

Breakfast in Bed

Work. Work. Work.

All Kevin and I did was work. No time for intimacy, no time for any of the things we used to share before Kevin launched his business. No more lying in the bed for hours. No more talks long into the night. We were still very much in love, just not much time for anything other than, work.work.work.

This morning was different. No calls from his office. No need to rush into work. So, at 5:00 a.m., the world stopped for us. For a short time, we were the only ones on each other's mind. We shared a gaze. The gaze quickly turned into lust. I needed to feel my husband. He trailed kisses down my body. I stroked his morning wood. He looked at me as if I was all he needed. All he wanted. He stopped at my kitty. He kissed, licked, lapped all around my kitty. I was so turned on, yet so intent on simply enjoying the pleasure he was giving me. I relaxed. Fantasized. I let myself drift off into the pleasure. I was getting close, so he inserted a finger. He began to stroke my spot. He inserted a second finger into my ass. At this point, I couldn't take it anymore. I squirted all over his face and hands. That was the best orgasm I'd had in weeks.

I was dripping wet, I had to feel him deep inside of me. He pinned my legs on his neck as he began to pump me slow and steady. I matched his thrusts with a passion so strong. He knew just how to make me cum and I was so close. Suddenly he flipped me over, as he got on the bottom so I could ride him. I began to ride him fast and hard as he played with my pussy. I felt my eruption as he held my hips down on his dick. A few more thrusts and we came together. I collapsed on him. Spent and satisfied.

Just like clockwork. Our phones began to go off. We checked the time and it was time for us to get ready for work. I definitely went to work with a special glow that day. Back to work.work.work.

Cinnamon