

Nomming The Peach

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Winter came in September.

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This story only available on Lush Stories. That morning, she saw the late September sun streaming through the window. As Winter wearily left the house, she grabbed her thin green hoodie, and breathed in the fresh, dew-laden air. Work was such a blasphemy on a glorious day like this, she thought, grumpily getting into her car. On the way to work, she saw crowds of rowdy school children jostling each other, and bus queues of commuters, all conflicted between the bright sunshine, and the grey, shadowy depths they were heading for. All day long, people she served in the supermarket where she worked asked her, "Isn't it a lovely day?" She smiled and handed them their change, wishing she could just go home and lay on her bed with the watery sunlight kissing her tired body. Working too many hours for too little pay was taking a horrible toll on her plump body. She thought of her husband, still snoring in their bed, sun beams stroking his eyelids in a feeble attempt to wake him. She wished she was there. It wasn't his fault his home-based consultation business was quiet right now, but she couldn't help feeling jealous of the peace he had. As the busy day wore on, and darkening clouds began to sweep down off the moors, her feet ached, and her back twinged. She found it increasingly difficult to be polite and kind to dithering customers, and wished the day away, painful minute by painful minute. Her mood began to match the now-glowing skies above the town, and the clock seemed to tick by more slowly. She wondered if she were sickening for something. She was sick of working there, so many hours, so hard, and the last thing she needed was a cold, or worse, the flu. Eventually, having wearily collected her hoodie and bag, she stood in the main entrance looking out at the storm that had rolled in without her noticing. Heavy bruised clouds of hideous greys and blacks loomed overhead, roiling and churning with murderous grimaces. They spat down torrents of icy rain that bounced off the concrete. Even if an umbrella (which she didn't have) could have withstood the gale that was punching the cars and buffeting running shoppers, she would have been soaked from below anyway. She sighed and pulled the thin fabric around her. She always felt the cold when she was tired, and she knew this was going to be bad. Keys at the ready, she set

her face against the storm, and ran! She scooted anxiously across the road, hurrying out of the way of charging figures, keeping her head low and her arms tightly round her. The wind screamed past her ears and literally plucked the breath from her mouth before she could draw it in. The torrential rain soaked her on the way down, and soaked her on the way back up as it splattered off the deepening pools that were filling up the car park. By the time she reached her little car, she was shivering and completely sopping wet. She fumbled with the lock, eyes squeezed shut against the stinging sweeps of rain, and plopped herself into the seat, fighting with the wind as it tried to steal the door from her icy fingers. She wanted to sit and draw breath, but the rain was lashing the windscreen outside, and running down from her hair inside. She was worried about the risk of flooding, and knew she had to get home. With the heater on full blast, and the de-mister working hard, she drove home anxiously and slowly. Lines of traffic lit the dark, rain-walled way home, a motorised leviathan snaking through the valley. When her grumbling car finally brought her onto the driveway and chugged to a standstill, she sat there, hunched over the wheel. She was shivering and almost crying with the strain of past working months and cold, dripping skin. She kept the heater on, not wanting to lose the warmth, but desperate to be inside the house. The windows had steamed up, but the rain smacked the windscreen so hard that she felt like the whole car was under water. Suddenly, the door was flung open and she scrabbled as far as she could away from the cold rain pouring in. "Come on in, love," said Pete. He held out his large overcoat, covering the doorway to shield her from the storm. She felt for her keys with numb fingers, and clambered her shivering way out of the car, as he enveloped her in the snug, warm coat. He put his arms tightly round her, kicked the door shut, and ran her towards the house through the driving rain that clawed at them both. They tumbled through the door into a wall of warmth and delicious aroma. Pete shut the door, and hugged his little, round shivering wife to him. She felt softness and safety all around her as she smelled whatever had been baking, feeling his arms holding her tight. He held her close against him, kissing her soaking hair and swaying her