

hellooo

1. Body Part Plural
2. Adjective - Ends In Est
3. Adjective
4. Noun - Plural
5. Material
6. Adjective
7. Nameforp
8. Adjective
9. Verb - Present Ends In Ing
10. Verb - Present Ends In Ing
11. Adjective
12. Verb - Past Tense
13. Adjective

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I knelt on the sofa spreading my body part plural wide so he had a perfect view. I took the cuc*mber, the longest and Adjective - Ends in EST I could find at the store and shoved it into my Adjective sweet f*ck hole. My juices running down the sides coating it for what was to come. I then took the carrot and sucked and licked on it until I had worked the cuc*mber all the way inside of me.

I so loved this. The carrot was thin but long with lots of bumps and little Noun - Plural. Once it was really wet and I slid it into my a*s as I slid up and down on the cuc*mber that was well placed between our two material cushions. I worked the carrot in and out feeling Adjective and pretty filled.

'Oh my!' I heard Mr. Smith about to c*m so I stopped and looked around...

'Not yet. I haven't finished so you don't dare c*m. Not until I say you can.'

'Yes.' is all he said. 'Now pull that nameforP in time with me f*cking myself or I will never let you see me again. I know you watch me you old perve. You're lucky because it gets me wet and ready for my boyfriends Adjective c*ck.'

He started Verb - Present ends in ING faster than before and half laid back in the chair. I turned around and started

to ride the cuc*mber again. Harder and faster then before. Before long the thought of being the main attraction in a show was too much and I came Verb - Present ends in ING so loud that I'm sure Miss. Wilkins down the street heard. I couldn't stop, I came and came and came gushing out all over the sofa.

I was ravenous. I missed my man's c*ck now pounding me into submission, messing up my Adjective hole for his pleasure. Although I like this game with Mr. Smith, I would never change it for him commanding me for his pleasure and taking and using me for his needs. I Verb - Past Tense on my back grabbing the corn . I didn't bother to lube it, my hole was wet enough. And with a bit of working it slid right in. The feeling of the little kernals rubbing on the inside of me drove me wild. I felt each one. My hole was now filled to capacity.. I was full. I shoved it in as Adjective as I could and Mr. Smith raised his head to see.

'Do you like that? Does it look good? the yellow on my reddened p*ssy lips?'