

The Dishes Can Wait

The Dishes Can Wait

By : Lady Jewells

This is a lusty tale about a sexual urge. Good sex happens anytime. Enjoy

Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/Lady Jewells](http://booksie.com/LadyJewells)

Copyright © Lady Jewells, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

The Dishes Can Wait

The Dishes Can Wait.

Â

I was just doing some dishes when you came into the kitchen for a drink. I looked up and you winked at me. I smiled. As you pulled a glass out of the cupboard a playful urge came to you. I heard you set the glass on the counter. Suddenly, a sigh caught in my throat - I sucked in my breath, when I felt your arms encircle me. My eyes closed to savor all the feelings; your gentle hug - your kiss on my neck. Your hands roam the familiar terrain - I gave into the feelings, I love your sexy whims.

Â

I was tempted to join the fun - but I know I'll get a chance to reciprocate later. Right now, I just want to feel all the pleasure you giving me. Restricted by the close quarters of the kitchen- you whispered, C'mon Lady - Come join me. I sighed excitedly and let you lead me to the living room couch.

Â

The next restriction is our clothing, but only some of it is removed. We both know the value and power of clothing its restriction serves to tease, and heighten pleasure. You quickly shed your shirt, but leave your pants on. You took your time helping me remove my blouse. You take advantage of the exposed flesh with your kisses and licks. You know I'm ticklish - so you use a stronger touch to heighten the pleasure I get from your caresses.

Â

I start to shed my bra, but you stop me. That restriction will actually heighten the feelings we both get a effectively teasing both of us. You help take down my jeans, but my panties stay, for the same reason... This slow strip tease, teases both of us.

Â

You look at the couch; your smile betrays your lusty needs. I turn towards the couch; you take my hand and lead me there. Before, I can sit down - you pull me back against you. Pressing your pelvis into mine - so I can feel the swell of your loins. I moan my appreciations - with one arm you keep me close to you. The sunlight filters through the drapes - enough light to cast shadows on my skin. You kiss the skin in the shadows and your free hand squeezes my breast through my bra.

Â

Anticipation - fuels my breathing. Sounds of our pleasure and soothing words of encouragement fuel love's fires. Your words and hands steer my trembling body's descent to the couch. I start to sit, but you encourage me to kneel instead. Sighs of excitement can be heard by both of us.

Â

The Dishes Can Wait

I kneel at an angle and hold onto the couch arm, while leaning back against the couch for support. You move in close... Your hands roam freely, slipping under my bra - to tease my nipples and then between my thighs, into my panties. We both sigh deeply - when your fingers push into my warm juices. My breath quickens with the feelings your dancing fingers cause. I beg you to let me pull my panties off, but again you resist â knowing the restrictions increase the intensity of the feelings for both of us...

Â

Your jeans trap your cock - like a caged animal. You pull my body against you and mash your pelvis into my ass. You reach around and finger me to an orgasm. We both savor my orgasm - I beg - please, more.

Â

You give in. With a sense of urgency, I hand deftly unsnaps my bra and the other undoes the button on your jeans, the zippers trained in quick release â soon your caged beast is freed. I look over at you while I slip the rest of my clothing off. Youâ re stroking your huge cock â itâ s so HARD! Youâ re standing behind me, looking lustily at my ass! I wonder Whoâ s teasing whom? I wiggle my assâ !You want this - I know you do!

Â

You do, but youâ re horny. Loving an ass takes time â so you settle for my tight pussy instead. You move in, with a hand on my hip and you use the other one to guide your raging hard-on into my tight, wet pussy. Youâ re so big; you have to work it in. Iâ m so excited, Iâ m begging you to just shove it in. â Give it to me â harder, I beg!â Every push goes a little deeper. When you get it all in â you grab my shoulders and grind your pelvis hard against my ass. I sigh loudly to feel your balls slapping my pussy!

Â

You pause - I moan in protest! â Youâ re evil!â I Tease. You stuff me full and stop â this is torture. But, you soften the moment, by leaning forward and cupping my breasts - then pinching my nipples â hard! I hear you laugh, as I moan in delight and my pussy muscles squeeze you tight. â Shhh! Quiet, woman!â You chastise me. I feel us â weâ re hooked so tightly â every little move is like a spark to the fires churning inside us.

Â

I know youâ re admiring your viewpoint. We both love the feel of Doggy Style. You love the sight of your cock moving between the lobes of my ass. One hand is on my hip and the other is free to roam. To heighten my pleasure â youâ ll tease my ass with your free hand, as you move in and out. You pull out a bit and sink back in. You do it â again and again. I sigh with intense pleasure. Slow strokes at first, but then more urgently. You vary the speeds of your delicious push-me, pull-you. Adding in grinders and times when you just slam your dick into me. OMG -All of it feels so good!

Â

You warn me, you donâ t want to cum too fast â just as I feel you pull all the way out. I follow you. You sit on the edge of our couch and motion me to sit, too. Instead of sitting with my back to you, I move to straddle you. Once youâ re back inside me â I seize control and ride you like the cowgirl I am. You moan and play with my tits. Your breast manipulations and words of encouragement drive me over the edge and I cum wildly.

The Dishes Can Wait

Â

You hold me still just a few moments, before you switch up positions again. You ease me to the floor and swiftly put a coach pillow under my hips. Missionary position is our favorite. Your cock has swelled and it's HUGE! We both moan loudly as we watch it sink slowly into my pussy. You grind it into me, more. My hands pull you deeper, still. You pause and look into my eyes. Your love for me is profound!

Â

Love me, I whisper urgently and you do. With animalistic-like grunts you push and pull against me. You thrust into me deeply. Then you slam into me rapidly. I meet some thrusts and hang on tightly through others. Knowing your need for release is rising in you, I beg you to cum. I beg you to make me cum. You settle down into a steady rhythm. And before long our mutual release is at hand. Our bodies virtually explode - as wave after wave of sheer pleasure envelops us.

Â

I break the silence, mumbling something about the dishes. You laugh heartily, Your dishes can wait and finish loving your man and woman! With that the sounds of playful laughter can be heard in our house, then sounds of a shower!

Â

By Lady Jewells (2012)

Â

The Dishes Can Wait

The Dishes Can Wait

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 06:51:38