Nutty Night In

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Another collaboration between Shylass and me aka SickandPervy. Enjoy!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/nutty-night-in.aspx

Polly the Preggo was sat comfortably on the couch, spread-eagled and kicking her legs, with her wellies flapping comfortably onto her skin. There was something delicious about that feeling, the waft of air as it rushed past her knees with every kick. She could sometimes feel those welly breaths blow up between her legs, underneath the thin, long t-shirt she was wearing. As she lay back on the couch and looked down, all she could see was the large curve of her massive tender boobs, her ever-growing baby-bump, and the curve of her parted knees. She knew that just beyond that horizon were those green wellies of hers. She could hear them making a fopping sound on either side of her legs as she wiggled and kicked them.

She struggled to keep her eyes on the television, as she and Bitchy Barbara watched bad auditions for some rubbish talent show. Simon Trowell really did pile the shit on. Bitchy Barbara lay sprawled out on her back with one leg on the sofa, and the other leg on the floor. Her glass was empty again. She was beginning to wonder if her bisexual flatmate would ever notice the fact that she had nothing on underneath her long t-shirt, and was fully displaying her wares, should one happen to glance down, but no, there was no peering.

Sighing loudly, she rolled off the sofa, so that she ended up bent over with her nearly naked ass just a couple of feet away from her oblivious flatmate. Sighing again, she picked up her wine glass, turned around, and pushing her breasts out, asked Polly the Preggo if she would like a drink.

“Would you like a drink?”

Still wiggling her legs and making the fopping noises with her wellies, Polly the Preggo apathetically regarded her.

“I’d like three bottles of wine and some tequila shots, but I’m pregnant, you bitch. Can I have a cup of tea?”

Pouting, Bitchy Barbara nodded and scuffed over to the open-plan kitchen. She started looking

through the cupboards for some more wine, having drained two bottles already. All she could find was a quarter of a bottle of flat Lambrini and a bottle of White Lightning. She wasn't that desperate yet. Sighing, she flicked the kettle on to boil.

"We need better alcohol," she whined.

"I need any alcohol," replied Polly the Preggo.

"I'm hungry," pouted Bitchy Barbara, opening and crashing closed cupboard doors (try saying that after a hard day at work (a)). As she searched through the cupboards, looking for something to nibble on, the kettle boiled itself to a gigantic climax, and flicked itself off. Bitchy Barbara wished she was flicking herself off too. Or, better, that Polly the Preggo was flicking her off. Not that she was a lesbian. Yet. But at this point, she'd jump anything with a pulse.

Opening the cupboard below the kettle to find the teabags, Bitchy Barbara found something else instead. Pulling it out of the cupboard she heaved it up onto the counter and stared at Polly the Preggo.

"What the hell is this?" Polly the Preggo glanced over.

"What does it look like? It's an industrial size tub of Nutella."

"What's it for?"

"What do you think it's for?"

"I dunno. Spreading it all over your naked body and getting off from it?"

"You're not far off."

"What?"

"Bring it over" said Polly the Preggo. So Bitchy Barbara finished making Polly the Preggo's cup of tea and took it over to her, heaving the large tub of Nutella along with it. Handing both of them to Polly the Preggo, she then went back and retrieved a jar of peanut butter, a loaf of bread and a spatula.

Flopping down onto the sofa with her legs wide apart, Bitchy Barbara imagined what she could do with an industrial-sized tub of Nutella, the jar of peanut butter, a spatula and a completely naked Polly the Preggo.

“So come on, then,” urged Bitchy Barbara. “I know pregnant women can pack it away, but that’s a hell of a lot of spread. Have you ever thought of having it licked off your body?”

“Quite a bit” said Polly the Preggo.

“Really?” wondered Bitchy Barbara out loud.

“Yup,” smiled Polly the Preggo. “These fucking hormones are doing my nut in. All I want is sex and chocolate spread.”

“So what do you do when you’re both horny and craving chocolate spread?” wondered Bitchy Barbara, still out loud.

“Oh that’s easy. I just combine them.” She grabbed the tub of Nutella and pulled the lid off. Right in the middle of the Nutella was a large pink dildo, half buried in the spread. Bitchy Barbara’s eyes widened as Polly the Preggo grabbed the pink dildo and pulled it out of the tub with a sucking squelch.

Polly the Preggo licked up the side of the dildo, taking it slowly, and making sure to get every piece of the warm creamy spread stuck on her tongue, before finally reaching the head, and sucking it hard into her mouth, her tongue swirling around it to clean it. Bitchy Barbara watched her, eyes growing wider with every movement of enthusiastic mouth and tongue.

With a plopping sound, the dildo came out of Polly the Preggo’s mouth; the side she had licked and the head were now clean of the Nutella. She handed it to Bitchy Barbara and smiled at her.

“Now, you try it.”

