

Turn That Frown Upside Down Child

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She was in a dark mood. Her mother had said, "Better turn that frown upside down child or, it will freeze on your face." She'd guessed her mother's prophecy had come true, and wondered if mom knew what else her pouty lips could do. Moving to the window peaking out at the cloudy morning, she felt the gloom. The day had started with a tropical storm warning. As she reached to open the blinds, the sky turned a dark gray as if a switch had been thrown. Softly, the wind began to move in gentle waves over the Mississippi forest. He hollered in from the next room, "Looks like our storm is coming." Within minutes, the rain came in streams soaking the lush green landscape. Sitting in her chair there near the window, she watched the rain fall as she prepared for the day. Dipping her fingertips into the shea, she rubbed the cream into her skin. Bringing both feet to her hands, she rubbed her toes working her way up the legs, massaging deeply into the muscle. Her hands held an inner thigh in each. She watched the blood flow and color appear where she worked. Feeling the deep massage made her think about the way he had touched her. Reaching for her breasts, her hands pushed hard into them squeezing and rubbing her flat palms encompassing the entirety of each until they hurt. She thought about the touch. There wasn't a place on her body that didn't respond to a firm grip. Reaching again for her legs, from the ankles to the thighs, she massaged the color of rose into them. Thinking about his touch a few hours before, made her wet between the legs. A smile traced her lips as she thought about that session. To-date, each time they'd been together had been better than the last. The hardness in him and the way they fit more and more was good. He had fucked her pussy and ass to perfection losing his load deep in her ass. Just before, she had had him harder than he'd been with her. The echoes of his moans with each suck she gave him, made her touch herself now. Leaving him to enjoying his morning routine in the office at the other end of the house, she touched the soft fold between her legs. Leaving it, she smeared the juice on her mouth and then licked it off slick-ing her lips. Inserting her fingers in her mouth, she probed as the motion turned into sucking. Reclining in the overstuffed chair, she cocked her neck allowing her fingers to glided in and out. Exploring the roof, and the tongue, and the hard teeth, she imagined him inside her and how he felt there. Finding her clit with her other hand caused her tooth to scrape a finger. Continuing, she figured out perfect position for deep throat penetration. She practiced opening and closing, tongue sucking and working soft lips without teeth. Working her fingers slowly, they reached deeper when she felt the softness of her tongue turn her on. Further she pushed in and then sucked out. Wet ran down her neck. Exploring as far as her throat would allow, she opened with the width of

her hand. She gagged in a rhythm with the fuck she gave her mouth and her pussy. She felt her lips turned up in a smile as she wrenched forward. The sweet pressure near her asshole made her reach for it with her fingers penetrating the tight opening into the softness. Jabbing her clit with her thumb, opened her legs and her throat. The rub of fingers stuffed in her mouth moving in and out of soft lips triggered the emotion. Wanting to reach further down her throat, she choked herself. Gagging again, she struggled to reach further up her opened ass. It happened then that her pussy racked and pumped from the inside out. Her teeth bit down as she sucked the taste from her fingers. Lying still, tasting the fucked fingers. Biting them, she smiled.