

I Love It When She Goes Shopping

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This is my first story. Hope you enjoy! My girlfriend walked through the door of our apartment carrying brown paper bags. She had just gotten back from the grocery store and sat down the bags on the table. "Hey baby, what'd you get for dinner?" I asked. "What do you think about having dessert first?" "Well Kryssi, what do you have in mind?" I answered curiously. "Go to the bedroom and you'll find out." I wasted no time and darted through the door into our bedroom. I waited impatiently as I became more and more excited about what she might have in store for me. Seconds later she came busting through the door. She was wearing absolutely nothing now. Her long shiny brown hair came down over her 34c breasts. She held a can of whipped cream in her hand that she used to cover up her landing strip and her wet downstairs lips. "I hope you're hungry because I've got a big order for you to fill," she whispered in my ear. Then she climbed onto my lap, wrapping her legs around my waist as I sat on the edge of our bed, her gorgeous bare breasts inches away from my face. I began to move my mouth towards her, but she stopped me. "Not until I tell you what to do!" she scolded. "Yes ma'am," I answered startled. She raised the bottle of whipped cream, and squirted out a good amount onto her breasts. It dripped slowly down her cute little pink nipples. "Now! You clean this mess up right now!" she exclaimed. She shoved my head into her marvellous tits. I began messily lapping up the sweet cream off of her naked white flesh. Her nipples became hard as I twirled my tongue around each of her nipples. She quietly moaned with approval. My cock began to twitch as I buried my face in the glory of her busty chest. After a few minutes of solidmouth work on her breasts, she pushed my head away. I looked up at her frustrated. "Now it's time for your real dessert!" she exclaimed. She pushed me onto my back with a hard shove. Then she shook the whipped cream in her hand and I couldn't believe what she did next. She pushed the tip of the bottle inside of her bright pink pussy, and began filling herself with the thick sweet cream. She continued to fill herself up until she declared, "All full. I bet you can guess what you're gonna be doing." My guess turned out to be right. She hopped on the bed over me, she turned herself around so her voluptuous ass and pussy hovered above my face. My mouth watered at the thought of being able to taste her sweet cream filled pussy. "You want it, don't you?" she teased. "You have no idea how much." "What do you say then!" "Can I please taste it, mistress Kryssi? I need to taste it now!" I begged. "Good boy!" she cheered as she lowered her pussy onto my face. As soon as her wet pussy touched down on my face I quickly thrust

my tongue deep inside her. Kryssi moaned with ecstasy as I gladly tongue-fucked her. I could taste the whipped cream inside of her mixing with her natural pussy juices. To me, her pussy was delicious a la carte and the cream was just a welcomed bonus. I made out with the wet lips of her pussy, which I may have enjoyed even more than the ones on her face. I then brought my attention to her clit. I lifted up her hood with my left index finger and began to flick it rapidly. With this she let out a high pitched squeal. I then pushed three of my fingers inside of her now soaking pussy while flicking her clit up and down with my tongue. She continued to squeal with pleasure as I moved my fingers and tongue faster and faster. My cock was attempting to escape from my jeans at this point and Kryssi had noticed. "Looks like you have something in your pants that wants to see me. Do you want me to let him out so he can come and play with us?" she inquired. "Fuck yes! Please Mistress Kryssi!" I yelled, my voice muffled by her pussy. "Ok then. Let's see what we got here." I could hear her unzipping my pants and popping off the button of my jeans. My cock sprang straight up. I could feel her hand grasp my shaft tightly, and with this I moaned with a mouthful of whipped cream and pussy juice. "You know, I think I want some cream of my own. I have this can of whipped cream here, but I think the only kind of cream that can really satisfy my hunger is the kind that comes from the tip of your cock. But! If I put my mouth around your manhood I expect to be rewarded with all of your cum. You better give me all you have or I will never let you eat me out again! Do you understand me?" "Yes mistress!" Seconds later, I felt Kryssi's warm wet mouth surrounding my thick hard rod. I could feel her mouth take me all the way into her mouth and down her throat. At the same time I could feel her cradling my balls with her hand, squeezing them lightly. After a few minutes of Kryssi bobbing up and down on my cock, and me rapidly fingering her pussy and licking her clit, I could hear her begin to say something. "I want your cum right now! I want all of it! Give it to me now while you make me cum!" she screamed with a muffled mouth full of cock. She was now deep throating my cock in the fastest motion yet. I moved my fingers in and out of her as quickly as I could. I was about to explode. She began squirting her juices and what was left of the whipped cream onto my face and into my mouth as she gave way to the loudest orgasm she had ever had. I couldn't take it anymore and I groaned as I released all of the cum I had been building up inside of me. We both trembled as we came hard and long. I could feel my cock gushing inside her mouth with my thick white load shooting into her throat. I could feel her swallowing, trying to keep up with my constant stream of jizz. She squeezed my balls and I continued to orgasm even harder. I wanted the feeling to last forever, but it came to an end 30 seconds later. Exhausted from her intense orgasm and her effort to swallow all my creamy white load, she fell over and off my face to be laying down next to me on the bed. I could see her face now. She had swallowed a lot of it, but she still had some of my jizz dripping off the corners of her lips. She breathed heavily and simply said, "Wow." "Ditto to that babe," I quickly concurred. "So what's for actual dinner now?" I said with a smirk. "Well, actually, the only thing I actually bought from the grocery store was that whipped cream," she answered smiling back. "Pizza delivery sound good then?" I asked. "That's fine, but I'm not putting my clothes on. As soon as we eat the pizza we're coming right back here. Understand?" "Abso-fucking-lutely."