

Good morning, beautiful

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The whole family is at home- will we get caught?

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I'm hot and bothered under our covers when my phone goes off at about half past nine. The window had been closed all night, and the temperature was beyond bearable. God knows how I managed to sleep through it. I ignore my phone, instead moving backwards slightly to nestle myself in your arms. You wrap them tightly around me and hum a low, quiet 'Good morning, beautiful.' I squeeze your elbow gently and kiss your forearm where it crosses along my collar bone. You kiss me in return, on the back of my neck. You must have been having a good dream because I feel your morning erection pressing gently into the small of my back. I think back to last night, the slow, hot sex, being quiet because we're visiting your parents' house, and they could hear us at any moment... I had stifled my moans and screams by biting my lip, which was now slightly cut and had jagged edges along it. I didn't care, it was worth it. Oh what have I done!?! Now I've allowed the image of last night to cross my mind, I've turned myself on; my pussy is getting wet. It doesn't help that I can feel your boner on me either. I'm only wearing my panties and a t-shirt for bed, because I know how you enjoy feeling my bare legs. You do this now, slipping one hand down my leg, stroking the soft skin, swirling gentle caresses upwards to my ass, which you grab gently and squeeze. Then before I realise what you're doing, your hand is in front of me, pushing and pulling my panties out of the way. You move your fingers to my clit, increasing the flowing juices of my pussy. I'm soaked now, and getting hotter. "Tom, should we have sex again? I'm wet and you've got a boner, let's just do it..." I whisper into your arm, fighting the urge to moan. I want so badly to jump on top and ride your massive cock. "No, it's the morning, my parents are probably up- and my little sister is probably still in bed next door!" he replies. "Look, you can just put it in me and leave it there, ok? I just need to feel it. We don't have to move." You sigh, and I know that I have won, with some help from your obvious hard-on. Your muscular arms pull me even closer to your chest, my ass now resting alongside your crotch. I instinctively lift my left leg higher, allowing you room to put your glorious penis between my legs. You don't put it in straight away, but instead, put two fingers inside my tight hole, drawing out more wetness and rubbing my G-Spot. I almost moan aloud, but I pull off my t-shirt and stuff as much into my mouth as I can. We've only just begun and I'm losing control already- how pitiful. I used to be so contained, not making any noise at all until I came. But now, here I am, almost crying with effort not to squeal as your long fingers pound away inside me from behind. After a minute or so, you slip your cock in, all

the way, all eight wonderful inches. I push down a gasp as it opens me up, stretching my pussy to fit like a cock-glove. If anyone were to walk in, it would just look like innocent spooning. We stay still, not moving, not making a sound. Then a few minutes later, you say 'Fuck it.' And begin thrusting gently, slowly, passionately in and out of me. It is unexpected and delicious, and my hips start rolling in tight little circles, responding to your magnificent dick inside me. My teeth involuntarily bite down hard on the t-shirt in my mouth. Your right hand, which is underneath the right side of my body, reaches around and begins playing with my hard little nipples, squeezing, pulling, stroking. Your left hand rubs circles on my left ass cheek. How I wish you could spank me! But your family would hear, so you continue only squeezing, rubbing, caressing my body with your large hands. Your cock head finds my G-Spot after a minute or so, and I have to try even harder to be quiet. It's like a form of self-inflicted torture! I notice that one of your fingers is rubbing next to my ass hole, something you've never done before, something I've never thought could be pleasurable. I don't mention it, and let you continue. But it is good, and I feel my orgasm beginning in half the time it usually takes, my muscles tightening in anticipation. "Am I making you feel good?" you ask. I remove the t-shirt momentarily to mutter "Yessss, so good!" in a hushed, panting whisper. "Everywhere?" "Yes, everywhere feels good." "Even here?" you ask, this time pushing your finger harder into my ass, so that I begin moaning. I hurriedly stuff the t-shirt back in my mouth, managing to cover up the rest of my pleasure noises. You stop and I am able to reply, 'Yes that feels good, Tom. Now, fuck me harder with your cock.' You comply, ramming your dick into me repeatedly, hard and fast. You bang on my G-Spot, and your hand leaves my tits so it can begin work on my clit which has gone neglected so far. I play with my own tits to make up for the loss; now every part of my body is being pleasured. My orgasm takes me suddenly, making me shake and shudder as the intense pleasure sends tingles and shockwaves up through my whole body. "Tom! Tom, I'm coming! I'm coming!" My voice is high, but quiet. You speed up your thrusting, making my orgasm last longer and feel better, as well as pressing slightly harder on my asshole and clit, and I pinch on my nipples harder as well. I have never come so hard before, and have never felt it on every inch of me, in every muscle, every place inside my whole body. My eyes roll back from the pleasure, and my hips are bucking like crazy. My pussy muscles are contracting so hard around your cock that it slips out from all the rocking. After I've finished, I see that my hands have moved to the cold wall in front of me in an attempt to steady myself. I realise that I had become so wet that it had flowed out and covered my legs almost down to my knees, and that I had squirted slightly as your cock fell out so your blanket and hands were covered too. You must have come at the same time, because I can feel your warm cum dripping off my ass cheeks where you exploded. Where we had gotten so hot under the covers, we are both slightly sweaty, and I feel your chest stick to my back as I try to roll away. "So that was good then?" you grin at me, running your hand up my stomach to my breasts again. "It was so good, Tom, so amazing. That's the best you've ever done, thank you so much." I can barely talk as my pussy muscles continue to spasm. My legs are weak. You pull me over with my head on your chest, looking down at me as I look up at you. Everything about you is so perfect, my heart melts as I know that you will do anything to make me feel good, and I would do anything for you. "You don't have to say thank you. Ever. Okay? You're so gorgeous!" you

say out loud, before kissing me on my forehead and wrapping your arms even tighter around me.