Pearls in Oyster

by Caroline Covington

He calls me in the morning to entice me with an expensive dinner, but with one condition. When he tells me the provision, I chuckle out loud and pretend to have to think about it, teasing him for awhile before capitulating to his demand. We talk a bit more, flirting and exchanging gossip, and agree to meet at 7:30 this evening.

The prospect of tonight makes the rest of the day crawl. So I busy myself with chores, spending most of my time puttering in the garden. Eventually, I immerse myself into the work of pulling weeds and trimming flowers and soon build up a sweat, getting my hands dirty in the process. The feel of the sun on my back and earth in my fingers connects me with images of fertility, ripeness, and harvest. Throughout the day I remove layers of clothing, accommodating the rise of my body temperature from the exertion. By 12 o'clock, it's too hot to work in sweat pants, so I go inside to change into shorts and a bikini top. When I resume my work, I feel as if I'm being watched. I periodically look around and check myself to make sure nothing is showing. Finally, I overcome my unease and lose myself in the work. By late afternoon, the sweat and dirt leave dark streaks over my legs, arms, and face.

I starve myself throughout the day in anticipation of this meal. My stomach, however, is distracted by the work, so my hunger remains dormant. We chatted vaguely about where to eat, but nothing was set in stone other than starting dinner at about 8 o'clock. The decadence of a late supper never fails to arouse me, and I find that with each passing hour my restlessness increases.

At last 6 o'clock arrives, and I begin my preparations, timing them so that he'll have to wait for me. I put a Piaf CD in the player, and the tub fills with hot water as she croons *La Vie en Rose*. Stripped of my sweaty clothes, I begin to chill and, in reaction, feel my nipples harden. My arms cross involuntarily in front of my chest to ward off the cold. Eager to warm up, I slip into the water.

The bath immediately relaxes me, letting me imagine that I'm floating in air. With time, I wash my hair, silencing Edith with each immersion of my head. Afterwards, I clean my body, enjoying the scent and feel of the olive oil soap that makes me think of his skin and mannerisms. I glide the bar over my entire body—my neck, breasts, and arms, lingering a touch too long between my legs. I could easily continue with some gentle handling, but I resist temptation. After a long soak, I shave my legs, starting at my ankles and working up my calves and thighs. I've left my pubic hair unkempt these last several weeks; tonight is special, so I get ready to tidy my bush.

Using scissors, I crop the coarse hair to less than half-inch length. While considering a shaving design, I lather my crotch with gel, using a shaving brush that was a small gift from him. His intention was to make me think of him whenever I groom my pubic region. The feel of the brush between my thighs sparkles my insides; I find myself teasing my clitoris and realise that his desired effect is achieved. With effort and a sigh, I stop myself and return to the task at hand. I decide on a "landing-strip" look. Sliding the razor in the direction of growth, I clean away all of the hair from either side of my labia. To do this efficiently, I use my other hand to stretch the skin taut—I can feel the wetness brewing inside of me. With each stroke of the razor I become more exposed and less of a secret. The process excites me, but I compose myself: I have to be careful as I shave around my hood; a nick would certainly take the fun out of this evening. Having stripped my outer labia, I shave above my opening, leaving a thin, 2-inch-long stripe of hair. I rinse away the residue and examine myself with a mirror: I'm hairless except for the thin patch above my slit. With nothing to hide behind, my inflated lips are conspicuous and my clitoral hood is blatantly visible. My excitement has also caused me to dilate and bloom. I angle the mirror, peering into my pink insides and at the surrounding skin. I like what I see, but my denuding needs a finishing touch, a trick I learned from a friend who put herself through university working as a stripper.