Bitchy Barbara hesitated at first, but soon enough, took the dildo from Polly the Preggo, and proceeded to tongue it tentatively. Looking at Polly the Preggo, Bitchy Barbara licked just as she had been shown earlier, working her tongue slowly up towards the head. Since Polly the Preggo had been so greedy, there was nothing left on top for Bitchy Barbara to clean, so she stopped once she reached the head and swallowed all the creamy sweetness down.

“Let’s get naked” said Polly the Preggo cheekily.

“I thought you’d never ask,” replied Bitchy Barbara and stripped both their t-shirts off. Bitchy Barbara admired Polly the Preggo’s growing baby-bump. Polly the Preggo moved a hand up to Bitchy

Barbara’s cheek, stroking it lightly with her thumb, before leaning towards her, motioning Bitchy Barbara to come closer too. Their lips met in a soft kiss, no lip movement at all, but after a few seconds, Bitchy Barbara got more comfortable. This wasn’t the first time she had kissed a girl, and she could sense Polly the Preggo was a good kisser. Slowly, their lips started to move, the kiss getting more passionate as they cleaned each other’s teeth free of any Nutella that was left.

Bitchy Barbara’s hand moved to Polly the Preggo’s swelling belly; the smooth and surprisingly firm stomach sent a sensation through her fingertips that she hadn’t experienced before. She felt it making her pussy tingle even more than it already was from the probing of Polly the Preggo’s electrifying tongue in her mouth. Polly the Preggo’s hand had moved from her cheek to the back of her head, sliding her fingers through the soft hair, gently stroking it. Her other hand was moving up along Bitchy Barbara’s side, creeping ever closer to her luscious tits. With a gentle movement, her fingers danced over to her nipple, feeling the soft skin begin to pucker beneath her fingertips as they travelled along, waiting for any reluctant reaction from Bitchy Barbara.

Noting that Bitchy Barbara made no move to avoid her touch, Polly the Preggo reached out her hand and scooped up a big glob of Nutella on her two fingers, and then began to it on Bitchy Barbara’s hardened nipple. She pulled away from Bitchy Barbara’s lips, and traced small quick kisses down towards her chocolatey knob. Her tongue poked out and swirled around the hard nub, making sure to get the sweet and sticky mess from Bitchy Barbara’s breast and up into her mouth. Her lips clamped down on it, taking it in her mouth and sucking it clean, causing a small whimper to be released from Bitchy Barbara.

Polly the Preggo pushed her gently back to lie on the sofa, and then standing up, she lifted one leg and placed it on the coffee table, giving Bitchy Barbara a perfect view of her glistening pussy. Reaching down so that her large breasts swung a little, she began to scoop up handfuls of the thick and silky paste. Smiling hotly at Bitchy Barbara and licking her lips, she began to cram handfuls down past the rim of her boot, feeling it slide its way, deeper and deeper. Every so often, she would pause to lick a finger, or push her hand between her legs and slide the rich mixture over her throbbing clit. More and more, she filled the welly until she was pushing down as hard as she could, like a lover pumping his cock deep inside her gaping hole.

She felt the force squish its melting chocolatey way between her toes, kissing the little webs and massaging the pads as she wriggled and squirmed them around in the squelching mess. A torrid orgasm fired its way from the very tips of her chocolatey toes, rushing and tonguing its way, through her foot and up her leg to punch her clitoris with a tidal wave of Nutella-induced ecstasy. She cried out, grabbing her dripping pussy and grinding against her smeared fingers as she was lost in the delicious haze of dark cocoa. She collapsed down onto the sofa, one welly squelching and one welly empty.

Bitchy Barbara stared at the delightful confection of musky sweetness spasming before her; the large round breasts heaving with the panting joy and the swell of her belly bearing down on the last throes of her cum. Bitchy Barbara looked at the tub of Nutella, then she looked at Polly the Preggo, then she looked at the peanut butter and spatula. She grabbed the latter, white and long handled with a soft flexible flap on the end.

Standing just as Polly the Preggo had done, with one foot up on the coffee table, she now displayed her own glistening pussy for her in return. Polly the Preggo, still panting, and just regaining consciousness from her orgasm, regarded her with lusty eyes.

Bitchy Barbara ran the flat of the spatula from her drooling hole, pressing it down to open her lips and butter herself with her own juices. Smearing her nectar on both sides of the spatula, she then pushed the other end into her welcoming tunnel and worked her muscles around the slim handle. Holding it in, she then picked up and opened the jar of peanut butter. She grinned at Polly the Preggo.

“I’m hungry.”

Polly the Preggo looked at her, and the sight of juices dripping down to the end of the spatula and grinned back.

“Eat me out, then.”

“Oh, I’ll eat, alright.”

Removing the spatula and kneeling down before her, Bitchy Barbara scooped up a large dollop of the peanut butter and slapped it straight onto Polly the Preggo’s swollen, chocolate smeared lips. Using the spatula’s rubbery, rounded blade, she proceeded to coat Polly the Preggo’s flaps with the rich nutty spread. Just to see what she would do, whilst gazing Polly the Preggo over her belly and her breasts, she proceeded to spank her pussy through the sticky mixture.

