

# The Painted Lover

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*Another soft one.. from my dreams*

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If you could paint yourself a lover, what quirks would you give them? You wouldn't paint them perfect or would you? Did you ever dream about your soul mate and did you make a mental note of what it was that you loved about them in the depths of your dream? Did you capture the image of their face in your mind's eye so that you might recognise them across a crowded street. Your eyes are dark and they understand quickly. I assume they're brown but I couldn't be sure. It wasn't their colour that made them special but the glint in them, the depth and the naughtiness that you can't hide. Above all it's the truth that I see, the real undeniable truth, the kind that reveals itself in the dark of night when it's all there is. Your smile is one of those that surprises me each time I'm lucky enough to see it, it's accompanied by laughter lines, drawn there by your happy soul. Your skin is warm and it's all I can say. I dreamt about you last night, you were put there I suspect by me to give me an ideal, but I was never an idealist, I'd have settled before. "Close your eyes." You say and I'm struggling to keep them closed, a big smile has crept onto my face and it won't be hidden, not by me. What smile is complete though without smiling eyes. "What exactly am I waiting for?" I ask you as I stand there in the kitchen wrapped in a soft white towel with my hair dripping water across my bare shoulders. "Hold your hands out" you tell me and I do as you say, blindly. In just a few seconds something touches my hands and immediately my reflex is to jump away from it. "You bastard!" I say opening my eyes and instantly realising that you've just released your cock from its hiding place and placed it in my hands. You burst out laughing and I can't help but laugh too. "You know I hate surprises!" I tell you with a feigned cross look and really I'm relieved for a second before the relief disappears and is replaced by an urge to just touch you again, this time willingly. One hand reaches for your proud cock which is looking up at me like a hungry cat, the other around your neck as I pull you closer to me and we're kissing devotedly and then wildly. My motion on your cock is firm and slow in contrast to our kiss and it makes my head spin. Faster and faster our mouths move against one another, feeding off the desire until we reach a speed that can't be maintained and we pause, gasping into each other. I look up at

you with big needy eyes that are full of something you can't define. I fall to my knees gently my towel losing it's grip on me and you think that having me on my knees looking up at you like this is one of the greatest sights you've seen so you capture the moment like a snapshot in your mind. I take both hands to you now and stroke the length of you before guiding the tip of you, which is glistening with your apparent need to my mouth, I lick my lips wickedly before I take my first taste of the day. "Mm" I say licking the juice and creating a trail leading from my tongue as I pull away slightly to let you see it. You make a noise that serves as encouragement and I take more of you now, gently like a rocket ice- lolly I slurp as I suck my way off it, then back on again this time a little deeper. My hands reach around to your warm arse and draw you closer to me in my efforts to take all of you. "Fucking hell!" You say and I can't smile but I would if my throat wasn't accommodating you. Instead I strive to take more, right down into my throat it goes. I ignore the gagging because I think you quite like it and it passes. You're rocking back and forth into me now your natural urges taking you over, making you fuck my throat. I'm as willing as ever despite the fact that my breathing is laboured, I know that you're close to release because you've gripped the sides of my head in fear that I might stop. I won't stop not until I've got you not until I have your cum coating my tonsils. Tingling starts in your balls, it rushes from a place deep within you and at lightening speed travels along your shaft. I feel your cock grow a little bit bigger in my throat and your body tenses. Your clutching hands are paralysed now as you throw away your frustrations and empty yourself gloriously into my aching throat. Only after making sure I have swallowed every last drop of you, do we part and exchange grateful expressions before I rise up to kiss you delicately, it's a kiss that says everything. You put your hands around my nakedness and lift me onto the kitchen side. "Everyone can see me!" I tell you as we both look towards the bare window. "Do I care?" you say as you part my legs and I am overwhelmed by the thrill of being on display like this. I bite my bottom lip and pose for you as you lean down and tongue the soft skin on my inner thighs, taking turns with them, being careful to avoid anywhere crucial, you god damn tease. My pussy is already screaming at you silently but I can hear it. I'm full and puffy, juices are oozing out through my slightly parted lips giving you the undeniable scent of my need. "Please" I beg just once and you never heard anyone sound as pathetic as me, but you can't resist giving in to me. Using both hands you part my lips and allow your tongue to do its thing. Starting gently you flick at my sopping warm hole and then slip inside to get the juices that are pooling there. Your fingers join the party now and I cry out as I bask in the detailed attention I'm receiving. "Oh Fuck!" I say because you're toying with the place that makes me want to lose control. The feel of your finger massaging the spongy texture inside me, applying pressure 'and' your tongue on me, is all too much for me to cope with and you know it well. When you push another finger into my tight but willing ass, it really does overwhelm me, I throw my head to the side in abandonment and let go. You're fingering my ass and my pussy, using the combined space and you know exactly what you're doing as you expertly circle my clit which is now swollen to bursting point. I have nowhere to grab hold of as the pleasure engulfs me. I throw my hands either side of me and clench my fists as a noise that you've come to love leaves my throat and echo's around us. Juices squirt from my depths and my pussy and ass both in spasm take turns gripping you then pushing you. When the wailing subsides

and is replaced with a gentle mewling you stop and kiss my pussy gently. You pull me towards you and I wrap my legs around your waist as you lift me slightly before lowering me in one smooth movement straight on to your prolific cock, feeling my juices spilling out onto your balls. My arms are around your neck and your hands supporting my weight as you carry me into the lounge and rest me on the dining table. You use your weight on me now as you plough into me and I beg you to fuck me hard. You oblige me instantly but the begging continues throughout as you strive to give it to me harder and faster in an effort to shut me up. "Yes, that's it, fuck yes!" I cry now and it is almost crying too as the table rocks beneath us and you give it to me like no other. "You want my come?" you ask knowing that I don't want it but need it. "Yes" I whimper desperately "Where do you want it?" you ask and I tell you to choose because I want it everywhere. With very little time to spare you withdraw from my pussy and push yourself into my now sopping ass. 'I said you choose' I think to myself with an inward smile because I knew exactly where you'd choose and I want it so badly. I reach down and rub my clit furiously the sight of me doing so and the feel of my cool tight hole gripping your cock as you lift me to get a better look is too much. "Here it comes, you ready?" you say, and yes yes fucking yes I'm ready. But I just say it the once. I start to come now I couldn't hold it any longer and neither can you and I feel the warmth hit me as thick frothy cum pumps into the darkest part of me. Slowly we separate ourselves before reuniting with a cuddle. "How was your day darling?" you ask me and I tell you that it just got better.