Over my sheared vaginal skin, I apply a thin smear of lubricant that I normally use with my vibrator. With a fresh razor, I shave again, only this time stroking opposite to the direction of hair growth. The action leaves my vulva feeling like satin. As soon as I'm done, I rinse between my thighs with cold water, minimising subsequent irritation—

I've also prepared some ice for this purpose. The frigid water is brutally shocking, but it serves to soothe and close the pores of my scraped skin. Having endured all I can bear, I shut the tap, sit on the edge of the tub, and place some cubes against my outer labia, softly rubbing the shaved area. The effect is harsh yet relieving. My body sends me mixed messages: the water and ice cools my vagina and ardour; yet, after a short time, I sense the melt-water run down my backside and thighs, and I'm aware of the straining of my nipples. My extinguished fires are slowly rekindled—ever so gently, I slide the ice between my lips, teasing my entrance. I could easily proceed; but I stop, pick up the mirror, and inspect myself. I'm extremely pleased with the result—I've managed to avoid any after-shaving blemishes and chafing. I'm drawn to my lips; they pout thickly at the mirror, boldly distinct from the neighbouring satiny skin. "I look like a porn star," I declare out loud.

Patting myself dry, I apply moisturiser everywhere, don a bath robe, and adjust my shoulder-length hair. I curl it into big, loose loops, place the bulk of my mane on top of my head, and fix the bun with a pin. Several thin strands hang down, some framing my face, others caressing my neck. My attention then turns to my nails. The cherry-red paint catches my eye, but after brief consideration, I reach for the bottle of translucent pearl-coloured polish. Making myself comfortable on the bed, I paint my nails—fingers and toes—while listening to music.

I'm happy with my look and, upon returning to the bathroom mirror, finish my preparations with some makeup and lipstick. After applying some light dabs of perfume behind my ears, on my neck, and in my cleavage, I'm ready to dress. I hear the doorbell followed by the turning of the lock; he uses his key to get in. I call down to him:

"I'm almost ready. Just 10 more minutes. Fix us a drink."

His condition for taking me to dinner is that I must wear the pearl thong that he bought for me about a month ago. It's made of a 4-inch-wide band of black lace, which fits just above the hips, with a string of pearls acting as the crotch. If, as someone once said, brevity is the soul of lingerie, then this little piece is the touchstone of underwear. Obviously, the item is designed not as cover but as

stimulation for the wearer. I slip my feet into the thong and slide it up into place. What a deliciously sinful garment! I adjust the pearls so that they lie between my lips and over top of my clitoris. It's a spontaneous, irreversible reaction: Every little movement I make upsets my equilibrium, raising the temperature and pressure, transforming my phase, bringing me closer to my critical point. How am I going to last the night? I look in the mirror and love that the lace accents my waist, giving me an hour-glass outline, but my eyes are drawn to the pearls bisecting my scant pubic hair and disappearing into my body. It's an evocative vision and feeling.

In line with my minimalist underwear, I forego a bra and leave my legs bare. I slip on a pair of black Italian pumps and look at myself in the mirror. I'm truly hot tonight; I just know that I'll be prancing around for him in this exact state of undress later tonight. The black cocktail dress that I slide into is sexy, yet classy, with a hemline that is about 4 inches above my knees and a very low-cut back. For jewellery, I wear a necklace, bracelet, and earrings, all made of pearls. May as well stick with tonight's theme. The pearls—the ones sandwiched between my lips—are persistent, intruding yet exciting me as I walk down the stairs.

I enter the kitchen, and I like what I see. He's in sage pants, brown suede shoes, a white shirt with a Russian collar, and a light beige linen jacket. The combination highlights his olive-coloured skin, and his teeth gleam whenever he smiles. God, he cleans up good! He greets me with a bouquet. We embrace for a light kiss, and his hand finds my ass, softly feeling to see if I'm keeping my end of the bargain. I laugh and pull away as he says, "So, are you wearing it?"

"No. I decided to wear nothing underneath."

He smiles, tells me that in either case I look divine, and hands me a shot-glass of grappa. He's turned me on to this potent peasant drink of his ancestors to the point that I *almost* prefer it over cognac. Definitely an acquired taste. I once suggested buying some grappa flutes, and he looked at me in astonishment. After mumbling something about damn yuppies, all he said was that grappa was an everyday drink to be drunk out of everyday glasses. He's adept at this balancing act of sophistication and earthiness; it comes through

in everything he does, especially sex. We clink glasses and look into each other's eyes as we drink. The pungent fluid is hot and pleasantly burns its way to my stomach, from where the alcohol seems to transform itself and seep between my legs. He places his arm around me and draws me near, kissing the top of my head, and asks if I'm hungry. When I confess that I haven't eaten all day, he throws what remains of his drink down his throat, smiles, and leads the way to the car.

