

Take Me Over the Table

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Seconds before you walk in the door, what am I thinking?

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This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading this anywhere else, it has been stolen, and the thief shall be visited by scary-ass gingerbread men who will giggle at them every time they try to have a wank. I'm waiting for you. I beat you home from work again, and I'm waiting. Here I am, in the kitchen, bent over the table and facing the door. I'm wearing nothing but a pair of shiny heels and an apron. I adjusted it so that you will be able to see my two large breasts spilling over the top as they squish against the wood. Mmm, wood. I'm thinking about your wood; your big, hard, throbbing wood... But you aren't here yet. I wish you would hurry up. Just a few strides away, and I'm still waiting. It will only take you a minute or two from walking in, fucking me, and filling me with your spunk. But right now is lasting forever, this interminable waiting. I shift my legs, big, naked bum in the air as you open the front door, letting the little draughts of winter sneak in to lick my bare skin. I've been leaning over this table for fifteen minutes now, and my juices are flowing already. As soon as you walk in that door, you will see me, forearms and hands flat on the table, pale, round boobs bulging over the green and white striped cotton. And behind my head, you will see my big, round ass cheeks, a larger imitation of my squishy in-built cushions, waiting for you. More cushion for the pushin', they say. Whatever, my ass is big, and you like it, you tell me. I'm wearing these heels because I know my wet pussy is now at exactly the right height for... I hear you pause. No wonder, I hung my damp knickers on the peg you hang your coat on. I bet you're wondering what I'm doing. You know I'm home, and I would have called out to you by now, were this any other day. But this is today, and this is now, and seconds from now, you will be feasting your eyes on my smooth skin, with blood flowing fast into your cock. I hear you hanging up your coat. Did you sniff my panties? Are you holding them now? Seconds are obnoxious days to this pulsing between my legs, lad. Hurry up! Never mind my knickers, come and get what made them wet! I squeeze my thighs together, and feel the delicious oozing of sweet, slick honey seeping down my soft inner thighs. I didn't shower when I got home from work. I know you love my scent, mixing in its own earnestness all day. You will slide wonderfully inside me... Mmm... I

spread my legs, strong muscles taut over the heels, glistening petals delicately welcoming the rush of fresh air. Ah, the promise of your hardening cock, slowly sliding its length between these lips. It's all I can do to stop myself from smearing my juices with my fingers, but you love that first pleasure, that first little dip into mature spiced nectar. A little touch between my legs and a brush onto your lips are whole worlds of delight in a single smear for you. And when you slide your growing shaft past my little hole, rubbing against my tight, hot, welcoming opening, and then smooshing against my clit... Oh, but you make my legs weak! Already, with your footsteps traveling the hallway, I can feel the tremble shaking my knees, the padded softness of my upper legs awaiting your hastily bared skin... I can see you in my mind, staring into my eyes, which are fiery green today. You can always tell my mood by the colour my eyes show. When I am sad, they are grey, and happy, they are blue. When I am relaxed, they are brown, and right now, they are fertile, fiery green. I envy the atoms of the hallway that are bouncing off you, clothed or not. I want you bouncing off my ass, hands grabbing my rounded hips, balls slapping hard and wet against me as you pound me deep... I know you will wheelbarrow me eventually, so that you can get deeper inside me. I will be grabbing the table hard as you fuck me senseless, and by the time you finish, the heavy oak wood will be nothing to what you just fucked me with. We'll have to polish off the scuff marks from the floor, too, and move the table back into its normal position. Ah, I feel my wetness beginning to dribbly-trickle down my leg. Can your cock feel me already, out there, just beyond the threshold? Can you smell me, even over the knickers I'm sure you are clutching in your hand? Seconds from now, you will be clutching my hips and plunging deep into my sopping hole, as my ass cheeks are bouncing and my hips are undulating until they can't keep up with you... I want you to lose control, lad, and bang me good and proper. My breasts are taking my upper body weight, and my legs are splayed, shining, throbbing, aching pussy ready and waiting for a good, hard, pounding fuck from your delicious cock. Take me over the table, lad. Reach this doorway and see me, nearly naked, and desperate for you to fucking take me hard. I see your shadow cross the door, and my pussy walls clench, ready for the four heartbeats it will take for you to get behind me and see how wet I am for you... And there you are! "Take me over the table..." This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading this anywhere else, it has been stolen, and the thief shall be visited by scary-ass gingerbread men who will giggle at them every time they try to have a wank.