gently. She was too exhausted and cold to say anything. "I baked you some cookies, love. I have cottage pie baking in the oven, and treacle pudding and custard in the pantry." She sighed, too tired to talk, but her heart smiled as she leaned against him. "Come on, let's get you upstairs." He pulled her gently towards the stairs and helped her climb up them. Sitting her on the bed in their warm room, he began to peel off her soaked shoes and socks for her. She sat there, head bowed and shoulders slumped, hair beading with raindrops as if she were still outside. Her face crumpled and she started to cry. He sat on the bed next to her, wrapping her in his arms again as she slumped against him. "Aw, sweetheart, you're home now. Let's get these wet things off you, and you can have a shower. When you're warm and dry, we'll get some food in you, snuggle on the sofa and nom the cookies. Okay?" She nodded wearily, sniffing, too tired to wipe away the lines of salt sliding over the rainwater on her cheeks. He peeled off her clothes for her, letting them drop into a puddle on the carpet. She shivered, her arms wrapped tightly round her until Pete eased them away to remove her hoodie and shirt. He pulled her up so he could peel down her trousers and knickers from her pale, wet doughy flesh. She just stood there, arms round herself, each hand trying unsuccessfully to cup her large breasts, teeth chattering and eyes shut tight as if she were still in the rain. Quickly, he walked her to

the bathroom, and turned on the shower for her. He held her close as they waited for the water to run hot, and then he gently nudged her in under the sprinkling heat. Her head still bowed, and arms round herself, she let the stream run over her shoulders and back. Her legs were quivering with the chills racking her body. She couldn't feel her fingers or toes, and she could think of nothing but the warmth around her now. Eventually, she lifted her head, letting the shower stream over her hair, which made it snake over her rounded shoulders like chocolate rapids. The ribbons of water flowed over her, smooth, gentle and comforting, as the rain outside sliced down in barbed wire jabs and screamed for the loss of her. She tilted her head back and let the water pour over her breasts. The heat was scorching on her dark, red nipples. Whenever she was very cold, her nipples would feel as if they were on fire, horribly sensitive and sore, burning and stinging. The water blazed lava cascades over them, and she endured the agony with her teeth still chattering. She never wanted to get out of the shower again, but she was worried about the water bill. The reason she had been working so hard was to pay their bills, and here she was, letting the money run down the drain. She curled up in the bottom of the large shower tray, crying, as the wonderful heat began to ease her aches and pains, and the chattering began to subside. She felt Pete's hand brushing back clinging tendrils from her face. She looked up at him, apologetically. "I'm sorry, I'm just so cold. I feel really rubbish," she told him miserably. He patted her face and smiled. "It's okay, love. I'm going to phone you in sick for the rest of the week, and we're going to do nothing except watch telly and snog each other silly. Okay?" She smiled at him weakly. "I'll get out now." "Stay there, love. Stay until you want to get out." "But the water bill..." "Water Bill can sort himself out as he pleases. You stay there." He placed a mug of hot chocolate next to her in the shower tray, out of the water's reach, and balanced a plate of cookies on the sill, before stroking her face, and leaving again. She looked at the cookies and smiled. They were her favourite. Gingerbread cookies, cut in heart shapes, and scattered with tiny sugar stars, with "Nom" written in red and pink icing on them. She loved Pete so much. She stayed in the shower until she wasn't shivering, her teeth weren't chattering, and although her nipples ached now, they weren't burning. Her fingers were all wrinkly, the hot chocolate was only dregs, and all the cookies were gone. She climbed herself up the tiled wall, washed her hair, and turned off the water. She got out of the tray, shuddering as the cooler shower curtain clung to her breast and thigh, and found two large towels waiting for her. Her favourite jim-jams and soft, over-sized robe were draped over the hot radiator, along with a pair of rainbow-striped socks and fluffy slippers. She felt her heart smile again, and she made up her mind that she would find some way to really thank Pete when she felt better. She dried and dressed herself, feeling better for the heat and sugar, and climbed slowly down the stairs. She found Pete in the kitchen, plating up the cottage pie. He turned round as he heard her shuffle in, and hugged her. She put her arms round him, and sighed, leaning her towel-wrapped head against his shoulder. "I love you," she whispered. "I love you too." He squeezed her tight. "I nommed all the cookies." "I have more. Now get into the front room, in front of the telly, and we'll watch The Muppets whilst we eat." As a child, Winter had always watched The Muppets when she was poorly. She grinned, and wandered in. Pete brought in the food, and they sat side by side, watching one of her favourite actresses spend time with Kermit and his friends. By the time she sang Fever with