During the drive to the centre of town, he tells me that we're going to the *Garden*, the 5-star restaurant at the resort hotel. I ask him if he's sure, adding that it's terribly expensive. He just smiles and effusively waves his hand, saying that it's been a while since treating ourselves. As I sit in the car, the little balls nestle themselves into the cleft of my ass. He sees me adjusting myself and asks how I feel down there. What do I say, "Pull over please, and eat me now"? Or how about, "Do you mind if I put my feet on the dash; I'm just going to diddle myself a little before supper?" I resist a pornographic response and answer with false calm that I'm certainly aware of their presence.

Once we arrive at the hotel, he drops me off at the front and goes to park the car. As I enter the lobby, my heels click past the doorman holding open the entrance. I'm being massaged as I walk, my dampness multiplying with each step. Immediately, I spy a man sitting in the lobby who is sneaking peaks at my legs. Pretending that I haven't noticed, I turn my head away, letting him freely view my profile. After a short time, I fake an interest in a hanging photograph and position myself to allow him a good look at my backside. I'm feeling impish tonight, so I bend forward a little, as if to examine the picture more closely, sticking my ass out in the process. I grin to myself: If he only knew that I'm as good as naked under the short dress; what an eye-popper that would be. As a rule, I don't enjoy going out *sans* underwear. I tried it once and spent the whole evening in unease. But for whatever reason, I'm comfortable tonight, and delight in the lack of coverage provided by my thin strand of little spheres, not to mention their other salacious benefit.

After parking the car, he comes up from behind, placing his hands on my bare shoulders. I lean back into his chest for a brief snuggle, and then we follow the signs leading to the restaurant. The Maitre d'

greets us and, after sorting out our reservation, leads us to a window table. I lower myself into a pulled out seat. Tonight, I'm special, sexy, and desirable—feelings augmented by the attentiveness of my date and the restaurant staff. I notice with relief that the white tablecloths hang low, so I need not worry about flashing someone accidentally. The tables are also wide enough apart that conversation can remain private.

The decor is simple yet elegant, with the wood floor and burgundy-coloured walls giving a warm glow to the room. The wine steward appears—a woman dressed in a suit and tie, her jet-black hair tied back. The androgynous facade fails to hide that she's very beautiful. She greets us and goes through her recitation, telling us that the restaurant stocks over 800 labels and has more than 8,000 bottles in inventory. She leaves us with the wine list, which is more of a book. We lean towards each other to jointly examine the list. He opens it at random, and the page is heart stopping: $10,000 for a single bottle of champagne jumps out at both of us. Thankfully, it turns out that we've inadvertently opened to the most expensive page. After some nervous laughter, we regain our composure, decide to drink white tonight, and find 4 or 5 wines in the $50-60 range. When the steward returns, my date engages her in conversation, asking for a recommendation from our culled list, and we settle on an Australian Sauvignon Blanc.

When she leaves, he looks at me and tells me that he loves me but that the 10-Grand bottle was just a bit beyond his means. I laugh, swing my crossed legs out from under the table, strike a pose, and respond in my most sultry southern-belle voice:

"Honey, I'd be worth… every… solitary… penny."

He murmurs, "Yes, I certainly believe that you would be." But it's his scanning look that undoes me. His eyes narrow and focus into x-ray mode. He undresses me, his beam lowering the zipper, sliding the straps down my arms, and slowly dropping the top to expose and activate my breasts. Under his scrutiny, I'm conscious of the scintillation of my nipples—gathering, bulging, and pushing against the satin lining of my dress. He's examining my form and structure,

my clothes barely diffracting his penetrating look. I absorb it and feel myself approach saturation. What little is left of my binding force becomes diffuse and weak. Suddenly, the waiter is at the table, interrupting the imaginary undressing, and presents us with the menu.

