store. I bought two computers, two monitors, and all the other goodies. I had it delivered to my house. Hand in hand Ms. Tuchson and I walked back to the car. I made her use the stairs, the escalator, and I even bumped the chain with my knee several times as we waited at the elevator. I thought Ms. Tuchson's eyes would pop out of her head. But she stood still. Letting me have fun.

Another hour-long walk and we made it back to the car. She pulled her skirt up so I could put my hand on her thigh. I noticed she smelled much stronger now than before. "I'm super wet. I am dripping. This jewelry is driving me crazy." Ms. Tuchson explained.

I advised she could not touch it for 6 weeks. She had to keep it clean, no baths, no hot tubs, no pools. Every time she went pee, she had to clean it with the provided spray. Kaylee gave me a large bottle for home and a small bottle for her purse.

I could now see over 6 inches of the chain. I picked it up gently, I played with the gold links in my fingers, I tugged gently. Ms. Tuchson's breathing was rapid, her legs shook, her hands gripped the door handles and center console. I leaned over, between her thighs, and blew cold air up her skirt.

Ms. Tuchson lost it. Her legs shook violently, she grabbed her tits with her hands, and she moaned. 20 seconds later she calmed down from her orgasm. "That was crazy. No fucking. No tit massage. I orgasmed from the chain being tugged." Ms. Tuchson explained between breaths.

I drove the car slowly, watching Ms. Tuchson carefully out of the corner of my eye. We pulled up in front of her apartment building and she looked at me. I didn't say a word, I got out, went to her door, and opened it. She took my hand, and we walked inside.

At the front desk I introduced myself, I asked for the manager, and he showed up quickly. I asked if he was familiar with Ms. Tuchson. He stated, "I am. She is our most favorite resident."

Ms. Tuchson smiled wide. Or as best as she could, her new gold clit ring and chain swinging between her legs.

'Well, we are getting married. I have proposed, I gave her a ring, she has accepted, and I will be moving in next week.' I told the manager calmly.

If Ms. Tuchson was surprised, she did not show it. We walked to the manager's office for paperwork, signatures, and to add my picture to the computer. The last thing was to add my fingerprint for access, and we were all set.

Before we got up to leave the manager made one funny remark. "I didn't see a ring on your finger. You said you gave her a ring. And she accepted."

I smiled wide as I looked at Ms. Tuchson. 'You may show him. If you wish. I do not require you to. It is your choice.' I calmly advised.

Ms. Tuchson nodded, reached down, and pulled up her skirt to her waist. Without hesitation she showed her giant black bush, shiny gold clit ring, and 12 inches of gold chain. The manager stated, "Oh my. I was not expecting that."

'As you can see. Ms. Tuchson will be much more then just my wife. As of right now she is my first slave in my harem. She loves me. She wants to share with me. Soon there will be many more women living with us. I hope that is not a problem.' I told the manager.

Ms. Tuchson's skirt was still pulled up to her waist. The gold chain swinging slightly. The manager's eyes were darting back and forth from the piercing to my eyes. He was very nervous, confused, and did not know what to do next.

'You seem like you have a question or two. Go ahead. Ask me.' I told him.

"Does it hurt? Does she like it? Could I get my wife to do it?" he asked.

'Is that all you want? A clit ring. Or does she need more?' I asked.

"I would love for her nipples to be pierced, her tongue, and her clit. I have never told her." He stated quickly.

'Bring your wife to me. I will be moving in next week.' I told him as I stood up. I shook his hand and Ms. Tuchson pulled her skirt back down. I took her hand, and we walked back to the car. Slowly.

I opened the passenger door and helped her in. I closed the door and went to the driver's seat. A short drive and we were back at work. Just in time for lunch.

'Would you like an actual wedding ring. So, you don't have to show your pussy every time someone asks the question?' I asked. Smiling at Ms. Tuchson.

"Yes please." She stated. Smiling back at me.

'How about we go shopping tomorrow. We can go to every jewelry store in town.' I told her. Smiling wide. Wanting her to waddle around more for me to watch.

"That won't be necessary. There is only one store I buy my jewelry from. They also do custom work." Ms. Tuchson stated. Staring at me with an evil smile.

I sat at my desk eating lunch. I had spent too much time away from work. The piles of papers had stacked up. Brittney came to my office with food. She talked, she ate, and she fed me while I read. Christina showed up near the end of lunch. She was walking quite slowly. Taking short, decisive steps, and being careful.

'Are you feeling alright babe?' I asked her.

Christina looked up, smiled, and walked slowly over to my desk. I expected her to sit down but she leaned over and quietly stated, "My holes are aching. My guts are all mixed up. My asshole burns. The bus ride was the most fun I have ever had. It was all worth it." As she smiled.

'You don't need to sit down if you don't want to.' I told her.

Christina smiled at me and nodded. She walked slowly around the office, talking with Brittney, and I noticed some "hidden meanings" in their conversation. I looked at Brittney knowingly. Her eyes darted to the floor to avoid eye contact.

I whispered, 'you two are up to something new. I know it. But keep your secrets.'

Brittney nodded as Christina wandered around my office, still talking, not hearing our conversation.

