Sunday Morning Interlude

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A delightfully filthy way to spend a Sunday morning in the shower.

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I awake and turn my head sleepily to see you next to me, sitting up in bed, your long red hair in a halo around your face as it fans out across the pillow. You are writing on a pad, your brow furrowed in concentration. I can feel my renewed erection pressing against the mattress and seeing you like this, deep in thought and distracted, makes me want to possess you, to have you completely. We played our waiting game, and what a delicate and satisfying game it was, but I no longer want to wait. I need to exert my power and have you, now.

Without speaking, I simply reach over and take the pad from your hands and set it on the bedside table. I lean over you and kiss you deeply, finishing with a gentle but firm nip on your lush lower lip. Your eyes meet mine, wondering what has gotten into me. I mean to show you, but it will end with what has gotten into you.

I roll out of bed and again without speaking I grasp you around the waist and hoist your small body over my shoulder in the classic fireman's carry. You give a small shriek and playfully pound your fists lightly on my back as I carry you to the bathroom. While holding you I turn on the shower spray, waiting until the water is comfortably warm and then I slowly lower you under the stream. I follow, and you can see the desire in my eyes, the determination in my expression.

I begin by stroking slippery strawberry scented shower gel all over your soft compact body. Your lustrous and abundant red hair, now wet, clings to your body. My hands soap your breasts and your stiff pink nipples, up to your neck, down your back while you face me, to the curve of your small cute ass, and down your legs. I lean in to kiss you, my hands trailing back up to gently cup your asscheeks, lifting you on your tiptoes to make up the difference in height between us. The kiss lingers, and you can feel my erection bobbing against your tummy as our tongues touch.

I am impatient now, and I hand you the shower gel. I tell you to get my cock nice and slippery. You take the gel and move to your knees, pooling it from the bottle into the palm of one hand, and then proceed to cover my erect cock with the slippery liquid. Your hand glides effortlessly up and down my shaft, feeling it pulse and grow even harder, thicker between your delicate fingers. Then I tell you to

turnaround, and once you do my hands exert gentle pressure on your back to cause your ass to arch toward me. Now I have the shower gel, and I tell you to spread your pale round asscheeks for me. You reach back slowly, and pull yourself apart to reveal your intimate secrets to my gaze. I see your tiny pink anus, and the slightly redder, almost hidden, cunt below. I have you hold this position for awhile as I try to commit it to memory. The water is cascading off your back, some running between the cleft of your ass. You look back at me over your shoulder with a mixed expression ofembarrassment for providing me such a lewd display, pride for seeing the effect it has on my cock and the rapt attention I am providing, and lust as you wait to be entered and filled.

Taking the shower gel, I lubricate my fingers which will in turn stretch your cunt in preparation for my cock. First one finger, then two, slide into your wet hot pussy. You arch back against my probing hand as I slowly finger fuck you. I admire the soft red pubic hair that contrasts with the milky white skin of your inner thighs which never fails to arouse me. My fingers twirl within you, massaging your sensitive pussy walls, churning up a white froth of your lubrication. I bring my fingers coated in your juices to my mouth, for I have to taste your sweet juices, smell the earthiness of your arousal. You watch my tongue circle my fingers, careful to savor each available trace of your sex juices.

Finally, I withdraw my fingers from my mouth and I see a small smile cross your lips. You crouch and present your ass to me for mounting. But, as enticing as your mysterious asshole is, that is not where I am going to explore you first. I walk up behind you, my hands firmly on your hips, my wet and shower gel-lubricated cock sliding between the furrow of your delicate pink lips. You reach and place my mushroom head at your anus, but I overrule your questing hand, and thrust my slick cock quickly into your smooth and by now drenched pussy. I want to claim all three of your pleasure giving orifices before I explode. You exclaim surprise, especially since I have taken you roughly. You quickly place your hands on the cold tile of the shower wall to support your weight and to allow you to withstand and push back against my thrusts. I hear your sexy and feminine grunts as I reach your depths with each thrust. You are a woman in heat by now. I thrill to the tightness of your opening. I imagine the sensitive pink tissue inside you clinging to and massaging my hard cock. After 5 minutes or so of this, however, I am impatient to move on.

I quickly withdraw from your tight pussy and, grabbing the shower gel with one hand, pour a generous amount on my cock. Holding my cock in my right hand, I tell you to back up and present your ass to me so that I may plunder it. You more eagerly this time reach back and spread your curvy, pale cheeks. I waste no time, and press up against the berry of your ass with my cock's swollen head. I again slide two of the fingers of my right hand into your now empty but sopping pussy, gather your juices on them, and then place them into your mouth. I want you to taste yourself, to savor how excited you are by our mating. I order you to suck my fingers, swirl your tongue around them while I fuck you, just as your tongue will later by swirling around my cock.

I now slowly but powerfully push my way into your tightest hole. I feel your tight sphincter expand as the thickest part of my cock tests it, and you feel it too, sucking hard on my proffered fingers, moaning with what sounds like a mixture of pleasure and pain. I can see apprehension on your face as you look over your shoulder at me, wondering whether the laws of physics will be permit this most intimate of couplings as the aperture of your ass is so tiny in comparison to the thickness of my girth. Finally, your sphincter loses its battle, and my cockhead pops in along with the first two inches of my shaft. I hear a groan of both pain and relief from you, and I quickly bring your mouth to mine, kissing over your shoulder, tongues loosely dueling, your attention divided between the pleasure of my kiss and the invasive fullness caused by my cock.

