Beat Pussy Up, Up, and Up

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Sex dream

Published on
Booksie

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Some days my man was good to me. Other days he wasnâ t. I tried my best to remain faithful. Trust me I tried. Only once did I do something I shouldnâ t have done...

There was one tall, handsome gentleman I couldnâ t keep my eyes off of. Looking at what you want is not cheating, right? If it is, then with my eyes Iâ ve undressed him down to his boxer briefs and with my tongue Iâ ve licked, sucked, gagged, and swallowed all of his nine inch muscular attention. It wasnâ t my fault he was so damn sexy.

I noticed him in college, and he ignored me back then. Iâ m 5â 2â and his 6-foot frame never even glanced down at me . But now, as I look at him from a distance, I imagine him picking me up and fucking me against his office wall until my juices soaked his stomach and dick hairs. If he knew what I was thinking as I listen to him speak in the distance about politics, community activities, and church, I think heâ d blush and tell me to stop thinking dirty. But looking at him, I can tell, even though heâ s an alpha male, he likes a woman whoâ s spontaneously sucking and fucking without him initiating the sex.

Oh, how I want him to handle me right now. I want him to put his cell phone down, stop planning next weekâ s meeting, and fuck the shit out of me. Iâ d like to kiss him and suck on his tongue and bottom lip, take his penis in my hands, and slide his nine inches inside slowly, and order him to pound my pussy deep.

I donâ t need any music in the background. I donâ t need any lubrication. My slow soft moans and ocean of cum rock him gentler than any beat ever could. Round and round, back and forth he has to keep pounding me hard. *Mmm right there papi*, *hit my spot, deep on the left*. As he sucks my breasts and licks my neck, my eyes roll back, and my back arches to receive more of him. I take my pocket vibrator and place it gently on my clit...max speed...left side... Spread my legs and go deeper in that pussy. Take that thick, crooked dick and lean to your left. Work it right there. Please donâ t stop. Donâ t stop. Donâ t stop. Donâ t...stop. He listens well. I donâ t stop, not even for a moment, and I donâ t remove my little bullet. Heâ s run three laps in this pussy so far, and I want him to go for the gold in this mile high zone. Fuck the bronze, and to hell with the silver. *After this race, Iâ m going to stop oozing all over his dick. I promise*. *Well just one more nut, and then Iâ m done...*

And when heâ s reached the finish line and won his award, he bows gracefully to the crowdâ my breasts, my clitoris, and his partner in crime, my pussyâ and then, we go back to our regularly scheduled lives.

I awake to my husband poking me and calling my name. â Who was that nigga who had you moaning in ya sleep?â

I yawned, â Baby, go back to bed. I was dreaming about a workout at the gym. I'm still sore from that elliptical machine.â

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