Up At The Crack Of Dawn

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(or, Anal Syrup and Pussy Pancakes) What a woman is willing to do for love...

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It was one of those funny mornings, when it was still winter, but the sun streamed in through the window and the birds sang as if they were heralding Spring.

Dawn sang to herself as she pottered around the kitchen, dressed in nothing but a polka dot apron and some shiny red heels.

"I'm too sexy for my apron, too sexy for my apron, and I'm making pancakes..." She sang softly, gathering ingredients, wobbling her large bottom, and shimmying her breasts beneath the cotton.

Click clack, she moved across the tiled floor in rhythm.

"I'm too sexy for this morning, too sexy for this morning, and he'll take me up the ass..."

Plumph! Into the mixing bowl went the Bisquick.

"I'm too sexy for these eggs, too sexy for these eggs. Anal, he begs..."

Crack! Crack! Into the bowl went the two eggs.

"And I'm too sexy for Valentines, too sexy for Valentines, I think I'll give him anal..."

Sploosh! Into the bowl went the cup of milk, and she stirred the ingredients together. She wiggled her generous hips and spanked her ass with a floury hand whilst she stirred the mixture with the other.

"Anal virgin, you know what I mean, and my bottom's never had a throbbing penis, not had a penis, not had a penis, no, but I'll take it deep and hard inside my asshole..."

Never before had she had anal sex, but she knew it was something Fred loved the thought of. Her pussy was pretty damned tight, but Fred liked the idea of doing something naughtier. and this Valentine's Day, Dawn was going to give him a real treat. She was pretty open-minded, but anal sex was one thing she was extremely dubious about. She realised, watching Fred's reaction to anal porn, that it was something that got him really hot.

She loved Fred deeply, and this was the only thing she could think of that he would truly appreciate. And very soon, the thought of anal sex began to get her hot too, the thought of how hard and excited Fred got was a real turn-on for her.

Besides, she told herself, *there's nothing like a really good dump, so maybe this will be fun too, but without the poo.*

Her plan was to make his favourite blueberry pancakes and maple syrup, and give him breakfast in bed. She decided that she'd whip off her apron and let him eat the pancakes right off her body, before letting him have his way.

Turning on the stove top, she poured olive oil into the skillet, and waited for it to start smoking.

"I'm too sexy for this heat, too sexy for this heat, I'll give him a treat..."

She shimmied a little more as she poured batter into the pan, being careful to stand back, as her breasts were large enough that they bulged out the sides of her apron. Click clack, went her heels, as she moved her hips and feet in time to her song.

By this time, Fred had woken up, hoping to surprise her with a large bunch of helium balloons he'd left out in the garage. He sneaked downstairs, and discovered Dawn, mostly naked, unknowingly shaking her booty at him. His cock bulged in his boxers as she bent down to get some blueberries out of the fridge.

"And I'm too sexy for these berries, too sexy for these berries, let's make some merry..."

Fred let out a deep breath, the smell of pancakes beginning to waft through the air, as he watched his wife's little hole wink at him from her crack. She had her ass stuck up high, legs straight and sexy, and she shifted her weight from side to side. He watched her cheeks wobble, her pussy looking rather damp, and stroked himself through his shorts.

Dawn had completely forgotten she was meant to be quiet, and sang louder as she straightened up. She pushed blueberries into the half-cooked batter, undulating her hips back and forth, and side to side, and then flipped the pancakes over.

"Anal virgin, you know what I mean, and my bottom's never had a throbbing penis, not had a penis, not had a penis, no, but I'll take it deep and hard inside my asshole..."

"Will you really?" asked Fred, rather more loudly than he meant to.

"Fuck me!" screeched Dawn, whipping round in horror.

"Don't mind if I do," grinned Fred, sheepishly.

"God, you scared me! How long have you been there?" Dawn was panting in sparkling shock.

"Long enough to get hard, sexy lady." He thrust his tented boxers towards her. "You should wear just that apron and heels more often."

"Maybe I will." She turned around again, checking the pancakes. They were cooked, so she danced over to the cupboard, and spread her legs wide. Then she bent at the waist so Fred could see her cheeks part, and grabbed a plate.

"I'm too sexy for my... Too sexy for my... Too sexy for my..." She grabbed the plate, slowly straightened up, and shook her hips from side to side, as she danced back to the stove.

She flipped the pancakes onto the plate, drizzled them with maple syrup, and poured more batter into the pan. Fred came and stood behind her, pushing his hands beneath her apron to squeeze her breasts. She carried on singing, moving her ass crack up and down Fred's hard cock as it strained to get out of his shorts.

"Anal virgin, you know what I mean, and my bottom's never had a throbbing penis, not had a penis, not had a penis, no, but I'll take it deep and hard inside my asshole..."

He rolled her nipples between his fingertips, making her moan between words.

"I'm too sexy for my... mmmm... too sexy for my... mmmm... so sexy it... mmmm..."

She threw a handful of blueberries onto the quickly cooking batter, and reached up past her head to let Fred eat a berry from her fingers. He took her whole forefinger into his mouth as he freed his cock and began sliding it between her now soaking pussy lips. He wriggled his shorts to the floor and kicked them aside.

He ran his tongue up and down her finger like she did to his cock, and then sang back to her as she flipped the pancakes and rubbed against him.

"You're too sexy for just pussy, too sexy for just pussy, I'll bang your anus..."

Dawn giggled and handed him the bottle of open olive oil. She pushed her hips backwards, so that she was bent over well enough for him to drizzle it into the small of her back. Careful to keep her face away from the stove top, she quickly moved the fresh pancakes onto the plate.