The menu consists of 6 *Table d'Hote* selections, complete 10-course dinners from appetisers to dessert. The waiter performs a long discourse on each of the choices. All of them sound fabulous. After discussing the various options, we both order meals with a seafood theme. Soon after, the wine arrives, and I watch him go through the ritual of tasting. He's confident, takes his time, and appears to know what he's doing. After he gives his approval, the wine is poured; we drink, toasting to tonight. The food is slowly brought out, one course at a time; the portions are small, thankfully, and the pace is leisurely. Between each course, water is poured into fresh glasses, allowing us to cleanse our palates for the upcoming fare. The service is first class; nothing is amiss.

Part of our view includes a wall of hotel windows. I notice him watching intently, and, finally, he spies a window and points it out to me. A woman in a bathrobe is brushing her hair at the window. Both of us are telepathically trying to convince her to disrobe. For a brief second, it looks like she might obey our message, but then a man comes up from behind. She turns to kiss him, and the blinds close.

We giggle over what could have been an interesting show. He bends to my ear and whispers:

"I'd have made you stand at the window in your pearl thong, facing outside. I'd come up naked from behind and place my hands on your breasts, twisting your nipples just how you like it. You'd feel me against your ass and begin to play with yourself, your legs splayed apart, with one of them up on a chair. After a while, you'd drop to your knees and suck on me. Only then would I close the blinds, and very slowly at that."

It's my turn to increase the heat:

"I'd reopen the blinds. I'd turn you so that your profile would be in the window, then everyone could clearly see how I run my tongue up and down you. I'd rub my breasts into you, and then suck on you as deep as I could and until you boil over. Then I'd close the blinds."

He shifts in his chair, adjusting himself. I've made him deliciously uncomfortable, and I'm glad to have him join me as a partner in heat.

We continue our word play, calling and raising the stakes, but manage to catch ourselves each time the waiter brings a new course to the table. Each fare is brought out on a clean plate with a fresh set of cutlery. After placing the dish in front of us, the waiter describes the food, origins of each ingredient, and methods used to cook it. He does this for all ten courses. A cornucopia of exotic ingredients are presented before us, making me salivate throughout the evening, my mouth in sinful balance with the flowing between my legs. This meal would have charged me up without the thong perpetually touching and gently splitting my lips apart. My senses are magnified to such an extreme that I'm convinced I can detect every ingredient in the food, down to the atomic level.

Induced by wine, food, and titillation, a funny thought enters my head: I bend to tell it to him softly.

"Smooth, hardened balls of oyster secretions are marinating in my own secretions, which in turn will have an element of the oysters that I've eaten tonight. My oyster is truly an oyster!"

I smile slyly and arch my eyebrows. He absorbs the information, and a laugh plays on his lips. He speaks with contrived formality while looking me in the eyes.

"Raw oyster is my most beloved food. It has such an exquisite, helpless quality when opened; there it sits, exposed and quivering. I almost imagine that it's pleading to be eaten."

I decide to play his vulgar opposite and ask, "Really? Hmm… maybe I could lay out a midnight buffet for you? I'm well known for my spreads. All you can eat. If you're hungry, that is?"

"Oh, I have an insatiable appetite for oyster, and I accept your open offer. But, I'm curious as to your presentation: I prefer *oyster au jus*. When served in its own brine, the creature is at its best—a veritable inspiration. Truly, I find the nectar as delicate as the meat itself."

"Don't fret, sweetie. I've supplied oyster lots of times: It's my featured item. Plenty of repeat customers. They love the sogginess; keeps them coming back for more."

"Indeed, the oyster that you cater has gained a—how shall I say… widespread?—reputation, encompassing taste, bouquet, moistness, and display. Furthermore, all who have had the pleasure claim that no hostess is as hospitable: Warm, open, and inviting are the adjectives most frequently used."

"Gee, thanks. I do like serving up my dish. Say, did you know that an oyster can be made to release more juice? You should see some of the things these guys do with an oyster. Make your head spin… sure made mine spin."

