

# Rise and Shine

By Shyllass

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Dec 2012

**Copyright ©2017 Daisy Shyllass. All Rights Reserved. This material may not be reproduced, displayed, modified or distributed without prior permission. Please be respectful of my intellectual property.**

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/oral-sex/rise-and-shine.aspx>

This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen, and the thief's Happy Bits will fall off. I love to watch you sleeping. I don't do it on purpose, and not in a creepy way, but I love to watch the rise and fall of your chest, the gentle line of your soft lips that press against me so passionately in waking, the flickering underneath your eyelids as you dream about... whatever you are dreaming about. I like to think you might be dreaming about me, and what I am about to do to you. But it doesn't matter if you aren't, because, seconds from now, I will be doing it anyway. I sneak out of bed, sliding out from under your arm. Your hand automatically reaches for my breast, and I let you unconsciously fondle it for a moment, before your fingers relax back into their dreaming slump. I pad quietly into the kitchen, completely naked, as the watery December sun yawns through the window and puddles on the floor at my feet. My nipples are stiff and as big as they can get, not just from the chill in the air, but the thought of what I am going to do. I set the coffee maker going, and lay some pastries on a plate for when we want them. How you didn't manage to sniff them out when I sneaked them home last night, I will never know. Are you tired, lad? Yes, Reality is a bitch, but I'm banning her this morning until I have had my fill of you. Oh, how that makes me giggle. I do want you to fill me. Deep, hard, pounding... As I patter back to our bedroom, I feel my juices already beginning to coat the tops of my large thighs. A feast, you call it, a juicy peach ripe for nomming. I just call it wet and wanting you. I stand in the doorway, looking across the duvet at your sleeping features. You are so dear to me, it makes me ache to hold you when I am not with you, and want to cling to you when I am. In my head, at least, even if I am needing time alone. And most of all, I love to be intimate with you. There are so many ways, but right now, I want to be intimately sucking you. I swear, you know when I am thinking these thoughts. You stir slightly, and I hear your throaty morning growl as the day nudges you. Your arm reaches out for me, but I am not beside you. "Mmmmm..." I can't help myself. I murmur quietly as I press my thighs together, feeling my wet lips squish and ooze the juices you set flowing. You shift onto your back, dozy confusion on your face as sleep still claims you, and the smell of coffee tries to draw you back to consciousness. I shiver. My nipples are rock hard, and I really am cold. I make my move. Crawling under the duvet at the foot of the bed, I wriggle

upwards, slowly running each chilled hand from the tips of your toes, up your large feet, squeezing your ankles, and massaging your calves as I go. Now my hard nipples, hot metal filials of arousal, are grazing your skin, traversing through the hairs on your legs as I continue to wriggle upwards under the duvet. Ah, your thighs. Mmmm... I run my fingers gently through your soft hairs, feeling my blood pouring into my fingertips as I squeeze your flesh, and squish my big boobs against your kneecaps. My face is now so close to your slowly-awakening cock. The weight of the covers is cutting off oxygen and your climbing temperature is making my juices begin to slide down my leg. But I'll get there when I'm ready, lad. I bring my little hands to the outside of your gently spread thighs, and then tuck my fingers under to the backs of your knees. Such soft, tender flesh. I roll the full length of my fingers in your creases, kissing your hairy thighs gently, the heat of my mouth creating a sauna for your cock which is right by my face. , If you were properly awake, and flung off the duvet, you would see me stark naked, big ass in the air, between your legs and mashing my own together, beginning to trail little kisses in wandering paths towards your swelling cock. Oh, don't you want me to lick your shaft? To take you in my mouth and suck you deep? I press my lips fairy-soft to your very tip, and then wriggle upwards again, placing my chin on your stomach as you sleepily peer down at me,. I am rocking your cock slowly between my breasts. I know you can feel my nipples prodding into your skin as I rock, gently, gathering pressure by tiny degrees. "Good morning, lad. It's time to rise and shine." I grin at you as you stare bleary-eyed and smiling at me. "Close your eyes, and feel me. I want my breakfast with cream today, and I'm going to suck you until I get it. Feel how desperate I am for you." And I slide my hand down between our bare skin, pushing it easily between my pussy lips, and then trailing my hot moisture up your body. By the time my fingers reach your mouth, they are still brightly shining with me. "Want some honey?" I softly smear my fingers across your lips, surprised at the sudden vigour you have to suck them clean. I giggle and wriggle between your thighs, and now I am desperate to have you fuck me. We can do that later, but I want to get your cock ready. I wriggle up more, until my hot mouth is between your nipples, pressing my heavy breasts down into your flesh, squishing and squashing against you. I lay my ear to your chest, hearing the whoosh of your awakening lungs, and the beat of your heart as it begins to quicken at my closeness. Again, I push my hand between us, just grazing your shaft as I cover my fingers in more juices, and then slowly circle a fingertip around each of your nipples, first your left, then your right. You peer down at me again, and I smile, closing your eyes with sliding fingers and smearing my scent under your nostrils. You like that. I feel the chest rumble of your arousal through my breasts, and I dip my mouth to your left nipple. A feather kiss on your tiny nub, then a circle of tongue-tip, first one way, and then the other. Oh, lad, do you like that? I do. Little circles around that hard but tender piece of flesh, my tongue nudges and caresses you, until I pout my wet mouth and encase it. I straddle your thigh and slide my wet pussy against you, a slick, smooth velvet ride of promise. Hot, steamy breath bathes your nipple as my hands grab either side of your ribs and massage you gently. They gather pressure and pace as I suck your tiny buds, first softly, then with more speed, in tandem with my hands. I feel you shift under me, trying to move your hard cock to get more contact with my bare skin, and I flicker my tongue-tip over the very tip of your nipple as I suck hard. Your hips suddenly buck under me, and I

