Sirens of the Glans - Helen gets the cream

By Spendlove

Published on Lush Stories on 04 Nov 2012

Morning roleplay at the veterinary practice.

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/quickie-sex/sirens-of-the-glans-helen-gets-the-1.aspx

I rush into the surgery. Helen's singing along to the radio, she looks up and then looks at the wall clock with a frown. "The first picture of you, the first picture of summer - Morning. You're late." "Morning, yeah sorry - just assisting a potential new client." I put Sirena's card on the desk in front of Helen. "Sirena Poesia - Portrait Artist, interesting..." "Fat cat." "Oh great, we like the rich ones." "No, she has a fat cat, wants me to pop round at 2 - keeps trying to eat her. Can you check the diary and see if I'm free and if not could you cover for me whilst I go?" "Sure." She begins checking the diary. "No Mrs Kerberos and Freddie the farting fox terrier?" I ask. "...the first picture of you, the first picture of... err no she rang to say that she didn't think 'poor little Freddie' was up to it today." "That's a relief. The first picture of you... I'm doing it now. Who's that by, oh don't tell me, erm, early 80s." "The Lotus Eaters. 2pm is fine for your intriguing fat cat woman, I've put it in the diary. Right, well I better get ready for our first patient of the day," she says as she goes into the consultation room. I go into the back to scrub up, I dry my hands and return to the front desk to look in the diary to see who's next. "Helen, the entry for 9.30 - 10.00 says - 'Helen'!?" "Yep, that's right, it's me, don't tell me you've forgotten!" I walk into the consulting room and Helen is on all fours on the examination table with her beautiful round, bare bottom pushed into the air and a thermometer poked into her lusciously dark contrasting anus. She turns her head to reveal a set of fancy dress cat ears. "Miaow. It's role play Wednesday!" she fanfares. I'd completely forgotten, but now I remembered the drunken chat we had the previous Friday about livening things up mid-week. Helen and I had fucked on several occasions in the past mainly after getting drunk. She was a divorcee and I'd confided in her about the state of my marriage to Pen. I'd like to take the moral high ground and think she was taking advantage of me, but that would be a lie, she was dirty and fun. "OK, so your role is a cat and mine is..." "You're a vet." "Right OK, well I think I can manage that, the 15 years experience of being a vet will probably help." "Well we may as well take advantage of the props." "Let me just quickly lock the door." "No, far more exciting if there's a prospect of getting caught." I have to admit, I liked her style. "So Miss Troy, you better tell me about your pussy." "I think it's feeling lonely, it's very hot and not been eaten in ages." "Oh Matron!" I say in my best Kenneth Williams voice. "Stop it! you'll ruin it, play along." "Mmm, let me see if it's running a temperature." Placing one hand on her bum cheek, I slowly pull the thermometer

from her puckered hole. "It looks very hot to me. Are there any other symptoms I should be made aware of?" "Well there is one thing she's struggling with which you may be able to assist. Shes having problems licking her bum, I know she really wants to but can't seem to reach, I think it's become very frustrating for her. Is there anything you could do?" she pushes her bottom higher and wiggles it from side to side. I needed no second invitation, caressing both of her shapely cheeks I lean forward and place a kiss on her anus, then another and then I begin licking. "Purr, purr, oh I like that." Whilst my tongue tends to her bum hole, I run a finger between the moist lips of her pussy and into the burning warmth of her sex before pulling the steaming digit out to then massage her clit in unison to the rhythmic strokes of my tongue against her sphincter. Helen's purring gives way to soft moans as she pushes back increasingly harder against my thrusting finger. I come up for breath. "My diagnosis it that your pussy is in heat, Miss Troy." I quickly start unbuckling my trousers to release my aching cock. "...and the treatment for that is?" asks Helen knowingly. I feverishly kick off my shoes and pull off my trousers knowing I'll have to climb onto the examination table in order to skewer Helen's cunt. "This," I say as I see the swollen purple head of my circumcised penis then the shaft slip into her, I momentarily rest, savouring the aerial view of her narrow waist and the contrasting cardioid of her rear. I grip her hips and purposefully make deep long thrusts so that I can repeat the pleasure of watching my length disappear and re-emerge with a fresh and increasingly thicker coat of her love-emulsion. "Do it to me, you frisky Tom," moans Helen in an effort to keep in character. With each thrust, my groin slaps against her bottom sending delicious shock waves across her haunches. I want more of her and in an attempt to impale her further onto my cock, I wrap an arm around her waist and thighs clenching her to me on every thrust. I lean forward nuzzling her neck, she turns her head and we kiss noisily and passionately. "Will I get my cream?" she pants between kisses. "Gold or silver top," however before she can reply, I increase my tempo but sensing my point of no return immanent, Helen pulls away. She turns and grabs my shaft and greedily puts it to her mouth just as the first convulsion sends a shudder through me. She recoils slightly as she receives my first saline bolt, but then draws down for the remainder whilst squeezing my balls to wring every last drop out of them. Once satisfied that I'm completely spent, she withdraws my part turgid cock and with a mouthful of cum, she kisses me, our tongues entwining in their communal salt bath. "God, you're filthy," I say when our lips finally part, "but I like you." "Same time next Wednesday then?" she smiles, my spunk glistening on her lips.