Animal's "helpful" percussion, Winter was laughing and feeling better. Taking the empty plates and bowls into the kitchen, Pete returned with more cookies, a beer for him, and a large glass of Baileys for her. They snuggled down together on the sofa, sipping their drinks and just being together. Pete unwrapped the towel from Winter's head, and used the drier ends to stroke her hair with. "My hair will go frizzy," she murmured sleepily. "I like your hair frizzy," he whispered against her scalp. "You're perfect to me." She turned her head and planted a little kiss on his shirt. He returned the kiss on her head. It wasn't long before she was asleep, and he lay there with her weight pressing onto him, smelling her fruity shampoo, and enjoying the closeness. They didn't often get such time together these days. Evenings for Winter passed by in a blur, since she was working so hard. When he had been made redundant from his job two years ago, Pete had slumped into a brief depression. Winter had loved him despite his foul moods and retreats from her, and encouraged him to set up his own business in management consultation. It had been busy at first, since many of the companies he used to work with needed him. But he was so good at his job that they were able to run with what he had walked them through, and the work had dried up. "I shot myself in the foot there," he had told Winter. "I should have given them just enough that they wanted me to keep coming back, and nothing else." But that wasn't his style. After months of struggling to find work and keep the business going, he had received news the week before, of a job offer in America from an old contact. He hadn't wanted to say anything to Winter, in case nothing came of it. But something did come of it, and it would mean re-locating to the States for eight months, before returning to England as their base, and employing his skills internationally. It would mean travelling a lot, but the pay was well worth it. He just didn't know if Winter would be happy to go with him. He knew she would go, but he wanted her to be happy too. He made up his mind to ask her in a couple days when she felt better, rather than springing it on her when she was so worn out. He hated how tired she was, and felt like it was his fault. She gave a little snore, and snuggled closer to him in her sleep. He smiled, and wrapped his arms round her even more tightly. He loved his little Peach. He called her that in his head, his little Peach. Large, plump and juicy, like an overripe peach, bursting with flavour and soft, pliable flesh. Her scent was sweet and intoxicating, and he loved every pudgy, wonderful inch of her. She should have been called Autumn, with all the richness of harvest about her. He felt his cock stirring as he thought about how he enjoyed her body, and making her blush as he fucked her and told her how he felt about her as he did it. He could see the joy in her face, and the painful shyness as she tried to put into words how she felt about him, too. He loved her for it. He thought about how she tried her best to please him, and do things that weren't naturally comfortable for her, because she knew it made him happy. She had been learning how to feel more at ease with sliding a fat little lubed finger into his ass, and wrapping her tongue and soft lips around his balls. She was good with her tongue, there was no denying that. But as soon as she remembered what she was doing, shyness would overcome her, and the anxiousness to please him would change into anxiousness that she was doing it wrong. He couldn't bear to see her worry over it. Didn't she know that just the fact that she tried was enough? She was getting better at it, though, which was an even greater pleasure to him. She had never let him return the favour, though. She was scared about how she would smell, and what he would think