I then tell you to brace yourself against the shower wall, because I am not planning on taking you slowly. You will take my full powerful thrusts and fuck me back as well. You quickly scramble to place your hands on the tile wall, and I begin ramming my cock home in your snug ass, the second of your three sexy orifices that will give me such pleasure. I have a trained ear to hear your moans and yells; I am listening to see if I am pushing you too far. You are far too beautiful and rare to be carelessly or brutally misused. Instead, you are a fine luxury car that not only exudes refinement and class, but also needs occasionally to be taken on the highway with the throttle opened wide. This is just such an occasion.

I listen to your rhythmic grunts and moans as my cock stretches your ass and reaches deep inside of you, spots you did not know existed, never touched by a man’s cock. I love and commit to memory the sight of your once tiny hole grasping eagerly to my thick shaft. But that hole is no longer tiny, for it has been stretched wide. It will recede to its normal diminutive size when we are through, only to wait to be stretched again, and we both know that will not be long in coming. Shaken from my reverie, I notice that your hips are not as active as they were. We can't have that. My right hand comes crashing down on your pale cheek, stinging you, and leaving my pink handprint. I tell you, "Come on sweet Kitten, move those sexy hips. The faster you move those hips the quicker you will receive the reward of my come in your pretty mouth, and the more of a load it will be. Ride me, fuck me back, milk me with your tight ass."

My spanking has spurred you on. My hand occasionally smacks first one, then the other, cheek, as you more forcefully and urgently thrust back against me. Both of your cheeks now are a nice shade of pink.

I am close to exploding now, and it is time for me to take possession of your mouth. I yell, "Now! Get on your knees and suck my come from me. Come on my beautiful cum slut, show me how much you crave my seed. Your pussy and ass have prepared a feast for your mouth." Youquickly move forward off me. Your ass makes an audible "pop" as we disengage, and I can see your once tiny hole dilated into the perfect impression of my thick cock. You spin and get to your knees. The hot water of the

shower cascading over both of us, you quickly squirt a dollop of the strawberry scented shower gel on my cock, stroking me quickly. You then immediately take my entire shaft into your mouth. You frantically move your wet hot mouth on my shaft, fucking it as did your pussy and ass. Your hand cradles my balls as your tongue swirls in fast circles around my shaft and sensitive head.

"Make a nice big come load for you to swallow, Susan. I'm close." Your mouth continues to take me to the root and then to the head. Your eyes look up into mine, pleading with me to come. Your hand that was cradling my balls sneaks down to stroke your own clitoris. I am gratified that sucking my cock gives you so much pleasure that you must stroke yourself. You whimper that you are close to coming as well. You vigorously finger fuck yourself, both of our hips bucking as if we were still entwined in each other's bodies. Finally, I can take no more. My hands of their own accord grasp your red mane and I guide you all the way to the base of me cock, my cockhead against the back of your throat, your nose in my pubic hair. I feel the explosion begin in my toes and travel upwards, until it explodes in my brain. I scream out, "Yes, Susan, suck me.Swallow me." You feel the cannon blasts of my come against the back of your throat, some of my seed sliding immediately down your throat, until your mouth is full, and the secondary thrusts remain on your tongue, where you can taste my sexual flavor. I order you to hold my come in your mouth, to open your lips and display to me your reward before swallowing it as well.

My knees weaken, and your mouth moves from me, but you are not ready to stop. You slump against the shower wall, bum on the floor, legs spread outward showing me all of your feminine glory, as your hands frantically work to bring yourself off. Your eyes are closed and you are withdrawn within your own pleasure world. Seeing you as wanton as this keeps my cock hard, despite my recent massive explosion. I begin to stroke myself rapidly watching this delectable scene of your beautiful sexuality before me. Your moans become higher pitched and more frequent. You are getting close, but not quite there. I implore, "Susan, look at me." You gaze up at me with eyes hooded with lust, and see me stroking my still hard shaft. This seems to inspire you to cross the precipice. Your eyes stay pinned to my erect cock and my stroking hand as you continue to massage your own clitoris. Finally, the signs that your climax is imminent and unstoppable arrive. You begin loud moans that reverberate off the tile walls. You sound primal, a majestic and mighty lioness mating in the wild, your red mane whipping about your shoulders as you frantically bob your head. Your screams are too much for me, and I come for the second time in less than ten minutes. As you are writhing before me in orgasm, my come jets from my cock landing on your breasts, your stomach, your legs, you feel my hot bursts landing on your skin as if I were Jackson Pollock creating a masterpiece. You are my canvas, and my cum decorates you. Feeling my hot come on you causes another wave of contractions to come over your pussy, and your orgasm is extended, until we are both spent.

Catching my breath, I shut off the water then slide to the shower floor with you. My arms encircle you, and I pull you close to me, your head rests on my chest. You are breathing hard, half laughing and

half sobbing. I lightly kiss your neck and nuzzle your earlobe, my hands holding you tightly and securely.