

Webcam Woman

by JLNicky 04/03/06

Disclaimer: This is a PWP. Enjoy and send feedback to jlnickymaster@aol.com

Webcam Woman

So what's she up to? She is still eating dip and reading email. She looks adorable. Look at her munching away. I'm kinda hungry. Cruelty, that is just evil. Look. There she goes again. She is blowing me kisses.

You're smiling again. Your lover has no idea how intently she is being examined. It is always a thrill to have this daily moment watching her like you do with a voyeur's obsession. She is so cute, and extremely sexy. You love the way she waves at the webcam with her dip-covered fingers...that cute little wiggle of her digits. She knows what she's doing when she slowly draws her fingers into the warmth of her mouth as she sucks the lingering dip off her silky skin.

You lick your lips trying to taste and she has captured you completely; your gaze is locked on her fingers. She slowly pulls one out and replaces it with another, then two. Yep, let's face it; she is cruelty, gorgeously so.

Then she grins and her little dimples show themselves...her eyes sparkle and she uncrosses and recrosses her legs. You both enter the arousal zone, as she stares at the webcam momentarily before glancing around her office area quickly. Without fear she leans back in her chair....you suddenly notice her button-down blouse is partially open... her cleavage is showing... that mysterious shadow of intrigue catches your eyes.

She removes her fingers and takes a small dip of the cream from the container... and slowly touches between her breasts, the cream is hidden from view, but you know it's there.

She arches her back in a false stretch but you know she is offering you a taste. Her eyes close as she leans her head back and her arms rise only to have her hands return to brush down her chest lightly running over her sensitive nipples that are perpetually hard. Her hands slowly, determinedly slide down further past her desk top as she feels that amazing feverish rush through her excited body. The one way camera doesn't show you leaning closer to the screen straining to see just where her hands went, but the action is lower than the view. She knows and suddenly opens her eyes to look at you; your imagination sees her nimble fingers loosen the single button and lower the zipper open. All you can see is her forearms moving slightly and her eyes darken as she looks at you. She slips a hand inside the loosened waistband and her mouth parts with the intoxicating feeling of her own wetness.

I glance over and notice your intense interest. I smile knowing what she does to you. Quietly I move to stand behind you. Your skin is starting to shine with arousal. I love that telltale sign. I grab a nearby stool and sit down behind you. You suddenly realize I'm there and you tense. I see her pleasuring herself for you and I want you to enjoy it. I lift my tank top off and unclip my bra. Leaning forward I press my breasts into your back. Our skin touches, where your sports bra doesn't cover. You shiver. Sitting behind you I start to describe your beautiful webcam lover with my story telling skills.

My husky voice reveals the true story of what her hands are doing to her body. I whisper it into your ear and my warm breath tickles as I breathe on your highly aroused skin. My hard nipples press up against your back both of us now staring at her as she nears her release. Her eyes are heavy with lust, arousal, hunger; we both know the signs. Her fingers are sliding through her copious wetness as she lets just the tips circle and tease her hardening clit. She knows you are watching. But I am still whispering the seduction she is providing. I know you are listening to my insistent whisper telling you about her rising pleasure. I tell you about her fingers circling and stroking that one demanding area that makes her body and her blood throb.

I see you respond. You are feeling the heat rise as your own body yearns. You casually let your hands slide down between your legs. I watch, unable to deny my own arousal. With a swift hitch of my drawn breath, my voice cracks as I watch you begin to stroke your pant seam. My lips dry, my breathing deepens and your breathing stops as you unzip your jeans to finally touch yourself directly. The heat of our bodies together is scorching. Your lover on the screen is reveling in her own passions. She has lost all control; her forearms flex as you watch her pleasure herself. Her eyes are closed, her mouth open as she draws in deeper gulps of air. She is trembling; you feel how close she is as you touch yourself.

I can't help myself. Your breasts are heaving as I reach over your arms and pinch your hard nipples that poke through your sports bra. You moan...you can't stop your reaction. You watch your onscreen lover arch in an intense stillness. You groan as your own body throbs as you feel the excitement rise within. You rub your clit harder until you're suddenly coming; the wave of pleasure rips through you.

I bite my lip as you grunt out your release, drawing out the explosion with the last press of your fingers on your pulsating clit. I hold you as I feel your body stiffen from the intensity of your orgasm. I want to help you ride the waves of your pleasure, and let you enjoy yourself. You lean back into my arms drained. Your eyes slowly open as you return to your webcam lover on the screen. We both notice she is completely dressed after her experience even as I see the still rapid pulse beating at her neckline and the slight sheen of perspiration.

My hands on your breasts begin to slide away when you grab them, holding lightly. You lift one hand to kiss the palm. I love your tenderness. I run my soft touch through your hair. I swallow my own desire for the moment as you relax and watch the screen; I kiss your cheek.

Getting up I grin as my wicked sexy thoughts surface. I can't help but share my own cravings.

"When she gets home tonight, we will have to punish her for this little incident." I walk back to my place on the sofa as I hear your deep chuckle of agreement.
The end