

Two Mornings

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Waking up with her is always exciting.

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Monday

She was at the sink doing her morning ablutions in her short summer robe, having just showered. Her dark still-damp curls, held back from her face by a berrette, tumbled down her back almost to her slender waist. She leaned slightly over the sink, looking into the mirror as she prepared to brush her teeth, her legs about shoulder width apart.

I ducked quietly into the bathroom and sat myself down between her feet with my back low against the sink cabinet. I leaned back pushed my shoulders back and out between her legs, bowing them out as I raised my head between them and under the hem of her robe. I paused for a moment, gazing at her perfect pussy. Her secret lips were full, and her triangle of dark curly hair framed them exquisitely. Her slightly annoyed grumble of protest at my rude jostling turned into a squeak of surprise and alarm as I raised my head and kissed her there, then started running my tongue up and down her outer lips.

Instinctively she jerked backward, but I brought my hands up to her ass, kneading her cheeks as I pushed her back onto my tongue, which now began to gently, shallowly divide her pussy lips and tickle her insides. I heard her grumble some more, then sigh - whether from annoyance, resignation, or pleasure I neither knew nor cared - and began brushing her teeth.

I concentrated first on licking her outer and inner lips, then delved my tongue as deeply into her snatch as I could. After a minute or two, I felt her knees bow out more, opening to me and allowing easier access to her moistening sex. She was still brushing her teeth, but more erratically now. Her

sweet juices now added to the wetness of my saliva. I began to hear small noises escape her, even buried as I was in her thighs and pussy, which now slowly began to grind onto me and my delving, flicking tongue.

I licked higher up and found her clit, just now peaking out of its hood. I darted my tongue across it and felt her jump in reaction, then press more into me with a moan. Her hips now pressed my head back into the cabinet. I slid one of my hands from holding her ass around and under her from behind to slip up into her pussy with one, then two fingers, and then out to massage the skin of her inner thighs with her own lubrication. She moaned louder and fuller now, all pretense of finishing her morning ritual put off. I felt her hands find my head under her robe, then draw the robe up so that she could entwine her fingers in my hair and push me harder against her, steering my mouth to just the right spots.

Her pussy juices began running down her thighs and my chin as I consumed her. I switched hands, bringing my left hand around to her pussy and sliding two fingers slowly in, while the right hand, fingers well coated with our mingled lubricants, moved back to her ass, slipping between her cheeks to tease her rear entrance. Slowly, as my tongue danced faster and faster across her clit, I pushed one, then two fingers into her tight, resistant nether passage. Her hips ground against me as she cried out.

I felt her entire body clench up around me. Her thighs clamped my head, her hands pulled my hair, her ass and pussy squeezed my fingers rhythmically. Lightly, very lightly, I bit her clit, then sucked at it hard. She screamed and climaxed, flooding my face with her cum.

Wednesday

She did her morning stretches in the nude. As always I had to watch as she stretched her legs and arms. She went into splits, reaching for one foot, then the other, the black fur patch between her legs flush with the soft white carpet. She got on her knees and stretched forward, round rear in the air, then pivoted and stretched her arms up the wall, arching her back.

She froze at the touch of my fingers on her side. I knelt behind her, and caressed her with one hand, then the other, running them up her sides to her breasts, then down to her hips, then around again. Hands still stretched above her head, palms against the wall, she moved with my hands. I reached around and cupped and squeezed her right asscheek as my left hand continued stroking her side from breast to hip. Then I traded hands.

Her slow steady breathing came louder and harder. I cupped a hand under her sex and she lurched slightly at the contact. My middle finger played with her slit, which was just becoming slick with her

juices. Her knees, already slightly spread from the stretches, pushed out a little farther and her back arched a little more as she raised her ass to make my job easier.

I pushed up slightly with the hand on her snatch, raising her higher. With my other hand, I grabbed my aching prick and guided it to her. She moaned at the first hard contact. Once the head of my tool was nestled in her outer lips, I moved my hands to take hold of her flared hips. We both groaned in pleasure as I slid into her from the rear, until my pubic bone mashed against the her perfect ass.

I stayed buried for almost a minute, reveling in the tightness of her pussy, how it clenched at my cock so naturally. She stayed frozen in position, breathing steadily. When I pulled almost all the way out and slid fully back, hands firm on her hips, she made the low, sexy, moaning sigh of hers that never fails to spike my lust for her. I pulled out and pushed into her again, and again, beginning a slow fucking rhythm. Her body responded, pushing back onto me each time I drove forward.

My hands released her hips, one sliding up her side to her breast, which I started caressing and kneading, sometimes lightly pinching or pulling her hard nipple. The other hand slid around her front and found her clit, just above where my cock slowly pistoned in and out of her.

She leaned back into my embrace, head against my shoulder, arms still pushing against the wall for support. She made constant quiet noises, lower as I pulled out, higher as I pushed in. Her hips bucked back against my cock and forward onto the finger frigging her. My thrusts were still slow, but became harder, stronger, each one lifting her body slightly as I rammed up into her, her moans and sighs turning into short yelps and cries, getting louder with each fuck into her velvety pussy. My own voice gave a low growling counterpoint to hers.

I felt her begin to tense, and increased the speed of my cock and fingers. She tightened her whole body, then with one agonizingly pleasurable squeeze of her inner muscles, climaxed around me, calling out. Her body stiffened and quaked in my grasp, her cunt contracting around my driving cock. Her spasms set me off and I drove in as deep as I could and came, my seed coursing almost painfully up through my prick and into her, spurt after spurt. Her inner muscles milked me, coaxing every drop of semen out of me.

Finally we subsided. I would stay hard if I stayed inside her, so reluctantly I pulled out, both of us shivering with the last departing friction. Our combined fluids ran down her legs to the carpet. She stood up, made a last stretch towards the ceiling, and headed towards the shower, not looking back at me. I followed to the bathroom to grab a towel to clean up and caught her eye just before the shower door closed. She blew me a kiss.