"Ah, those are simple parlour tricks that any connoisseur worth his salt would know."

"Does that mean you eat with your fingers? I like it when my guests use their hands. I find it very fulfilling."

"As the occasion dictates; sometimes the oyster is so succulent that I consume directly from the platter. Other times, I will prod with my fingers and other utensils or items. All hostesses derive great enjoyment from my actions."

"I bet they do! So, do you like it with or without the bristles? Most of my guests go bananas when I bring it out with no bristles. You'd think they hadn't eaten in a week!"

"I am without prejudice: I consume—with gusto—whatever is placed before me. I gratefully appreciate the generosity of any hostess who makes available a sampling of oyster, be it bristled or scrubbed. But I confess a certain predilection for the latter; perhaps it's the knowledge of the preparation involved."

"I figured as much. Do you help with shucking the oyster? Haven't met a customer that didn't like doing that."

"While all will engage in shucking, few are adept. My own technique involves an alternating action of shucking and eating. After each bout of shucking, I find that the oyster becomes more tender and lush, releasing a profuse amount of juice. Out of courtesy, I always offer my hostess a sampling of her shucked oyster, allowing her to taste the sauce directly from the shucking instrument."

"Wow! That sounds like some party! I suppose that a hoity-toity expert such as yourself has chowed down on creamed oyster? I've found that a lot of my guests don't like it that much."

"Philistines! I've eaten *oyster a la creme* numerous times, without apprehension: a rich, savoury delicacy indeed! But every hostess I've dined with has always required that I supply the cream. Most rude!"

I'm restraining my laughter with all my might and manage to ask, "Hmmm… You're different. So how do you feel about smoked oyster?"

"Madam! You remind me of a most unfortunate incident! Once, as I was about to partake of a morsel, a loud exhalation of acrid gas transpired very near to the oyster. My appetite was immediately suppressed. Smoked oyster? No, thank you!"

He wins; I burst out laughing, unable to hold a straight face over our fertile banter. Fun and games, to be sure, yet I find myself getting awfully squirmy with the ripe, campy allusions. To add to my delectable distress, when I slide my bum forward to whisper to him, the thong tightens against me, pressing against my clitoris and opening; when I slide back, the pressure shifts to my anus and the cleft of my ass. I adjust positions on my seat as subtly as I can, varying the pressure and areas of contact. The sensations build to a point where I absolutely must go to the ladies room.

In the stall, I have to battle an unladylike urge to hike up my dress, sit on the can, lean back, prop my feet apart on the door, and masturbate. Wouldn't that be something, to bring myself off in the *Garden* washroom? But I resist, maintain my dignity, do my business, pat myself dry, and return the pearls to their cove. The smouldering returns immediately. After washing my hands, I adjust my clothes and gingerly walk back to the table.

He asks about my condition. The alcohol, feast, and sexual heat have loosened my tongue: I whisper what he wants to hear.

"My cunt is on fire."

His eyes widen with a look pleading for more information. I oblige.

"It's so wet that I'm scared it'll show through my dress. I really wanted to finger-fuck myself, but I didn't."

"I could do that for you later?"

"mmm, that sounds yummy."

The end is near. We're consuming dessert—a wonderfully dainty pastry topped, appropriately, with a passion fruit glaze. After this, just a plate of *chocolats*, the bill, and the drive home. We chat some more, idle talk with interspersed innuendo. The chocolates arrive, and they are absolutely divine, exploding in my mouth with rich, complex flavours. He handles the bill, signing the credit card slip, and we're on our way. The Maitre d' stops us at the door and, after enquiring if all was to our satisfaction, gives us a little package of chocolate truffles to enjoy tonight or in the morning.

Again, I wait in the lobby as he goes to fetch the car. Disappointingly, there're no potential victims for some subtle exhibitionism. Oh well. He pulls up to the door, and I make my way to the vehicle, exaggerating my wiggle. He laughs as I get in. The drive home is preoccupied with reliving the banquet: favourite dishes, the wine, our hot sexy talk. Lots of laughter, and before I know it we've pulled into my driveway.

