

Warren, My Prison Fantasy!

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My hot and steamy prison fantasy with Warren.

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After a hard day's work in the prison ... I leave work, I'm so tired. I stand all day at work, since I am the supervisor of an industrial line in an all men's prison, an easy job for the incarcerated. Oh and you did not read wrong I do work in a men's prison. Working in a male prison is hard work, I will not deny that. But harder and more difficult is to be locked in a place brimming with testosterone for more than eight hours. Maybe it's my diet of sex, but since my husband left me uhm ... it is better to say, it has been too long since I last had any sex. I have had nothing at all, I'm going crazy. I'm so hot, so hot, so needy that it is sometimes impossible to concentrate on my work. My hormones are all a fluster during the day. I come home with my panties completely soaked, wanting and needing to be fucked so bad. I can not do anything but think of a certain prisoner. I love to see him sweat, his muscles... mmmm well-defined, ready for everything and anything. He drives me crazy! I walk into my bathroom and open the faucet to the tub. I add strawberry scented bubble bath oil and bubbles begin to form. I look in my closet, for a few aromatic candles are just what I need to relax. I place them around the tub one by one. The hot water vapor embraces my body just as I take off my uniform. It feels so good to be naked, I begin to caress my curvy voluptuous body. I'm tired but I use my fingertips to help me relax as I caress my naked body. A chill runs down my naked body, when my fingers slide between my silky lips. My pussy is wet, and when I remove my fingers I can see my moisture on them. The smell reaches my nose and it drives me crazy and I have to taste my sweetness. I start licking my fingers with passion, completely sucking them clean and wishing it was one of the prisoners who was doing it for me. Lately I've been fantasizing about a particular inmate. He is not one of those under my charge, but he is one that knows how to run the whole line so he helps everyone, and I see him often. His name is Warren. I love talking to him and I like flirting a little with him; his smile makes me blush. How to describe this monument of a man who is Warren? He is about 5feet, 11.5 inches tall, and has a nice, well defined muscular African-American body. His skin is caramel in color, mmmm like candy. His hair is long and in dreadlocks. He is older than I am, about forty-something, so his dreads have a touch of gray that make him look even more interesting. But what excites me most is his voice. Warren, mmmm his voice and smile. Warren is now an active part of my fantasies when I'm alone in my room. I masturbate and I think of him. Sometimes I make love tenderly to him, and sometimes as wild as an animal. My most sensual fantasy has to be this. We are locked in a storage closet and our

passion takes hold of us and we end up having hot sex for hours, sweating and quenching both our thirst for sex, with each other mmmm. I'm still in my bathroom watching the water fill in my tub and I look under the sink for my toy box and dig out my favorite toy before slipping quietly into the tub. The water is perfect, the warmth of it immediately relaxes me. I grab my sponge and squeeze warm water on my big, juicy breasts. My nipples immediately harden. The hot water combined with cold air make it a very exciting feeling. I close my eyes and imagine that Warren is licking my nipples with his tongue wide and warm ... Ooh my body begins to vibrate with the desire and need to have Warren in my arms. I'm infatuated with Warren; who wouldn't be? His height is perfect, not too tall, but much more than me. His voice is sensual and soothing, his arms are muscular and masculine. His tattoos make him look even manlier. I can almost hear his voice now, mmmm I can smell him, the smell of a real man without perfumes, just the smell of a clean bathed man. I continue to squeeze warm water over my breasts, arching my back imagining Warren on my voluptuous body, him licking me and savoring me slowly down my body and everything in its path. I stroke around my hard nipples with the tips of my fingers and a loud groan escapes my lips uhmmmmmmmmmm. My hands playfully move down my torso, all the way to my pubic bone. massaging my way between my spread legs and my wet pussy lips, I feel my clit slowly starting to come out of it's hiding place. I take my clit between my fingers of one hand and, with my other hand I begin to pinch one of my nipples and my mouth begins to moan quickly. My hips take on a life of their own, moving in sensual circles, The feeling is extraordinary simulating an act of sensual intercourse. My eyes are still closed and I can clearly see Warren on top of me, sucking and nibbling on my erect nipples. As I move my hips in rhythm with his thrusts and I am enjoying him to the fullest. His large, muscular body on top of me, has me in a state of euphoria, I'm completely lost in my fantasy. I'm close very, very close to an explosive orgasm ... I stop and replace my hand with my favorite toy, my pink bunny. I finally feel full, my toy slides easily inside of me and my fantasy in my head changes. Now I am on top of Warren as a cowgirl would ride her pony. We are in the dry storage closet in the prison, at any time we can get caught and this only makes the situation more exciting. Warren sits on the bags of flour so I can straddle him, our clothes are strewn on the floor, my long, flowing hair falls past my shoulders. Warrens hand is intertwined in my hair pulling on it as I rise and lower myself with unparalleled ease. I can see his big caramel dick, slide in and out of my wet pussy. His hand did not stop caressing my back and his mouth suckling my swollen breast, as I continue to ride him up and down and grinding my hips on his rock hard cock. His mouth leaves my swollen breast kissing his way up my neck as he pulls my hair to tilt my head back kissing and sucking on my neck. our moans are so loud and so animalistic. His lips seek mine, our lips meet and our groans become almost inaudible as we kiss. We are full of insatiable lust and need for each other. Our movements become more precise, faster, more intense ... suddenly we start to shake, our cries are one and we get lost in the abyss of happiness. The earth moves, my orgasm tears me apart and I can feel his seed filling the depths of my being, but I'm not completely satisfied. I keep moving, trying to get every last drop of his seed. I need it all inside me. Suddenly a knock at the door brings me back to reality. I'm satisfied, but full of frustration. I have completely lost the image of Warren, the image of his body on mine, our bodies enjoy each other. I'm back at home, alone ... and

Warren is in prison, at this time safe and probably asleep, but I can not help wondering. Does Warren have the same fantasies that I have? Will this ever be more than just a fantasy?