

# Lauren's Masturbatory Musings

by bridgetkeeney © 04/18/03

Paul walked into his office late Tuesday afternoon elated at the stockholders' response to his annual report. The faithful few that had stayed with the company through the past two years while he had worked to rebuild ChemCorp's market share were being richly rewarded. Not only were share prices higher than ever, he had also positioned the company to lead in the new environment-friendly coolant market. The long hours and sleepless nights had paid off. Paul didn't need a report to tell him that he had done great work here, but damn it felt good to have Board Members take the opportunity to publicly praise him.

He reached up to loosen his tie as he walked to his desk. Sitting in the middle of the blotter on his desk was his 'Man of the Year' statue with an envelope leaning against it. He picked up the envelope and sat in his chair. He recognized the bold 'P' on the front as Lauren's writing. While he withdrew the two folded pieces of paper, his eyes rested on the statue, pleased that Lauren had reminded him of their passionate times together.

This past week had reminded him how important she was to him. Years of marriage and busy careers had seen them drift into a complacency in their relationship. If anyone had asked him two weeks ago how his marriage was, he would have replied 'good'.

After Lauren came to his office bringing dinner and dressed to kill last Tuesday, he would have said 'great'. He would never be able to look at his award again without getting a hardon, picturing her frigging her clit while fucking herself with it deeply.

When every other wife in history would have just given up on getting his attention, Lauren had continued to blow his mind. Remembering last Friday night with her and Kate in the shower had him shifting in his chair. Holding her hips in his hands and stroking his cock deeply into her pussy while she ate out Kate would forever be etched into his mind. If asked at that moment, he would have said his marriage was 'fucking fantastic'.

Paul closed his eyes and let out a small groan before shaking his head and unfolding the pages. He leaned back in his chair and read:

*Dearest Paul,*

*I hope that your meeting went well, today. I would have loved to be able to be there to support you. Know that I was thinking of you.*

*Thoughts of you were with me this morning, too, after you left so early. Reliving our position during sex last night I propped myself against our headboard, my thighs over yours as you sat facing me. My knees drew up and dropped open as my eyes slid shut and my right hand drifted down my belly seeking out my very wet pussy. I swirled my middle finger in the mouth of my eager cunt. Thoughts of you make me so wet.*

*Smiling at the thought, I asked you if you would let me masturbate with your cock in me. You seemed pleased, and I tucked my heels around your luscious ass as you seated your cock fully in my slick pussy. The thought of you letting me pleasure myself while your dick throbbed in me was so erotic.*

*I took my juices to my clit and circled it, looking down to absorb the picture of your cock being swallowed by my pussy lips. Using my left hand to lift my left breast to my mouth, I*

*traced the pink crest of my breast with my tongue before worrying at it with my teeth. It hardened before I drew it fully into my mouth to suck on it.*

*I enjoyed becoming the decadent image of your insatiable slut. I loved that you were watching me and sharing part of my pleasure. My hot walls contracted around your dick. You saw my skin flush and dampen as my arousal increased.*

*As my moans began I dropped my head back and pulled at my nipple with my hand, twisting and gripping the fullness with my palm. You were entranced by how little of my breast I could actually hold in my hand. Your palms itched to take my place, but you were determined to fulfill my request.*

*My finger slid along the side of your cock as I pressed deep within myself again. My hips arched up, and as you pressed into me, I shook my head. "Mmmm... honey, so close."*

*I thrashed my clit again. The remarkable feeling of pleasuring myself while holding your fat cock in my cunt started me shaking. My moans increased as my cunt clenched rhythmically around your cock meat. Never before had bringing myself to climax been so fulfilling. My head slammed back on my headboard as I cried out. My nipples were red and hard from my attentions, my thighs quivering from the exertion.*

*"Fuck me now, Paul" I begged you. I was amazed at your self-control. How could I be so out of control and you be so still? "Please, Paul, I need you to fuck me, too."*

*Your deep groan betrayed your arousal. Your hands rose to stroke my face and breasts, ending on my hips. "I love to fuck you, Lauren."*

*Your stroking calmed and excited me. While the last tremors of my orgasm passed over me, I looked into your eyes and knew you were going to fuck me deeper and harder than ever, that you had enjoyed being my fuck toy, and now I would be yours.*

*"I love to have my meat in your cunt, Lauren," you said as you thrust deeper into me. "Do you like when I fuck your cunt, Lauren?"*

*"I love when you fuck me, Paul. There is nothing better than your hard cock in my desperate cunt."*

*"Whose cunt is it, Lauren?"*

*"It's your cunt, Paul."*

*You withdrew your cock from me, smiling at my pout, and pulled me up to you. Our chests pressed together. You fondled the sides of my tits while you kissed me hard. I loved your tongue possessing my mouth. I melted into you, sliding my hips side to side to savor your sticky cock rubbing against my belly.*