of her shape, and how she looked, she told him. A few years before they were married, she had to have an operation there that left her with scars, and she was horribly embarrassed about them. And so, Pete's head never went below her waist, for fear of upsetting her, no matter how much he told her he loved her in spite of, and sometimes, a little because of, her worries about her body. Arrogant women wound him up, and he loved his wife with everything that he had. His cock was rock hard now, imagining what it would be like to lick his little Peach's pussy. She had soft, downy hair that she kept trimmed short, like peach fuzz. He thought of how it would feel against his lips and cheeks, and the delicious, sweet scent that he licked from his fingers whilst they made love. He wanted to bury his face between her fat, wobbly legs and never come up for air. He wanted to make her squirm and moan as she wriggled under his ministrations, and make her lose control completely. She never lost full control, and he wished she could and would. If she did, he would know she was utterly his. He knew she always held something back from him, because she could never reach that last stage of vulnerability. It took her a good hour of foreplay and fingering before she could orgasm, just because she was so tense about it. He loved spending his time on her body to make her climax, but he wished it took so long simply because that was how her body worked, rather than because she was anxious. But oh, he really did want to lick her pussy. He smiled to himself as he mentally named it "Nomming the Peach". Just as she liked nomming her gingerbread, he knew he would love nomming his Peach. He also knew she would love him eating her out, just by the way that she responded to his fingering. But he would never push her to allow him there. It had to be because she wanted it. She stirred again, her large bottom rubbing against his stiffy. He moved his hips under her weight. God, he wanted her right now. He hated to wake her, but he wanted to get her into bed and perhaps see if she would be relaxed enough to let him make her feel good. "Wake up, love. Let's go to bed." She turned her face into his chest, snuffling and making little happy sighs. He heaved them both up and off the sofa, and waited for her to get her balance, before leading her upstairs and onto their bed. He switched on the lamp, and then helped her take off her dressing gown so she could snuggle under the covers. She lay there on her side, facing his, eyes closed and waiting for him to change and get in too. "Why is the heating up so high?" she asked, not bothering to pull the duvet over her. They normally didn't turn the heating on until they absolutely had to, and even then they saved money by walking around wearing layers and wrapping in blankets. "It's not the heating that's high. It's my cock. You make me hot. You married a man with a cock-shaped heater. You turned it on, and it's warming up the whole house." She smiled, eyes still closed. "I just want to lie here," she murmured. "But I'm happy to have your heater inside me, if you don't mind, please." "I thought you'd never ask!" He jumped onto the bed beside his sleepy little Peach, totally naked and with a throbbing erection straining for her body. He wriggled across the mattress to her, shaking the whole bed with his broad frame, and lifted one of her heavy legs over his own. He nudged his cock between her legs, letting it slide between the cushions of her padded thighs until he could feel the top of his shaft rubbing along the seam of Winter's warm pyjamas. She lay there smiling, too tired to move or speak, and too happy to care. Pete kissed her softly at first, tasting the Baileys still on her lips, and then harder, pushing his tongue in further and tasting her own unique flavour under the alcohol. She was sweet, that fat little

fuckable wife of his. He pulled her free arm up around his neck, the way she loved to hold onto him when they kissed deeply, and she made a soft noise to indicate she liked it. He ran his large hand up inside her t-shirt, to gently squeeze and rub one of her breasts. How he loved those breasts! They did all sorts of things. They held plates, propped up laptops, kept the remote control safe, stopped drinks from tipping over, and gave the most delightful tit-wanks the universe had ever seen, he was sure. He ran a thumb over one nipple. "Ow," she whimpered. "Sore..." The chill was still in some parts of her body, then. Never mind, Pete thought to himself, and went back to kneading her. He loved that soft, squishy feeling, like a water balloon, but sweeter, warmer, better, and never in danger of bursting. He loved to kiss and lick every part of both breasts, placing his face between them and squeezing them against his cheeks. They were the best pillows ever. He would sometimes randomly say, "Boooooobies!" and Winter would stop whatever she was doing and let him play with them. He just liked feeling her up. It helped relieve stress, he said. Since Winter was lying on her side, he could only really get to one breast, and he was lying on his other arm, still rubbing his length between her legs. He slid his hand round to her back as he kissed her eyes, nose and cheeks, and rubbed her gently, feeling the knots in her shoulders and the tension in the small of her back. He decided that tomorrow, he would give her a full-body