TOYSTORIES NASTY PLAYMATE

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Tag you are it run from the dick...or for it ahem.

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"im going to chase your hard on around the room mister!!!" i barked in frustration and amusment. My mature boyfriend was standing just out of reach and shaking his huge dick at me. "Tag, your it!!" He rammed into me with it like a charging bull. ""CUT IT OUT your gonna break my favorite toy before i even get to play with it you moron!!" More dick shakin and a hop out of the way as i made a grab for a piece of him. For a straight white guy who couldnt dance he was sure light and swift in the loafers. "i got your toyyy and you are hornyyyyy," he sang a goofy taunt. Bobbed and weaved and then managed a spectacular I Can Dance spin that would have made Micheal Jackson clap. Growling excorcist style..."Your not that cute Chistopher James H!!" "You do NOT have a gold penis; thats in my toybox and you are pushin you luck!!" He made a fake sad face and stopped holding himself long enough to draw a tear down his cheek, puff out and rubberband his bottom lip, and then mime a tiny violin solo. "ANUS!!" i screeched and tried to walk away. His turn to chase... "MaryAnne, the skipper needs some pussy pie with coconut cream," he whined trotting after me. " Oh and can we pawn the Golden Vibrator for a dinner at Dennys on Friday." He did the jingle and hit the wrong add doing the Chilis babyback rib tune instead. "Ummm No infant; but i will let you spell my name backwards and forwards three thousand times on my clitty with your nasty wicked tongue." The imaginary crowd cheered at my insult score...points for inginuity the ref called out in my head.Chris started naming old girlfriends and attempting to spell the letters with a lisp. "Fuck retard, your spitting on the wrong lips." "Hmmm maybe thise girls dumped you cause you cant spell and have special needs." i gave him my crosseyed look with my tongue poking out the side of my mouth and then mimed a dick pokin my cheek while pretending i had one to jerk off. "Fuckin A!!" He hollered. " Baby that takes talent, im gonna pimp you out," The image of him in a pimp uniform hit my funny boner. White guy in purple leisure suit, gold tooth, gold chains and rings. The seventies version of me in anÂ afro and toob top chewin gum and chasin johnsons. Laughed so hard i couldnt tell him the image. Of course he assumed his prestigous wit was the cause. When i recovered from the giggle fit he was smugly strokin himself. Naked tag at its finest moment. I juggled and bounced my tits at him. Two can play keep away. "i was laughing AT you not with you caveman Chris." He grinned, "me Boner ...you Cave." Proceeded to hump my leg. "How the hell do you stay hard through all your shenanigans??" i asked while trying to shake him off my leg. "These coconuts are mighty fine," he grabbed a pawful of titty and squeezed. "Thats it you ARE GOING DOWNTOWN BUDDY!!"Â i threw my weight and rolled us hard into the floor. Pulled a WWF imitation scissor hold and oooooo his big dick was right where i wanted it. One hip wiggle and a good slider and he was inside me. "Arggghhh you are pinching my weiner with your amazonian pussy!!" He whined. Vixen Zena laugh and i sqeezed him inside my pussy as hard as i could. He moaned. "i love warrior pussy and rolledÂ us over to pound it and show me how much.

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