want to grab your stiffness, but I wriggle teasingly, and straddle your whole body with my thighs, just below your straining erection. I turn my attentions to your other nipple, first with little circles, then with gentle suction, and then flicker-licks inside my clamped-down mouth as I squeeze your ribs. Oh, you naughty boy! You can't help yourself, can you? You pull me from my hot suckling, up your body, until I am over you, and our mouths are almost touching. I am undulating my curvy, wanting, naked, wet body over yours, letting you feel my motion and my craving for you. Before you can speak, I push my lips right by your ear, and I whisper to you. "I want you so badly that my pussy has dripped down my thighs and left a trail right up your leg. Can you feel my wetness right over your cock? That's your fault, and I expect you to fuck me senseless for it. Can you do that? Can you fuck me deep and hard and make me your fat little cum-slut?" I have your shaft between my pussy lips now, sliding up and down you in a rhythmic dance, mashing my clit against your shaved smoothness, coating you in my juices. My scent is rising in the air and hanging over us, a pall of glowing honey beauty. "Do you want to be deep inside my aching hole right now?" You moan, and I get even wetter. "Do you want to fuck me until I'm screaming your name and thrusting back with everything I have? Do you want to stick your hard, throbbing cock so deep inside me that you rend my universe and make me come so hard I can't see? Mmmmm..." Your hips are pounding against me, and I hold your wrists down to stop you holding me still so you can impale me on your forceful flesh. "Oh no, naughty boy! I'm in charge now. I say when you can fuck me, and you won't fuck me until I suck you as dry as I can. Then we'll see how much cream you have left, and if you think you can go again, you can have any fucking hole you want. But right now, you're mine." I stretch, and reach under my pillow for my silk scarf, the black one with the little daisy in the corner. You try to wriggle out from under me, to take control, one hand trying to hold a large breast, raising a leg to push me over, and you expose a buttock as you do. SLAP! "Oh, you're fair game, lad. I'm in charge." I grab your wrist and quickly tie the scarf around it. I grab the other wrist, and kiss your mouth with longing and lust. I slide my tongue in, hard and deep, just as I wish you would slide your cock in me. I push your tongue around, bullying and with authority. At this moment in time, I'm the aggressor. "Be a good boy and give me your cream. Shut your eyes." You moan, grab my breast again, and wriggle your hips. I grab your throat, just firmly enough for you to stop with a gasp. "Shut your eyes, lad, and give me your wrist. I'm going to suck your cock." Oh god, I can't help myself. I feel so ludicrous on top of you, trying to be all Domme, and I let out a blushing giggle. Damn you, lad! I feel better that you laugh too. But give me your damn wrist, for goodness' sake! I love you for your pity, and for your eagerness to be in my mouth, and I tie your wrists together gently. I sit up, and give you a glorious view of my huge breasts. I watch you eyeing them up. "Shut your eyes! Oh, good boy." I wriggle on you again, just to make sure you are coated enough with my slickness, and then I wriggle down you, pushing back the covers to expose your naked, desperate body. My hot mouth is now breathing on your cock again, my hands on your beloved hips. You're stiff, and my moist breath bathes the underside of your twitching shaft as it lies parallel to your stomach, exposing your smooth sack. "I always knew you had the balls to take me on, lad. I think I'm going to play with those." Your bound hands search for my head, and I move away slightly. "No touching." You stop and clasp your fingers together, fighting the urge to thrust up. I can see my nectar all over you,

