Morning Masturbation

By myself

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Licking my finger I think, *What a wonderful life.*

Rubbing spit between my legs, wondering if he enjoys himself while he mows his ground, I hear the sound of the engine move further and further a way from the house. He is a good man. The thought of him pushes my hand below. The softness in the ripples there turn me on. I like that spot where my wrist rest on the inner thigh where the leg meets the wet. Around like a merry-go-round fingers push and massage and make me plump.

I think about last night out. He'd taken us to celebrate sitting beside me giving a touch. I lose my breath for a moment. The nail scrapes the clit. It was a long time at this before I return to remembering, beginning again, waiting for another high. Dinner was good. I knew he was tired. Eating fish hot from the fryer, the music, the company was all good.

Our glasses were empty when he said,"Will you make one of those tylenol/advil cocktails when we get home? I need one."

With an adoring glance he received a nod and a "yes" from me.

Back home a western played. We watched, guessing what would happen next wondering if we'd seen it before. Having enough of the day I told him,"I'm gonna go lay down sweetie."

"I'm right behind you." he replied.

Pulling back the cover I got in the bed. It felt good in the bed. I watched him enter and strip and asked him,"Want some, baby?"

He said, "Catch me in the morning."

Softly I made sure he heard, "I'll do that."

Reconsidering, he placed the cover over his sheet and held me. I loved him much. He lifted my t-shirt

and massaged a titty. I feel his fingers there now. My eyes close. I'm lost in the plump warmth in my hand this morning. *"Don't cum",* I tell myself, *"The story is not done."*

Last night his fingers went around the circumference of my tit before they found my nipple. He heard me moaned. He found the other nipple and made me laugh. It was on. It was always on. He never started without finishing. Going down on him brought a laugh,

"What are you doin?" he asked.

His expression made me laugh and made me remember his taste now. This brought on a faster yank on myself and a wet falling from my mouth I never care to control. It was my mouth he wanted. Last night it was necessary to tell him to lie back saying,"You're tired."

He released my arms and then hands and let me go down. I took off his shorts and heard him say get the flashlight we use. It was cold in my hand. Under his leg I left it to warm saying,"It's cold, baby."

Placing my mouth on him I began. The fingers smacking wet in my bed now brought me back to the masturbation. Opening my legs was easy now. Only sensation of orgasm was left there on the tip of my clit. Resistance was gone. There was no need to pace except to hear a rhythm in the work. He let me suck him and work myself wet before I placed the metal tube between my legs. He moved the pajamas lying in the view of the mirror and watched my soft expression take him. Reaching for my hair he gathered it and shoved me harder and then harder down to the groin.

I lost my thought again. With intent I focused on the swelled clit in my hand and drifted off to a picture of his face in my hands that forced him down on my wet openness and thought, *Maybe we'll do that tonight.*

That flashlight was still cold when I stuck it between my legs. He said,"Give it to me."

I gave him the flashlight and I saw him feel the metal already hot as he slicked it with lube for me. I moaned when it slipped in again. He pushed me down on his cock and watched me open myself with the thing. My opening cry turned him hard. The length of the thing was perfect for a sit down while I sucked him. He wanted to know if I was comfy as he fucked my face harder loving the mirror picture of cranked pussy going down on the thing. The flashlight there turned him on. He had to have his dick in my ass to accompany the thing. He asked,"Do you want me in your ass?"

I knew it was coming. He pulled himself away from me and said,"Don't move."

Moving behind me, the cock squeezed in a tight spot. Parallel with the flashlight he filled that part of

me fucking a little to hard. Another cry,"I'm in a bad spot."

My hand reached to adjust the flashlight. He took it from me and the story ends here this morning. I know well what he did to me with his self and that flashlight. Catching the spill with a towel my eyes close. I hear the mow engine shut down. There's a touch and then a smile. It's always on.