

The Scotch Bonnet

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Published on Lush Stories on 06 Nov 2012

Whatever you do, don't rub your eyes

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Let's talk about sex and drugs. Two drugs in particular: amphetamines and opiates. Not the dodgy kind you buy from a guy who "knows someone" - no, the natural kind, the drugs that are made inside our own bodies. When we first fall in love with someone - and we're in that passionate maelstrom - we can't eat, we're distracted, we blush, get butterflies in our stomach, our libido goes through the roof. This is all down to a particularly sexy sounding chemical called Phenethylamine - which, when we're getting it on with a new lover, our body kicks out by the bucket load. It's an amphetamine and, of course, comes at a price - we ignore our friends, we can be irritable, anxious, sometimes even paranoid. After a while (about a year or two in a relationship) for our own good, our body stops producing it and instead moves us on to another drug, Endorphin - your very own opiate and the drug of enduring love. Of course this transfer doesn't go smoothly and may not affect both partners at the same time. We miss that adrenaline rush from the early stages. Without it we think the spark's gone or the flame is dying when really it's just our bodies settling down for the long haul. So when my forlorn girlfriend of 18 months announced in bed this morning, after just three days without sex, "We need to spice things up a little," I knew what was going on. If spice is what she needs spice is what she shall have. I took a trip to the local market, to the Caribbean food stall run by a fellow called Baron Samedi; he plays the part, it must be good for business. I asked for his hottest chilli, to which he knowingly leered "You need to put some fire back in your life, mon?" which was followed by a deep and annoyingly infectious guffaw. "You wan' dis," he said handing me a small, heart-shaped fruit. "The Scotch Bonnet. Wherever it takes you, tell me all about it when you get back." By the time she got home from work, I'd already started to prepare the evening meal - extra spicy jerk chicken (organic, of course). Her house keys clattered as she threw them across the table and she released a heavy sigh of relief as her laden messenger bag slipped from her shoulder to the floor. As my freshly-sharpened kitchen blade sliced through the pepper's blood-orange skin, she slid up to me, gave me a peck on the cheek and asked: "Watcha cookin'?" I told her what I was cooking, to which she smiled, gave me a flash of those big blue eyes and in her most sarcastic tone replied: "Ah, you do know when I said spice things up, I was being metaphoric, right?" "The capcaisin in the chilli produces..." but before I could go on she abruptly stopped me. "Shut up Mr Science, I don't want to know. Just let me have a tiny bit." I placed a small piece on her tongue, after a second or two she felt the power of this

little chilli kick in. "Oh wow, that is hot," she exclaimed, her wide open eyes glistening a little. My fingers, reddened by the chopped pepper started to tingle; the juices reacting to create a building burning sensation on my fingertips. I let out an audible gasp as the heat started to attack my cuticles - like hot pins driven under the nail. "Is it burning your fingers?" she puffed, still feeling the effects of the tiny morsel she'd eaten. "Not really," I replied, wincing. "The chemical just fools the nerve endings into thinking it's burning - really effectively in this case." Our eyes fixed as she slid her delicate hand over mine and brought it to her lips. She softly patted kisses on my tingling fingertips. Her warm breath ran over the back of my hand. I placed the knife down and turned towards her - mesmerised by her light blue eyes. I could feel the fingers of her other hand stroking the top of my brass belt buckle. She led my hand back down to the hem of her short dress. I instinctively held back for a just moment but knowing this is what she desired slipped my hand under her dress and into her lacey panties. As my fingers curved between the tops of her smooth thighs, she let out an almost breathless sigh, but as the heat from my fingers met her uncovered clit, she lost all her simpering niceties. "Fuck!" she spat into my face, her clit pulsing hard between two of my fervent fingers. Her juices began flowing almost instantly. Her nails dug into my shoulder as her other hand wildly tugged at my belt. "Holy fucking shit!" Her body shaking, convulsing as I slipped my fingers into her dripping slit. She managed to maintain enough control to yank my hardened cock free from my jeans. Leaning her lithe body back across the kitchen worktop, she grabbed the chopped chilli, squeezing it to a pulp in her hand; the skin and seeds slipping between her fingers. She grabbed my cock head, tugging back the foreskin, smearing the crushed chilli over my exposed glans. The resulting sensation of incomparable searing fire robbed my lungs of breath. What air I could grab I could only use to scream. She pumped her hand up and down my inflamed rigid shaft, trapping chilli seeds beneath the corona of my head. My heart hammering in my chest, I grabbed her wrists, pushed her back over the counter and rammed my cock into her soaked cunt. The adrenaline coursed through our bodies, we fucked like wild animals - base and guttural. Grunting and screaming, swearing and biting. The sweat dripping from every pore on our body. My full burning length bending up inside of her - hitting her deepest point until together, we released. My thick cum shooting into her while her quivering pussy clamped around me, squeezing all I had into her. After, we lay in separate corners of the kitchen floor; trying to get as much of our glowing bare skin as possible in contact with the cold hard surface. Panting hard, hearts pounding, heads swimming. Exhausted and spent but feeling more alive than ever before.