She put the last bit of batter into the pan, and giggled as Fred smoothed the oil into her buttocks, letting a line of it run down her crack.

"Oooo," sighed Dawn, feeling the tickle of the thick liquid as it poured its way down over both her holes. Fred's hands moved over her skin as he pushed his cock between her legs again, letting the oil mix with her juices and coat her lips and his shaft.

She took another handful of blueberries, and dotted them into the batter as Fred rhythmically pushed his cock head against her clit. Dawn spread her legs even wider, and rocked her ass from side to side.

Fred grabbed the maple syrup bottle, and before she realised what he was doing, he poured half of it over her ass. It streamed over her pale buttocks, lashings of brown sweetness coating her, a river running down her crack to drip onto the floor as it reached the end of her slit.

She flipped the pancakes in a daze as Fred used his hand to rub the oil and syrup into her asshole. Gently, he pushed one forefinger against her tightness.

"Mmmm..." she breathed.

Ever so slowly, he pushed the tip of his finger in. She gave a little gasp, and he stopped.

"Don't stop, Fred! Give it to me!"

Fred carefully pushed his oily, syrupy finger into her ass, feeling the tight muscles. She moved her hips in tiny motions, back and forth, learning the feel of these new sensations. It was delicious, and she couldn't believe it had taken her this long before trying it.

Gently, Fred pushed another finger in too, feeling her walls bend to his pressure. She began to push back onto him harder. He suddenly realised her head was lowering towards the skillet.

"Mind the stove, love," he said.

"Mmmm..."

He gave her a wet slap across one cheek, his fingers deep inside her.

"Hey!"

"Mind the stove."

Dawn came back to reality with a start, and brought the spatula behind her, slapping Fred on the hip.

"Come on, then, lad. Take me up the bum."

Quickly, Fred removed his fingers, and made sure his cock, hard and throbbing, was well-coated with syrup and oil. He placed his slippery tip at her entrance, and felt it already opened partway for him.

Gently, he pushed his head into her.

"Ooohhh..." she gasped, feeling his head totally inside her. She wriggled her hips a little, and pushed back slightly. She could feel his heat pumping through his turgid cock, and a fresh load of pussy juices were released, sliding down her legs in the pathways left by the oil and syrup.

Fred reached around and turned the cooker off, pushing the pan backwards so the last pancakes didn't burn. He firmly shuffled Dawn's hips sideways so she wouldn't hurt herself. Now she had a view of the pancakes on the plate as they cooled.

But she couldn't see them. She was lost in a new mystical realm of having a cock up her ass.

Halfway in, Fred wanted to blow his load then and there, but he wanted Dawn to have fun too. So he reached his hand round again, and wiggled his fingers into her pussy lips.

"Oh!" Dawn immediately began pushing back onto him as Fred's fingers walked themselves to rest either side of her tingling clit. He was now all the way into her ass, and he didn't need to wait for her to get used to the feeling. She moved her hips back and forth herself, fucking his cock firmly. Her walls were tight and massaging him, just as his fingers firmly massaged her little button.

"Fuck meeee..." she sighed.

"I am, love," Fred said, wondering if her anus was a bit looser than he'd thought, and that she just couldn't feel him so well.

"No, I mean... never mind. Mmmm..." Dawn began to increase the speed, and placed her hand over Fred's as he rubbed her clit harder and faster.

"Oh... oh... oh... ooohhhhhh..." Dawn sailed over an orgasmic edge she hadn't realised was there, and she immediately squeezed her legs together as a little flood of juices were hotly released from between her lips. This caused her ass to contract around Fred's cock even tighter.

Fred couldn't help himself, and he went for it. Retrieving his hand, he firmly grabbed her large hips, briefly imagining the swinging of her big breasts under the apron. But all thought was lost for a moment as he pounded hard and fast into his wife's tightness, syrup and oil squelching out of her as his cock thrust in and out. Gaining speed until he grunted with the exertion, his cum shot out of his cock with an ecstasy he'd not felt since his first ever fuck.

His cum quickly dribbled out of her hole with his reflex thrusting, coating his balls and upper thighs with his spunk. It ran down Dawn's crack as he continued pushing in and out, mixing in with syrup, oil, and large slicks of her pussy juices.

Dawn's hands were holding tightly onto the counter edge, her legs trembling and weak. Fred's thrusting slowed, and he placed his hands over hers as he got his breath.

"I fucking love you, Dawn," he breathed into her ear.

"I fucking love you too, Fred," she replied. She couldn't form any coherent thoughts, and just stood there as best she could, Fred's cock still up her bum, and just felt him.

Slowly, Fred stood up and moved back, his fast-softening cock plopping out of Dawn's ass. He wobbled over to one of the kitchen chairs and sat on it. Dawn stayed where she was, ass still in the air, dripping with brown, gold, cream and clear juices.

"Want some breakfast?" she slurred.

"Oh, yes," grinned Fred, thinking he would rather like to lick Dawn's pussy out.

In a sudden burst of energy, Dawn grabbed a cooling blueberry pancake in each hand, and then wiped each one along her slit and ass crack, and then her legs. She did this with each pancake, tossing them back onto the plate and grabbing another until she was fairly clean.

Then she teetered over to the little table, and sat the plate in front of Fred. She wriggled herself onto his lap, and picked up a pancake. They both looked at it, blueberry juices mixed with syrup, olive oil,

pussy juice and spunk on the warm golden patty.

"Fred?"

"Yes, love?"

"You know how I fucking love you?"

"Yes, love."

"I fucking love your cock up my ass, too."

"Nom nom," chuckled Fred, as he took a large bite of pussy pancake, and *mmmm*-ed his way through breakfast.

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