but not enough on your sack. Again, I rub my hands into my pussy, giving myself a little relief to my own aching, and moaning at the feel, wishing it was your cock. But whilst I have the power to take you inside right now, that's not my plan. And, fingers wet and shining, I tuck the tip of each forefinger just below each ball. "Mmmm, you like that, don't you?" I coat you with the smears of desire that you always bring forth from me, until your sack is shining and glistening like your cock is. Slowly, I begin to run my forefingers over and around each of your balls, up the front and over the sides, down underneath, and then rolling them so softly with the tips of my thumbs and all my fingers. Then I place the flats of my hands either side, my thumbs gently pushing down just below your sack, and my forefingers running up to the skin around your base. I let you feel my hot mouth on your balls, and then, lightly, I lick up the centre of your two funny little nuts, over the top of one, round to the bottom, then up the centre again, and over and down the other. I do this a few times, pushing more firmly with my hands, and wriggling my fingers against your skin. The veins in your cock are bulging and pumping. You turn me on so much, and I fucking want you. With my lips, I begin to suck little soft nips of your sack into my mouth, all over, then adding little licks in between. Sometimes, I move down to kiss the insides of your thighs and lick up the creases of your legs with little wiggling movements. It feels weird, but... delightful. When you do it to me, it does, anyway. Soon, I know that unless I get a move on, you are going to spunk on yourself, and I want you to fill my mouth instead. So I move my lips to gently take in one whole ball, a soft suckling and gentle tongue-prodding teasing your straining sack. I leave it bereft to take in the other one, the same treatment making them swell and harden. I mustn't be long, I know. I kiss up the centre of your shaft, just little kisses, as I slide my hands up onto your stomach and out and down. I move my thumbs below your sack again, and then slide my hands up again, making long circular movements over your sweating skin. Now that I am up and eye to eye with your throbbing head, I can see the trail of diamond-clear pre-cum you've oozed onto your stomach. "Good boy," I murmur. I dip my fingers into it, and then, from the base of your fucking lovely shaft, I smear it upwards. Then I lower my mouth again, and I mix our juices together up you, with side-to-side licks, and then from base to tip with the flat of my wet, pushing tongue. Can you believe it? I have covered your cock with our juices, and I am licking you clean. Not yet, I mustn't yet. I'll use our essence as a lube. Still circling my hands over you, I pout my lips again, and suck soft little mouthfuls up and down the underneath and sides of your sweltering skin. Oh, you could be inside my pussy right now... That's it, I can't stand it, and I know you're going to blow your load any minute now. I settle myself firmly between your legs, and very, very softly, I kiss your throbbing head. Again, the flats of my hands encircle your balls and base, and I lower my mouth onto you again. Oh god, I can taste you with my soul. Rich, cinnamon-salty, wet, oozing... I push down onto you a little further, the rim of your huge cock now completely encased in my sucking mouth, and I bob ever so slightly, letting you feel the delicious vacuum that is my desire for you. My hands move gently, one to cup your balls and roll them slightly, the other to firmly grip your cock as close to your skin as I can possibly be. I push my head down a little further, swirling my tongue in circles around your darkly throbbing head, first one way, and then the other. Down further I go, little flicker-licks from side to side on the underneath of your shaft, more swirling as my mouth rises up your length again. Down I go,

lower and lower, higher and lower, my pussy fucking aching so badly that it makes me moan for need of you pumping me, and the vibrations roll through you as my tongue lashes against you. Your hands grab my hair, not to bring me closer, because I can't be any closer, but to hold on to the brink of this immense chasm I am about to plunge you into. My mouth is filled with your flesh, and if I stopped to think, I would be gagging on your cock, but all that exists, right here, and right now, is my head impaled as deep as it ever could be on your hard, fucking beauty, my tongue lashing and pressing as hard as it can, my fingers rolling and cupping your balls, my other fingers pumping up and down the base of your hardness until I move it to get my lips down to your now-thrusting flesh. Your cock is in my throat, your high, tight balls about to explode, and I am mouth-fucking you with desperation and need. I only half-hear you gasping and crying out with both the agony and ecstasy of my writhing tongue on you, and all that my world is now, is you needing me and thrusting upwards into my welcoming throat. I am raised up with your convulsing, the spasms rolling through you as I feel your hot cum bursting down my throat in falls of scalding liquids. We ride this terrifying joy with fear and trembling, the world suddenly black velvets and white-hot bursts of molten stars. I swallow every part of you as hard and deep as I can, your fists clenching my hair so tightly that I could never escape you, my hands leaving bruises beneath them, I grasp you so hard as you buck and thrash into my yielding body. Because I am no longer in control. You are. You are pumping me full of your seed, laying claim to everything that is me, and will ever be me. You own me, and I fucking love you for it. This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen, and the thief's Happy Bits will fall off.