I feel his hand on the small of my back as we walk up the steps to my place. His hand slides lower, ever so slowly to my ass. The pressure is light yet effective, but I can't help teasing him and ask, "I suppose you'd like to come in for a night cap?"

"Yes, I would. But only if you behave yourself."

"I'll be good… very good."

We start kissing as soon as we enter the house, his lips caressing my face and neck, his arms pressing me into him. I feel him grab my hair—gently but with purpose. I respond willingly; I've been in heat all night from looking at him across the table and absorbing the actions of my strategic rope of pearls. We stagger up the stairs toward my bedroom, groping and kissing along the way. He whispers to me, "You look so fabulous tonight! I've brought my digital; let me take some pictures of you… please."
How can I resist? I answer by moving away from him and placing my arms above my head in a cheesecake pose. He quickly fumbles within his jacket for his camera. Soon it's out, and the shutter begins capturing me with digital clarity, pixelating me for his computer. He directs me into various poses, constantly telling me how great I look. Normally I would torment him during a session like this, playing coy until he begs me to remove an article of clothing; but tonight I can't wait. I undo the short zipper on my back, allowing him several shots before my dress falls to the floor. My back is turned to him. I'm clothed in only my thong and heels. It's his first glimpse of the lingerie against my body, with the pearls running down my backside like an exclamation mark. The frequent sounds of the camera thrill me. He's talking less, and when he does, it's obvious that his throat is dry and constricted. I'm pleased by my power to render him speechless.

I grab my breasts, pinching my nipples, and turn to face him. He now sees that I've shaved myself for him. I can tell that he's zooming in on my crotch, my jutting lips and the pearls that divide them. The ooh's and ahh's coupled with the sounds of the camera are gratifying to an extreme; I strut to the bed and, sitting on the edge, begin taking off my shoes. He's abrupt: "No! Please. Leave them on."

I smile and slip my pumps back on: I don't plan to be standing in them any more this evening. Indeed, I decide to take all of my weight off of my feet, so I slowly lie down and raise my legs. They're together, straight up and down, and crossed at the ankles. I can feel the pearls pushing against me, but now I don't suppress the urges they incite. I spread myself open and use the thong to masturbate. He's zeroed in on me, framing my shaved crotch in high resolution, the shutter snapping images of the pearls juxtaposed with my labia and opening.

His voice has returned; he's very bold now. He touches me—pulling outward on my lips, spreading my flaps apart, revealing my centre. I'm told that my entrance is only somewhat covered by the strand and that it will be a great photo. Each touch electrifies me, inducing currents of sex to flow from my core; each stroke initiates a line of force—a wild circuit from which I have no resistance—turning me into a dynamo of craving. I've been wet all night, but now I'm a torrent, with the soaked cleft of my backside as the litmus test. His adjustments of my pearls and labia become brazen. He manipulates my props and fires more shots. Now he wants an unobstructed view; so he moves the string to the side, petting me in the process. I feel him split me apart, fully exposing my fermenting cunt.

I'm the one without a voice now. If I were to speak, it'd be incomprehensible babble interspersed with *fuck, cock*, and *cunt* as the only recognisable words. The camera flashes several times between each of his arrangements. His fingers slide into me with ease, working my opening. He tells me that he wants to widen me a bit for the next shots. God! I arch my back and stretch myself open to accommodate him. His look alternates between my eyes and cunt as his fingers plunge rhythmically into my moisture, creating a luxuriant squishing sound. He stops… God! He stops—prolonging my torture—and begins taking pictures of my gaping hole, asking me to widen it with my hands. My heat is near capacity, causing my rift to expand and my mind to divide into incongruent, near-orgasmic components. I want him to drop the God-damned camera and bring me to a climax.