massage (and cop an eyeful as he did it). Eventually, kissing her more deeply, his hand moved down to her large backside. Now that was a sight to behold! Two huge orbs of flesh that wiggled as she walked, and wobbled as he fucked her from behind, he fantasised about spanking her, although he would never do such a thing in reality. He just wanted to have an excuse to lay her across his knee and watch her ass as his hands made it ripple and blush so prettily, just like her face when he told her he was going to stick his cock in her, and shag her senseless. He slid his hand down under her waistband, and grabbed handfuls of her, rubbing and smoothing, and then gripping and kneading. She sighed happily. He pushed his hand down further, his long arm allowing him to bypass her little hole, and fork his fingers on either side of her wet opening. Ah, his little Peach was ripe for the fucking plucking, he chuckled to himself. "Take them off," she slurred, trying to open her eyes and failing. He didn't need any more encouragement. Extricating his throbbing tool from between her thighs, he began to ease her pyjama bottoms down without making her lift her hips. It was like Pass-the-Parcel at a party, but you knew what the present was, and it was better for the knowing anticipation of that hot, wet treasure. He pushed her carefully onto her back, and wiggled the sides down until he pulled them inside-out from her ankles. He couldn't help himself: he sniffed the damp crotch and felt his cock jump as he did. He sucked on the cotton, staring up the avenue that Winter's fat little legs made, all the way up to the sweet palace of honey that was partially in view between the soft pads of her inner thighs. He dropped the trousers on the floor. Very slowly, he put a hand on each ankle, sliding his weight up her shins, and then over her knees, keeping his head low, and watching as he got closer and closer to her slippery sweetness. As his hands moved up over her thighs, his face was so close that if Winter had been watching him, she would have immediately closed her legs and shied away from him. But she lay on her back, eyes closed, with a gentle smile on her face. He dipped his hands softly between her thighs, spreading her legs wider as he knelt between them, his face within breath-touch of her pussy. Her hole opened

welcomingly as he pushed her apart, and he could see the juicy shine of her arousal in the lamplight. He breathed in her scent deeply, the heady musk again making his cock twitch towards her. Oh god, for a taste of that sweetness! He looked up at her. She was still smiling. He stared at her opened pussy, swollen with drowsy desire. He could see the faint pink scars from her surgery up each side, and he wanted to kiss them so much, to kiss both sides of her, and then between her glistening petals. He wanted to taste her and to feast on her beauty, to let her feel how much he wanted her, every part of her. He took a chance. He turned his head and kissed first one pale, soft thigh, and then the other. She sighed and moved her head a little. So he kissed the inside of one leg just above the knee, and slowly, gently made his way higher again, his nose just hovering over that round peach-fuzzy mound. Still, she smiled. He kissed up the inside of the other leg, drawing closer than before, and sliding his hands up the outside of her dumpling hips, into the deliciously small waist. Her body was all in proportion, but simply in larger amounts than average women. His hands tightened around her waist, and he kissed in an arch from the top of one thigh, over her belly button, and down to the top of the other thigh. She shifted her right leg a little, opening that oozing fruit centre even more for him. He stopped. Was she asleep? Dare he go on? He didn't want to upset her. "Winter?" "Mmmm..." "Are you awake?" "Mmmm..." Again, he didn't move. He closed his eyes, inhaling her scent. On the exhale, his breath swept over her in a gush, and on the slow inhale, he savoured the richness of his Peach's intoxicating spices. So close. Inhale long and deep. Hold her fragrance close. Exhale hotly. So near. Inhale long and deep. Savour the scent. Exhale hotly. Wet. Throbbing. Aching. Inhale long and deep. Don't move, he told himself. Don't scare her. Suddenly, her hand moved. She placed it over one of his as it gripped her waist, and gently squeezed. He couldn't believe it. It was okay! For a moment longer, he stayed there, that final sweet inhalation sliding around his lungs, and coaxing the pre-cum to ooze over his pulsating helmet. Then slowly, gently, he dipped his head down into the deep, soft valley of his wife's thighs. He kissed her in a fluttering line up one lip, running his nose and lips back and forth in the short, soft hairs at the top. Peach skin indeed! Back down the other side, the fluttering kisses graced her scars tenderly. With the tip