

DIRTY LAUNDRY 2

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Actually -- he didn't even say hi.

His plural clothing were off before I could blink, but he didn't bother with the shirt and left it on. His c*ck was hard and Adjective...and so close...just on the other side of the tub's ledge and inches from my Adjective mouth. Inspired by the sexy picture in the magazine, I wanted so badly to take his Part of Body into my mouth and suck it hard till warm Adjective cream filled the entire cavity of my mouth. But Coleman had other plans.

"I want you to sit in my chair," I was confused at first but Adverb realized that he meant the leather chair in his office.

"But I'm completely Adjective," I said.

He either didn't hear me or didn't care. He Verb - Past Tense me by the Part of Body, pulled me out of the tub, and guided me in the direction of his office; my wet body leaving a trail of Adjective mess on the floor as I we were making our way across the hall.

When we got there, his Adjective hands pushed me into the cushions of his office chair, quite

Adverb I should add, his face dead serious. The leather fabric of the chair felt a little Adjective against

my wet skin. Sticky and Adjective. Stuck to the chair, I had a difficult time Verb - Present ends in ING

my body but found the "trapped" sensation to be a real turn on. Coleman knelt down in front of me.

"Come closer to me and spread your legs. Spread them real wide," he said.

With quite a bit of effort, I un-peeled my body from the chair and moved my Part of Body all the way down. Coleman grabbed me by my Part of Body and spread my legs as far as they would go. This made the lips of my vag*na come wide apart exposing Adjective flesh of my very h*rny p*ssy.

"Eat my p*ssy, Daddy ," I whispered to him. "Make me c*m."

He dug in, using his Part of Body to pleasure my Adjective p*ssy with unnecessary urgency, as if he was in some kind of a rush. "Slow down Daddy, let me enjoy it awhile," I told him, and he did.

Mentally, I was in some type of a sexual heaven. Pre-sex bubbles combined with the intoxicating effects of the wine have reduced my sexual inhibitions to nil. I was screaming out Adjective words of Adjective pleasure in a way that was way too Adjective for the open windows. But I had no shame left in me at this point at all. Actually, the idea that Mr. funny last name next door was likely hearing my pre-orgasmic screams, only added to the intensity of my Adjective morning. The Adjective moment

was almost here.

I _____ Verb - Past Tense Coleman by his hair desperately needing to fine tune his movements at this point. He was _____ Verb - Present ends in ING up and down my p*ssy which felt _____ Adjective, but I needed him to concentrate on my cl*t right now. "Tightly around my cl*t Daddy right there," I was yelling loud enough for Mr. _____ funny last name to hear, and I pictured him _____ another name for masturbating .

I finally felt it.

"Yes... yes... yes..." I could only say as spasms of orgasmic pleasure travelled up and down my _____ Part of _____ Body. I felt it all over: my cl*t, my anus, my nipples. I was in pure _____ Adjective ecstasy experiencing one of the best orgasms I had in quite a long time -- so _____ Adjective and powerful that I felt drenched and _____ Adjective as soon as it was over.

But Coleman wasn't finished yet. Close though. His eyes had that "out-of-this-world" gaze and his breathing was loud and _____ Adjective. He pulled me a bit closer forward, stuck his _____ Adjective c*ck in my _____ Adjective p*ssy, and started pumping into me like there was no tomorrow. F*cking me hard and _____ Adjective while taking in the visual of my wet t*ts _____ Adverb bouncing from the impact of his powerful thrusts. He was clearly on a mission to empty his c*m-filled balls as soon as was humanly possible -- and

I knew he was almost there.

And there it was.

"I'm c*mming babe...c*mming now...pulling out my male genitals and spraying my cream all over your female genitals!"

Coleman pulled out just in time. He was ejaculating with a Adjective force, whitish c*m spewing intensely all over my p*ssy. With quite a fascination, I watched Coleman's ejaculate make a Adjective mess all over my crotch. I brought my hand to it and rubbed the creamy substance into my pubic hair.

Took him a good amount of time to come out of it, but he was in control once again, his eyes clearer and his breathing slower. "That was Verb - Present ends in ING good," was the only thing he said.

Less than five minutes later he was dressed, out the door, and gone. Back to work, I assumed.

"same verb -ING good" was the understatement of the century, I thought. I Adverb peeled myself off the leather backing of the chair and stood up. My plural body part were shaky as I was making my way back towards the bathroom. I still had some wine left in my wine glass and the bubbles were more inviting than ever

-- I was going to finish my bubble bath.

Laundry wouldn't get done today but screw it, tomorrow was another day.