I know his game, and I adore playing it: He loves the contrast—a lady dressed to the 'nines, with a facade of class, giving in to wanton abandonment. But he senses my need. He dispenses with the

camera and quickly strips himself of his clothes. His cock is erect, beautiful, and laden with potential. I remain open and exposed, my legs drawn up and apart, hungrily waiting for him. He mounts me, sliding into me entirely, seemingly filling my belly with his cock. My pelvis responds immediately, bucking with want. The sensations are gorgeous, intense, yet subtly different due to my lack of pubic hair. My clit, exposed and bare, is rubbing directly against him. I thrust wildly, trying to bring on the orgasm that's been teasing me all night. But he diabolically withdraws.

All night I've been the one doing the teasing, but now it's him. I'm in a desperate state, almost insane with lust. He lowers his face into me and begins ever so gently to lick and nibble at my folds. His tongue wanders to my clitoris, bringing me ever closer to release. He senses that I'm almost there and then cruelly backs off, positioning himself next to me, his hand between my legs, fingers easily slipping in, stretching me, finding the special spot within. My hands have been busy with my nipples and cunt, but now one of them searches for his cock, fondling it with awe and desire. It's slippery from my insides, and the resulting sheen gives it a dazzling, edible lustre. He kisses me deeply and whispers next to my ear.

"What kind of a woman would wear a pearl thong to dinner, and then let herself be photographed stretching her cunt open as wide as possible?"

His talk is raw and earthy now. I eagerly co-operate, telling him that I'm a slut; I live to get fucked; I'll suck and drink his every drop, anything he wants, so long as he finally satisfies me. He's got me wild, fucking me with I-don't-know-how-many fingers, activating that spot, and making me respond to his sweet dirty talk. With his hand still buried within my sodden insides, he crawls on his knees towards my face and feeds me his cock. I devour it, wishing but unable to swallow him to his balls.

"So you suck cock, too?"

I manage a weak, preoccupied nod.

"And you like sucking cock, especially while you're getting fucked?"

That one gets me really hot. I answer him by opening my cunt even wider for his fingers, giving him greater access, and trying to take him yet deeper into my throat. I hear him groan and then say, "You're a real slut, aren't you? We need to let everyone know about you."

He takes one of the truffles, withdraws himself from my throat, and, with his free hand, paints his erection with chocolate, mixing it with my saliva. He starts rubbing my face, smearing his candied cock onto my chin and cheeks. My mouth is frantically trying to grab him. Finally, I grasp enough of it with my lips to direct him into my throat, deeper than he or anyone has ever been before. The taste of chocolate cock and the stretching and selective rubbing of my insides have me close to coming.

He gives me the final push by writing on my belly with the truffle. Across my stomach, I sense the word *Slut* printed out, branding me in decadent brown ink. I crave for him to write a thousand words on my skin, describe in novel form how I open myself to the fullest for him, scribble poems dedicated to my depths and his knowledge of them: sonnets for the sweetness between my thighs, songs for the shape of my breasts and nipples, crude graffiti in praise of my tits and ass, odes worshipping my orgasms… And I'm there—transported to that singular, mystical place: I abandon and erupt with volume and exuberance, the sensations heightened by the concurrent intrusion of my cunt and mouth; the trickles of chocolate sliding down my throat; the emblazoned message on my torso; and the mad, fractionated thoughts whirling in my head.

My climax sets him on his path; his hips thrust with that divine, distinct urgency; and I ready myself for his gush of sperm, my palate anticipating a rich mixture of cream and chocolate. But he pulls out of my mouth, hurries to between my legs, and uses the base of his cock to rub my clit. Several strokes later followed by a convulsed cry, he sprays my breasts and belly, covering me with his sap. He's been aroused all evening, producing an opulent volume of seed: Every drop is expelled, drenching my body.

He collapses beside me, spent. After recovering, we kiss softly. He rubs his milk into my breasts and tummy. There's so much creamy

liquid that he massages some into my thighs, crotch, and neck. In turn, I rub my chest and stomach against him, ensuring that both of us are saturated with his scent. Eventually, I speak.

"Thank you for the pearls: both sets were divine."

We laugh at my little quip and spend some more time cuddling and whispering. At length, we kiss and slowly drift off to sleep in each other's arms.

I'd love to receive your feedback on this story.

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