of his tongue, he licked in one long line up the crease of her thigh, and sucked little mouthfuls of her fleshy, fuzzy mound before travelling up the other side and sucking again. Just to taste her sweetness before settling down to a full-on feast, he dipped his tongue quickly in to give her an idea of what he was going to do to her. She shivered as his tongue gave her clit a gentle prod. He drew his head back to check she was alright. Her face held a little smile with a furrowed brow, so he took her hand in his and held it. Moving his mouth back down to one of her lips, he took it between his own, his chin smearing in her nectar, and his nose pressed into the crease of her thigh. God, she was a joy! Massaging her lip between his own, he worked his way up, feeling her fingers flutter in his hand. When he reached the top, he nudged her clit again, and re-traced the journey. He moved his head to the side, finding more of her delicious lubricant smeared over his chin and her leg now. This time, as he massaged up and down her lip, he found he was doing it to suck in her juice, rather than just to make her feel good. Her fingers were fluttering sporadically and he gave them a gentle squeeze. He settled himself more comfortably on the bed, hooking an arm under each sleep-leaden thigh to open her fully, and grasped both of her

hands. Starting just between her little hole and bigger hole, where her shining slickness was pooling, he used the flat of his tongue to lick it all up, flickering the tip into the entrance of her tunnel, and massaging her inner petals with the flat again as he worked his way up. Oh god, he wanted to cum. He stopped with his nose in her peach fuzz, the flat of his tongue lapping against her swollen nub gently. He felt her feet flex and her hands hold his own now. Again, he started from between her two holes, and slowly worked upwards, pressing harder on her clit this time. "Ahhh..." She was breathing deeply now, her juices all over his face, despite the sucking and licking. He couldn't get enough of her. She was like a Georgia peach pie, except the more he consumed of her, the more he wanted of her. With a real pie, he ate until he was full. With every taste of his little Peach's pie, he grew more crazed for her. His tongue was now ministering to her sacred area in broad, firm strokes, his face sliding deliciously around in her lips. He gently bit her outer lips with his teeth, and massaged her sweet inner lips with his own. He slid as much of his tongue into her oozing hole as he could, fucking her as deeply as possible, and striving to reach the source of the glorious nectar she produced for him to feed on. He pushed a finger inside her as he began to concentrate on her clit, circling around it first one way, and then the other, interspersing it with firm pressure with the flat of his tongue again as the rest of his mouth sucked on her hood and mound. Now he had two fingers inside her, moving in and out, and, tired or not, her hips were pressing upwards as her legs tightened around the back of his head, drawing him as closely to her as she could. He realised that she was clinging to him for dear life, his hands in a vice-like grip that she had never used before. Her back was arching, and she was moaning, lost in a delirium of intense pleasure as his fingers and tongue plunged in and out, up and down, swirling and sliding in that amazing sweetness. "Ahhh! Oh... oh..." Her breathing was ragged and sporadic, her hips locked upwards against his mouth as he suctioned that beloved Peach pie to himself, and he was near to coming himself as he tipped his sweet little lover over the edge of reason and into the melting velvet of orgasm. Her hips ground and her thighs clamped as the spasms overtook her, releasing a fresh wave of juices with a new tang to them. It set off his own orgasm, and he came all over the sheets underneath him. Lost in his own world of sweetness now, although somewhere under the surface, sorry that he couldn't have added his cream to his Peach's pie for dessert, he rejoiced in the most precious vulnerability his wife had ever been able to show him. As the crest of her wave shot Winter up to the starry heavens, and back down to the soft, hot bed, she couldn't help but think through the haze that this was something she was going to have to try when fully awake. Panting and sweating, both of them now collapsed in post-orgasm exhaustion, Pete and Winter still clung to each others' hands, each giving a little squeeze now and again to remind the other that they were still enjoying each other. Pete crawled a little way up the bed, to rest his head on Winter's round, squishy tummy. As he drifted off to sleep with his juice-soaked face, he knew he was going to wake up hungry, and he knew that Winter was now more than willing to let him eat breakfast in bed. This story only available on Lush Stories.