Polly the Preggo began to moan with delight as she felt the slaps of the spatula on her chocolatey, nutty clit. Shifting slightly to raise her own ass in the air, and spread her legs so that her chocolate starfish was exposed, Bitchy Barbara used one hand to play with Polly the Preggo’s swollen boobies and the other hand to spank her anus with the sticky spatula.

Bitchy Barbara moved her head closer to the sweet smelling love-hole, admiring the artistic mess she had made. With her flickering tongue, she started to lick up the side of Polly the Preggo’s pussy, making sure not to touch it, but teasing the still-panting hormonal sugar slut. Whilst teasing her new

lover, she began poking her own ass with the handle of the spatula, not needing any lube, as the spatula was well-oiled with her juices and her ass was smeared with peanut butter. It went effortlessly in, and caused a moan to be released before she pressed her tongue back on the sticky mess around Polly the Preggo's pussy.

The spatula filled Bitchy Barbara's ass nicely, and she started to thrust it in and out as she finally moved her mouth to Polly the Preggo's clit, tasting the delicious mix of chocolate, peanut butter and pussy. Polly the Preggo finally got the release she had been waiting for since the peanut butter got smeared on her, feeling her own wetness mix with the stickiness between her legs, pooling in places like a jar of the aforementioned peanut butter left on the shelf for too long and separating the nut meat from the glistening sweet oils.

Suddenly, the door was flung open, and in bounced a Kitty-Girl, naked from the waist up, with two pizzas slapped over each breast like a bra. Perplexed, she took in the sight of Bitchy Barbara with the spatula up her ass and her face planted deeply in Polly the Preggo's pussy, and chocolate oozing out of a green welly and up the leg of the naked pregnant chick moaning on the sofa.

"Pizza party? Oh, wrong fetish."

She turned around smartly and bounced back out of the room, giving only a little wink from the stem-ginger peering out from between her buttocks as she went.

Bitchy Barbara's lips were now locked around Polly the Preggo's clit, sucking it deeply into her mouth. Her mouth had cleaned it just like Polly the Preggo had cleaned the dildo not 10 minutes ago, but she could still taste the chocolate and peanut on the little bud. Her hand had slid down from Polly the Preggo's boobs, leaving the nipples to the ecstatic flatmate to pinch and squeeze. Her other hand was still working the spatula in her ass, bringing her closer and closer to her own climax as she felt Polly the Preggo grind her pussy against her lips, begging for more, harder.

With a sudden scream, Bitchy Barbara felt the wave rush through her body, a hard and surprising orgasm causing her body to spasm and shake from head to toe. The only thing keeping still was her mouth which was locked on Polly the Preggo's clit. Unbeknownst to her, her arm had found its way down to Polly the Preggo's Nutella-filled welly. As the orgasm rode through her body, her arm squashed the boot and splurted out a geyser of a sticky, chocolatey mess that splattered over her back and Polly the Preggo's tummy.

The vibrations from Bitchy Barbara's scream had pushed Polly the Preggo over the edge, an orgasm that she hadn't experienced before riding through her body. The feeling of large drops of Nutella landing on her stomach and tits intensified the feeling, acting almost as small love slaps. Her mind

went blank, and all she could feel was Bitchy Barbara’s body shivering whilst her hand still worked the spatula in and out of her ass, but at a much slower pace.

As the orgasms began to subside, Bitchy Barbara leaned up on her knees, looking up at Polly the Preggo with a very satisfied grin. They were both panting, heaving for their breath as they regained their senses after the pulsing pleasure that had just crashed through them. Bitchy Barbara slowly pulled out the spatula, and gave Polly the Preggo a seductive look as she cleaned the peanut butter off of the flexible utensil.

Polly the Preggo reached down to grab it, and dipped it into her welly, making sure to get a good wad of Nutella on it. Motioning Bitchy Barbara to join her, they stuck their tongues out together, and started at the bottom, licking all the way up slowly and synchronised, tasting the salty sweat mixed with the sweetness of the chocolate.

Authors’ Notes:

- Daisy would have been on the floor after one bottle of wine.

- To those of you who may now be scarred and can never consume Nutella again, we're not sorry at all.

- Who knew two bisexual girls and a glass of Nutella could be this clinical?

- All those things you thought were innuendos and puns, were.

- If you have wanked through this story, we're either very good, or you have an unhealthy relationship with Nutella

- Precautions must be taken when consuming Nutella from the boot of a person with Athlete's Foot.

- We don’t know which Athletes are missing a foot from attempts of sick readers to find out why precautions must be taken when consuming Nutella from the boot of a person with Athlete's Foot.

- We do not recommend using peanut butter in any way where consumers may be allergic to peanuts.

- One day, the Authors' Notes section will be longer than the bloody story.

- Cast: Polly the Preggo - Racking, Bitchy Barbara - littlemissbitch, Pizzabra KittyGirl - Sprite

And finally…

(a) 50% of you tried saying that, the other 50% of you will not have sex tonight.