*You pulled us off the bed and led me to the mirrored closet doors. Holding my back against your chest you looked into my eyes as your hands cupped my breasts. Watching your long fingers encompass and lift my breasts caused my eyes to widen.*

*"I love to play with your tits, honey."*

*"My tits love for you to play with them." I slid my hands over your hips and gripped your*

*glorious ass as my head tilted to expose my neck. My low moans of pleasure flowed out of me.*

*"You are such a cum slut, aren't you, Lauren?"*

*"I'm your cum slut, Paul. You make me desperate to cum."*

*You smiled at my answer and bent forward to bite and suck the pulse at the base of my neck. It was exquisite torture. Chill bumps ran over my flesh in response. You plucked my hard nipples with your fingers and thumbs, rolling and squeezing.*

*"I'm going to fuck you now, Lauren. I'm going to stick my dick inside your wet cunt and fuck you hard. You want me to fuck you, don't you?" You pressed my shoulders down and moved me to my hands and knees. I slid my knees apart and arched my back in response to your question. I ached to have you fuck me.*

*"Paul, I need you to fuck me with your hard dick."*

*You chuckled in response, smiling at me in the mirror. You ran your hands down my sides and to my rounded hips. "You're such an eager bitch."*

*I bit my lip, rocking, desperate. "Eager for you, Paul. Please."*

*You lifted my hips and slid your cock over my very swollen labia, toying with me. You watched intently as you pressed the head of your dick into the gasping mouth of my cunt. My eyes shut as I savored the sweetness of you entering me. Is there anything better?*

*You bobbed the head in and out several times, watching my labia swallow it. You know how wild that makes me. I shifted my hips against your hands, pushing back. I love your control of me. You drew back one more time then thrust the full length of your cock deep inside me, grinding your pubic bone against my ass, your balls slapping at my labia.*

*"Oh, that feels so fucking good, Lauren. Now fuck that cock like the eager little bitch that you are!"*

*You withdrew your cock almost fully, and I watched you in the mirror to time the backward thrust of my torso to meet the inward thrust of your dick. As I pushed back to take the full length of your cock, I looked into your eyes.*

*"You love fucking your little bitch, don't you?!! You love fucking your dick into my cunt as much as I love it, don't you?!! Fuck me, Paul! Fuck your cum slut!"*

*The leer in my eyes combined with my exhortation to drive you wild. You gripped my hips tightly, literally pushing me off your cock and pulling me back onto it as you thrust into me again and again. Your swollen cock head rubbed against me deep inside - in all the right places. My pussy lips stroked the length of your shaft with each of the long strokes that probed my cunt. I purposely moved my hands wider apart, creating more room for my tits to bounce, knowing what a turn-on this is for you. As you pounded into my body, my tits flailed back and forth.*

*"Look at my tits, baby! See how much they're enjoying the fucking you're giving me? Give me more of that fucking dick of yours! Pound me with it!"*

*"Mmmm, Lauren, my little fuck slut! I love those big, beautiful tits of yours, and I love fucking this hot little cunt!"*

*"Then give me a good fucking, Paul! Show me how much you love fucking my cunt! Make me your little fuck bitch."*

*You drove your dick into me with even greater urgency, pulling me hard back against you, causing my tits to bounce toward my face with every thrust. I could sense the rapid approach of your climax.*

*"Yes, baby, fuck me! I want that hot load of cum! Spray it into my cunt, Paul! Fill me with your fucking cum!"*

*"Mmnnagggghhhh!" Your cry seemed almost animal-like. You slammed against me, driving your cock deep inside me, releasing the first explosive burst of your load.*

*"Yes, baby! Give it to me! Your cum slut wants it all!"*

*"Oh, fuck, Lauren!" Another urgent thrust of your cock. A third and a fourth thrust followed, each concluding with another spurt of cum from your rigid dick. Your loss of control conspired with the sensations produced by your explosion within me to drive me over the edge. The orgasm exploded upon me, almost without warning, sending sensations in both directions - to my scalp and to my toes.*

*"Paul! I'm cumming, baby! Oh, fuck, honey, I'm cumming, and it's so fucking good!"*

*I pressed back against you hard, willing your cock as deep as it could go, wanting the press of your flesh against me wherever I could get it. We held that position for several seconds then I slowly collapsed toward the floor by extending my hands forward until my body was pressed against the carpet. You lay pressed tightly against me, kissing my right shoulder and nuzzling the side of my neck.*

*We lay quietly, staring into each other's eyes in the mirror. Two or three minutes passed in silence as we enjoyed the shared sensations and the closeness of our bodies. In a quiet voice I broke the silence.*

*"Don't you dare ever pull that dick out of me, Paul. I want it right where it is -- always."*

*Honey, I hope you are as hard right now as I am wet as I write this.*

*Love, L*

Paul set down the letter and swallowed hard. His rigid cock throbbed against his thigh. He picked up his phone and buzzed his secretary. "Rachel, cancel all my appointments for the rest of the week. An urgent family issue has come up."