After an hour of them milling around, my food now gone, they excused themselves, and left. Back to work reading and making corrections. After several hours I saw Ms. Tuchson walk into her office. An associate followed her with a large cart full of files. The cart stopped at her desk and the associate left.

I walked into her office to see what was going on. I learned a new business was being "checked out" and would likely be purchased. It would help our business in many ways. But they would cause problems when the two were intertwined. Always something new going on. I smiled at Ms. Tuchson and she asked, "Will you be staying at our place tonight? Or are you going home tonight?"

'Will you miss me too much if I do not stay at our place tonight?' I asked. Playfully.

Ms. Tuchson smiled and stated, "You know the answer to that."

'I will tell the ladies they will have to have fun on the bus ride home without me. But I will need some clothes. Would you go shopping with me after work. Again.' I asked.

"Anything you want." Ms. Tuchson stated. Her hand reached out, touching mine gently.

I kissed her hand, set it back down on the desk, and left. I saw her staring at my butt as I left. She smiled when I caught her.

Work went by quickly. I went back to Ms. Tuchson's office, helped her put her coat on, and we left. Holding hands. We took the elevator down to the lobby. Brittney and the girls were waiting patiently. I told them I would not be using the bus to commute any further. They all groaned but understood. We got back in the elevator and went to the parking garage. I helped Ms. Tuchson into the passenger seat, and she pulled her skirt up very high. Just below her pussy but she was showing a lot of thigh.

I sat in the driver's seat, my hand on her warm skin, the gold chain absentmindedly rolling in my fingers, and we drove to a nearby men's store. Inside we purchased some standard suits to be made and clothes to take with me. Another quick stop at a grocery store and I had all of my toiletry items. The SUV was full of bags now.

As we drove to our apartment Ms. Tuchson was talking about wedding rings while she flipped picture to picture on a large iPad. She had good taste. She wanted to stick with yellow gold but could not pick the exact setting she wanted. She also had several ideas for my ring. Yellow gold as well, nothing simple, or standard. I told her I would need to see them to make up my mind.

We pulled up to the apartment, the SUV overflowing with bags, and the doorman ran out to assist us. A cart was fetched, loaded, and it followed us. Ms. Tuchson had such a large happy smile I thought she was going to explode.

After getting inside our apartment, I tipped the doorman, he unloaded the cart, and left. I looked around and could not find Ms. Tuchson in the entryway. Silly me. I took a couple more steps and I found her. She was on her hands and knees on her couch, skirt pulled up, her hairy black pussy and ass exposed. Her gold chain dangling from her clit as she wiggled her ass.

I took my time emptying my pockets and watching her. She wasn't going anywhere. But she kept glancing back at me, making sure I was still watching. I pulled out my cell phone and took dozens of pictures. Her eyes full of fire as I zoomed in on her pussy nearly unseen due to the amount of black hair.

'You know. Sex is forbidden for 6 weeks. Unless you heal quicker.' I told her as I walked around to her face.

"I know. But. I also know you like seeing me naked, ass up, and my jewelry swaying." Ms. Tuchson stated. Smiling and licking her lips.

I pulled out my cock and she sucked it in her mouth. No words were needed. I was unsure if I had told her about my morning. Deflowering all the virgin pussy and ass. I doubted she cared. Her moaning, sucking, and warm mouth caused me to lose my focus.

After 10 minutes I lost it. Her hand was on my balls, gripping, massaging, and my load filled her mouth. She smacked her lips, grinning, and playing with my semen on her tongue. Rolling it around in her mouth. After 30 seconds or so she finally swallowed.

I pulled up my pants and went to the shopping bags. I began pulling out the items we had bought, and she followed me. Now completely naked, her gold chain swinging from her clit, she stated, "Go sit. I will do this" as she patted me on the butt.

I sat in the living room. She would walk back and forth, putting items away, smiling at me as her naked form glided from place to place. She moved smoothly like she was on wheels. I figured bouncing while walking made her chain tug. Perhaps she had figured out a less painful way to move. It made her oddly ghostlike. Not really walking. Just sexily gliding around the apartment.

She made dinner before I even realized it.

We settled into dinner. Small steaks, asparagus, and mashed potatoes. Damn she could cook. She did the dishes as I read stacks of paperwork. I heard her chain bounce off the cabinets a time or two as she worked.

It was nearly midnight and we had churned through quite a bit of work. Yawning and smiling she went to the bathroom, removed her cosmetics, and pulled her hair up. Even without make up she looked gorgeous. It was hard to believe she was in her 40's. A small wrinkle here or there were the only clues.

She took my hand and led me to the bedroom. I stopped at the doorway. She had a large bed. Much larger than a king-sized bed. It was set up in the middle of the room, two pillows, and nothing else. A very minimal design. Two walls were exterior windows, one wall was stone and steel. The other was a wall of cabinets with flush mounted handles. I am sure they were filled with clothes. I did not need to look.

I stripped off my clothes and left them on the floor.

I let go of her hand, I picked up her gold chain, and I walked her to bed. She followed me carefully. She climbed slowly onto the bed, under the covers, and I pulled her close to me. Her legs spread and she wrapped her legs around my hip. I let the chain drop as she pressed her naked tits into my chest.

Her warm body, her nakedness, and her hot breath on my neck caused me not to want to sleep. I was enjoying it too much. But regardless. Sleep came quickly.