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Story: DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 01)

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(c) 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013 Max (max@cherishdesire.com)

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DRAFT - Mornings In Grey (Part 01)

written by Max

MF, Vaginal, Anal

She curled up and felt the cool edge of the comforter alongside her thigh. The soft blue pattern was out of focus as she slowly opened her eyes and then rolled to her belly. Tucking her knees under her abdomen, she reached up to the headboard of the bed, arched her back, and stretched like a cat. Flexing side to side with her shoulders and hips, the motion loosened and pulled on her muscles and joints until she felt more awake and aware.

By then the comforter had fallen to one side. She was naked in the cool bedroom air, the soft glow of light coming through the blinds highlighting how her skin was slightly pimpled along her thighs and arms. Her nipples were long and obvious. Her buttocks were smooth and rounded flowing down into her well developed labia that hung a bit lower between milky her thighs. With a rocking of her head from side to side, and more arching and shuddering, she finished working her body and then got up.

In the mornings when he had nothing to do, she let him sleep in. Sometimes his snoring made it necessary for her to change rooms, but usually she stayed with him all night. They didn't have frequent play weekends, so it was nice to feel his hand on her side as they dozed off, and always a pleasant surprise when he awoke in the middle of the night and took her without hesitation. She'd rather be there for that moment when it came than wonder if she missed it.

She slipped out of bed without disturbing him, going to the toilet and then washing up. When she returned she put on her dark framed glasses and took out her book. Then she climbed into bed with propped up pillows and read. She liked the smile on his face, the smirk, and him telling her how he enjoyed seeing her looking like a librarian. Her coal black hair flowed to her shoulders, but beyond the framing of her face and the glasses frames, she never understood what he saw and how she sat that brought on such delicious attention.

She had been reading for about half an hour when he stirred. His body was slow and sluggish some days. But this morning the stirring lasted a few moments, then he touched her thigh with firm fingers and stroked them along her leg to her hip. The next moment he was on her, kissing her arm and then her face, pulling her toward him by her pelvis, and her sense of his touch and her body's response roared through her brain.

She rose into a sexual euphoria from all the sensations. He was present and evident - his hands holding her back firmly to him, his chest dragging over hers. Sometimes he liked her to just lay on top of him as he idly traced patterns on her back or abdomen with his fingers. But

this was immediate, it was his hunger expressed as she took the crashing waves of his thrusts and grinding and met them with her own undulations. There was a pause, of course, and he reached out and snagged a condom and put it on. She watched, slightly fascinated and definitely drawn in, as his hand stroked down that shaft of meat and fixed the latex in place, and then she felt him reaching into her with two and then three fingers, working her labia apart, preparing the way.

She was wet - always so wet - but sometimes he still took a breath to add some lubricant just in case. This time he did not so there was contact, his fingers in her and stroking her g-spot as her pussy naturally clenched and seized on them, then gone, then him over her and feeding his cock in, and his wet hand reaching around her ass cheek to grip her and make sure he was planted firmly inside.

It only took him a few deep breaths and he was buried in. But this was the tease, the anticlimax, for once he was inside of her then everything else began. He reached underneath her back and pulled her on to him so strongly that her flesh pulled away from her shoulders and ribs. He kissed her, hungrily then gently, with ferocious force and then light caresses of his lips. He let his mouth move along her cheek to her neck to her shoulder. And then he dragged his teeth along her collar bone and as she twisted and spasmed underneath him - caught firmly in his arms - he lightly nipped and bit her. All while crushing his pelvis into hers so they were bone on bone, his cock totally fixed within her, her sex flushed and hot and wet, and legs pushed to the side even if she hadn't meant for them to be.

But this time like most times, she was ready. Her knees were up and toward her ribs to present him with her willing sexuality. Her hands were stroking his back and his head and his buttocks and pulling on his hips urging him deeper inside of her. Her soft cries became more muttering demands for him to fuck her harder and exaltation as she felt her body responding. Sometimes in the morning it was quick, sometimes it dragged on for hours, but he did everything to make sure she felt the intensity of his desire and she reciprocated by presenting her own need for being touched and fucked and even putting on a show for his pleasure.

He shifted then, moving up and away, his cock still in her pussy. With his belly lifted off of her tight abdomen she could feel the cool air on their commingled perspiration. His kisses were light on her cheeks and the tip of her nose and her forehead. Then he smiled broadly and nuzzled her with his goatee on her cheek. "Good morning," he exhaled beside her ear and the warm breath tingled on the lobe that was still moist from his suckling a few minutes before. Then before she could say anything he moved up and off of her, got on to the floor beside the bed, and pulled her around so her buttocks were just off the edge in front of him.

His cock fit into her pussy like a key into a lock, and he began working it back and forth as she rocked into the mattress. He put his thumb on her clit, but she pushed it aside with eager fingers that stroked her clit, clit hood, and labia without his help - feeling his engorged cock pounding into her whole body the entire time. His hands supported her hips and pulled her on to him, leaving her breasts and swollen nipples untouched. She fixed that, stroking and kneading and squeezing them with her free hand as her other continued to work her pussy into a frothy state from all the clitoral stimulation. He watched, attentive, and began pulling out enough to actually slap his pelvis against her heavy wet lips as he drove back into her. He kept it up for some time, minutes passing, continually slamming into her, and then, without warning, he paused and pulled her completely on to his cock.

Any other fuck and this would be the end, but with him it was just a breather. He leaned forward and pinned her lower back to the bed. His hands, freed from lifting her up into his cock, explored her abdomen with fingers spread and short nails dragging arching patterns on smooth white flesh. By the time he reached her breasts her own hands were on his ribs, feeling him both fill her and the slow regular state of his breathing translated through her pelvis and fingers simultaneously. He couldn't quite reach her face with his mouth so instead he suckled her long nipples - one at a time - using his teeth and lips to lightly work them until each movement of his mouth caused her pussy to jump on his cock.

Then he kissed her between her breasts and dragged his hands to her pelvis while standing up straight. He moistened his thumb in his mouth and applied it to her clitoris. The heavy pad began to push the skin folds of her clit hood back and forth over that sensitive spot while the edge of his thumb was directly on the pleasure nub. She arched her back, and then strained - her abdomen visibly tightening as she lifted her shoulders off the bed in response to both his cock and thumb triggering waves of contractions in her abdomen. The intensity set off tremors and pleasure throughout her body.

He leaned forward again, kissing her breasts around her nipples, and then moved his hands to cup her buttocks. Moments later he easily lifted her up so her shoulders and head were pushed back down into the comforter, and he began to aggressively hammer her pussy and pelvis in powerful fast strokes that left her gasping for air.

The sweat was visibly running off his forehead and pecs from the effort - she thought it was funny she even noticed that. The smirk on her face reflected the inner euphoria that was swallowing her in and making some things so much more apparent, others fading away. She felt his hands shift position, and she understood his intentions. Now the way he held her up cupped her buttocks separately and she could feel her juices dripping down over her asshole even as the forces he exerted pulled it slightly apart. His thrusts continued but she could sense both his desire and her own.

Someday her ass would be taking this pounding. Her fingers buried in her pussy above it. And it was with that thought that she felt the waves of his rhythm and her orgasm and his own jumping cock combine as they reached the summit moment together.

by Max

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